

#LONGEVITY

Key Factors To Predict Longevity

The findings provide a way to predict whether a person over the age of 70 is likely to live two, five, or 10 years.



New research identifies the top factors that predict longevity in older people. The new model relies less on specific disease diagnoses and more on factors such as the ability to grocery shop, the amount of certain small cholesterol particles circulating in the blood, and whether someone never or only occasionally smoked.

The findings provide a way to predict whether a person over the age of 70 is likely to live two, five, or 10 years. The markers may be obtained during a doctor visit, so that they could be a useful guide for clinical care.

This study was designed to determine the proximal causes of longevity, the factors that portend whether someone is likely to live two more years or 10 more years," says Virginia Byers Kraus, professor in the departments of Medicine, Pathology, and Orthopaedic Surgery at Duke University School of Medicine and lead author of the study.

"Properly applied, these measures could help determine the benefits and burdens of screening tests and treatment for older people," Kraus says. Kraus and colleagues launched their inquiry at an opportune time, having been directed to a cache of 1,500 blood samples from a 1980s longitudinal study that enrolled older people.

The bankers' samples had been drawn in 1992 when participants were at least 71 years old and then stored at the NIH. They were scheduled for destruction, but the researchers arrived in time to transfer them to Duke for analysis. The blood samples had the additional fortuitous feature of being drawn at a time that preceded the widespread use of medications such as statins, which could have skewed the results. More good luck, study participants had been followed for several years and had filled out questionnaires about their health histories and habits.

Capitalizing on all the features of the older study, the researchers were able to apply current sophisticated analytical tools. Led by Constantin Aliferis and Sisi Ma at the University of Minnesota, the researchers were able to delve into health factors to identify a core set of 17 predictive variables that have a causal impact on longevity. The analysis found



Ek Bollywood Wo Tha Ek Ye Hai!!!



Two Bollywood legends from the 1960s wake up at an awards show 2024, lost in a world of gym-toned heroes, viral remixes, and PR-managed stardom. As they navigate this dazzling spectacle, nostalgia collides with the future in a hilarious, eye-opening journey through time.



Shailaza Singh
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Once upon a time, Bollywood wasn't just about box office numbers and social media followers, it was about charm, charisma, and sheer magnetic presence. Fans didn't need PR-managed glimpses of their favourite stars, they could walk right up to them, shake their hands, and ask for an autograph without security intervening. Music wasn't algorithmically engineered for virality, it was soul-stirring, timeless, and hummed across generations.

But what if two legends from that golden era, Rajesh Kapoor, the ultimate romantic hero, and Sharman Desai, the master director of love stories, were suddenly transported from their 1965 Awards night straight into the dazzling chaos of Awards Night 2024? How would they react to the neon-lit spectacle, the pulsating remixes, the stunt-heavy dance routines, and the digitalized glamour of modern cinema? Would they be horrified or mesmerized? Would they long for the past, or would they marvel at how far filmmaking has come? Step into this time-bending adventure as two icons of the past witness the Bollywood of today, where nostalgia meets innovation, where elegance meets extravagance, and where stars no longer just shine, they trend.

The year was 1965. The grand auditorium of Bombay's Awards Nights was alive with anticipation, an opulent celebration of cinema's golden age. The air was thick with the fragrance of attar, mingling with the smoke of expensive cigars. The men were dressed in well-tailored bandh-galas, their hair neatly combed back, while the



women draped themselves in rich silk saris, their eyes lined with kohl, exuding old-world elegance. Conversations flowed in refined Urdu and poetic Hindi, laced with warmth and respect.

Rajesh Kapoor, the romantic sensation of the decade, sat with his signature dimpled smile as waves of admirers approached him for autographs. "Rajesh ji, aapke naye gaane toh dil jeet liya!" (Rajesh ji, your new song has won my heart!), a young fan gushed, clutching his signed photograph with trembling hands. He nodded graciously, tipping his glass towards her: "Bas aapka pyaar bana rahe" (May your love always remain), he said with effortless charm.

Beside him sat Sharman Desai, the visionary filmmaker, who had given the world love stories that echoed through generations. With his thick-rimmed glasses and deep contemplative gaze, he surveyed the room, soaking in the aura of legends. Dilip Kumar exchanging thoughts with Bimal Roy, Asha Parekhi laughing softly as Sunil Dutt lit his cigarette. This was their world. A world of romance, of melodies that lingered in the soul, of dialogues that were written not just to entertain but to be remembered forever.

#IIFA

Then, it happened!

A camera flash-blinding, unnatural, searing through their senses. Rajesh winced, pressing his palms over his eyes. "Hai Ram! Sharman, yeh kounsa camera hai? Aankhon ke saamne tare dikh rahe hain!" (Oh Lord! Sharman, what kind of camera is this? I'm seeing stars before my eyes!). A strange force pulled at them. The sound of clinking glasses, the gentle

strains of a live orchestra, the murmurs of a refined audience, everything blurred, distorted. The world around them twisted and spun, a dizzying rush of colours and disjointed sounds. Just before the last echo of Rafi Sahib's voice faded, a deafening thud replaced it. Then, silence. Then, the roar of an unfamiliar world!

Welcome to Awards Night 2024 - Or So They Think



Rajesh blinked furiously, rubbing his eyes. The scent of attar was gone, replaced by something artificial, metallic, almost electric. He could hear thumping bass reverberating through the ground beneath his feet. A massive LED screen flashed before him, bathing the room in surreal, shifting hues of neon blue and purple. He adjusted his coat, still struggling to comprehend his surroundings. "Sharman... yeh kounsa camera tha? Mera dimaag ab tak ghoom raha hai." (Sharman... what kind of camera was that? My head is still spinning.)

Sharman removed his glasses, wiped them carefully with his handkerchief, and looked around. His sharp director's eye caught the massive banners that loomed above them, Awards 2024.

Before he could process the enormity of it, an announcement boomed through the arena. "And now, put your hands together for the ever-dashing Akshay Kumar!" Sharman remarked, his face lighting up. "Arre wah! Ashok Kumar bhैया han hai? Kya woh bhi humari tarah time travel karke aa gaya?" (Oh wow! Ashok Kumar is here too? Did he also time travel like us?) He looked around, searching for his fellow actor. A young woman sitting next to him, her dress leaving little to the imagination, turned with an amused smirk. "Uncle, kounsa zamane se ho? Yeh Akshay Kumar

never get old, Sharman." Sharman nodded. "Aur jo sach mein amar hota hai... use remix ki zaroorat nahi padti." (And what is truly immortal... doesn't need a remix.) They stood there for a moment before looking up. A drone flew overhead, its blinking lights flashing. Rajesh sighed. "Sharman, woh kya hai?" (Sharman, what is that?)

Dancing, or Acrobatics?

The dancers moved with breakneck precision, flipping in the air, their costumes shimmering under the flashing strobes. Rajesh leaned in. "Sharman, tumhe yaad hai, pehle ek hero sirf heroine ki aankhon mein dekh kar bhi audience ka dil jeet sakta tha? Ab toh ek gaane mein kam se kam do backflips zaroori lag rahe hain!" (Sharman, do you remember? Earlier, a hero could win the audience's heart just by looking into the heroine's eyes.

Now, at least two backflips seem necessary in every song! Sharman chuckled. "Janab, romance sirf aankhon se hota tha. Ab six-pack aur aerial stunts ke bina kuch nahi hota." (Sir, romance used to happen just through eye contact. Now, nothing works without six-pack abs and aerial stunts.) They watched as the music transitioned into a high-energy, auto-tuned remix of an old classic. Rajesh sat up, horrified. "Yeh kya hai? Yeh toh Kishore Kumar

ka gaana tha! Par is mein yeh electronic tadak-bhadak kyun hai?" (What is this? This was a Kishore Kumar song! But why does it have this electronic noise?) A production assistant overheard and grinned. "Sir, remix hai! Aaj kal nostalgia bikta hai." Rajesh sighed. "Pehle nostalgia dil mein jagta tha... ab woh bhil marketing strategy ban gaya hai." (Earlier, nostalgia awakened in the heart... now, even that has become a marketing strategy.)

A World of Wonders

As they wandered through the venue, Rajesh and Sharman marvelled at the technology surrounding them. Rajesh nearly jumped when an assistant director spoke to his wrist, only to realize he was using a smartwatch. "Sharman, yeh radio jaisa lag raha hai, par isse toh jawab bhi aa raha hai!" (Sharman, this looks like a radio, but it's actually responding.) Sharman was equally amazed by the drones flying overhead, capturing live footage from every

angle. "Pehle ek ek shot lena ke liye cranes lagti thi... ab hawa mein hi camera ud rahe hain! Janab, filmmaking toh sach mein badal gaya hai." (Earlier, we needed cranes for every single shot... now, cameras are flying in the air! Sir, filmmaking has truly changed.) They watched in astonishment as actors posed in front of a digital screen that instantly transported them to exotic locations. "Hum toh Switzerland shooting ke liye jaate the, aur yeh log bina kahin jaaye film bana rahe hain!"

(We used to travel all the way to Switzerland for a shoot, and these people are making films without even leaving the studio!), Rajesh exclaimed. "A young crew member explained, 'Sir, this is green screen technology. No need to travel!' Rajesh shook his head in disbelief. "Yeh bhil theek hai... par phir bhi, asli barf pe gire bina romance ka mazza kaise aayega?" (This is fine too... but still, how can one enjoy romance without actually falling on real snow?)

Where Have the Stars Gone?

Backstage, Rajesh and Sharman watched as an actor was rushed through a hallway, surrounded by a phalanx of bodyguards and PR managers. Rajesh frowned. "Sharman, yeh kya ho raha hai?" Sharman sighed. "Janab,

ab stars logon se nahi milte. Pehle fans rickshaw se studio tak chhodne aate the. Ab airport looks aur gym outfits se pyaar hota hai." (Sir, now stars don't meet people. Earlier, fans would escort actors to the studio in rickshaws. Now, people love them

for their airport looks and gym outfits.) Rajesh exhaled. "Pehle hero banne ke liye dil chahiye tha... ab sirf abs aur Instagram followers kaafi hai." (Earlier, to be a hero, one needed heart... now, only abs and Instagram followers are enough.)

A Moment of Reflection

As the night wrapped up, Rajesh and Sharman strolled out, stepping onto the quiet streets outside. A faint melody played in the distance, an old Kishore Kumar song, somehow drifting through the chaos. Rajesh closed his eyes and smiled. "Kuch cheezin shayad kabhi purani nahi hoti, Sharman." (Some things perhaps

never get old, Sharman.) Sharman nodded. "Aur jo sach mein amar hota hai... use remix ki zaroorat nahi padti." (And what is truly immortal... doesn't need a remix.) They stood there for a moment before looking up. A drone flew overhead, its blinking lights flashing. Rajesh sighed. "Sharman, woh kya hai?" (Sharman, what is that?)

Sharman patted his shoulder. "Janab, pehle sitare aasman mein chamakte the... ab unhe udane bhi deni padti hai." (Janab, earlier, stars used to shine in the sky... now, they have to be given flight too.) And with that, the two legends walked away, caught between past and future. rajeshsharma1049@gmail.com

#IIFA

An Invitation Like No Other: A Grand Prelude to IIFA 2025

Keeping in line with its location, the IIFA invitation has been designed to mirror the grandeur of Rajasthani royalty.



Shruti Kothari

In the world of glitz and glamour, even an invitation card is no longer just a mere piece of stationery; it's a spectacle, a collector's item, and a reflection of the extravaganza it precedes. From Hollywood's elite galas to Bollywood's grandest nights, the humble invite has transformed into an art form, setting the tone for the magnificence of the event it heralds. And when it comes to the International Indian Film Academy (IIFA) Awards 2025, the invitation is nothing short of regal.



IIFA 2025: A Royal Rajasthani Welcome

Taking inspiration from the global trend of elaborate invitations, the International Indian Film Academy (IIFA) Awards 2025 have unveiled an invitation card that is a testament to India's rich cultural heritage and craftsmanship. This

year, the prestigious event is set to take place in Jaipur, Rajasthan, a city known for its royal history and vibrant traditions. Keeping in line with its location, the IIFA invitation has been designed to mirror the grandeur of Rajasthani royalty.

Design and Craftsmanship

The invitation card is nothing short of a masterpiece, weighing an impressive 7 kilograms, a symbol of grandeur and opulence. Designed by the father-son duo Chandra Prakash Goyal and Ashish Goyal of 'Hampano by Friends,' the card seamlessly

blends modern aesthetics with traditional Rajasthani elements. Crafted from artificial leather, the box, holding the invitation, is designed in the shape of a royal chest and is adorned with intricate Baghmari embroidered fabric.

Traditional Rajasthani Elements

Embodying the essence of Rajasthan, the card incorporates intricate designs and motifs, characteristic of the region's art forms. Upon opening the invitation, guests are greeted with miniature artistic representations of Jaipur's most iconic landmarks, including the Hawa Mahal, Albert Hall, City Palace, the IIFA Trophy, the stage, and the green carpet. These artifacts, made using acrylic, laser cutting,

and engraving techniques, provide a visually stunning experience that pays homage to Rajasthan's architectural marvels. The invitation itself, presented in an elegant brown and black color scheme, features a shimmering effect created through UV printing. This further enhances the regal aesthetic, ensuring that every detail of the invitation exudes luxury and sophistication.



A Creation of Unparalleled Craftsmanship

The grandeur of the IIFA 2025 invitation card is further elevated by its origin. Crafted with meticulous attention to detail, the invitation cards have been manufactured in Jaipur, a city synonymous with artisanal excellence. Produced in a renowned design house, specializing in regal-themed creations, the invitations embody the splendor and rich legacy of the Pink City, making them not just an invite but an heirloom of craftsmanship.

Exclusive Gift Items

Further elevating the invitation experience, the box includes exquisite gift items. Among these is a marble plate featuring intricate gold work, a pair of handcrafted lacquer hands embellished with meenakari and kundan work, and a delicate rose crafted using the ancient bhopka technique. Additionally, the Rajasthan Tourism Department has contributed miniature paintings, adding yet another touch of heritage and artistry to the invitation set.

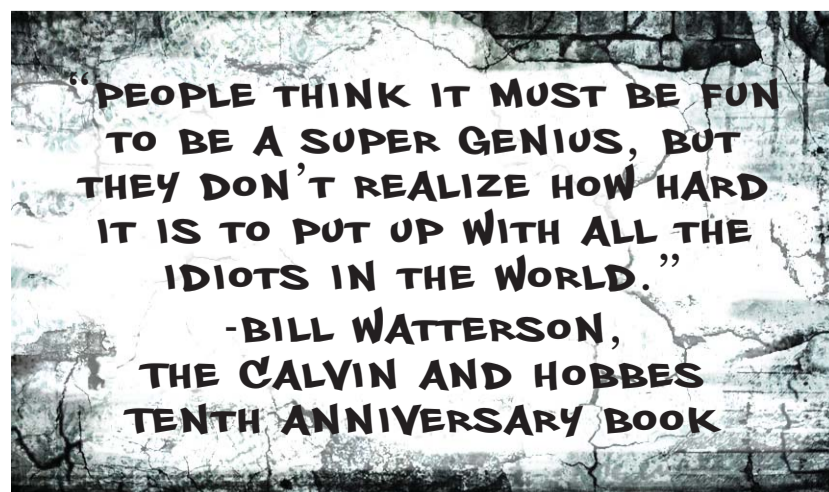
A Symbol of Prestige

The meticulous design of the invitation card not only serves as a formal invite but also as a collectible artifact, reflecting the prestige of the IIFA Awards. It underscores the event's commitment to honouring Indian cinema while celebrating the country's diverse cultural heritage. The IIFA Awards 2025 invitation is a harmonious blend of art, tradition, and modernity, setting the stage for a celebration that honours both cinematic excellence and India's rich cultural legacy.

Notably, these exclusive invitation boxes have been sent to some of the biggest names in Indian cinema, including Shah Rukh Khan, Madhuri Dixit, Kareena Kapoor, Shahid Kapoor, and business tycoons such as the Ambani family. Even top political figures, including the Chief Minister, have received this regal invitation.

As invitation cards continue to evolve into artistic and thematic statements, they serve as a preview of the grandeur to come, ensuring that even before the curtains rise, guests are already immersed in the magic of the event.

THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman