pril 19 marks the birthday of Sylvester the Cat, the beloved Looney Tunes character, known for his persistent pursuit of Tweety Bird and his signature lisp. Since his debut in 1945's Life with Feathers, Sylvester has starred in numerous cartoons, often uttering his iconic catchphrase, 'Sufferin' succotash!' Despite his constant failures, fans adore his never-give-up spirit and comedic charm. Whether outsmarted by Tweety, Speedy Gonzales, or even his own son, Sylvester remains one of animation's most memorable felines. On this day, we tip our hats to a true cartoon legend, happy birthday, Sylvester!

राष्ट्रदुत

"Paint" God said

One begins to recognise Bolaj's urge to relate to the immortal soul rather than to the material world or to the physical body given to us for but one life.







eek and ve shall find hosting Adebayo at Sattava Bolaii, a current internet rage, is a multifaceted contemporary artist dabbling in

writing, acting, even law and now painting, he does it all. The exhibition 'Origin' mirrors Hamlet's dilemma of 'to be or not to be,' but unlike the Shakespearean hero, the story does not end in 'the rest

Boloji quest for a connect between his inner realm and the outside world culminates into a burst of colour, canvases and creativity. London born 43-Year-Old Nigerian multidisciplinary artist has had his fair share of trips to hell and back before regaining his very personal Paradise.

"I took to studying law because my father was hell bent on making me a lawyer." Once a child actor, doing West End Show, the Edinburgh Festival, amongst them. Amongst his many roles in the movies, a notable one was in a James Bond movie Skvfall. Doing law, he began having persistent headaches. a restless state of mind intensified with each passing moment, and one day, on the streets of London, he zonked out. Several light bulbs bombarded his mind and his body refused to move. That's when the doctor proclaimed all is good but are you stressed about something? Suffering is one's perception clashing with one's reality, and even though I was scared. I wasn't going to let the gross physical Cosmos hold me back. At that time,

acting was the only creative medium that occurred to him and so he auditioned for the Central School of Speech and Drama, he got in, and started acting professionally again. Yet, the insane headaches con-So, in a book store, as I

stood immobilized with the all

too familiar headache pounding my very being, I said, "God Help." Amidst rows of book, I actually heard a voice say 'buy paints' and rest, as they say, is history. Doodling had been a second nature to him even while

listening to a law lecture. But from now on, it took on the form of joyous ebullient figures in bold primary colours. Today, canvas after canvas

narrate an inner story lived and felt by the artist, but as one walk past his creations. one becomes a part of that very personal narrative drawn by emotion and sensi-One begins to recognise

Bolai's urge to relate to the immortal soul rather than to the material world or to the physical body given to us for but one life. Each colourful canvas is a

joyous reflection of the indescribable state of having found his calling. "Sometime back, the ebullient

riot of colour at the Proarta Gallery in Zurich had left me not only submerged in my surrounding but with a strong inkling to meet the artist. Imagine my surprise when I had a call asking me

whether I would be interested in hosting a art residency for Adebayo Bolaji?" Jaipurites then can look forward to works that are animated well, almost with early life references to his origin of being an African, to his deep

angst that is expressed in works dedicated to Black Lives Matter and now to the Pink City influence of animals, the sun, birds and Mother Nature, that unfolds all her beauty at this time of



last time Rajputs walked away

from each other, we wrote Khanwa

in blood." He rose, his limbs still

unrolled Babur's intercepted letter

for all to see. The room grew cold-

er. "This was meant for you,"

Sanga said to Prithviraj. "He knew

your worth. So do we. The only

he sat down. Later that week, he

rode beside Maldeo on patrol. No

words were spoken. But something

shifted. The Sabha responded not

with suppression, but with renew-

al. They expanded the Sabha,

granting equal voice to the minor

states. They rotated garrison

duties to ensure no faction felt

slighted. And in a rare moment of

political brilliance, Rao Maldeo

offered joint command of the

Malwa frontier to Raja Prithviraj

was not enforced, it was negotiated

ed, preserved, and earned.

preparing for his next move.

The message was clear: unity

On the walls of his Agra tent,

Babur had pinned every fort, every

route, every raja's name. He didn't

see a kingdom, he saw a blockade,

tightening with time. He had

secured the Khyber passes and

summoned artillery experts from

Herat. But something had shifted

in Hindustan. He was no longer

to learn, cannot be crushed by can-

non. In the bazaars of Aimer.

rumour outran reason. Traders

whispered of invasion. Mothers

clutched their sons tighter. "If

"will we burn first or last?" And

far from palace halls, in a black-

smith's hut outside Mandu, a boy

watched his father sharpen blades,

not for war, but for parade, "Will

His father smiled, "If they do.

it won't be for one king. It'll be for

all of us." The silence grew not

weaker, but deeper. Stronger.

Wiser. They did not win a king-

In reality, Ghiyas-ud-Din of Malwa

was often caught between Mewar

and Delhi. The real Babur did

dom. But they held a line.

Historical Anchoring

they march this time?" he asked.

Delhi rises again," they asked,

And ideas. Babur would come

marching into fragments.

He was facing an idea.

Prithviraj did not respond. But

question is, do vou?'

Singh of Amber.

abur had failed to

fracture them. His

gold had returned to

him untouched. His

letters unanswered

The Rajput Sangh

had held, but only

just. Because unity is

daily, in every court, every camp,

And Babur knew this. Which is

why he shifted from persuasion to

pressure. His new strategy was to

tighten the ring, not through

direct attack, but by turning the

map into a noose. Punjab was for-

tified. New cannon foundries in

Lahore. Strategic towns near the

Yamuna were reinforced with gar-

risons. He courted the Sultan of

Malwa, sending emissaries to

Ghiyas-ud-Din Khalji of Malwa,

promising him territorial autono

my in exchange for alliance

faced its greatest internal test.

Meanwhile, the Rajput Sangh

Amber was restless. Its ruler,

Raja Prithviraj Singh, chafed

under Mewar's central authority

In closed chambers, he questioned

why Amber's seasoned forces were

relegated to static duties while

Marwar's cavalry commanded the

dynamic southern flanks. In

Bundi, young Balwant voiced con-

cerns over the growing influence

of Vijayanagar's advisors in the

Sabha's war council. "What have

southern poets to do with north-

foundation. At the Raiput Sangh

Prithvirai rose mid-council. "If

Amber's warriors are only good

for border patrol," he said, voice

rising, "then let Mewar defend

tempers could erupt, Sanga, seated

quietly beneath the carved arch of

the Sabha chamber, spoke. "The

Silence fell like steel. Before

And then, one nearly split the

in Chittorgarh.

ern war?" he muttered.

Malwa without us."

assembly

The cracks were real

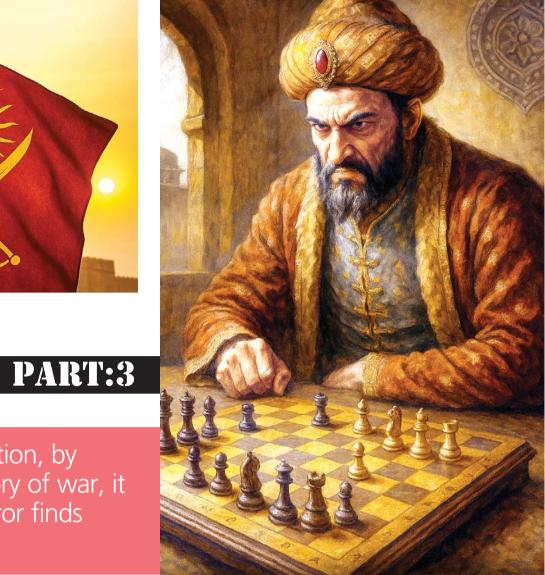
against the Rajputs.

every whisper of ambition.

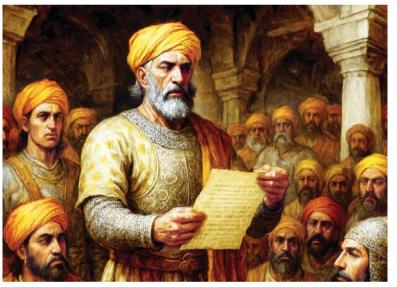


The Silent Blockade

Empires do not always fall with thunder. Sometimes, they are undone by hesitation, by doubt, by the silence that follows when swords are sheathed. This is not the story of war, it is the story of restraint. Of a fragile alliance learning to breathe, while a conqueror finds himself haunted not by armies, but by an idea he cannot destroy.



#FORGING REFORGED



attempt to extend influence towards Malwa and the Deccan, but was limited by internal instability and his early death in 1530 Rajput states remained fragment-

This article imagines a world where the cracks in unity were acknowledged, not ignored, and filled not with ego, but with effort. Because even the strongest empires fall when their foundations rot in silence.

The Turning of Malwa The fort of Mandu stood like a crown over the Vindhyas, imposing, ancient, and coveted. Mandu was the gateway between the North and the Deccan, a plateau

that watched every road, every

It was here, in the summer of 1527, that the pressure nearly broke into battle. Ghivas-ud-Din of Malwa, swaved by Mughal promises and Raiput pressure alike. delayed his allegiance. Babur's emissaries came bearing gifts and warnings. The Rajput Sangh sent letters, not threats. Mandu sat at a crossroads, caught between two

The people of Malwa waited. And then, the Mughals moved. Instead of open siege, a Mughal general from Babur's camp arrived at the borders of Malwa with a force meant not to attack, but to demonstrate. They camped near Dhar, displayed Ottoman-style cannons, and pressured Ghiyas-ud-Din to align open-

But the Raiput Sangh anticipated the move. Rao Maldeo of Marwar and Prithvirai Singh of Amber rode south, not to war, but to diplomacy backed by readiness. With them came engineers from the South, some from Vijayanagar, others from Ahmadnagar, united for the moment, if not always in loyalty. It was a display of unity,

ly with Delhi.

At the riverfront of the Gambhir, under torchlight, Ghiyas-ud-Din received both parties. The Mughal general Mudasir Khan offered him sovereignty in name, subservience in truth. The Raiputs offered autonomy, education, and alliance. He made his choice

Ghiyas-ud-Din did not declare war. He declared neutrality, but signed an accord that gave the Rajput Sangh full rights to trade, fortify, and station advisors within Malwa. In exchange, his sons would be educated in Chittorgarh and Hampi. He paused long before

under the banyan tree, nodded slowly. "They will, if we remind Historical Anchoring

> Historically, the region of Malwa was a point of contention between Mewar and the Delhi Sultanate. Ghiyas-ud-Din was known for his shifting lovalties. Babur never laid a formal siege to Mandu, and there is no record of a military campaign there in 1527. The region's

grandfather, sharpening a sickle

strategic volatility, however, is well-documented. This article remains loyal to the truth: no battle was fought, but a turning point was imagined. A choice that could have changed the game, not through bloodshed, but by choosing where one stood. Sometimes, in history, the absence of war is the greatest shift of all.

Babur's Reckoning

The air in Agra was thick, not with smoke, but with silence. A silence that pressed against the sandstone walls of the Mughal court, as if the empire itself was holding its Babur had known defeat

he had lost cities, kin, and pride. But never had he been denied, not by sword, but by silence. This denial struck deeper. He had expected war, even loss. But not irrelevance. The silence of Raiputana unnerved him more than resistance. It told him that he was no longer shaping the story, only reacting to one he had not authored. Ghiyas-ud-Din's refusal to align, wrapped in the guise of neutrality, was more than a diplomatic insult. It was a crack in Babur's perception of power.

He summoned his generals. Mirza Kamran sat beside Mudasir Khan, still bruised from his retreat at the Malwa border. No one spoke of failure. But the chessboard remained untouched since that night "What do they offer these men that we do not?" Babur asked. "Something we cannot," Kamran murmured. "A dream. One that

night, Babur wrote only one line: "They play like I once did, before I wore a crown. before. In Samarkand, in Fergana, **Historical Anchoring**

the greater world.

or Delhi.

Babur's real strategy following Panipat and Khanwa involved fortifying Mughal control in the north and maintaining diplomatic channels with regional rulers. This article imagines a psychological shift, where Babur, frustrated by stalled expansion, begins to craft a cultural counterweight rather than immediate retaliation. Babur's ambitions for deeper expansion into Malwa and the

Deccan were historically curtailed

in 1530. This article imagines what

might have evolved, had his plans

belongs to them." Babur stood by

the jharokha, overlooking the

Yamuna. Below, the city pulsed

with merchants, caravans, and

whispers. Always whispers. Of

Rajput unity. Of Malwa's accord.

Of children learning in Hampi

and Chittorgarh, instead of Kabul

"If they want dreams," Babur

said, "let them learn how quickly

dreams can be crushed." He

ordered a tightening of the north-

ern passes. Garrisons along the

Sutlej and Beas were fortified.

Letters were sent to Kabul, to

Balkh, to the remnants of the

Timurid loyalists in Central Asia.

He would not fight them yet, but he

would surround them. He also

turned inward. Scholars, poets,

Agra, not for beauty, but for narra-

tive. The empire needed a story.

One that could rival the Sabha's

promise of pride. "We will build."

Babur said. "And they will wonder

whether they chose war, or missed

But in his private diary that

and architects were brought to

matured. The battle has not begun. But the reckoning had. And sometimes, a king loses more to silence than to steel To be continued.

rajeshsharma1049@gmail.com

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.

By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

#HONOURING

The Man, The Myth, The Missed Calls From His Mother

To the Man Who Says 'Main Kar Lunga' But Never Does: Happy Husband Appreciation Day!

oday, we salute the chailoving, TV remote-wielding, jugaad master of the house, the great Indian husband. Let's be honest, when was the last time you said, "I appreciate my husband, without following it up with..., but seriously, what does he even do?" But today, just for one glorious day, we're putting aside the burnt toasts, the missing socks, and the mysterious habit of never putting the milk back in the fridge It's Husband Appreciation Day, and we're here to raise a toast (and maybe, a samosa) to the unsung heroes of the Indian household our beloved desi husbands



The Great Indian Husband: *F*

L e may not write poetry, but he'll II send you 73 Good Morning messages from the family WhatsApp group. He may forget your birthday, but he'll remember the price of onions in three different markets. He may never fold his towel, but he'll pick up your dad from the airport without being asked. From South Delhi to South Bombay, from Bengaluru to Bhopal, Indian husbands are a delightful mix of tradition, tech support, and

the plumber.' Spoiler alert: They won't. They'll ask, "Khaane mein kya

hai?" while standing right next to the open pressure cooker. Logic? Never heard of. But despite all this, there's a cer-

They'll say, "Don't worry, I'll call

tain kind of dependable chaos they bring into our lives, and frankly, we wouldn't have it any other way.

Love in the Time of Tupperware

esi husbands may not always say 'I love you,' but they show it in hilarious, wholesome ways! By making sure your Scooty has

petrol (and theirs doesn't). • By sharing their last piece of gulab jamun (after licking the

she's now technically his saas. By watching 400 episodes of your favourite serial, just so you nave 'quality time. He won't write you a love letter.

random Tuesday. And that, friends, • By calling your mom just to say is romance, Indian style.

I fuss ideas to show your Indian husband some well-earned appreci-

• Let him watch the match in peace (even if he shouts 'Out hai!' at volume 300).

Make him Maggi at midnight. true love tastes like masala and nostalgia.

Give him control of the remote,

Compliment his driving, even though he still doesn't use indi-

And if you're feeling really generous, don't ask him to fix the leaking tan today Let him bask in the illusion that he might do it tomorrow



A Shoutout to the

Patidevs, and Pyaar-

Papa-Bears,

ke-Packets



ndian husbands are a breed apart. They'll argue about politics with passion, lecture you on EMI payments, and still hold your handbag when you're trying on sarees. They're protective, predictable, occasionally perplexing, and always, always there.

So today, we celebrate the husbands who work hard, snore louder, and still ask us, "Chai bana doon?" when we look stressed. They might never read this article, but if they do.

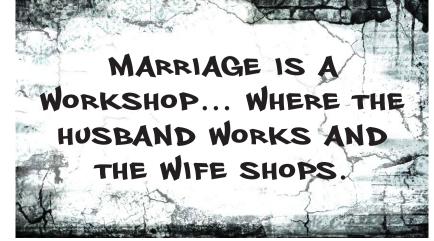
bro, you're appreciated. Even if you still don't know where the atta is kept.

P.S. To all Indian husbands ber, this day comes only once a year. Make it count, and maybe fold your towel once in a while, okay?



THE WALL





BABY BLUES



YOU JUST KISSED THE GROSSEST FOREHEAD

■ istorically, the region of

Delhi Sultanate. Ghiyas-ud-Din

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have changed the game, not

choosing where one stood.

choosing. One will call me coward,

thought. But only one will let my

He made his choice.

been. Then, he whispered:

"Shatranj."

had lost position.

sons live to rule

the other will call me traitor, he

Babur's fury was private. But

when the news reached Agra, it is

said he looked at the chessboard in

his tent, paused, and stared at the

hoard for a long time. Not at the

pieces, but at the empty square

where his knight should have

He had not lost land. But he

In the villages that bordered

Malwa, the farmers saw soldiers

arrive, and not fight. Traders from

the city of Dhar returned with

news of alliance, not annexation.

A potter in Uijain crafted lamps

with symbols of the allied states.

Mewar's sun. Marwar's horse.

Amber's lotus, tentatively calling

it a Sabha crest, unsure whether to

Mandu, children once hidden dur-

ing cannon drills now chased each

other past open gates. One stopped

and looked up at the Rajput flags

"Will they stay?" he asked. His

fluttering in the breeze.

And in the stone courtyards of

sell them as pride or prophecy.

through bloodshed, but by

was known for his shifting loyal-

Malwa was a point of con-

tention between Mewar and the



ZITS





