

#ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Tintin and Snowy  
Explore Mysore  
Palace

AI sparks buzz for new  
Indian Adventure!



Tintin, the beloved intrepid reporter with his ever-faithful fox terrier Snowy, has made countless fans across the world smile with their thrilling escapades. From the bustling streets of Brussels to the wilds

of Tibet, the dynamic duo's adventures have captured the imagination of generations. But now, in an unexpected twist of fate, Tintin and Snowy have made their way to the heart of India, specifically Mysore Palace, thanks to an AI-generated image that's sending fans into a frenzy.

A Royal Twist on Tintin's Adventures

The AI-generated image shows Tintin and Snowy amidst the grand Mysore Palace, known for its stunning architecture and royal history. It's a perfect backdrop for the investigative reporter and his clever companion. While Tintin is usually in the middle of political intrigue or exotic

AI Art Meets Tintin's Timeless Charm

What's even more exciting is the blend of classic Tintin charm with modern AI technology. The image captures the essence of Hergé's style with Tintin and Snowy drawn in familiar comic form, yet the realism of Mysore Palace grounds the

Tintin's Indian Adventure: A Fan's Dream

While the AI image is just a fun concept, it has sparked a flood of fan theories. What if Tintin travels across India, uncovering mysteries tied to its royal history, vibrant culture, and ancient legends? Imagine Tintin

trekking through Rajasthan's palaces or exploring the bustling markets of Mumbai. The idea of Tintin exploring India's rich tapestry of history and mystery is irresistible, and fans are already imagining the thrilling new chapters.

AI and the Future of Tintin

This AI creation also highlights how technology can give old stories a new twist. AI tools are now capable of recreating iconic art styles and taking beloved characters on new journeys. Tintin could visit places

never seen before, perhaps, even embarking on adventures in places like Tokyo or Australia. It's a whole new way of reimagining the world of Tintin, keeping his spirit of adventure alive in unexpected ways.

Tintin's Never-Ending Adventure

The buzz around Tintin and Snowy at Mysore Palace proves one thing: Tintin's adventures never grow old. The character continues to inspire, surprise, and spark imaginations worldwide. While Hergé may no longer be with us, Tintin's adventures can still reach

new heights, thanks to modern tech and a little creative imagination. So, who knows? The next adventure could very well take Tintin to the streets of India, unlocking mysteries that are centuries old. After all, with Tintin and Snowy, adventure is always around the corner!



History remembers the fall of Rajputana, kingdoms divided, betrayed by pride, broken by gunpowder. But what if Khanwa never happened, not because it was avoided, but because it was pre-empted by unity? This is not fantasy. It is the alternate heartbeat of a nation that almost rose together. Where blood feuds paused, swords crossed at the center, and silence dared to resist the roar of cannons. This is the India that could have been, if one pact had held.



#PACT OF CHITTORGARH

What If...

PART:1

The Turning Point, Mewar in Peril (1519)



hat you're about to read is not fiction, but a historical reimagining. Based on real people, real battles, and real choices, this seven-part series dares to ask: What if the Rajputs had chosen unity before

Babur crossed the Yamuna? We follow not myths but possibilities, where Maharana Sanga does not stand alone at Khanwa, but beside Rao Ganga and a young Maldeo learning at his father's side, Prithviraj, Karnavati, and forgotten nobles like Amar of Sirohi. There is no magic here. Only history, refracted through the mirror of imagination. This is a world where strategies evolved, pride bent to purpose, and silence resisted gold. This is the India that could have been, if we had held the line.

Across Rajputana, kingdoms stood proud but fractured. Mewar, Marwar, Amber, Bikaner, Jaisalmer, each entrenched in rivalry, blind to the northern shadow gathering force. Babur, the Timurid prince from Fergana, had crossed the Khyber. His cannons, his cavalry, his ambition, they spoke a language the Rajputs had not yet learned to counter. The thunder of gunpowder had echoed through Central Asia, but in the deserts of Rajasthan, the art of war still rode on horseback, drawn swords gleaming in the sun. But amid the mourning, Rao Ganga of

Marwar moved with unexpected clarity. The seasoned ruler, often overlooked in broader politics, had begun listening to younger voices within his court, one of whom was his own son, Maldeo, barely a boy but already perceptive beyond his years. Though just a boy, Maldeo had already begun training in diplomacy and warfare. His sharp mind was noted by court tutors, and Rao Ganga often said, "He sees what others ignore." Though still untested, Maldeo's questions often stilled even veteran commanders. He was young, untested, but far from blind. He had heard whispers of cannons that could breach fortresses, of matchlocks that could kill from afar, and of new formations that turned even small armies into immovable machines.

Watching the flames dance atop Chittorgarh's walls, Rao Ganga sent urgent missives across the land. His message was clear: "Let us not wait for Delhi to fall. Come to Chittorgarh. Bring no armies, only your word. Or we will die, not as war-

riors, but as relics." It was a bold request. The Rajputs had never truly united. Honour was personal. Swords served lineage, not logic. And yet...perhaps, it was the wound in Sanga's side, or the scent of Mughal ambition. Perhaps, it was something deeper, a weariness in the hearts of warriors who had seen too many pyres, too many queens light their own.

The rulers came. Raja Ratan Singh of Amber, Rawal Askaran of Dungarpur, Rao Suga of Bikaner, even the reclusive Jaitis of Jaisalmer. And most importantly, the Maharana Sanga, himself, propped upon a carved sandalwood seat, his face shadowed but fierce.

They did not arrive as allies. They arrived as rivals. But as they sat in the Sabha Hall, with dusk folding around them, young Maldeo stepped forward with his father's permission. He did not bow. He did not raise his voice. He simply said, "Babur does not care for your titles. He

sees us all as one, divided, distracted, and ripe for conquest. He brings with him not just men, but machines. Weapons that spit fire. Cannons that crumble walls." He looked at each of them. "But unity is stronger than any cannon. Strategy sharper than any blade. Let us build a council, a Rajput Sangh. Let us adapt. Let us learn. Let us fight the new war with new minds." Rao Ganga placed his sword at the center of the stone floor but it was Maldeo's words that had pierced the silence. "Let this be the last time we draw blades against each other. And the first time we raise them as one."

Then Sanga spoke. "The day the sons of this soil stand shoulder to shoulder is the day no foreigner will ever plant his flag here again."

One by one, the swords followed. That night, a pact was forged, not of submission, but of solidarity. And history, as we know it, began to split into two!

Blah Blah Blah Day: The Ultimate Excuse for Nonsense

very year, on Blah Blah Blah Day, we celebrate the art of saying absolutely nothing. It's a day dedicated to babbling, rambling, and creating a sea of meaningless words. Feel free to start conversations with, "You know what's crazy? Blah blah blah!" and watch your friends nod thoughtfully, pretending to understand. The beauty of this day is that no one is expected to make sense, just keep talking, and the world will listen. So, put on your best "I'm trying to sound profound" face and embrace the madness, because today, it's all about the blah!

The Rajput Sangh , A Council of  
Swords and Sovereignty

Three weeks after the gathering at Chittorgarh, the newly proposed Rajput Sangh met again, this time at Kumbhalgarh Fort, known for its impenetrable walls and remote vantage. It was a deliberate choice: isolated, protected, away from court politics and close to the beating heart of Mewar.

The first agenda: structure. Who would lead? Who would speak? And what exactly would this council do? Rao Ganga proposed the outline. "We are not subjects. We are sovereigns. Let this be a rotating leadership, every kingdom to hold the position of Pramukh for three moons. Let decisions be made by majority, not decree." "There must be spies in the north," said Ratan Singh. "And diplomats sent south, to Vijayanagar, to the Sultanates of the Deccan. If Babur returns, we will not stand alone."

Maharana Sanga, despite his wounds, had already commissioned scouts to follow Mughal movements. He now proposed the appointment of a war strategist, a commander-in-chief chosen by the Sabha, not by birth.

This drew murmurs. "A soldier above kings?" asked Rao Suga. "A soldier chosen by kings," added Rao Ganga, with Maldeo nodding beside him, learning still. "One who answers to all of us, not just one of us." Reluctantly they agreed. And so, after much debate, Thakur Viramdeo of Marwar, a fictional but plausible general loosely inspired by commanders of the Rathore lineage, a seasoned Rajput general known for his unconventional tactics and fierce independence, was named the first Commander-in-Chief of the Confederation Army. Merta was a Rathore stronghold. His real name, if ever sung in the battle epics, is now lost to time, but his battlefield mind lived on in memory, forged in the fires of Merta.

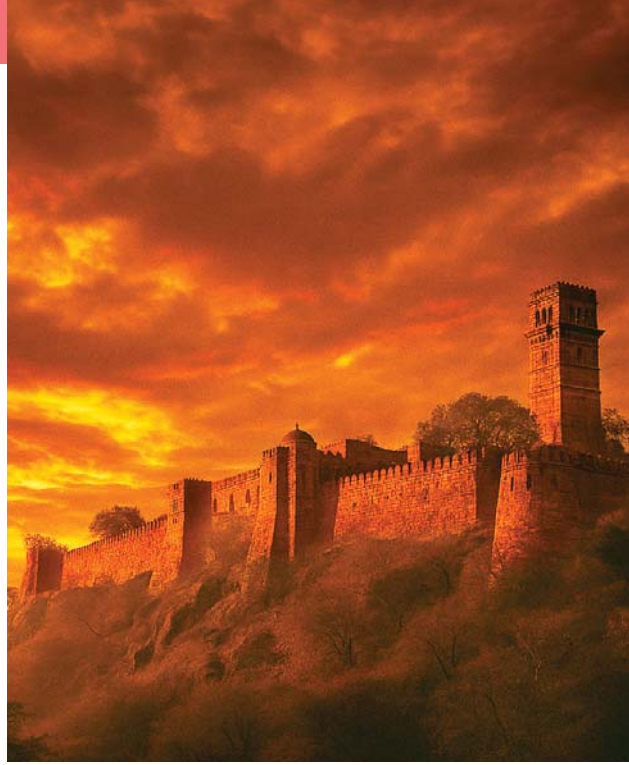
The treasury came next. Each kingdom would contribute grain, silver, and arms. It would be stored at the center of the stone floor but it was Maldeo's words that had pierced the silence. "Let this be the last time we draw blades against each other. And the first time we raise them as one."

There was silence. Then Sanga spoke. "The day the sons of this soil stand shoulder to shoulder is the day no foreigner will ever plant his flag here again."

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The images for the article have been sourced from the internet.

"All images are for representational purposes only and do not depict actual historical events or individuals."



"Babur is not merely stronger," he continued, "he is prepared. His cannons are not myth. They are metal, discipline, and fear." Maharana Sanga's voice rose next. "We must find those who understand these weapons. Reach out to the Deccan. To those who've already faced fire. Hire deserters from Babur's own ranks. Let them teach us. Let our blacksmiths learn to cast more than blades. Let us awaken." Maldeo added, "No more palaces without fort repairs. No more dances without drills. The age of idle honour is over. Let our pride be forged again, into readiness."

Finally, they agreed on symbols. A banner of the sun, Surya, the eternal witness, flanked by twin swords, one raised in defense, one lowered in restraint. The sun was chosen not just for divinity but for its impartial gaze. The twin swords represented quality, courage and restraint, offense and protection. This was a new kind of Rajput warfare, not for conquest, but for preservation.

"This flag," Sanga declared, "does not belong to any one kingdom. It belongs to those who protect, not conquer this land." That night, they did not feast. They sat in quiet chambers, the weight of history beginning to settle on their shoulders. They had done the unthinkable: not united in affection, but in survival. And the wheels of a new future, imperfect, trembling, but resolute, had begun to turn.

To be continued...

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#CULTURE

The Divine Dance:  
Exploring the Enigmatic  
World of Theyyam

'Theyyam' is not merely a performance, it is a living, breathing manifestation of the divine.

Imagine standing in a temple courtyard, surrounded by the rhythmic beats of drums, while a performer, his face painted in vivid reds and blacks, becomes the embodiment of a god.

Why does this ancient dance matter today? Why is it still relevant in a world racing towards the future? Theyyam is more than just a performance. It's a living tradition, a bridge between the divine and the human, and a powerful cultural force that continues to captivate hearts and minds. This article delves into the fascinating world of Theyyam, exploring its origins, significance, and why it remains an art form worth learning about.



Origins and Evolution

The origins of Theyyam are rooted in ancient tribal rituals, though its precise beginnings remain shrouded in mystery. It is believed that Theyyam evolved from a blend of tribal practices and local folklore, eventually incorporating Hindu mythological themes. The name itself comes from the Malayalam word 'daivam', meaning god or deity, reflecting the core purpose of the

performance: to honour deities, ancestors, and spirits. The tradition is most prevalent in the regions of Kannur, Kasaragod, and other northern Kerala districts, where it has flourished for centuries. Theyyam's evolution has seen it embrace not only religious devotion but also the expression of local legends, myths, and history, making it a living testimony of Kerala's diverse cultural heritage.

The Ritual and Performance



At its core, Theyyam is a sacred ritual, where the performer becomes the medium through which the divine communicates with devotees. The preparation for a Theyyam performance is elaborate. The performer dons a colorful, elaborate costume made of coconut palm leaves, cloth, and painted wood, and the makeup, often a riot of colours, transforms the dancer into the god or spirit they represent. The makeup is so intricate that it becomes a symbolic mask, embodying the deity's power and grace. The performance itself is

a high-energy spectacle, marked by vigorous dance, drumming, and chanting. The rhythm of the chenda drum builds a sense of fervor and excitement, while the performer's movements reflect the deity's strength, grace, and victory over evil forces. This energetic dance is not just a display of skill but is believed to invoke the divine presence. The theyyakkaran (the performer) is seen as possessed by the spirit of the deity, a sacred possession that allows them to convey divine messages to the gathered community.

The Deities and Legends

Each Theyyam performance is dedicated to a particular deity, hero, or ancestor, and the stories that unfold in these performances are deeply rooted in local folklore and Hindu mythology. Some of the most prominent deities portrayed in Theyyam include: 

- Vishnumoorthy**: A fierce warrior deity, often depicted in vivid red, representing the triumph of good over evil.
- Puthoor Theyyam**: A herosaint figure revered for his role in upholding justice and

protecting the community. 

- Raktha Chamundi**: A goddess with a fiery temperament, invoked for protection against malevolent forces. These deities and heroes are not only the focus of the performance but are embodiments of universal themes such as justice, power, and righteousness. Theyyam performances are therefore not merely entertainment but also a vehicle for passing on moral and spiritual lessons to the community.

Cultural and Social  
Significance



Theyyam is far more than an art form, it is a vital part of Kerala's cultural fabric. The performance serves as a unifying force within communities, transcending social boundaries, including caste hierarchies. The belief that the divine presence can be experienced by all people, regardless of their social status, brings people together in a shared act of worship and devotion.

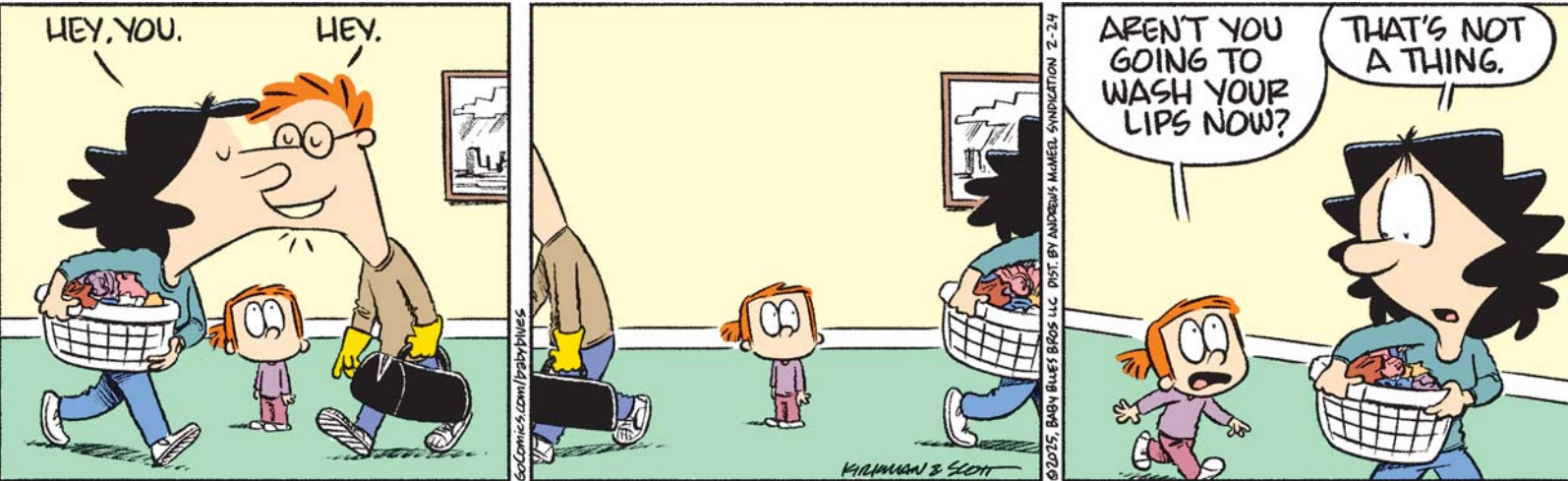
Furthermore, Theyyam plays a crucial role in preserving the cultural identity of Kerala. In an era of rapid globalization, where traditional practices are at risk of being overshadowed by modernity, Theyyam serves as a living tradition that connects people to their history, their ancestors, and their spiritual beliefs. The performances, often held during temple festivals or at local shrines, offer a glimpse into the rich cultural heritage of the region.

Theyyam is not merely a performance, it is a living, breathing manifestation of the divine. Through its colourful costumes, rhythmic dance, and deep cultural significance, Theyyam continues to capture the hearts of those who experience it. As a spiritual ritual, it connects the people of Kerala to their gods, their ancestors, and their shared cultural history.

THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman