



World Cancer Day: Raising Awareness, Inspiring Action

Observed every year on February 4, World Cancer Day aims to unite the world in the fight against cancer. The day highlights the importance of prevention, early detection, treatment, and support for patients and families affected by this disease. Health experts emphasise regular screenings, healthy lifestyles, and awareness campaigns to reduce cancer risks. Beyond medical interventions, World Cancer Day inspires communities to support survivors, fund research, and challenge stigma surrounding cancer. It serves as a reminder that collective action, education, and empathy can make a real difference in combating one of the world's leading health challenges.

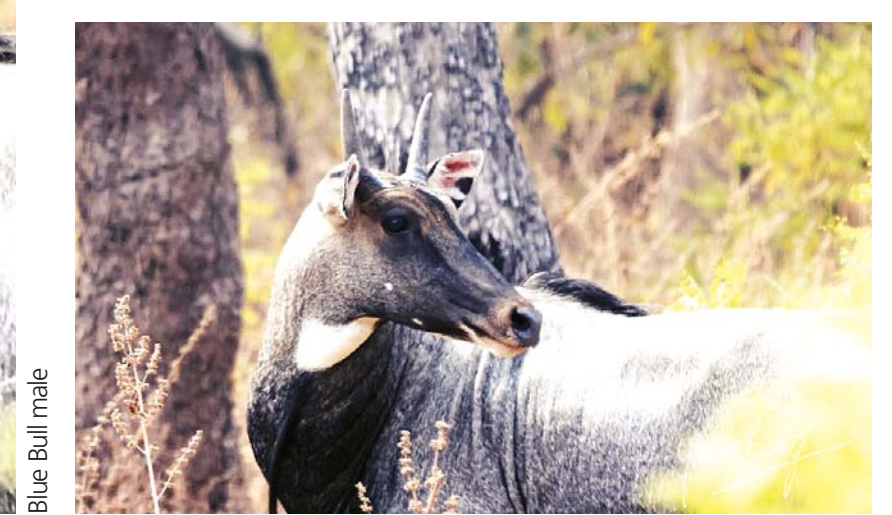


Tyger Tyger, Burning Bright, In The Forests Of The Night

PART:1

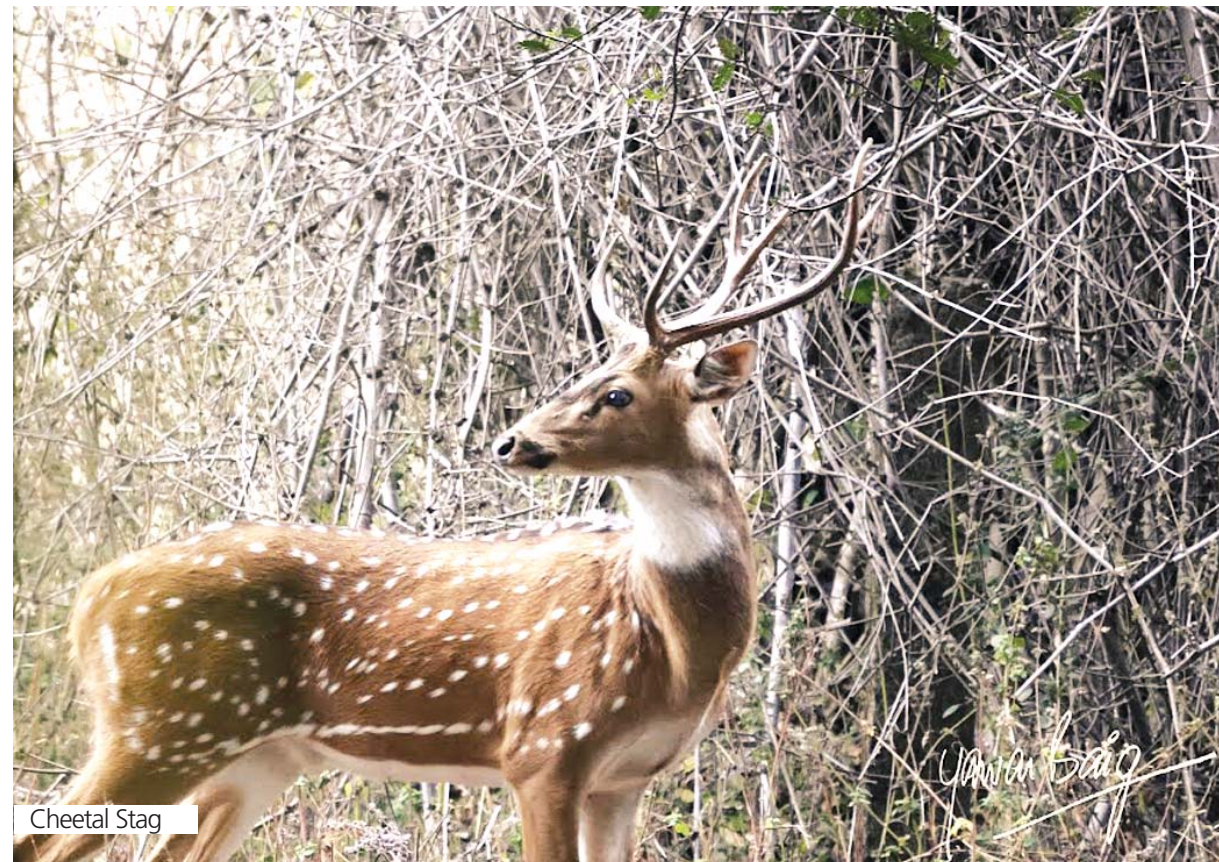


Then, we proceeded into the park. Umred, and for that matter, Tadoba, has lateritic soil. The result of Gypsy vehicles racing up and down its roads is that the roads have a layer of very fine powdery red dust that rises in a huge cloud, which follows you like a nemesis. As you brake, it races up and lovingly envelopes you completely, so that for a few seconds, you become invisible to everyone but your conscience. Then, when the dust settled, we saw a beautiful Blue Bull (Nilgai) male, the largest Asian antelope, looking at us curiously.



Mirza Yawar Baig
Naturalist and Wildlife Conservationist

Tyger Tyger, burning bright, In the forests of the night" is the opening couplet of the famous 1794 poem "The Tyger" by English poet William Blake. William Blake certainly never saw a tiger in the wild, as he never left



Cheetal Stag



Asian Open-billed Stork

The story goes like this. Last weekend, I went to Tadoba and Umred in Maharashtra. The road from Hyderabad to Tadoba is an excellent four lane highway. I am in the pleasant doze that I always fall into when being driven by my dear friend Saad Jameel Khan, an excellent driver on the smooth surface of the road, until we hit a small trench, a leftover from some afterthought cable laying, and I was

rudely awakened as my head hit the car's ceiling. Then, I go back to sleep until the next trench. Mercifully, that happened only twice. The road, as I mentioned, is excellent by any standard, but people driving on it have no idea how to drive on such a road. For example, I suddenly saw someone coming in the opposite direction on a divided highway. Before I could react, he flashed past.

#HOME



Grey Mongoose



K-Mark's cub, 5 months old

My friend only grunted, as if to say, 'Uh! Another one.' I can imagine the chaos this would have caused in the US, if someone did this on the I-91, the equivalent of the road that we were driving on. Then, there are our truckers, in underpowered trucks loaded to twice their load carrying capacity, literally crawling at a walking pace up the slightest gradient. Just to make matters interesting, as in the Chinese curse, 'May you have an interesting life,' they drive in both lanes parallel to each other exchanging pleasantries, while wildly hooting traffic is piled up behind them. Another unique experience which is guaranteed to stop your heart is while driving at 160 km/hr on a dark night, meeting several retired diesel drums holding hands and dancing in the street. We reached Svasara Resort from where, after a cup of coffee and fried onion pakodas, delicious and guaranteed to give you heartburn, we boarded a brand new Toyota Innova to go to Umred, a drive of little over an hour. That road, as straight as a strand of spaghetti without bolognese sauce, winding through village after village. In each village to protect children who play in the

street, there are speed breakers every twenty feet. I will leave you to imagine how that ride feels. The solution would be to draw a straight line from point to point for the main road with branch roads going off into each village on the way. That way only people going to that village would do so. All others would be able to proceed along the main road, unhindered by speed breakers. A very distressing sight we saw was the number of women at dawn and dusk, with a small bottle of water to wash after the job is done, squatting by the roadside, doing what can only be done squatting. Every time they see the lights of a car, they quickly stand up to protect their modesty, their folded saris unfolding to their knees. What all this does to their hygiene is not difficult to imagine. What I fail to



Great Egret



Blue Bull male

when it needs to make a quick exit. Our driver continued to race along hunting for the elusive tiger, quite impervious to my pleas that I wanted to see and photograph birds also. These parks have a profusion of Blue Bull (Boselaphus tragocamelus), Chital (Spotted deer- Axis Axis), and Sambar (Rusa unicolor), which the guide and driver insist on calling Sambar 'deer.' Given that the only other Sambar known to mankind comes in a small bowl as an accompaniment to Idlis and Wadas, it is hardly necessary to specify that the Sambar that you are seeing in the forest is not curry but a deer.

To be continued...

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Sambar Stag

they have all but made sophisticated cameras unnecessary for all but professional photographers. They are also very versatile in enabling one to take video recordings of action in all kinds of light. Losing access to them is not easy. But we had no choice, so, our phones were placed into a very cute metal box which is lined with felt and locked. Then, we proceeded into the park. Umred, and for that matter,

Tadoba, has lateritic soil. The result of Gypsy vehicles racing up and down its roads is that the roads have a layer of very fine powdery red dust that rises in a huge cloud, which follows you like a nemesis. As you brake, it races up and lovingly envelopes you completely, so that for a few seconds, you become invisible to everyone but your conscience. Then, when the dust settled, we saw a beautiful Blue Bull

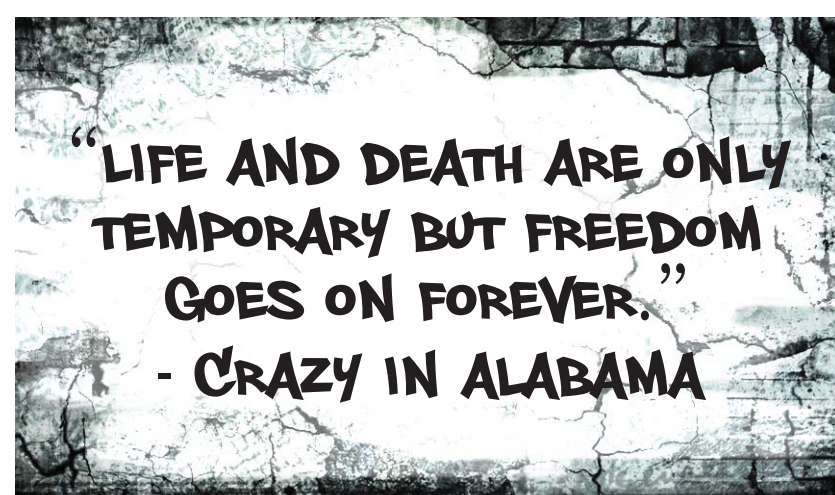


Sambar in the soup

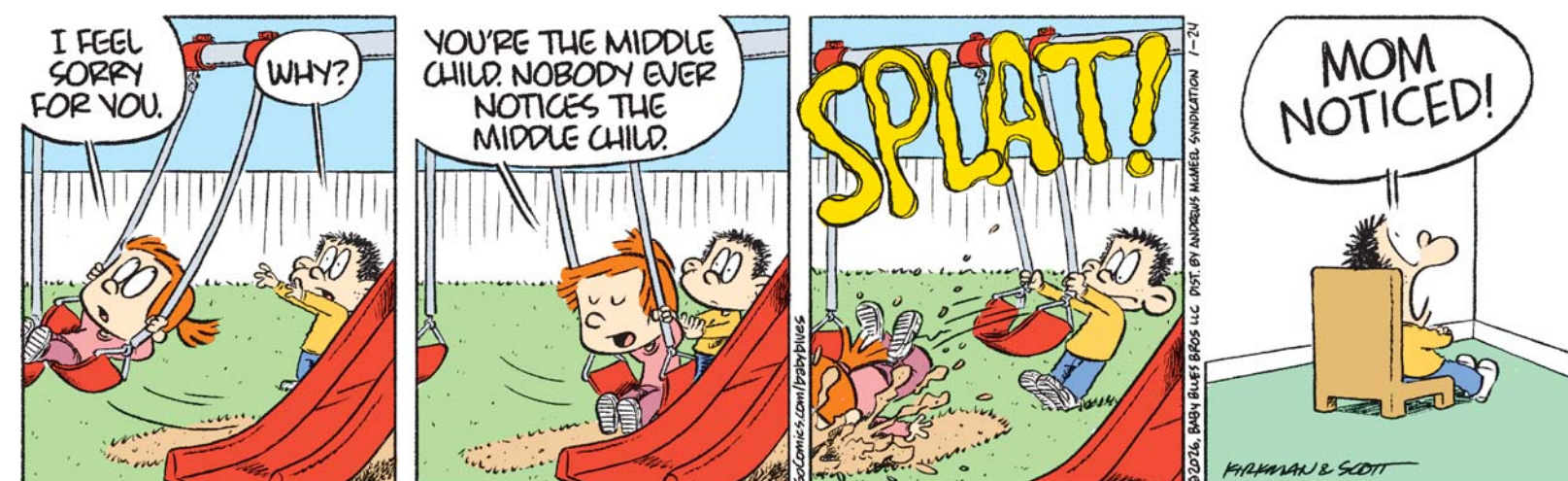


Sambar in the soup

THE WALL

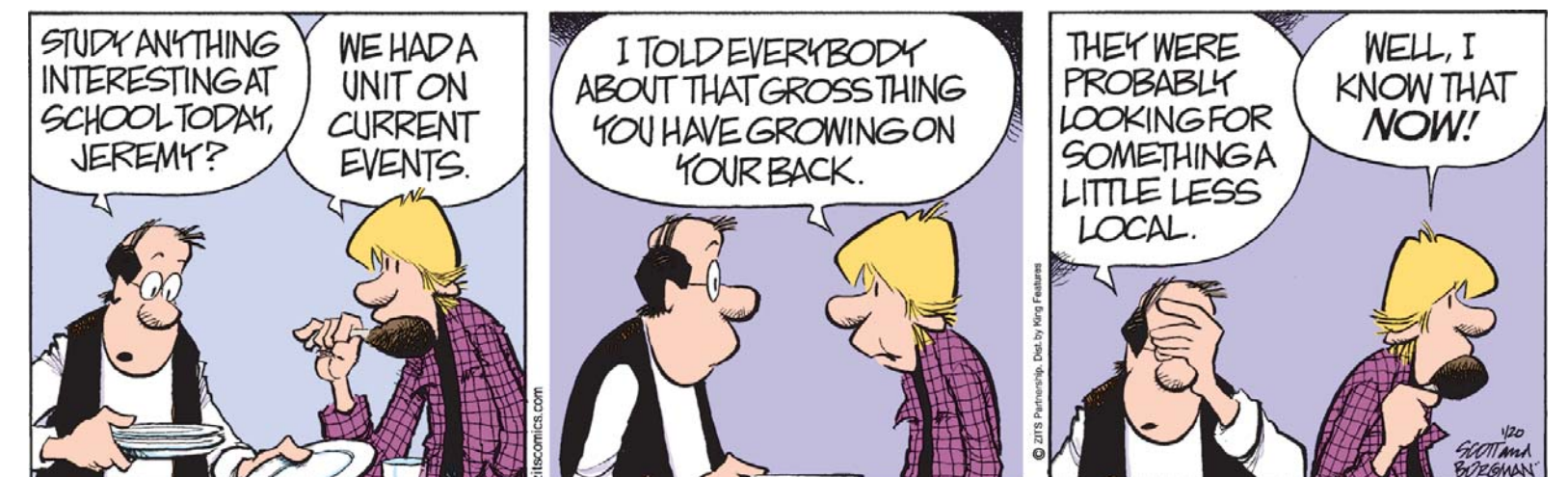


BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman