

#ENTERPRISING

Empowering Small Businesses in Jaipur

The Market Place is the brainchild of Upasana Kumar, who from the very beginning aimed to provide a platform for Jaipur's people to showcase their products that are handmade, homemade, organic and artisanal.



Tusharika Singh
Freelance writer and city blogger

For the past four years now, Hotel Clarks Amer in Jaipur has been hosting a unique marketplace to showcase small businesses and entrepreneurs. With the exception of the Covid-19 pandemic induced lockdown, this market is being held every Sunday. This marketplace began as "The Farmer's Market," offering fresh organic produce, organic pulses, spices and grains, chemical-free beauty products, vegan and gluten-free snacks, preservative-free sauces and dips, and other environment conscious products. It was later rebranded as "The Market Place" to expand its product range. The concept was the brainchild of Upasana Kumar,



who from the very beginning aimed to provide a platform for Jaipur's people to showcase their products that are handmade, homemade, organic and artisanal. According to Upasana, The Market Place has given many local brands the confidence to display their work and skills, providing a space for them to connect with each other, mingle with like-minded business



Subhash Mathur
Ret. IRS officer and a free lance writer

The 100 Hundred Finale and the Broken Trust

June was always a special day in my life. It was my birthday. It was made even more exciting because the Final of the newly minted 100 Hundred was also scheduled for 25th June. 100 H had swept away T10 - T20-ODI off the table and into the dustbin.

100 H was played in two halves in alternating segments in Mixed doubles format. It was gender neutral with 12 players in each team. Grounds had been made larger to accommodate the extra fielder.

And the Finale was slotted for 25th June. Additionally I was going to touch '83 on that day. Happy Birthday to You. Thanks. 83 looks like old age but in 2032 the new age 'Don't Grow Old' pills had been fine tuned to keep Senior Citizens youthful and peppery.

The previous evening I had persuaded my grand-nephew to make all preparations 'glitch' proof. No disruptions. On any account. My seat was reserved next to the Ice box full of soft drinks. I avoid hard drinks on 'must stay awake' occasions.

Fresh snacks would be ordered from 999 during the game. I loved sautéed Prawns. Excitement was in the air and I was fit into H 100. My family, that is my 80 plus wife Chirpy and children had agreed to join me in the drawing room to watch the game. Birthday celebrations after the game.

Defending champions Namibia were pitted against the new Cricket Kings, Netherlands. I was rooting for Namibia. I really liked Mbanga Jr. He was in Sir Gary mould. And sis Abena had cornered huge glory in the past six months.

#THE LAST MATCH

She was known as the 'Foxer'. Man Friday had ensured that I was up and about on 25th before 8 and was ready for breakfast. As I waited for 2 water poached eggs with buttered toast I scanned the Morning Star hurriedly. One large cuppa hot sweet and steaming tea was already at my elbow. Weathermen predicted clear balmy evening over the Hammer Complex, Rochester.

So far so Good. As usual I was tiring by 11. Man Friday gently tucked me into the bed for my usual pre-lunch nap. That kept me going for the rest of the day. As per custom I would wake up around 12 but that didn't happen on 25th.

Our building resident doctor was being contacted but he was in the shower. Soon I heard my son Munnmu [Manohar for the uninitiated] calling for the ambulance. He vaguely mentioned Escorts Jaipur to Grandy Ambika. Our eldest Batu, Vatikha started chanting Babu ji 'Kite acche they' but quickly corrected herself into 'Kite acche hain'.

After all I wasn't declared dead just yet. Out of the blue Ambika groaned and blurted out 'Oh my God, Babaji will miss the Finale'. How cute! Finally the resident Doc Hari blustered his way on to my bedside with a serious countenance.

Hurriedly he conducted a feverish preliminary exam just to confirm what I already knew: 'That I was 'Dead as a Dodo'. Exam over, he solemnly announced: 'It's all over. Call the relatives.' And left hurriedly. Family took over. Just then the voices started fading away. Why was I left alone? Oh! I realised that they were now busy with the arrangements. When will the funeral happen? Today? Too late. Tomorrow

around 12 but that didn't happen on 25th. Worried, Man Friday rushed into my bedroom and tried to wake me up but to no avail. He even slapped me twice. On my cheek! Audacious fellow. Shortly thereafter he shouted for the other family members to converge and check me out. Each one tried cajoling me into wakening. My wife Chirpy of 62 years togetherness walked in and took control. She whispered sweet nothings into my ears. But they fell on deaf ears.

I could hear some subdued sobbing and sense lots of frenetic activity. Our building resident doctor was being contacted but he was in the shower. Soon I heard my son Munnmu [Manohar for the uninitiated] calling for the ambulance. He vaguely mentioned Escorts Jaipur to Grandy Ambika. Our eldest Batu, Vatikha started chanting Babu ji 'Kite acche they' but quickly corrected herself into 'Kite acche hain'.

After all I wasn't declared dead just yet. Out of the blue Ambika groaned and blurted out 'Oh my God, Babaji will miss the Finale'. How cute! Finally the resident Doc Hari blustered his way on to my bedside with a serious countenance.

'Nange aayey the Nange he jaayey ge' And quickly bathed me with cold water. How I hated cold baths. Swoosh! Without warning I was lifted in the air and then placed on a rickety bed. With six relatives holding it afloat. Barely. Ah! The Last Journey had begun. But I still was desperate to know - who won the final? Grandy Ambika made sure that I knew. Namibia she shouted out to no one in particular. But I understood.

Which 'Shamshan' Ghat will be nicer? And so on. Let's divide the work of informing the Family and friends. We have to give time for the outstation family to join.

Eldiest Batu Vatikha was entrusted with drafting the obituary for the local papers. She began feeling important. Just then I heard Mansi, the younger daughter crying inconsolably on the speaker phone. And giving out instructions to Munnmu in between the sobs.

You know Munnmu, she blurted out 'We need a befitting funeral for the Doyen!' Befitting? Never mind. Doyen! Seriously. And wait till I reach and please please don't do anything stupid in the meanwhile! Mansi admonished Munnmu.

Just then Chunnmu, the younger one joined the conference call - 'Hey wait for us to reach. Don't be in a rush. Mansi as usual ignored Chunnmu and went on: put Papa comfortably on an ice slab under a sea through tent. For clear 'darshan'. How lovely. And listen Munnmu light a few candles and Agarbatti - Papa loved the rose scent.

Let's make him feel comfortable and important. Yeah put him in the drawing room. It's a large room. And yes, before I forget book the Zia band. We will take him in a Song and Dance grand procession. I loved him you know. And Munnmu, listen don't forget to call Dangli Chachi and Pihu Bhai. They would be livid if we didn't inform them straightaway. They were close to Papa. See you all soon. The chatter ebbed away.

In the midst of all the activities I lay comfortably on the Ice Slab. For some odd reason I didn't feel the cold at all. Lots of activity was happening. People were coming in and going out.



Typical drawing room.

See you all soon. The chatter ebbed away. In the midst of all the activities I lay comfortably on the Ice Slab. For some odd reason I didn't feel the cold at all. Lots of activity was happening. People were coming in and going out.

Visitors entered the Flat with mildly shaking folded hands. And bare footed. Tip toeing to stand in front of me almost touching my feet. Very soon some mantras chanting started. The Priests had landed I surmised.

It was finally getting kind of claustrophobic. I could feel it in my bones. But exhaustion finally took over. I fell asleep.

As morning dawned I was jolted awake as someone had removed the tent. And two strangers were taking off my clothes. What the hell was going on? They didn't even ask me. But it didn't matter to anyone anymore. Just then I remembered: I was dead anyway.

I should not butt in unnecessarily. As clothes resisted being taken off they were just cut them open. And cast asunder. Eekks! 'Nange aayey the Nange he jaayey ge' And quickly bathed me with cold water. How I hated cold baths.

Swoosh! Without warning I was lifted in the air and then placed on a rickety bed. With six relatives holding it afloat.

Ah! The Last Journey had begun. But I still was desperate to know - who won the final? Grandy Ambika made sure that I knew. Namibia she shouted out to no one in particular. But I understood. Briefly the procession halted at the exit gate of the building to enable the women folk to howl, sob and pay a tearful farewell.

Soon, I was riding an elevated heavily bedecked truck with Zia band ahead, striking soul foul tunes till Mansi shouted for more peppy numbers. Zia obliged with 'Zindagi Ek Safar Hai Suhana'. I wanted to get up and do a jig.

Frenetic activity began once I was laid on the wooden Pyre! Ouch! Soon I could feel that heat from the Pyre. Wood was burning gloriously around me.

I could see mourners backing away but the Family stood ground bravely ignoring the heat and the smoke. They were murmuring farewell chants. 'Farewell dear Papa for we lived a happy life with you. Chirpy stood so lost and forlorn as if in deep thought. Obviously she was in shock. After all I had broken our Solemn Pact - that she would go first.

I shed a tear for leaving Chirpy all alone. Surrounded by the family I made my way to 'Jannat' with my Sanchit Karma in tow. 'Ashes to Ashes! Dust to Dust' Amen.

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Global Recycling Day

Our planet Earth gives up billions of tons of natural resources each year, the health of the planet continues to decline. This makes it more and more important for humans to do what they can and focus on ways to reduce waste, reuse items and restore the health of the planet. One vital way of doing this is through the practice of recycling. Global Recycling Day is here to remind individuals, organizations, corporations and governments that recycling is a key part of the circular economy of humans on the planet.

#DIABETES

Insulin Doses Could Be More Accurate

The absorption of insulin in the body is controlled by how insulin molecules assemble themselves in clusters.



A large portion of a diabetic's insulin dose is unlikely to work as expected, new research suggests.

The discovery provides a tool for developing better insulin preparations that millions of people around the world depend on. If you are one of the many millions of type 1 diabetics worldwide, you know that there is a difference in how rapidly and for how long insulin preparations work in the body. For diabetics, these differences are crucial for effective treatment. Getting too little or too much insulin can lead to blood sugar that is either too low or high. Both conditions can be dangerous.

The absorption of insulin in the body is controlled by how insulin molecules assemble themselves in clusters. Whereas

usually getting absorbed as expected. While the researchers emphasize that this is not outright dangerous for patients, it does show that there is great potential for the development of more precise medications.

Zooming in On Insulin

"Insulin preparations have only gotten better and better over the years, and a great many diabetics are well regulated. However, these differences are crucial for effective treatment. Getting too little or too much insulin can lead to blood sugar that is either too low or high. Both conditions can be dangerous.

The absorption of insulin in the body is controlled by how insulin molecules assemble themselves in clusters. Whereas



observing the process in which each insulin molecule joins forces with other molecules to assemble into clusters. This allowed them to see how fast each cluster forms. The researchers looked at about 50,000 clusters.

Knowing the exact distribution of different clusters in a given amount of insulin is fundamental when developing medications that need to have either short- or long-acting effects in the body.

"The clustering of insulin is incredibly important for how preparations work. Because the difference between a rapid- and slow-acting insulin preparation is dependent upon how quickly the molecules assemble in clusters and how quickly they disassemble. Access to highly advanced equipment makes it relatively simple and fast to gain insight into exact concentrations, knowledge that at the same time, is also quite sophisticated," says lead author Freja Bohr, a PhD fellow in Hatzakis's research group.

Better Insulin

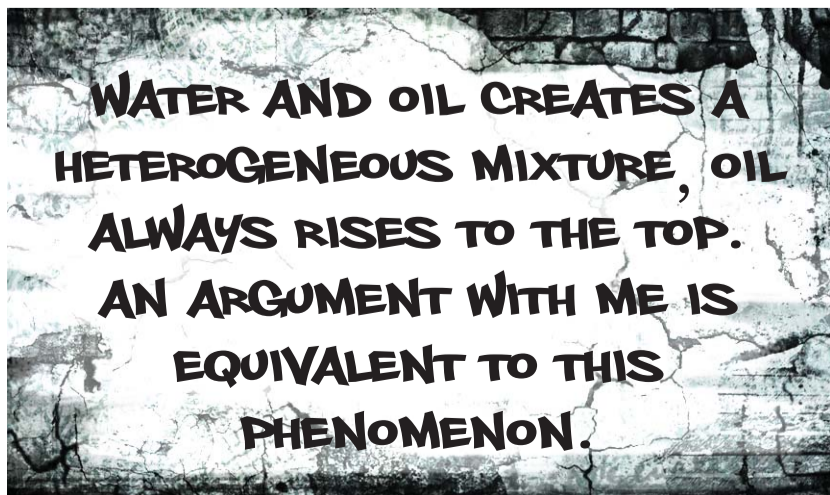
In addition to the different distribution of molecular clusters, the observations also show that cluster formation is a much more complex process than once presumed. The clusters can both grow and shrink at far more different intervals than previously supposed.

"Without being able to say exactly how just yet, this should make it possible to expand the number of ways in which preparations are designed. This could lead to an insulin with a different effect profile that reduces the fluctuations in patients' blood sugar-which remains a major challenge," says Bohr.

Jensen believes that the new knowledge will be able to optimize all types of new insulin and make a difference for the more than 40 million children and adults who take insulin on a daily basis. Life as a diabetic is still not without trouble.



THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman