

#MONSTERA DELICIOSA

Care And Eat Its Fruit

Monstera can bear fruit indoors, flowering may take several years. Flowers need pollination (sometimes, hand-pollination), and the fruit develops slowly



Monstera deliciosa is a favourite houseplant for its dramatic, split leaves and easy indoor care. It can also produce a unique, tropical fruit if given the right conditions.

Using Monstera as a Houseplant

- Light:** Place it in bright, indirect sunlight; avoid harsh direct sun.
- Water:** Keep soil lightly moist, letting the top inch dry between waterings.
- Humidity:** Prefers higher humidity but adapts to normal indoor levels.
- Support:** Use a moss pole or trellis to allow climbing and support large leaves.
- Fertilizer:** Feed monthly during growing seasons with a balanced fertilizer for lush growth.

Growing Fruit Indoors

Monstera can bear fruit indoors, but it requires patience: flowering may take several years. Flowers need pollination (sometimes, hand-pollination indoors), and the fruit develops slowly, looking like a green, scaly ear of corn.

How to Eat Monstera Fruit

- Wait for full ripeness:** The scales on the fruit naturally lift when ready. Unripe fruit contains compounds that can irritate your mouth.
- Peel the scales:** Carefully remove them to reveal the soft, creamy flesh underneath.
- Taste:** The flesh is sweet, with flavours like pineapple and banana. Eat fresh or add to smoothies and desserts.

Monstera deliciosa is both a beautiful houseplant and a rare source of delicious tropical fruit. With proper light, water, and support, it can thrive indoors, and patience will reward you with a unique, edible treat.

When Rukhmabai was eleven years old, she was married to a nineteen-year-old named Dadaji Bhikaji. It was arranged by her maternal grandfather, following the customs that had governed Indian society for centuries. She was a child. She had no voice. She had no choice.

She chose prison



● Bulbul Joshi

In 1887, a court in Bombay gave a young woman named Rukhmabai two choices. Go live with the husband you were forced to marry as a child. Or go to prison.

She chose prison. Her answer shocked a nation. It ignited a debate that spread from India to England. And it helped change the law for millions of girls who would come after her.

This is the story of how one woman's refusal brought an empire to its knees.

Rukhmabai was born in Bombay in 1864. Her mother, Jayantibai, knew firsthand the cruelty of child marriage, she had been married at fourteen, became a mother at fifteen, and was widowed at seventeen.

When Rukhmabai was eight, her mother remarried a man named Dr. Sakharan Arjun, an eminent physician and social reformer. He was different from other men of his time. He believed that girls should be educated. He filled his home with books and encouraged Rukhmabai to study.

But even reformers had limits in 1870s India.

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Under the customs of the time, Rukhmabai didn't immediately move in with her husband. She stayed with her mother and stepfather, continuing her education in secret while Dadaji was supposed to 'become a good man.'

He didn't.

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#CHOICES



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In 1884, when Rukhmabai was twenty years old, Dadaji demanded that she come live with him.

She refused.

He took her to court.

The case of Dadaji Bhikaji versus Rukhmabai became the most publicized legal battle in nineteenth-century India. Dadaji sued for 'restitution of conjugal rights,' a legal term that meant, essentially, that his wife was his property and the court should force her to return to him.

Rukhmabai's defense was unprecedented.

She argued that she had been married as a helpless child, at an age when she couldn't possibly understand what marriage meant. She argued that she had never consented. She argued that a woman should not be treated as property to be claimed.

No one had ever made these arguments in an Indian court before.

In 1885, Justice Robert Pinhey ruled in her favour. He declared that

English law applied to consenting adults, and Rukhmabai had been an infant, incapable of consent.

Conservative India exploded. Traditionalists accused the court of attacking Hindu customs. Balgangadhar Tilak, the nationalist leader, wrote that Rukhmabai's defiance was the result of too much English education. Religious leaders warned that Hinduism itself was in danger.

The case was appealed. And in 1886, a higher court reversed the decision.

"This wicked practice has destroyed the happiness of my life," she wrote. "It comes between me and the thing I prize above all others, study and mental cultivation."

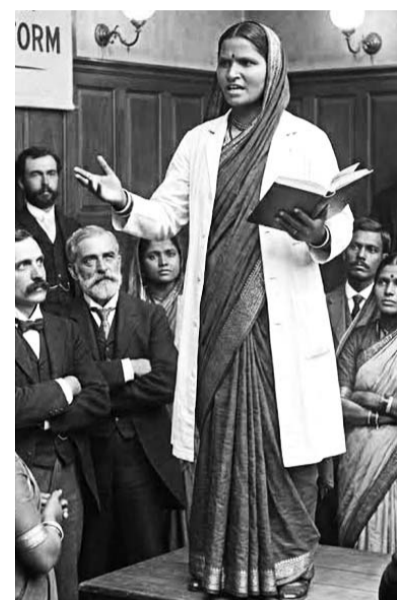
Her words reached Queen Victoria herself.

Rukhmabai wrote directly to the Queen, appealing for justice. She asked for one simple change to Hindu law: that marriages performed before age twenty for boys and fifteen for girls should not be legally binding.

"This jubilee year must leave some expression on us Hindu women," she wrote, "and nothing will be more gratefully received."

In July 1888, a settlement was finally reached. Dadaji accepted 2,000 rupees to dissolve the marriage and relinquish all claims to Rukhmabai.

She was free. But she wasn't finished. With support from Dr. Edith

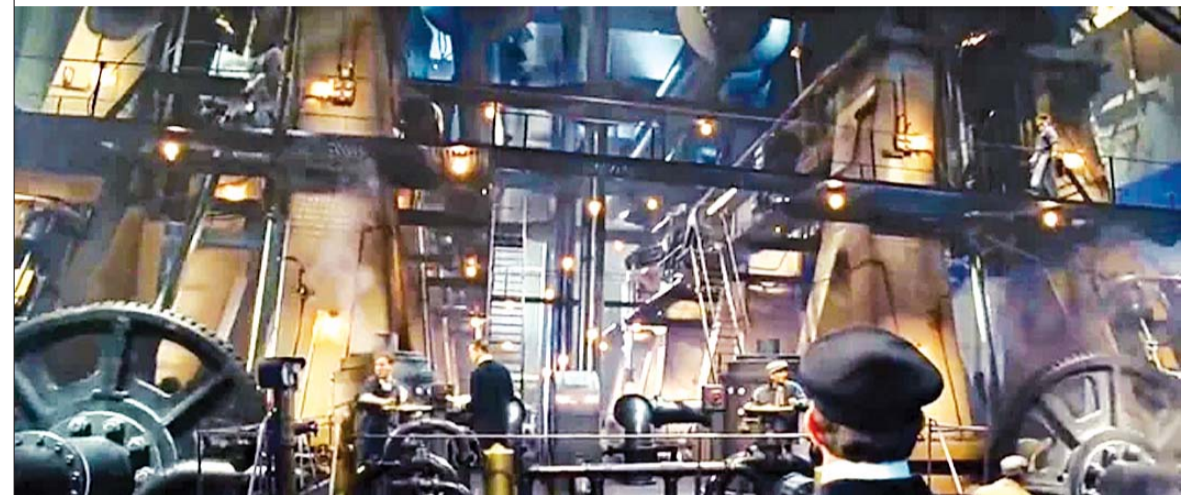


Raising Awareness About A Progressive Neurological Disorder

Observed every year on April 11, World Parkinson's Day aims to raise awareness about Parkinson's disease, a progressive neurological condition that primarily affects movement and coordination. The day also highlights the challenges faced by patients and their caregivers while encouraging research for better treatment and support systems. Parkinson's disease occurs due to the loss of dopamine-producing brain cells, leading to symptoms such as tremors, stiffness and slowed movement. Through awareness campaigns, medical discussions and community initiatives, World Parkinson's Day emphasises the importance of early diagnosis, improved care and ongoing scientific research to enhance the quality of life for those living with the condition.

#DISASTER Nair's Titanic, 1912

When people asked, he would say, "That was a ship that would not float!"



My mother looked up from her crossword and said, "Ah yes, he was on that ship." Just like that as if she were talking about taking a bus to Ernakulam.



Then, she told me the story. Raman Nair was from Kozhikode, born in 1886, when the British Raj was still painting maps red. He grew up near the Beypore shipyard, where the 'Uru' boats were built by hand. He started as a dock boy and learned his English from Irish engineers who cursed more than they spoke.

In 1911, he signed a Lascar Agreement in Bombay, a colonial labour contract that shipped Indian seamen to work on British liners. The pay was twelve shillings a month. The recruiter had promised, "Plenty of food, no storms."

It would not be the last. Rukhmabai died on September 25, 1985. She was ninety years old.

She had outlived the husband who tried to claim her. She had outlived the empire that ruled her country. She had outlived the customs that tried to silence her.

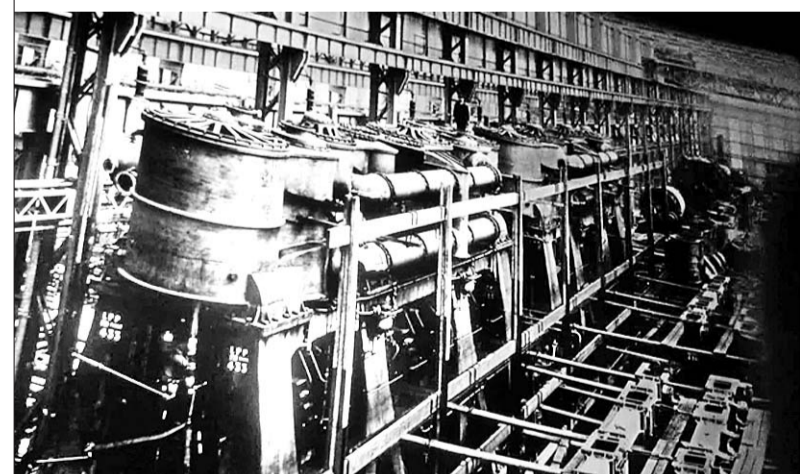
In 2017, Google honoured her with a Doodle on what would have been her 153rd birthday.

But her real legacy isn't a Doodle or a statue or a law with her name on it.

Her legacy is every Indian girl who goes to school instead of becoming a bride. Every woman who chooses her own future. Every voice that refuses to be silenced.

Rukhmabai was eleven years old when they married her off. She spent the rest of her life making sure that no one could do the same to the girls who came after her.

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and endless: to oil the crankshafts and keep the pistons cool. On the night of April 14, 1912, at 11:40 p.m., when the ship brushed the iceberg, Raman was off-shift, drinking weak tea in the Stoker's Mess. The collision sounded, he would later say, "like a coconut breaking." The alarm bells rang, and within minutes, the lower decks began to flood.

He helped his mates open watertight doors, guided women up the companion ladders, and even lifted a crying Irish child into a lifeboat. He remembered the number, Boat No. 13, lowered on the starboard side. He never knew her name. He only said, years later, "She had red hair and white hands."

At 2:20 a.m., the ship broke apart. Raman and a few others jumped into the sea. He was pulled aboard Collapsible Boat 'D' by a fireman named Barrett, and was one of the last survivors rescued by the SS Carpathia. His name, misspelled as "R. Nayar," appears among the Foreign Crew, Recovered Survivors in the Carpathia's landing log in New York. He stayed in England for two months, working briefly at the White Star Line dock in Liverpool. The company refused to renew his Lascar contract, saying his English was insufficient. He then took the long way home, Liverpool to Port Said, then Aden, then Cochin.

Back in Calicut, he married a quiet girl named Devaki and never spoke much about the Atlantic again. When people asked, he would say, "That was a ship that would not float!"

He kept a small glass vial of seawater in a tin trunk, labelled April 1912, North Atlantic.

When his grandmother once asked what it was, he said, "A reminder that even oceans can freeze!"

He died in 1957, on a humid June evening, still smelling faintly of oil and salt.

And here I am, typing this on a glowing laptop, sipping masala tea, alive, because one Malayali greaser from Calicut didn't drown in the North Atlantic. If he hadn't survived, there would be no Amma, no me, and no one to tell this story.

It's strange, the arithmetic of life, how one man's breath in icy water can ripple through generations.

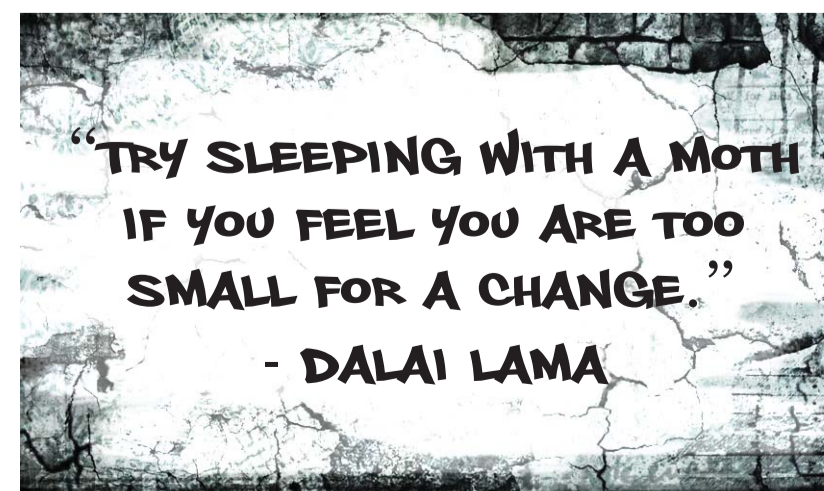
When I look at that photograph now, I don't see a hero. I see a tired man in a wool cap who did his job, helped strangers, and made it home. Perhaps, that's heroism's enough.

And if he could see me today writing his story in English, on a machine powered by the same science that sank his ship, he would probably chuckle and say,

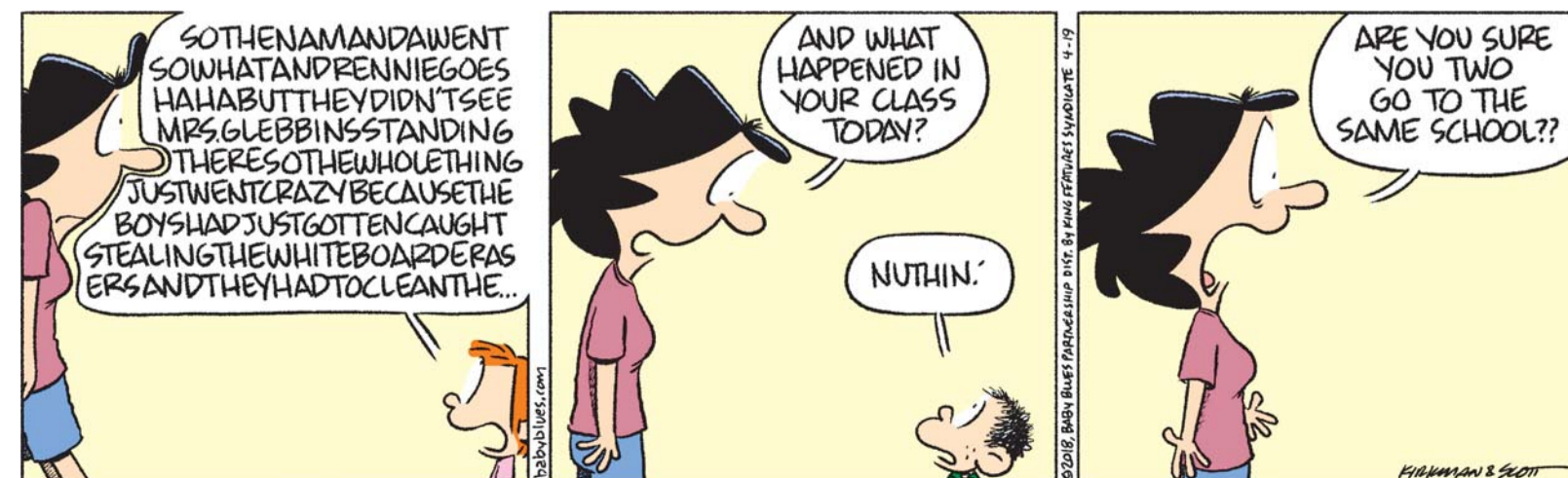
"Too much pride, too little prayer."

The 'Unsinkable' Nair and his Titanic!

THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

