

## #INITIATIVE

### Fostering Love for Rescued Pups

Rescuing pups is a commendable yet demanding task, but finding them their forever homes proves to be an even greater challenge. However, an extraordinary initiative – 'Pawasana' – is stepping up to the plate, blending the serenity of yoga and painting with the heart-warming presence of rescued puppies, all in an effort to promote the adoption of indie dogs.



Founders of Pawasana, Anwar Khan and Annanya Nautiyal.

Animal activists, dog lovers and compassionate advocates have long been spreading the word for the adoption of dogs rather than purchasing them. However, the decision to adopt a pet is not one to be taken lightly or hastily. Prospective pet owners need to familiarize themselves with the responsibilities of owning a pet, including the time and resources required. In an inspiring endeavour to encourage the adoption of rescued Indie pups, Annanya Nautiyal and Anwar Khan, two compassionate individuals who rescue puppies alongside their professional commitments, have launched an extraordinary initiative called 'Pawasana'.

At the core of this initiative, as the name suggests, are unique Yoga sessions featuring Indie puppies. Annanya elaborates, "A usual session accommodates an average of 20-25 participants. A professional yoga instructor, who is also an avid dog lover, leads each session. We ensure there



are 6-7 Indie puppies present, receiving the much-needed affectionate cuddles from humans to prevent them from feeling depressed. Moreover, these sessions serve as an educational platform, enlightening people about Indie dogs. The pups are vaccinated and other dedicated volunteers diligently oversee the treatment and care of the puppies during the sessions."

Currently organizing events in cities such as Delhi, Jaipur, Gurgaon, Mumbai, and Kolkata, Pawasana aims to expand its reach not just across the country but globally as well. By blending the serenity of activities such as yoga and painting with the charm of puppies, the initiative strives to create awareness, compassion, and a sense of responsibility towards the Indie dogs, while also inspiring more adoptions for these furry beings.



Within 5 minutes the sambar called again but this was certainly a panic call.

Two more bleak muffing calls and then all silence. Perhaps the animal was killed by the tigress. Or it might have escaped from the clutches of the tigress and the jungle had become all silent. The old forest guard with us pleaded to move ahead fast lest it started raining again making our movement impossible. It was already 8 pm. Even at normal pace, in this hour of the night with light drizzle, it was impossible for us to reach Kalighati before 10 pm. I consented. We were again in single file.

# When We Almost Shared The Tiger's Dinner



## TRECKING

exhaustive tour of the area in the evening at around 5 PM, we decided to return to Kalighati check-post which was about 8 kilometers away. We anticipated, we'd reach there by 8 in the night. We had hardly covered a kilometer when suddenly the sky became cloudy. It could rain any moment. We quickened our steps but nature had some other plans. It was so overcast that with dimmed sky light it was becoming difficult to walk through grasses and shrubs at normal pace after a while. The Kalighati forester accompanying us handed out a small torch from his haversack but it was insufficient. We had to be on our guards. After all, we were passing through an important tiger area. The topography and vegetation of Bhensota plateau supports a mentionable population of rodents and birds which in turn have supported a sizeable population of reptiles. The

forester cautioned the party to be alert against encountering poisonous snakes like cobras. As a precaution we started moving in a single file. We were yet to begin the down slope march when it began to drizzle. It made our movement more difficult because the animal tracks we were using were devoid of grass and we were becoming slippery as the water from both the sides was collecting and draining on this track. We could not take the risk of walking through grass. It was barely a 15-minute walk but we were fully drenched. To add to our woes, wind had started blowing north to south and we were heading towards north.

### A Panic Call

The entire scene had changed so abruptly just within an hour that it was becoming difficult to cope with. Under such conditions, we were left with no option other than waiting for the rains to stop. There were bamboo clumps all around us. We decided to take shelter under one such dense clump. An old forest guard was carrying a match box in

his pant pocket but it was fully soaked in water. It was really frustrating but smile returned on every face of the contingent when the guard lit fire from this box. It was nothing short of magic. Enough dry-wet bamboo leaves and some twigs from shrubs had been stocked to light sufficient fire. After all, we had to dry our clothes and also ensure protection against wild creatures in this tiger country. Suddenly from the northern side, a metallic dhak, a call of a sambar deer echoed in the jungle. It repeated twice within a minute's gap. Then again with a slight pause, series of these calls marked the presence of some large carnivore, probably a tiger. Ram Prasad, the forester of Kalighati told us that for the last two days, an adult tigress was roaming in Doraka-Bhensota jungle. Two days back she had made a kill in Bhensota tiger area but yesterday early morning had moved towards 'Pehla nullah' passing through the savannah forest of Doraka and the Kalighati watchtower. Maybe now she was return-



## Photography Month

It has been said (and there's even a song about it!) that a picture is worth a thousand words. But taking some time to look at some of the amazing photos that have been taken over the almost 200 years that photography has been known to man, it may sometimes seem that a picture can be worth ever so many more. So get out there and start taking snapshots of the beauty all around you, whether right at home or off in an exotic locale.



before 10 pm. I consented. We were again in single file.

After a kilometer's walk, we found the route to Kalighati. It is an animal track which goes along the nullah draining from Bhensota plateau to Doraka valley. The slope is highly undulating and full of rocks. The herbivore animals like chital, sambar, bluebull, wild pigs use this route commonly and as a result several shallow-deep pits have developed which are overflowing with water making the track highly slippery. The small torch was of some help but was insufficient to guide us through safe passage. Also, the water that collected on the plateau had started flowing down the slope. We had not forgotten the tigress. We were cautiously moving down. We had covered hardly one-third of the slope when along a turn, we heard a low growling of the tiger.

### Heavenly Pleasure

Ram Prasad cautioned us that maybe she had succeeded in killing the sambar and is sitting close to the track. It was very risky to move ahead in this situation as tigers are very possessive about their kills. It was a panicky situation. We were all tired and hungry after the day-long excursion. All the trees and shrubs were so wet that we could not prepare even a vegetative torch from these, for our safety. And in this darkness, movement towards the animal was highly risky. What could be done? I decided to go by the advice of the forest guard of the beat who was most experienced among all of us. As per his suggestion we decided to move ahead under the cover of that small torch light but reciting Jai Bajrangbali Ki at the top of our voice. Though every step taken forward was scary but somehow or the other, we reached the next turn after covering about 300 meter.

### It

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had also stopped at least for the time being.

The experienced forester said that we had passed the tigress and since the tough part of the slope had been covered therefore now we could move a bit faster but the problem was not over yet as more vegetative cover in the form of Guljar (Ficusglomerata), trees and bamboo clumps had darkened the track covered by light grass. The main risk was that a little tumbling or slip could throw us in to the nullah. The beat guard was leading us as he was best conversant with this track. After another thirty minutes we reached the ground. Except few, light to hard bruises from shrubs, we were more or less safe. Another one hour and we reached Kalighati naka. We did a bonfire to dry our clothes. The fire provided heavenly pleasure. The tikkad (roti) baked on chulha and open fire with garlic chatni (paste) was one of the most delicious dishes I ever had.

On the second day, early morning, the beat guard found the sambar kill. The tigress was still sitting by the kill. It was about 15 meter from the track we covered last night. I very much wished to visit the site myself but could not make it as I had already fixed a plan to visit Kankawati that very morning.

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## #CLIMATE-CRISIS

# Listening to the Big Ice of Antarctica

In Antarctica, there are more than 5 million cubic yards of ice per person on Earth. In it, there are deep questions about us, the planet and the future.



How far can one go from the Earth without actually leaving the planet? The answer lies in a really vast place that, for the most part, has never been walked on by a human: Antarctica.

Very little society has evolved on the ice continent. Several thousand people live there, spread across a few dozen scientific bases and stations, most of which operate only during the summer. They come from other continents for short periods, researching or looking after the resources flown or shipped in from other continents.

In a sentence: Antarctica is



the most extreme place on the planet. And by being so alien to our human experience, so unfettered by civilization, it brings forward fundamental questions.

There is nothing in Antarctica to consistently support human life. There are near-infinite frozen plateaus, dry valleys with an almost Martian geology and appearance, inaccessible ice-mountain ranges, subglacial lakes. There are grasses and wildflowers at the edges, and lichens and some small plants, but there isn't a single tree on the continent.

The only food one can find is in the waters around it: the fish that feed on plankton and krill. On most of Antarctica, there isn't even drinkable water really, despite the boundless mass of ice, because to melt it (or to cook that fish), one needs wood or fuel brought from another continent.

The most prominent feature of Antarctica is, of course, the ice. About 98 percent of its landmass is permanently covered with ice.

That ice is a lens through which we can confront the first question, about the planet, its climate and us.

There is a huge spectrum of science that's done in Antarctica.

Some of it involves studying ice cores. In the middle of the continent, the ice is over 1.9 miles thick. It is the result of millennia of snow falling on snow. In doing so, it shuts in small bubbles of air.

As snow consolidates into ice, those small bubbles remain trapped in it. Scientists have drilled all the way down almost to the bottom, where the ice is some 800,000 years old - more than twice as old as the oldest known Homo sapiens fossils. That means that studying those ice cores offers the "purest" view we can get of the quality of the air on the planet across history.

Those air bubbles contain compounds such as carbon dioxide. The focus of concern is the ice that newly flows from land into the sea. Because of warming, shelves around the continent are starting to break up. Researchers have seen that happen - the cracked fronts of the shelves suddenly crashing down with a small thunder into the water. Were the ice shelves to go completely, the glaciers behind them could slide more quickly into the ocean.

You may have read about the Thwaites. It's a massive land glacier with a small floating ice shelf propping it up, and it's one of the parts of Antarctica most at risk. The ice shelf is melting from below because of warmer water. It's breaking apart in many places, and if it goes, there won't be anything to keep back the gigantic land glacier behind it.

The Thwaites is big but it's a tiny, tiny part of Antarctica - it's the size of Florida on a continent one and a half the size of the continental United States. If the Thwaites collapses and melts into the ocean, scientists reckon that it could raise seas around the globe by about two feet.

Size of thousands of years. The ice cores of Antarctica have closed the debate on whether carbon dioxide has a direct impact on temperatures on Earth. It does.

That's the science that studies the deep past. And then there is the science that studies current



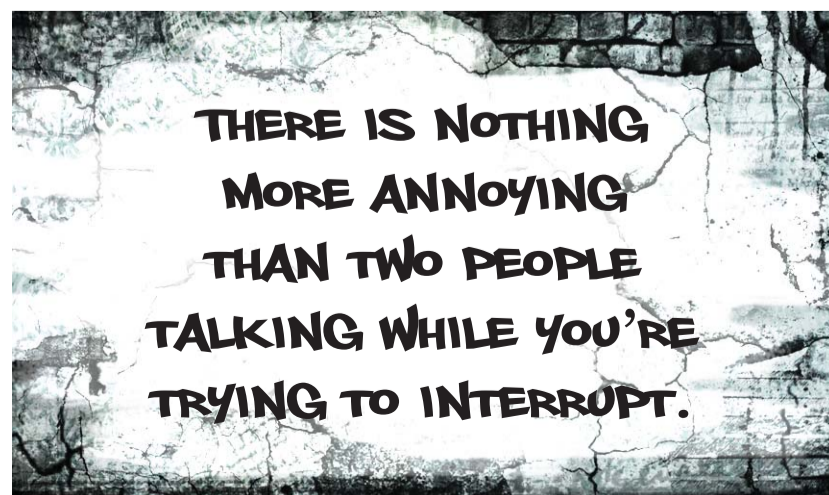
phenomena and explores our potential future: the science about melting glaciers and sea level rises.

Ice has a peculiar property: It floats in its own liquid and displaces its own weight in water. That means that when floating ice melts, it produces the same amount of water it was already displacing, and the water level stays nearly the same. So icebergs can melt without significantly raising sea levels - because they are all already floating.

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## THE WALL

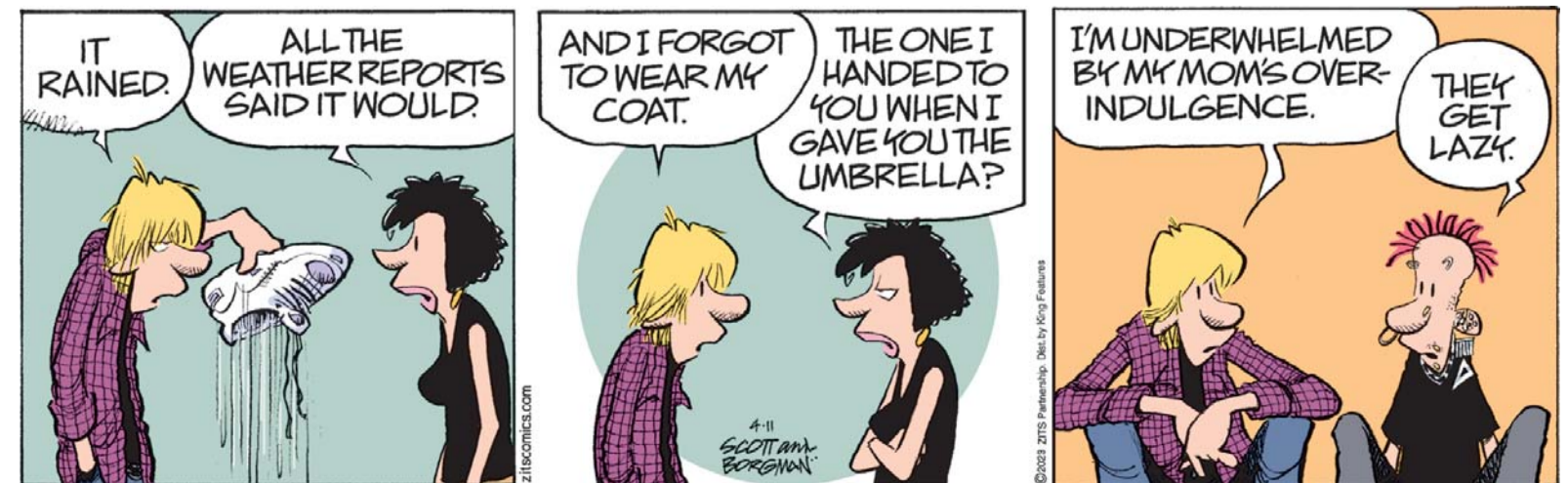


## BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman