

#VIRAL

## "Frankenstein Rabbits"

"Frankenstein Rabbits" in Colorado spark concern over rare viral outbreak



A strange and unsettling wildlife phenomenon has emerged in Colorado, where multiple wild rabbits have been discovered with abnormal black growths protruding from their bodies. Nicknamed "Frankenstein rabbits" by local residents and online commentators, these animals are believed to be suffering from a rare and poorly understood viral infection.

The growths, which resemble black tentacles or fungal masses, have alarmed both wildlife experts and the public. Observers report that the growths are large, numerous, and appear to cover significant portions of the rabbits' bodies. Despite their disturbing appearance, the rabbits seem to continue moving and behaving normally, which has puzzled veterinarians and wildlife officials.

Preliminary investigations suggest that the infection may be transmitted through parasitic vectors, such as ticks or mosquitoes, both of which are common carriers of zoonotic and wildlife-specific diseases. Scientists are working to identify the exact pathogen responsible for these bizarre symptoms. As of now, the infection does not appear to be transmissible to humans or other species, and authorities emphasize that the virus seems innocuous to wild rabbit populations.

Wildlife experts are urging residents not to approach or handle any rabbits that appear to be infected. Although there is no current evidence that the disease poses a threat to human health, direct contact with sick wildlife can still carry risks. Instead, sightings should be reported to local animal control agencies or the Colorado Parks and Wildlife department.

The term "Frankenstein rabbits" quickly gained traction on social media, with many users comparing the creatures to the fictional fungal-infected beings from the *Lost of Us*. The comparisons, while exaggerated, reflect growing public fascination, and concern about the increasingly frequent appearance of novel wildlife diseases in the wake of climate change, habitat disruption, and human encroachment on natural ecosystems.

While rare, similar outbreaks have occurred in isolated instances around the world, often as a result of environmental stressors or emerging pathogens. Experts note that the immune systems of wild animals can be compromised by pollution, loss of habitat, and extreme weather patterns, all of which are increasingly common in North America.

Officials continue to monitor the situation closely and are collecting samples for laboratory analysis. In the meantime, residents are advised to avoid contact with wild rabbits and to keep pets away from affected areas.

This incident serves as a stark reminder of how quickly unusual diseases can surface in wildlife, and the importance of early detection, public awareness, and scientific research in managing potential outbreaks.



Lam called the waiter: "Bring her the same dish as mine. And a glass of warm milk." An devoured the food the moment it arrived. She tried to eat politely, but hunger overcame any formality. Lam didn't speak, he simply watched in thoughtful silence. When she finished, he asked: "Where are your parents?" "My father died in a construction accident," she replied. "My mother disappeared two years ago. I lived with my grandmother under Bridge Y, but she passed away last week."

• Kshema Jatuhkarna

"Can I eat with you?" asked the homeless little girl to the millionaire and his answer left everyone in tears. The girl's voice was sweet and trembling, yet strong enough to silence the entire restaurant.

A man in a tailored suit, ready to savor the first bite of an expensive steak, froze. Slowly, he turned his head to look at her: a small, dirty girl, with messy hair and eyes full of hope. No one could have imagined that such a simple question would change both of their lives forever.

It was a warm October afternoon in downtown Ho Chi Minh City. In a luxurious French-Vietnamese restaurant, Mr. Lam, a well-known real estate magnate, was dining alone. Nearing sixty, with silver strands in his neatly combed hair, a Rolex on his wrist, and a posture that often intimidated his rivals, he was famous for two things: his sharp business instincts and his cold emotional detachment.

As he carefully sliced into a premium Wagyu steak, a voice interrupted his dinner. It wasn't a waiter, but a barefoot girl, no older than 11 or 12, wearing ragged clothes barely clinging to her small frame.

The staff rushed to escort her out, but Lam raised his hand.



He had not been born into wealth. He too had slept on sidewalks, sold scraps to survive, endured too many nights of hunger. He lost his mother at eight. His father abandoned him. Lam grew up on the very same streets where An now scavenged for food. There was a time, decades earlier, when he too would stop in front of restaurants, wishing that he had the courage to ask for a meal, but he never did.

"What's your name?" he asked, his voice calm but curious. "My name is An," she said, glancing nervously around. "I'm hungry. I haven't eaten in two days."

Lam nodded slowly and pointed to the empty chair across from him. The dining room fell silent, stunned. The girl sat down hesitantly, too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

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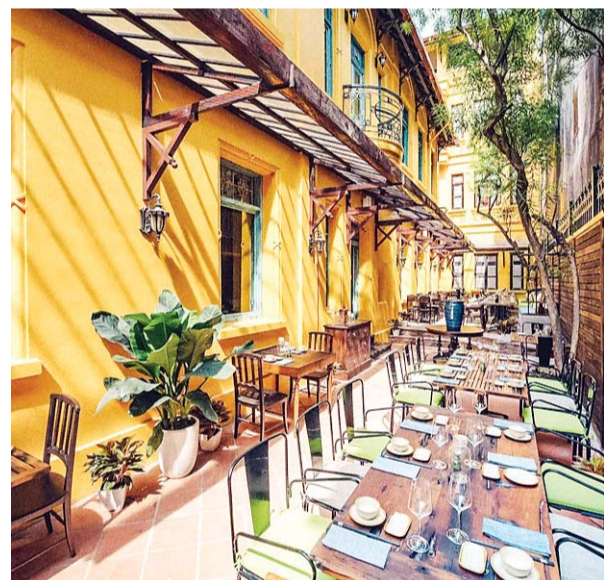
The girl's voice awakened something long buried in his heart: a version of himself never entirely erased.

Lam stood, reached for his wallet, but halfway, he stopped. He looked at the girl and said: "Would you like to come live with me?" An's eyes widened. "What-what-



## "Can I Eat With You?"

#STORY



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what do you mean?" "I have no children. I live alone. You would have food, a bed, school, and safety. But only if you're willing to work hard and behave well."

The staff gazed. Some diners whispered. Some thought he was joking, others looked at him with suspicion. But Lam was not joking. An's lips trembled. "Yes," she whispered. "I would love that."

Life in Mr. Lam's villa was a graceful, brilliant young woman. With Mr. Lam's support, she excelled in her studies and won a scholarship abroad.

But she never forgot where she

Celebrating and Protecting Our Animal Friends

World Animal Day, observed every year on October 4, is a global initiative dedicated to promoting animal welfare and raising awareness about the rights and protection of all creatures. Marked by events, campaigns, and educational programs, the day encourages individuals, communities, and organizations to take action in safeguarding animals from cruelty, neglect, and exploitation. It also highlights the importance of conservation, responsible pet ownership, and ethical treatment of wildlife. From schools to animal shelters, people worldwide participate in activities that honour animals, fostering compassion and responsibility. World Animal Day reminds us of our shared duty to protect and cherish all living beings.



#RANGOLI

## A Century-Old Argument That Still Echoes

Sir Creek matters-for one major reason: fishing rights and the oil-rich seabed. Whoever controls Sir Creek controls a much larger stretch of sea

Some arguments last an hour. Others stretch for years. And then... there's Sir Creek-a geographical crack between India and Pakistan that has turned into a symbolic fracture of trust, identity, and memory. As someone who loves diving into the undercurrents of history and politics, I see this not just as a story of borderlines or maps. To me, it's a story of misunderstanding, silence, mistrust, and the impossible weight of a colonial legacy. Let me walk you through it- simply, gently, honestly.

Where Is Sir Creek, and Why Does It Matter?

Sir Creek is a 96-kilometre strip of water that lies in the marshlands of the Rann of Kutch, where Gujarat (India) meets Sindh (Pakistan). Before I began digging deeper, even I didn't realize it existed. It's not a place tourists visit or post selfies from. It's a salt marsh where the land gives way to the Arabian Sea in messy, ever-changing patterns.

But Sir Creek matters-for one major reason: fishing rights and the oil-rich seabed. Whoever controls Sir Creek controls a much larger stretch of sea. And that sea means wealth. It means strategic control.

So, this isn't just about mud. It's about money, maps, and maritime dominance.

Here's What I Discovered: A Timeline of the Dispute

This story didn't begin with India or Pakistan. Like many messes we inherited, it began with the British-and their habit of drawing lines with little foresight.

How'd this dispute unfold over the last century?

- 1908 - The Rao of Kutch and the Sindh government argue over firewood rights in the creek area. Just a local tiff... or so it seemed.
- 1914 - The British draft a resolution trying to define boundaries. One line says the border is on the eastern bank. Another points to the mid-channel.
- Each country today chooses the line that favors its claim.
- 1965 - India and Pakistan go to war. Sir Creek becomes a military flashpoint.
- 1968 - A tribunal rules in India's favor on the Kutch border, but Sir Creek is left hanging.
- 1997 - After years of silence, both countries sit down. Sir



Creek is finally back on the table. 2005-2007 - Joint surveys are conducted. Hopes rise. But results are buried.

2008 - Another meeting in Islamabad. New maps are exchanged. But yet again-no final word.

2012 - More dialogue, more data, more indecision. And then? The world moved on. Sir Creek didn't.

Why Is It Still Unresolved?

Each side interprets colonial documents in its own favor. There's fear-fear of losing maritime strength.

Political will fades during peace and disappears during conflict.

Most of all, there's distrust-so deeply embedded that even mud becomes a matter of pride.

What Do I Think the Solution Is?

Honestly? I believe Sir Creek is solvable.

This isn't Kashmir. This isn't Siachen. There are no civilians, no identities tied to this soil. It's just land, water, and some ancient paperwork.

I believe Sir Creek could become a template-a model for peaceful resolution.

Why Should You or I Even Care?

Because Sir Creek is not just about maps. It's about dialogue- because some borders aren't divine. They're man-made. They're flawed.

And sometimes, they're fixable.

My Final Thought

"When something remains unresolved for too long, it stops being a dispute. It becomes a habit."

And I see a habit forming between India and Pakistan- a habit of silence, delay, and missed chances.

But habits can be broken.

## Sir Creek: A Century-Old Argument That Still Echoes

A blogger's perspective on a forgotten crack in the subcontinent's map



1908 Dispute arises between Rao of Kutch and govt. of Sindh over creek area

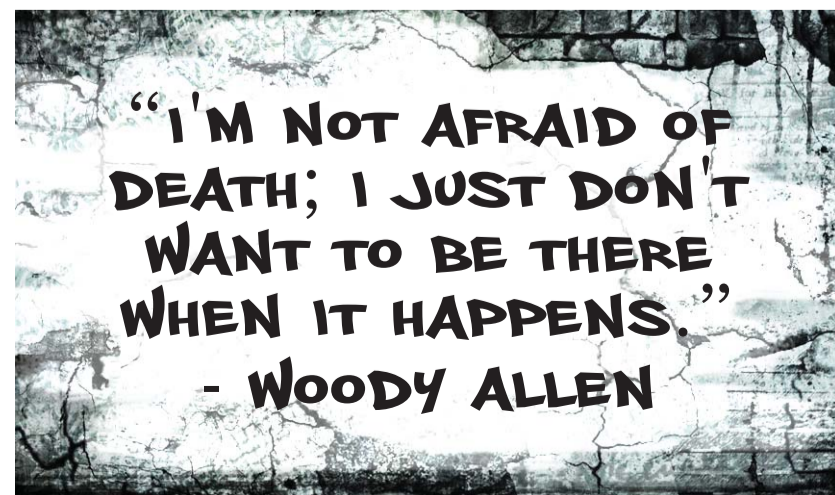
1914 Bombay government resolution places eastern ank of the creek but did not settle Sir Creek, but another paragraph litening the mid-channel

1965 India and Pakistan resume composite dialogue and discusses discous

1968 India and Pakistan clash in the Rann of Kutch

2005-2007 Two rounds of joint creek area surveys without breakthrough

THE WALL

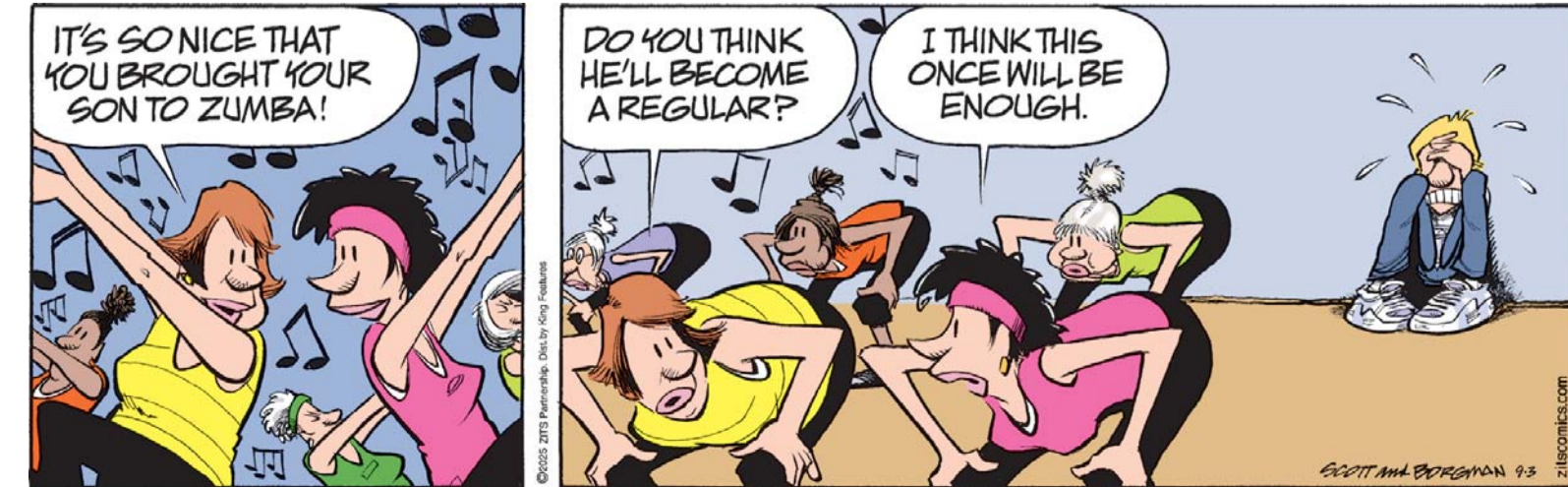


BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman

