

## #AWARENESS

# International Stuttering Awareness Day

In a world where fluency of speech is often taken for granted, this condition emerges as a testament to the resilience of the human spirit.



People make jokes about everything, about friends and families. And that's why so many different disabilities seem relatively minor. Stuttering can pose real problems in both the personal and professional lives of those suffering from it, and take years to get under control, not to mention the amount of embarrassment and frustration it can cause in the meantime.

## History

Stuttering has been the subject of interest of many physicians over the millennia, with one of the most famous stutterers being prominent Ancient Greek statesman, Demosthenes. Demosthenes, who lived in the 4th century BC, could not speak without stuttering and was often mocked by his peers, causing him to become a prominent Ancient Greek statesman. Demosthenes, who lived in the 4th century BC, could not speak without stuttering and was often mocked by his peers, causing him to become a prominent Ancient Greek statesman.

One of the tactics he used was to practice speaking loud enough to be heard over the waves with pebbles in his mouth, and after much hard work, he succeeded. Other famous people who have had to deal with their stutter include the Roman Emperor, Claudius, British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, Hollywood icon, Marilyn Monroe, and James Earl Jones, whose voice the world knows as that of Darth Vader.

## Spreading Awareness

The best way to spread awareness is to read up on some talented and influential individuals who have had to deal with a stutter, and how much work they did to overcome it. If you're in the mood for a movie, 'The King's Speech' is an Oscar-winning historical drama about King George VI of England and his speech and language therapist, Lionel Logue, who worked together tirelessly to

I was surprised to know that he had told his parents about me. His parents were well-educated people. The house was spartan and clean. There were books everywhere, plethora of book shelves. His father had retired as a director of a listed company. Mother had retired as a professor of History from a leading college. I had an enjoyable one hour with them. I felt at home and was reluctant to leave but propriety demanded a timely departure. His parents suggested that I stay back for the night, but Shashi did not seem that keen, though, they had three bedrooms. Next day was hectic for me. I reached office at 9 A.M. and set a scorching pace for my team. Eventually, by 2:30, we wrapped up and presented the report to Mr. Chopra. I heaved a sigh of relief and proceeded for lunch. At 5 P.M., Mr. Chopra called me and complimented



## International Caps Lock Day

International Caps Lock Day first came to pass in the year 2000, when Derek Arnold of Iowa decided that he, like so many other internet users, had simply had enough of people using all caps to emphasize themselves on the web. So, he created International Caps Lock Day in the interest of poking fun at people who use this abomination of a typing style, and to finally bring some sanity to the net. Don't use caps lock for an entire day. That way, you can help others see that you don't need to shout on the internet to get your point across.

me for the report, which he had gone through, in the meantime. Then, he asked me how I knew Shashi. I told him. He went on to tell me about a management seminar at St. Xavier's where he was invited as a speaker. After the seminar, Father Gomes introduced him to Shashi. They sat on a table for four to have some refreshments. Father was keen to know Shashi's opinion on my speech and Shashi was giving monosyllabic answers to his queries. Mr. Chopra was a bit irked by Shashi's remarks. Finally, Mr. Chopra sensed his reluctance and requested him to give his frank opinion. And that was it. Shashi elaborated on his reaction which he found difficult to defend. Slowly, it became clear to him that Shashi was much bigger than he appeared. He was a great thinker. Immediately, he took his number and marked him in his mind as someone who could be a source of ideas.

# Love Has Many Ways

PART:2

## #LOVE STORY



P. S. Rashtrowar

Time flew past. I met him few times more. I had a cousin studying Economics Honours in St. Xavier's. He one day asked me if I knew Shashi Menon. I said yes, he was my batchmate. He said sometimes, he took their class and was always escorted by the Principal who would sit in the class throughout the period. He described him as brilliant. I was fascinated how he was taking a pure Economics class. I told my cousin that I too wanted to attend one of his classes. After a few days, my cousin called that Shashi was taking the class next day in the morning. I dressed like a student and went and sat in the class with my cousin a bit at the back. It was a large lecture hall and soon it was packed to capacity. My cousin told me that the Maths Honours guys had also joined in. Sharp at 10 A.M., Shashi, accompanied by the Principal, trudged in. After a few words of welcome by the Principal, Father Gomes, the class was handed over to Shashi.

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## FF

Our friendship deepened but Shashi was unpredictable. There would be periods when he would, sort of, go into his shell. But again, he would appear bursting with thoughts and ideas, especially on the economy of our country. He wouldn't fit any label. Yes, he was pro-poor but not a Marxist.

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The BBC series on Indian economy was a big hit. Everybody was talking about it. Though, it had analysed India's problems but it also showed a way out where the steps taken by the government were highlighted. It also suggested several steps to be taken to further improve matters.

In the meantime, I went to England for the first time to attend a seminar. Shashi, being in BBC, had already been there a few times and gave me a rough itinerary, which I could follow once my seminar was over. I was gone for a week and spoke to Shashi a couple of times. He never gave an idea that something was amiss. After I came back, I came to know that he had been suffering from high fever. The fever was not going down in spite of all kind of antibiotics. Several tests had been conducted under the advise of Group Captain Dr. Raghu. He was a thorough man and tried everything in his arsenal. He advised that Dr. Advani at Raheja Hospital should be contacted. I was surprised to learn that Dr. Advani was a Haematologist and an authority on Blood Cancer. We reached Raheja hospital and met Dr. Advani around 10:30. He immediately arranged a series of tests. And advised that we wait for the test results. Once the results were

ready, he opined that he had to do the bone marrow aspiration tomorrow. I was shocked. I could figure out where we were headed. He immediately spoke to the concerned surgeon and asked us to come at 11 A.M. the next day. We spoke to Dr. Raghu who informed us that he had been suspecting blood cancer lately. Bone marrow test would be conclusive. The next day, the bone marrow aspiration was carried out and we were asked to wait for few days. Dr. Advani had been able to control the runaway temperature. Everything was moving at a frenetic pace. My cousin had joined me in going to the hospital. Dr. Advani had a very strong hold over the hospital and his patients were treated as VIPs. After a few days, the results were out and it was diagnosed as lymphocytic leukaemia. Dr. Advani immediately started his treatment with drugs and blood transfusions, and within a short time, Shashi started feeling much better. But Dr. Advani called me and said that we would have to go for bone marrow transplant at the earliest. We enquired around and finally zeroed in on Tata Memorial hospital, where the operation would be carried out by Dr. Manas Roy, a Senior Oncologist. In the meantime, it had

become difficult for Shashi to attend to his work. He discussed with his principals at London, who advised that they would provide a substitute for him, and he could periodically supervise the work as well as work on assignment basis. They told him to carry out a BBC series on the major developing economies and the first could be India. This ensured that his medical insurance would remain in force.

I was shattered and my insides were burning all the time. I started getting hallucinations in the night. But I was able to keep things aside during my work and was able to work fairly well. Shashi had undergone a transformation. He was a driven person. He just ignored his discomfort and pain or rather he would take pain killers, and as soon as pain would subside, he would start working. He set a blistering pace for himself. The substitute was a young lad from Presidency College, Calcutta and a very sincere person. He hardly required much supervision, once Shashi had set a plan for him. The transplant was carried out in May 2022. The results would be known

way out where the steps taken by the govt. were highlighted. It also suggested several steps to be taken to further improve matters. It was aired by BBC on TV and was viewed around the world. The phone calls wouldn't stop. There was a call from Chief Economic Advisor, well-known to Shashi, who informed that there was a meeting with the PM on Monday, hardly three days later. Shashi took it nonchalantly. I was in seventh heaven. PM Modi had a long discussion with him and asked his juniors to take a note of his points and see what could be implemented.

I almost forced Shashi to get married as he was making all types of excuses. I self analysed my motive and I was driven by a maniacal desire to be called his wife and bear his child. I was not willing to let go Shashi at any cost. I wanted to retain a part of him. Finally, we got married in a private party and we kept the guest list limited. It was as if I was set free. I got pregnant within a couple of months and my joy knew no bounds. A baby boy was born and there was celebration in our families.

In addition to his work, where he was now covering Brazil, he was writing extensively on economic issues of India. His first book got published and was well received. Soon, he became a known name in economic circles. He was a much sought after speaker.

I had resumed my duties and had been made Asstt. Director. Everything seemed to be perfect. But it was not to be. Shashi had a relapse. Dr. Advani was highly disappointed and consoled me. His words still ring in my ears when he said that when the time comes, let go Dr. Advani advised that Shashi should not be boarded with treatment except what was required to make him comfortable. Shashi was highly worried about my fate as a widow. I assured him that I would take life as it comes, and maybe, some other day, there would be another Shashi, of which I am highly doubtful.

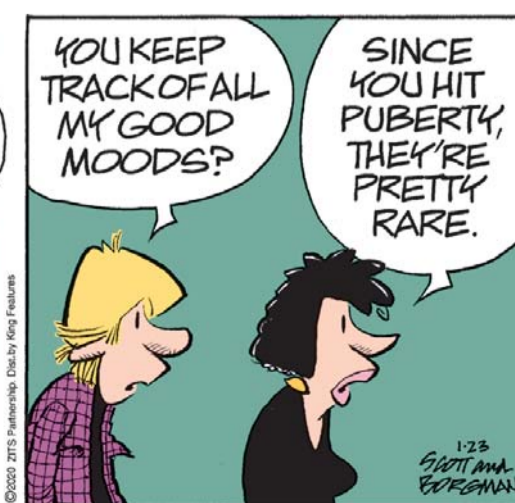
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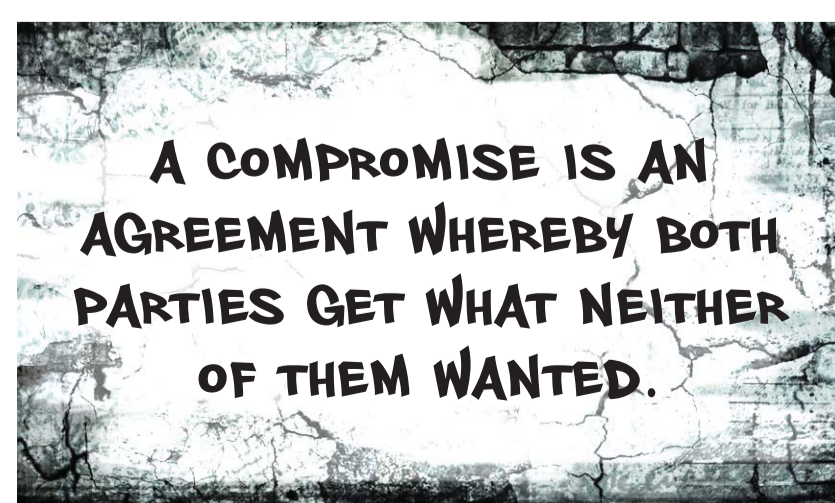
By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

## THE WALL



## BABY BLUES

