

#DESSERTLICIOUS

Creative Ways To Use Chocolate Chips

Each type of chocolate chip offers its charm

From drinks to desserts, to bread to yogurt bark, discover a range of creative ways to use chocolate chips. 'Chocolate chips' come in many shapes and flavours that can provide a boost to just about any drink, dessert, or dish. Whether you choose standard chips, mini chips, chunks, milk chocolate, or something else, there

are options to suit your chocolate dreams. Each type of chip offers its charm, acting as an alternative to cocoa powder or a standard chocolate bar.

No matter what chip you prefer, they're handy to always 'have stocked in your pantry' at all times. Get ready to find a plethora of interesting ways to utilize chocolate chips other than in a chocolate chip cookie.

Chocolate Hard Shell

A chocolate hard shell is so gratifying to crack. You can put it over your ice-cream or yogurt or drizzle it on frozen fruit. It does have to be something cold, to achieve the 'hard shell' aspect. You only need two simple ingredients to make this chocolatey delight. Coconut oil and chocolate chips. Start by melting your chocolate chips and give it a good mix to get rid of any clumps. Then, add in your coconut oil. Once everything is incorporated, then, you pour it over your dessert of



choice. If you want the shell to become extra crunchy and hard, place your dessert in the refrigerator or freezer, so that it firms up completely.

Cinnamon Rolls



mon rolls. When making cinnamon rolls from scratch, you can incorporate the chips, a bit easier. Add the chocolate chips as you spread on the cinnamon sugar mixture to your dough. For an additional chocolate factor, melt a handful of chocolate chips to blend into the frosting, too. Chocolate and cinnamon are a delicious combination that will satisfy the taste buds.

Chocolate chips are a scrumptious and simple way to upgrade your cinnamon rolls.

Chocolate Bark

When you don't want to spend much time in baking and cooking a dessert, chocolate bark might be your best bet. Make a batch of banana split chocolate bark with chocolate chips, peanuts, banana chips, dried cherries, and dried pineapple. Just melt your chocolate chips, then spread on parchment paper and assemble the add-ins. For a seasonal treat, prepare peppermint bark with crushed candy



canes. Make a nutty version with chopped hazelnuts, almonds, peanuts, and walnuts. You can add nearly any fruit, nut, or candy to chocolate bark.

Caramel Apples

Caramel apples are a crisp and delicious sweet treat that you can customize as you wish. Since chocolate is considered to be one of the best toppings for caramel apples, it makes sense to add chocolate chips to this fruit-based dessert. Double down on chocolate chips by melting them to create a chocolate drizzle for your apples as well as using them as a topping. You can make an enticing arrangement with an array of toppings or just stick with the chocolate chips.

#JLF DIARY

Chai chronicles

Step right up to the whimsical world of JLF chai kiosks! Craving chai to fuel your deep literary debates? Head to the 'Pehle Chai' because, well, obviously, chai comes first! And for a linguistic twist, sip on some "German Chaiwali," where the chai master doubles as a German teacher. Because where else can you conjugate verbs and brew chai, at the same time?

Sponsor Spectacles

Introducing the Samsung Galaxy Tab S9 Series Jaipur Literature Festival 2024, where even the announcers need a teleprompter and a prayer to get through the whole name, without tripping over their tongues. Because who needs the brevity of the good ol' Rajnigandha Jaipur Literature Festival days!

Sustainability Struggles

At JLF, sustainability is preached from the main stage while handing out plastic water bottles like they're going out of style! With *Bisleri* as the official hydration partner, plastic bottles are as ubiquitous as literary discussions here.

Matchmaking at JLF

Enter the realm of live art installations at JLF, where bookmarks with handwritten notes adorn trees and souls bare their hearts. Amidst profound philosophies, one daring spirit adds a comedic twist, leaving their number in search of "Rishtas." Who knew literary festivals doubled as matchmaking grounds? Because why settle for Shakespearean sonnets, when you can find your own 'literary love story' under the shade of a bookmark-adorned tree!

Anarkali's Dance, Akbar's Rage

PART: 4

For behind the ears, there was the sandalwood aroma called 'Dheere, Dheere,' 'Slowly, slowly,' which could ignite a potential lover's passion as he began 'his explorations of her.' Then there was the 'Aao, Come Hither for her underarms,' and the 'Chanchal Chhayya, Playful Shades for her inner thighs.' For the pubic area, there was an 'aroma of henna with jasmine called Aag Aur Toofan.'



Shailaza Singh
Published author,
poet and a YouTuber

The arrival of Anarkali and Jalpari at the 'Mughal' imperial palace created quite a stir. The women of the zenana wanted to befriend them, mostly out of curiosity, rather than desire to learn about the 'Ottoman' culture at the Topkapi palace. Mostly, they were curious about the 'sultan's harem women' from diverse cultures and how they 'beautified themselves' to be attractive to the sultan. Hamida and Rukaiya were both determined to teach her about the intricate 'arts of seduction' in Hindustan.

Akbar had a special perfumery department called 'Khushbu Khana-the perfume pavilion.' The Persian woman, who was in-charge of the Khushbu khana, had come from Shah Tahmasp's harem, accompanying Hamida on her return to Hindustan with Humayun, when he reconquered his throne in Delhi. She was an expert in concocting exotic perfumes for each occasion and for special parts of a woman's body. All the women of the zenana went to her for 'special occasions.' She guarded her secrets carefully.

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there was an 'aroma of henna with jasmine called Aag Aur Toofan.'

It was Rukaiya and Hamida's desire to accentuate 'Anarkali's beauty' by getting her drenched with the downpour from the ignition of the clouds to the musical notes of Raga Megh Malhar, as she danced. But who was going to play this 'mystical raga' now that Mian Tansen was gone? So, they sent emissaries to his children.

One of Tansen's sons, Bilas Khan was also a musician, who had been trained by the great Tansen himself.

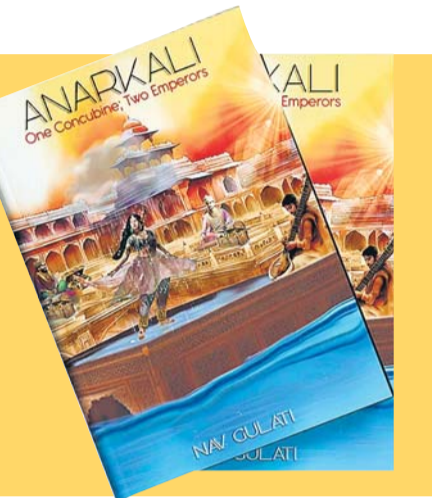
The festivities began just before dusk. The sun escaped into the flat lines in the west, leaving the gathering monsoon clouds, edged with shimmering gold. Lamps were lit, some in sconces on the walls, some in little earthenware saucers filled with sesame seed oil, the flames standing steady and upright in the still air, as though pulled skyward by an invis-

ible hand. In the courtyard, singers and musicians, both male and female, played to the notes from Bilas Khan, as they all waited for Anarkali. And then she came!

Akbar was surrounded by his queens and was seated on his throne in a recessed area reserved for royalty. Several handmaidens around him held large, feathered pankhas to fan the heat away for the comfort of Akbar. In front of Akbar, lay colorful sherbets of fruit, gardenia, and chamomile, perfumed with ambergris. Around them, flower pots with clusters of chrysanthe-

ms, roses and marigolds dazzled the eye. In the distance, the city rilled in dusty amber, behind gray land walls. The sky was a turquoise blanket. The roaming summer clouds eased the heat. Inside, fashionable illuminating candelabras, provided light through the lampshades with elongated flames. Clouds of rejuvenating sandalwood perfumes from golden incense burners added to the 'ambiance.'

Anarkali's face was in shadow as she came across the bridge over Anup Talao, towards Akbar and knelt and with her head, bowed, she touched her forehead thrice, in a salaam, to pay her respects. She then stood motionless before him but he could hear her soft, rapid breathing. Her headdress of emeralds, diamonds, and opals accentuated the impact of her long hair, tied in a single braid down her back. The glow of fire outlined her face in shades of ochre and pink. Her long, black hair gleamed like silk spilled



#ONE CONCUBINE TWO EMPERORS

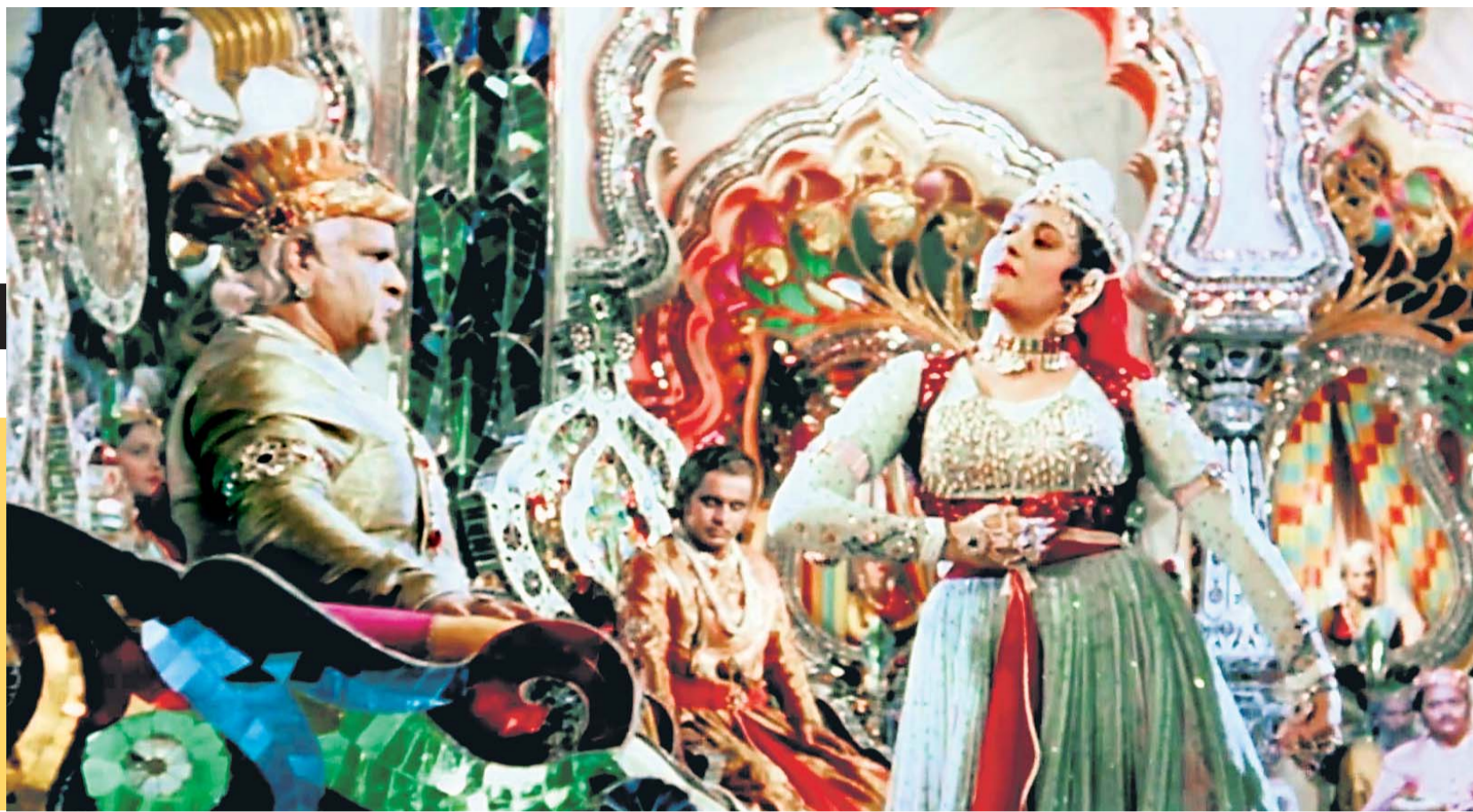


flutes and shehnai pipes that created the aura of a 'romantic ambiance' inside the courtyard, around Anup Talao.

The notes then took cues from Anarkali's movements and gave her the moods and rhythms in resonance with her 'unveiling seduction.' Her body hardly seemed to move, yet the cadence of the drums filled her gestures. When paused, the moment of stillness would be like a musical pebble on a calm lake, followed by permeating a resounding cry of seduction. The musical instruments had the plaintive, yearning quality that inspired the 'meditative and spiritual elements' of dance. The finger cymbals, like castanets played to arouse the unison beats from the other musicians.

The moaning music, slower now, flooded her ears, and the burning incense filled her nostrils, as she lost herself in the dance. Anarkali then closed her eyes and stood completely still, as Bilas Khan's music played a 'spiritual ballad of the harmony of dance and nature.' She had learned to control her body from the inside, drawing in her muscles, holding them for a long time, then releasing them, then, holding them in again, at the same time. She moved her hips, gliding from one side to the other, lifting them slowly, the undulating motions, rippling through her body. Excited by her own sultry dancing, Anarkali stepped teasingly in front of the guests, as if to offer her quivering breasts, her hips, and the mysterious place between her thighs 'to the Emperor.' The women of the zenana watched, feeling the heat rise in the room like lava rising in a volcano.

Then, there was a sudden pause in the music and only the sprinkling water splash of the fountains could be heard. Bilas Khan had begun to



garden of Babylon!

Anarkali's partially veiled openness of the belly button, the perfumed ornamentation, and the suggestive henna patterns, all seemed to caress and invite men into her 'caverns of pleasure.' The aroma of that 'poetry' has now been lost through centuries of translation!

As she entered Akbar's chambers in the Sheesh Mahal, the maids left, leaving Anarkali alone, with the great Emperor. The potions and lotions were washed away by the water of the prince to catch him in his amorous moment, aroused an oedipal anger and angst inside Akbar. Akbar was insulted but didn't know how to proceed. Only one course of action was worthy of an Emperor's status. He must kill his son! However, that action would prove to be the bane of his own reign. He was no fool. He was descending into the twilight of his life, and the empire was already looking to Salim as its future leader. Salim's sudden death would raise questions, pique the interest of enemies, and spell ruin for the empire.

And so, Akbar, the Great, one of the most powerful men in the world, stood with his hands tied. However,

head, bent backwards, her mouth held open, as if a muffled scream of ecstasy was now excited and this fired him more.

It was then, through the corner of his eyes that Akbar saw the lurking face of prince Salim on the mirrors of Sheesh Mahal. The audacity of the prince to catch him in his amorous moment, aroused an oedipal anger and angst inside Akbar. Akbar was insulted but didn't know how to proceed. Only one course of action was worthy of an Emperor's status. He must kill his son! However, that action would prove to be the bane of his own reign. He was no fool. He was descending into the twilight of his life, and the empire was already looking to Salim as its future leader. Salim's sudden death would raise questions, pique the interest of enemies, and spell ruin for the empire.

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I was fascinated with Mia Tansen. I was in awe of his mastery over the ragas because it was said that when he used to sing raga Megha Malhar, the clouds would rain and if he sang raga Deepak, the lamps of the palace would light up on their own. So, when I went to Fatehpur Sikri and saw Anup Talao, in the centre of the palace, I imagined Anarkali dancing there while Tansen's son sings Raga Megha Malhar. Soon, it starts raining and Anarkali gets drenched in the rain. She then goes to Sheesh Mahal where Akbar follows her for a romantic escapade."

'Was 'sensitivity' such an integral part of the lives of the 'Mughals' in that era? Nav Gulati believes that the Mughals treated sensuality as an art in that era. 'Everything was important, sensuality was all about ensnaring the senses, the look, the touch, the smell, the taste, the music and the environment. They had musicians who were stationed behind the curtains, to play a particular kind of music, to invoke that mood. The women were trained in the art of 'seduction,' the knowledge of which was passed on from generations to generations and there was nothing shameful about it. It was an integral part of their lives.'

But what was the relationship between Akbar and Salim? Nav Gulati says, "Salim was the son that Akbar had after years of praying. So, he was indulged by his father and his mother. However, while Akbar had been thrust with responsibility from the tender age of 13 after his father died, Salim's life was about enjoying beautiful women, arts and literature, wine and dining. So, though Akbar wanted Salim to become responsible like him, Salim resented everything that Akbar had because Akbar was everything that he could not be. In a way their relationship was oedipal in nature."

'To be continued'

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secretly, his heart was not in killing his son at all. He was the vestible of his hopes and dreams for his empire, his legacy. Despite his honour as a man, Akbar couldn't bring himself to kill his son, out of fatherly love alone veiled as concern for the dynasty.

It is interesting that Nav Gulati, who is an ex-ITian and a banker weaves such a passionate, amorous love story, a feat which not many full-time writers can dream of accomplishing. He says that he has an abiding fascination for Mian Tansen, the legendary singer: "When I used to see the old movies,

invisible magic carpet.

She had incited in Akbar 'a violent desire' to rip her veils, to discover her intimate face which had escaped his kisses so far. Having already heard about the Emperor's virility from his queens, the 'core of her volcano' was also ready to ignite irreversibly.

Her wetted tresses, as black as kohl, now loose, caressed her body all the way down, to her waist. As she stood before him, she thought, "Will I be an emblem of his liking?" The strong scent of sandalwood floated through the candles, flickering with incense, and accentuating the naked contours under her garments. She whispered to herself, "Am I really awake or is this a dream?"

His expectant eyes followed her, abandoning his thinking to the wanton moment. His fingers felt that under the ghagara, she was naked. He wanted her to be stirred, not soft and pliant like wax under his fingers. She abandoned her thighs to the touch of his hands, which ran up and down. Her thighs were still pressed together, so, he could not continue to explore. Just when he was about to abandon his amorous expedition, she quickly parted, then locked her thighs again, teasing him as she offered her bow-shaped, pouted red lips to him, seeking a kiss that would last.

He pressed her in a passionate embrace, and soon, saw the animation leave her face. She had lost her

Cordially invites you to an interactive talk session with NAV GULATI

History Enthusiast, Researcher and Author of
"Anarkali: One Concubine, Two Emperors"

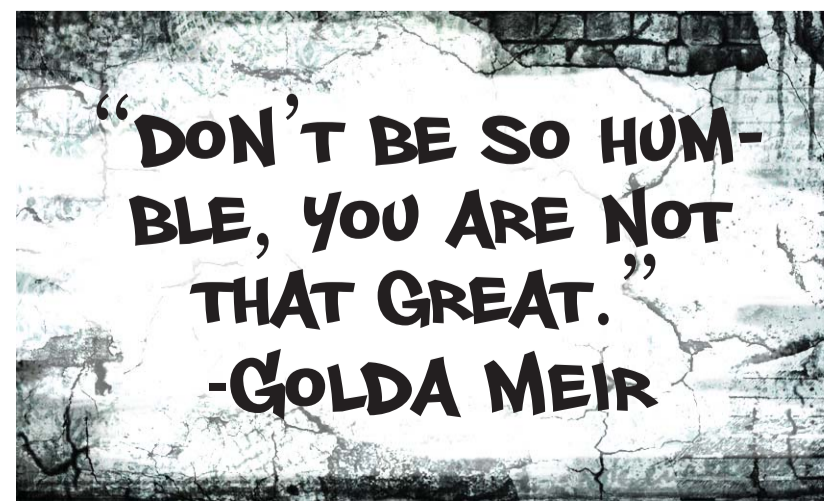
We welcome friends and readers of Arbit to get to know the author and his work in a Q&A and talk session at:

RASHTRADOOT
Chameliwala Market
M.I. Road (Opp. GPO)

On 4th February, Sunday, 3:30 p.m.



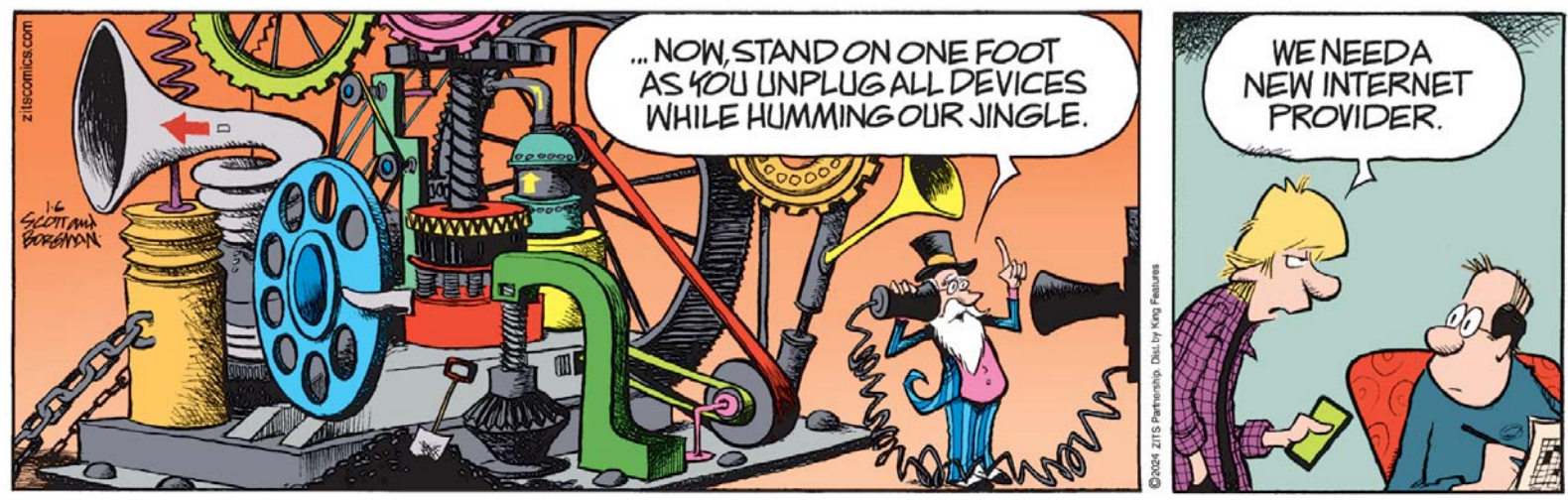
THE WALL



BABY BLUES



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