

#SAVE THE PLANET

Planet SOS: Plug Into Your Power Before It's Too Late

Earth Day 2025 reminds us that saving the planet isn't just policy, it's personal. This year's theme, 'Our Power, Our Planet,' turns the spotlight on YOU.



Every April 22nd, Earth takes center stage, but this year, it's not whispering. It's roaring. With the 2025 Earth Day theme 'Our Power, Our Planet,' the message couldn't be clearer: the future of our planet isn't hanging in a politician's pen or a CEO's memo. It's in our hands, our choices, our actions. From the food we eat to the electricity we consume, we are the power grid that Earth is counting on.



Power Surge: We're Not Just Witnesses, We're Warriors

Climate change isn't a plot any more. It's the whole story. Melting glaciers, vanishing species, plastic-choked oceans, this is not a trailer for tomorrow. It's today's headline. But here's the silver lining wrapped in green: we hold the tools to flip the script. "You don't need a cape to be a climate hero," says eco-activist Tanvi Mehra. "You

just need to start where you are, with what you have." And people are doing just that. In Pune, a community has turned an abandoned plot into a thriving food forest. In Kochi, teens are building solar-powered mobile chargers from e-waste. From urban rooftops to desert villages, India is humming with small revolutions, and they're electric.

The India Edit: Local Hands, Global Impact

In the heart of Rajasthan, solar panels shimmer like hope on school rooftops. In the Northeast, bamboo is replacing plastic in packaging. India is turning tradition into innovation, proving that climate solutions don't need to be imported, they just need to be ignited. Take 19-year-old Rhea

from Hyderabad, who runs a zero-waste café using banana leaves, clay pots, and local produce. "Sustainability isn't a trend," she says. "It's a return to roots, with a modern twist." That's the energy Earth Day 2025 is channeling: not guilt, but growth. Not fear, but fuel.

Your Power Button Is Closer Than You Think

- You don't have to quit your job and build a solar farm (unless you want to). Real change is hiding in plain sight!
- Swap fast fashion for slow style.
- Bike to the store instead of driving.
- Choose reusables like a rebel.
- Talk. Educate. Influence. Repeat.

Every action is a vote for the kind of world we want. And guess what? The Earth is counting those votes, daily.

Earth Day: Not a Moment. A Movement

This Earth Day, let's ditch the performative plant-a-tree-and-forget-it routine. Let's live the mission beyond April 22. Because the Earth doesn't need a standing ovation. It

needs a standing commitment. So, plug into your power. Unplug from apathy. And remember, if we have the power to damage the planet, we absolutely have the power to save it.



Every kingdom carries its own silence. Some silence is obedience. Some, doubt. But when silence starts to echo louder than loyalty, even the most sacred alliances must ask: are we still one, or just many holding our breath together?

The Breaking Point



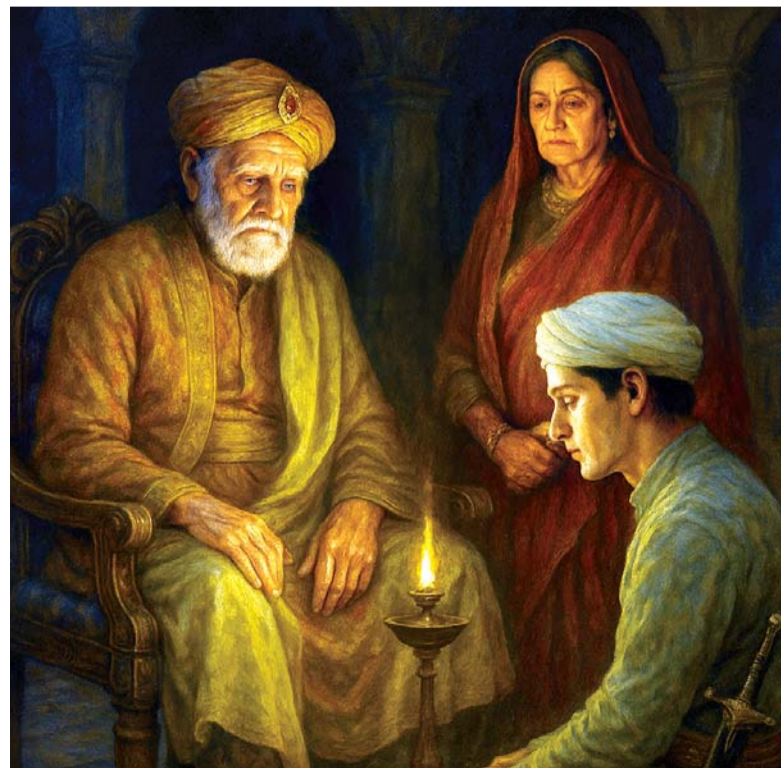
Shailaza Singh
Published Author,
Poet and a YouTuber

That night, Sanga did not sleep. The moon hung like a blade over Chittorgarh, and the fort breathed with the weight of unspoken things. He sat in the outer courtyard, wrapped in a thick woolen shawl, his left leg stretched out stiff from old wounds. Beside him, Karnavati poured warm spiced milk, her silence softer than the wind.

"You sent for Amar," she said. It was not a question. Sanga nodded slowly. "I don't want to," he confessed. "But the wind from Sirchi has changed." Karnavati looked out at the stars. "It's not a wind," she said. "It's a boy trying not to drown." Sanga's brow furrowed. "And we are the river?" She met his gaze. "No. We're the ones

who taught him to swim, and then stopped watching." A letter had arrived earlier that day. Written in Amar's hand. Polite. Precise. Empty. He thanked them for the opportunity to host the annual harvest emissaries. He reported troop morale as 'high.' He offered blessings to the Sabha. But nowhere in the ink was Amar. Not a question. Not a joke. Not even a memory.

Karnavati folded the letter slowly, pressing her thumb into the seal. "It's like holding a sword and finding the steel gone," she whispered. Later that night, Sanga stood alone in the Sabha Hall. He looked at the great mural on the far wall, Rajput kings standing shoulder to shoulder, blades drawn, eyes fierce. One face had once reminded him of Amar. Now, he wasn't sure. Karnavati entered quietly. "What do you see in him?" he asked. She took a long breath before answering. "The man he might become," she said. "And the boy who already knows he won't." Sanga closed his eyes. "Tomorrow," he said, "we send the call." But that night, the hawks refused to fly.



Historical Anchoring

While this moment is fictional, the emotional dynamics mirror real Rajput court politics, deeply tied to legacy, expectation, and the weight of loyalty passed down through blood. The relationship between Sanga and his nobles, and between elder and younger generations, was fraught with tension and silence more than confrontation. This article honours the quiet heartbeat of leaders who sense they are losing something they cannot yet name.

#THE SHATRANJ

The Boy and the Blade

The summons came with red wax and black thread. It was not a command. It was a reminder. Kunwar Amar stared at the scroll for a long time. He didn't open it immediately. He didn't need to. He had known it would come, from the moment he locked the letters away from the moment he said nothing in the temple. He read it three times. Each word was distant and formal, yet underneath the politeness, he could hear the voice that once taught him how to grip a sword. The voice of Rana Sanga.

The road to Chittorgarh was lined with early mustards bloomed and quiet watchers. Amar rode alone, refusing the escort offered by his father. His armour was polished, his turban simple, his blade tied not to his waist but across his back. He arrived at dusk. Karnavati saw him first, from the jharokha above the Sabha gate. He dismounted slowly, looking smaller than she remembered, older than he should have been. She didn't smile. She simply turned and sent word to the council. Inside the Sabha Hall, Amar

stood straight, but he did not raise his eyes. He knelt before Sanga. "Kunwar Amar of Sirchi," Sanga said, "you have been silent." Amar lifted his gaze, not defiant, not broken. Just tired. "I have been listening," he replied. "To what?" Amar's voice did not waver. "To the part of me that was never spoken to." The hall fell still. Sanga rose slowly, approached him, and drew Amar's sword from his sheath. "This is sharp," he said. "But so is silence." He handed it back. "Now speak." Amar took the sword, sheathed it, and said: "I don't know what I am yet. But I am here. Not for the crown. Not for my name. Just to be asked." Sanga nodded once. "That," he said, "is more honest than loyalty forced." Later, Karnavati found Amar alone in the courtyard. "You carried letters," she said. He looked at her, startled. "I carry nothing now." "Good," she said. "Because if you had, I would've let you kneel, and never rise." They stood in silence. Not trust. But something near it.

Historical Anchoring

While Amar is fictional, this moment mirrors countless historical reconciliations where younger sons or nobles, seen as potential threats, were confronted not with force, but with clarity. Rana Sanga's leadership was marked by an ability to draw strength from honesty, not submission. This article reflects that tradition, the quiet reweaving of a thread, once thought severed.

PART:6



The Gathering Winds

News travels faster than banners. By the time Amar sat for his evening meal in Chittorgarh, word had already reached Agra. Not through spies. Not through letters. Through merchants. Through birds. Through the way silence changes in tone when a man expected to fall rises instead. Babur sat in his private garden when the report came. He was pruning a rose. He had

grown thinner in recent months. The physicians said nothing, but the circles beneath his eyes deepened each week. Time, once his ally, had begun to whisper at his shoulder. He did not curse. He did not rise. He clipped the bloom with precision. "Ah," he said, "The boy turned back." His vizier, cautious, replied, "He may still be useful." Babur nodded. "Even a loyal dog still dreams of

The Breaking Point

It began in Bundi. Not with a declaration, not with a sword drawn in court, but with a delay. A grain shipment meant for the northern garrisons arrived nine days late. No explanation. No apology. Only a sealed note from Amar's second-in-command: "Roads impassable due to weather." Sanga knew it hadn't rained in Bundi for a fortnight.

He said nothing. Not yet. But in the Sabha, voices rose. Rao Balwant demanded Amar's reassignment. Prithviraj supported him. Karnavati watched Amar closely, but said nothing either. Amar didn't defend himself. He bowed. He listened. He stayed.

That night, a rider from Bikaner arrived in secret. Dust-covered, half-starved, his horse lame. He carried no emblem, only a bloodied piece of fabric and a single word, inked in Rajputani shorthand: "Soli."

Bikaner had fractured. One of the lieutenants had declared independence, claiming Babur had promised recognition. It was the first open fissure. The Rajput Sangh met in emergency council. Tempers flared. Old grievances returned like unwelcome guests. "We were never meant to last," one of the minor kings said. "We are too many thrones under one sky." It was Amar who stood. Not with defiance. With weariness. "This is not a storm from the outside," he said. "It is a mirror. We are breaking where we have always been weak." Sanga rose then. His voice was quiet. "Then, let us name the

cracks before they split us further." One by one, each kingdom listed its resentments, its fears, its demands. It did not heal them. But it bled the wound clean.

Outside, in the courtyard, a hawk circled once, then vanished into the dusk. Babur, reading the reports in Agra, placed a piece on

Historical Anchoring

wildness." In the Rajput Sangh, Amar's return brought both relief and recalibration. Rao Maldeo observed him with narrowed eyes. Prithviraj offered a curt nod. The smaller kings whispered, testing new theories. Maldeo had known Amar since his youth. He recognized the silence in Amar, not as rebellion, but as restlessness. Yet, even he did not know how far that silence had travelled.

Sanga said nothing about Amar's silence. But in his next council, he made one change. Amar was assigned not to Sirchi, but to Bundi. Close enough to watch. Far enough to choose. Karnavati met his gaze across the court once. He bowed his head. She did not nod. But she did not look away. Beyond the fort, the winds began to change. In Bikaner, a trusted lieutenant vanished. In Jalore, grain caravans from the south were ambushed, not stolen, but burned. In Malwa, one of the princes sent to Chittorgarh fell ill. The message that followed carried no threats, just a single word, in Persian:

"Soften." Babur was not sending armies. He was loosening bindings. The Rajput confederacy held, but it did not breathe easily. Sanga knew the winds were gathering. But no storm arrives without warning. And he had begun to read the sky.

Historical Anchoring

Babur's real victories were not only in battle but in psychological warfare, targeting weaker links, seducing nobles with promise, and disrupting supplies or morale. Rajput alliances held under pressure but often frayed in moments of doubt. This article reflects the realism of subtle destabilization, not through war but erosion. The winds have not broken yet. But they are no longer still.

his shatranj board. "Now," he said, "they begin to see each other clearly. The moment before unity breaks is the one where it might finally be real." He smiled. And ordered his generals to wait.

To be continued...

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The images for the article have been sourced from the internet. "All images are for representational purposes only and do not depict actual historical events or individuals."



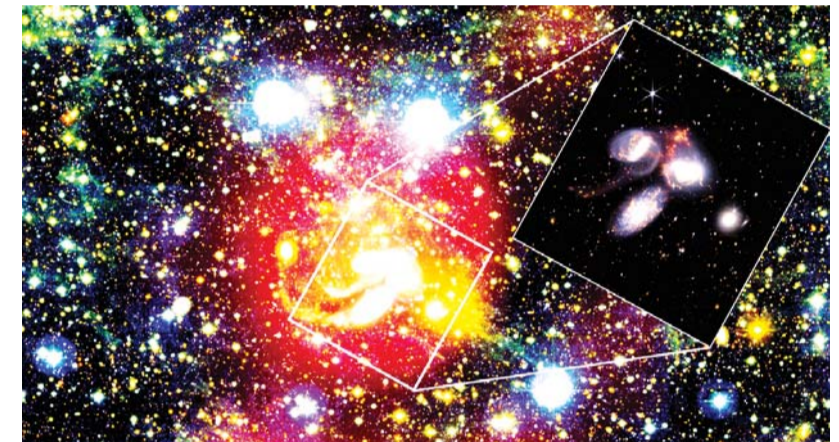
#SPACE

Ghost in the Gas: The Cosmic Cloud That Could Rewrite the Universe's Inventory

An invisible hydrogen veil drifting through deep space might finally account for the universe's long-lost ordinary matter, and it's changing everything we thought we knew about the cosmos.

In the ever-expanding, star-speckled canvas of the cosmos, a perplexing puzzle has long kept astronomers up at night: Where is all the normal matter? While dark matter and dark energy often dominate headlines, there's a quieter mystery that has baffled scientists for decades, the vanishing act of a significant portion of ordinary, or baryonic, matter. But a recent discovery of a massive hydrogen gas cloud may finally offer a clue.

Let's rewind. Ordinary matter, the stuff that makes up stars, planets, people, and pizza, matter account for about 5% of the universe. This is what we call baryonic matter, made up of protons, neutrons, and electrons. And thanks to precise measurements from the cosmic microwave back-



ground (the faint afterglow of the Big Bang), scientists know just how much of it there should be. The problem? Nearly a third of that matter seems to be miss-

ing. It's not hiding in stars or galaxies. It's just not showing up. This is where the newly observed hydrogen gas cloud comes into play.

The Discovery That's Turning Heads

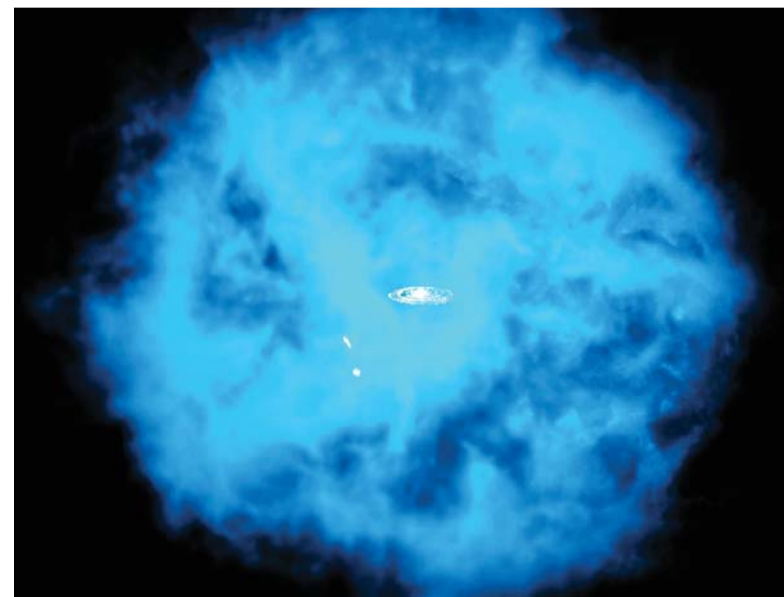
In a recent study, astronomers using radio telescopes detected a massive, elongated cloud of hydrogen gas floating in intergalactic space, potentially stretching over millions of light-years. What makes this discovery extraordinary is that the gas appears to be made up of the elusive 'missing' normal matter. It doesn't emit light and isn't condensed enough to form stars, making it invisible to most traditional telescopes, but it's very much out

there. Hydrogen is the most abundant element in the universe and often the first marker that scientists search for when hunting for matter. The faint radio signature of neutral hydrogen, known as the 21-centimeter line, is a powerful tool for mapping large-scale cosmic structures. This recent find could be part of what's called the Warm-Hot Intergalactic Medium (WHIM), a ghostly network of gas filaments that stretch between galaxies like cosmic cobwebs.

Filling in the Cosmic Gaps

The WHIM has been a popular suspect in the case of the missing baryons. Theoretical models have long predicted that this intergalactic medium, heated by cosmic shocks and supernovae, could be hiding in plain sight. However, detecting it has proven to be as tricky as spotting a wisp of smoke in a foggy forest. Until now. If the hydrogen cloud is indeed part of the WHIM, it strengthens the theory that this overlooked structure could be housing a large chunk of the universe's normal

matter. The data gathered from the new hydrogen cloud shows not just its location but its velocity and distribution, critical details that help astronomers match observations with theoretical models. Dr. Leah Simmons, an astrophysicist involved in the study, explains, "It's like suddenly finding a whole wing of a house you thought only had three rooms. This discovery could help reconcile the differences between what we see and what we expect to see in the universe."



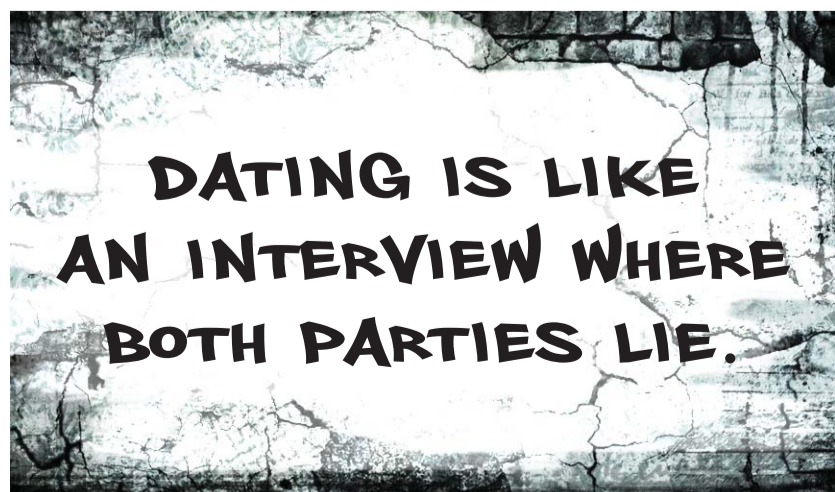
What This Means for Cosmology

Solving the mystery of the missing baryons isn't just a checkbox on a cosmic to-do list. It's a big deal. Getting an accurate inventory of the universe helps scientists better understand how galaxies form, how the universe evolves, and what cosmic forces are at play on the largest scales. Moreover, this breakthrough is also a testament to how far astronomical tools have come. Radio astronomy, once seen as a niche branch of the field, is now at the forefront of major discoveries. Instruments like the Square Kilometre Array (SKA) and the Australian ASKAP (Australian Square Kilometre Array Pathfinder) are enabling researchers to see the universe in unprecedented detail, not through light, but through radio waves.

The Universe Still Has Secrets

Of course, this is just one piece of the puzzle. Scientists will need more observations to confirm how much of the missing matter this hydrogen cloud accounts for. Other clouds could be hiding nearby. Or, perhaps, we're just scratching the surface of a much larger intergalactic network. Still, this discovery provides one of the most tangible clues yet. As astronomers continue to scan the skies, more of these ghostly hydrogen threads might come into focus, slowly stitching together a clearer image of the universe's missing baryonic matter. In the end, the hydrogen cloud may not just be a cosmic curiosity, it could be a long-lost breadcrumb on the trail to understanding the very structure of the universe. One thing is certain, the universe isn't doing surprising us.

THE WALL

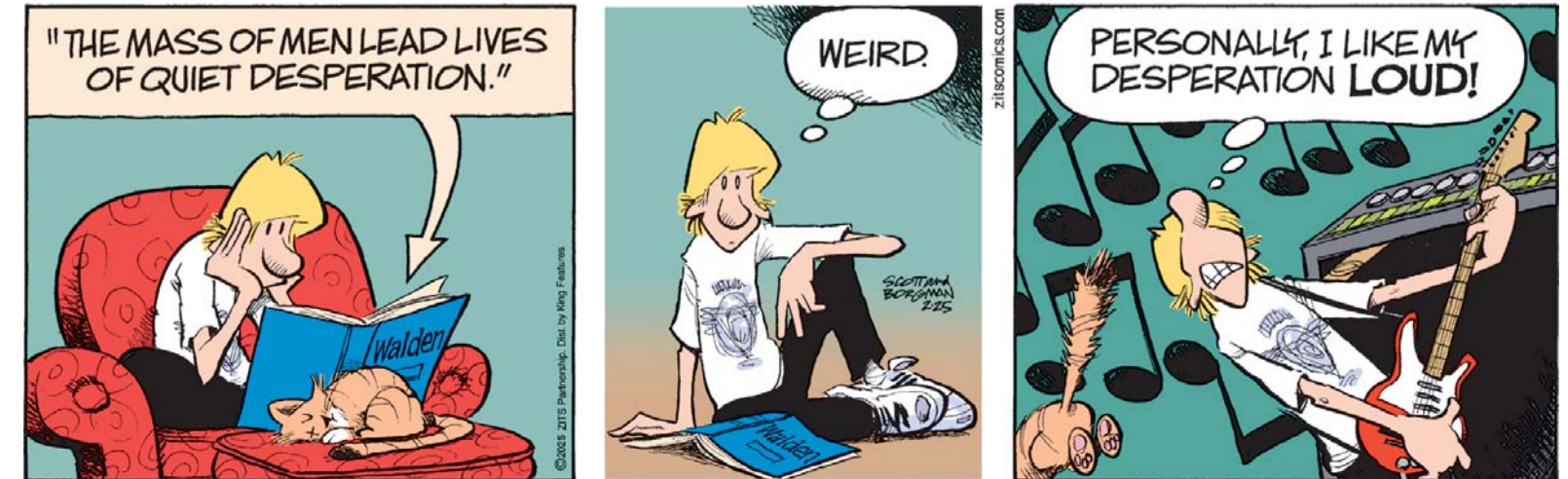


BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman