# **OCTOBER 2021** ₹100

TWEETS EVER!

#We'reNotKidding



MIND

How to **Find Peace** Anytime, **Any Place** 

**BONUS READ** 

My Penniless **Journey** 

> **Gandhi** and The World

> > **BY AMARTYA SEN**

**INSPIRATION** 

**Paralympians** Who Made Us **Proud** 



# BREAKING NEWS

JUST A TAP AWAY







AVAILABLE ON





# देश का नं. 1 हिंदी न्यूज़ ऐप

जुड़े रहिए हर खबर से, कहीं भी, कभी भी

अभी डाउनलोड करें

aajtak.in/app

उपलब्ध है









# HAVE A HANDFUL DAILY TO MAKE EVERYDAY HEALTHY

When it comes to starting a good habit, California walnuts is the right choice with nutrients to support your heart, brain, gut and a healthy immune system. They are an excellent source of plant-based omega-3 ALA and also contain key nutrients like protein and fiber that makes you feel full and energized all day long.

PLANT-BASED OMEGA-3 (2.5g/28g) PROTEIN (4g/28g) FIBER (2g/28g)

\*For more information, visit https://bit.ly/3qAugKH

# CONTENTS

# Features

54

COVER STORY

# THE 100 FUNNIEST TWEETS EVER!

Laugh out loud at our list of the wittiest, catchiest, zaniest jokes you'll find in 280 characters.

64

HEALTH

# Let's Go for a Walk

How this gentle activity supports healing for both body and soul.

BY GLORIA LIU

72

INSPIRATION

## **Each One a Champion**

India's para-athletes made history in Tokyo, but how they got there is a story of perseverence and true grit. BY SHAIL DESAI 80

#### **DRAMA IN REAL LIFE**

## Flash Flood

Within seconds, the car carrying four tourists was swept down the hill-side by the raging waters.

BY SIMON HEMELRYK

88

**WHO KNEW?** 

# The World's Most Haunted Forests

With dark shadows and unidentifiable animal sounds, forests can be some of the spookiest places in the world.

BY LAUREN CAHN

96

**RD CLASSIC BONUS READ** 

# My Penniless Journey

He walked across England and into Scotland with no money. Would strangers offer him enough kindness and hospitality to keep going?





10 Over to You

# Conversations

#### **WORDS OF LASTING INTEREST**

16 **Gandhi and** the World

BY AMARTYA SEN

### **SMILE**

22 It's a Medical Miracle! Men Don't **Need Doctors!** 

BY PATRICIA PEARSON

#### **GOOD NEWS**

26 No Child Left **Behind and Taking** the High Road

BY ISHANI NANDI

#### **POINTS TO PONDER**

28 Yuval Noah Harari. Jhumpa Lahiri and Chuck Close

#### **IT HAPPENS ONLY IN INDIA**

30 The Road to Love, and a **Cheating Disorder** 

BY NAOREM ANUJA

# Better Living

40 How to Find Peace Anytime, **Any Place** 

> BY DAN HARRIS AND JEFFREY WARREN WITH CARLYE ADLER

#### MIND

46 Words of Wellness

> BY MEGHAN **COX GURDON**

#### **HEALTH**

50 The Benefits of Cuddling

> BY CHARLOTTE **HILTON ANDERSEN**

#### **NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF MEDICINE**

52 New Hope for Arthritic Pain, the Right Heart-**Health Metric** and the Pandemic **Precaution that Never Fails** 



# Kills 99.9%

Germs\* and Virus#

Dabur Red Paste is clinically proven to fight 7 dental problems\*. Its 13 ayurvedic ingredients kill germs and keep you protected. Give your family complete oral care







"Based on invitro lab data tested on Herpes Simplex Virus type I (HSV type1).

\*As per Clinical Trial No. DRF/AY/5004/CT-2 carried out by Dabur India Limited. Helps fight 7 dental problems with regular brushing.
\*In-vitro lab data on indicative organism. \*As per the Value Share by 'Mordar Intelligence' in the Global Oral Care Market Report for the year 2020.

110 **Not Keeping Mum** 

#### **RD RECOMMENDS**

118 Films, Watchlist, Books and Music

#### **REVIEW**

122 **Succesful Operation**BY JAI ARJUN SINGH



#### **STUDIO**

123 **Gaganendra**nath Tagore's *Pratima Visarjan* 

BY SHREEVATSA NEVATIA

#### **ME AND MY SHELF**

124 Farookh Dhondy's Top-10 Reads

# **Brain Games**

126 Brainteasers

127 Sixy Sudoku

129 Word Power

131 **Quiz** 

132 Quotable Quotes

# NOTE TO OUR READERS

From time to time, you will see pages titled 'An Impact Feature' or 'Focus' in Reader's Digest. This is no different from an advertisement and the magazine's editorial staff is not involved in its creation in any way.



# Humour

9

Humour in Uniform

12

All in a Day's Work

38

As Kids See It

70

Life's Like That

94

Laughter, The Best Medicine

# On the Cover

COVER ILLUSTRATION by Nilanjan Das

100 Funniest Tweets Ever	<b>54</b>
How to Find Peace Anytime, Any Place	40
Bonus Read: My Penniless Journey	96
Gandhi and the World by Amartya Sen	16
Inspiration: 5 Paralympians Who Made Us Proud	<b>72</b>



# ITC: Creating World-Class Indian Brands





# Reader's



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Aroon Purie
VICE CHAIRPERSON Kalli Purie
GROUP CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER Dinesh Bhatia
GROUP EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Raj Chengappa
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER Manoj Sharma

**EDITOR** Kai Jabir Friese

**GROUP CREATIVE EDITOR** Nilanjan Das **GROUP PHOTO EDITOR** Bandeep Singh

FEATURES EDITOR Ishani Nandi

FEATURES EDITOR Naorem Anuja

CONSULTING EDITOR Shreevatsa Nevatia

EDITORIAL COORDINATOR | Jacob K. Eapen

ART DIRECTOR Angshuman De
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTORS Chandramohan | yoti,

Praveen Kumar Singh

CHIEF OF PRODUCTION Harish Aggarwal ASSISTANT MANAGER Narendra Singh

**SALES AND OPERATIONS** 

SENIOR GM, NATIONAL SALES Deepak Bhatt
GM, OPERATIONS Vipin Bagga

#### **IMPACT (ADVERTISING)**

GENERAL MANAGER Jiji K. Abraham

NATIONAL HEAD (GOVT & PSU) Suparna Kumar

GENERAL MANAGER (NORTH) Mayur Rastogi

MUMBAI: SENIOR GM (WEST) Jitendra Lad

BENGALURU: GM Upendra Singh

KOLKATA: DEPUTY GM (EAST) Indranil Chatterjee

#### **BUSINESS**

GROUP CHIEF MARKETING OFFICER Vivek Malhotra
GM, MARKETING & CIRCULATION Ajay Mishra
DEPUTY GM, OPERATIONS G. L. Ravik Kumar
AGM, MARKETING Kunal Bag
MANAGER, MARKETING Anuj Kumar Jamdegni

Reader's Digest in India is published by: Living Media India Limited (Regd. Office: K9, Connaught Circus, New Delhi) under a licence granted by the TMB Inc. (formerly RDA Inc.), proprietor of the Reader's Digest trademark.

Published in 46 editions and 17 languages, Reader's Digest is the world's largest-selling magazine. It is also India's largest-selling magazine in English.

#### TRUSTED MEDIA BRANDS, INC. (FORMERLY RDA INC.)

PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER Bonnie Kintzer
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINES Bonnie Munday
FOUNDERS: DeWitt Wallace, 1889–1981; Lila Acheson Wallace, 1889–1984

#### **HOW TO REACH US**

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS/CUSTOMER CARE: Email subscription.rd@intoday.com Mail Subscriptions Reader's Digest, C-9, Sector 10, Noida, UP—201301. Tel: 0120-2469900 Toll-free No 1800 1800 001 (BSNL customers can call toll free on this number) For bulk subscriptions 0120-4807100, Ext. 4361 For change of address, enclose the addressed portion of your magazine wrapper. ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES: Phones Mumbai: 022-66063355 Chennai: 044-28478525 Bengaluru: 080-22212448 Delhi: 0120-4807100 Kolkata: 033-22825398 Fax: 022-66063226 Email rd4business@intoday.com LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Email editor.india@rd.com CORPORATE/EDITORIAL: Address Reader's Digest, India Today Group, 3rd Floor, Film City 8, Sector 16A, Noida, UP—201301; Phone: 0120-4807100. We edit and fact-check letters. Please provide your telephone number and postal address in all cases.

**Facebook:** www.facebook.com/ReadersDigest.co.in **Instagram:** @readersdigestindia **Twitter:** @ReadersDigestIN **Website:** https://www.readersdigest.in/

© 2016 Trusted Media Brands, Inc. (Reader's Digest editorial material). © 2016 Living Media India Ltd. (Living Media editorial material). All rights reserved throughout the world. Reproduction in any manner, in whole or part, in English or other languages, is prohibited. Printed and published by Manoj Sharma on behalf of Living Media India Limited. Printed at Thomson Press India Limited, 18–35 Milestone, Delhi–Mathura Road, Faridabad–121007, (Haryana). Published at F-26, First Floor, Connaught Place, New Delhi-110001. Editor: Kai Friese (responsible for selection of news).



"Frankly, I'm starting to question the wisdom of a Trojan Piñata."



Marching in basic training, an Air Force cadet was constantly getting reamed out for watching the planes flying overhead instead of keeping his eyes forwards. Finally, the instructor had had enough and devised an appropriate

punishment. For the rest of that day, the cadet had to stand on the edge of the training area and wave to every plane that flew past, shouting, "Byebye! Have a safe flight!"

—TASKANDPURPOSE.COM

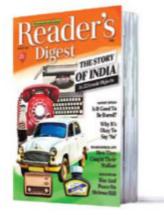
My six-year-old son and I were watching soldiers parading through our small town. Among the marchers were military police officers wearing armbands with the letters M.P. emblazoned on them. I asked Michael, "Do you know what those letters stand for?"

"Yes," he said. "M Portant."

—TONY TAYLOR

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our humour sections. Post it to the editorial address, or email us at editor.india@rd.com





# Triumph of an Olympian

This story is a perfect example of true sportsmanship and proof that while sportspersons are rivals on the field, the camaraderie they share cements friendships for life. Sadly, reporters at the time misrepresented the incident in a way that sold more papers, but ignored the integrity of the athletes. This norm persists even today, in traditional as well as social media. Olympian Neeraj Chopra's quote about an incident with Pakistani player Arshad Nadeem led to widespread criticism, based on Pakistan's sour relations with India, with claims that Nadeem 'tampered' with Chopra's javelin. Chopra had to step in and clarify that what he said was misconstrued to set the record straight. May this story remind us all that truth and solidarity must forever lie above rivalry.

DEEPALI JANI, New Delhi

Deepali Jani gets this month's 'Write & Win' prize of ₹1,000. —EDs

# The Things that Make Us Indian

On the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our independence, this cover story was an apt look back at a few truly memorable products that celebrate the vision and foresight of some of the great Indian entrepreneurs. Many of these items not only reduced our dependence on imports but also gave us a head start in exports. Having said that, one of the products—namely the Ambassador car—is a sad reminder of how the 'license permit

Raj' worked till 1991; how that throttled competition, created monopolies and allowed babus to decide what product industrialists could make, how much of it they were allowed to make, from where the technology was to be sourced and what royalty could be paid, depriving the country of a thriving market economy. KRISHAN KALRA, Gurugram

# The First Lady of Mental Health

With the pandemic taking a heavy toll on our mental and emotional health, Menon's life story made for a soothing read. Reading about her work also brought into sharp relief the stigma that still continues to surround mental health. Her story was inspirational on another count: Age is no bar. All of us, no matter what our age, can be enthusiastic. cheerful and keep going till our last breath. S. N. SAROJA, Pune

# **Home Remedies from Around the World**

The story brought back memories of my father who had vast knowledge of herbs and natural remedies and used it to treat our illnesses and ailments. He used to say that home cures are as old as man and serve as effective alternatives to pharmaceutical medicines. Simple, inexpensive items such as spices, roots, fruits and vegetables have powerful healing properties, suit people of all ages and have minimal side effects too. I still use his tips and advice to date. PRADEEP KUMAR, Surat

## The Power of No

With all humility, I confess that I am also one who cannot say no to

anyone who approaches me for a favour. For decades, this trait has turned me into a potential target for those in need. Fed up with some ungrateful beneficiaries, I was sorely tempted to veto requests forever but the COVID-19 pandemic, which brought immeasurable difficulties to people from all walks of life, changed my outlook and brought back my faith in a lofty principle: Never say no to anyone in need of help. Am I wrong? THARCIUS S. FERNANDO, Chennai

## War and Peace on Melrose Hill

It was so reassuring to read how basic decency between 'victor' and 'vanquished' at the end

of a battle can lead to mutual respect—especially in light of the recent deluge of news from Afghanistan where hate and destruction is inevitable in the 'neverending war. The conquest by Indian troops against the Japanese is befittingly honoured by the handing over of the samurai sword in a solemn and emotionally charged moment. How serendipitous for the sons of these commanders to meet in a foreign land, and recount the story of their fathers. DR DIPAK RANJAN DAS, Cuttack

Write in at editor.india@ rd.com. The best letters discuss RD articles, offer criticism, share ideas. Do include your phone number and postal address.

# Yes, Reader's Digest Changed My Life

The very first story in our first issue back in February 1922 was 'How to Keep Young Mentally', Helping improve readers' lives has been our mission over the past 100 years, whether it's with advice on health, relationships or finances or just a chuckle to get through the day. If RD ever saved your health, wallet or sanity, send us your story at editor.india@rd.com and we might publish it as we celebrate our centennial next year.





"Oh, but it's fine for you to grade papers?"



# Name Dropping? More like Name Breaking

◆ I was bemoaning to a friend how my last name, Loyer, is frequently changed to Lawyer by spellcheck. "I can top that," he said. He's an anesthesiologist named Bause. "But," he said, "spellcheck insists on calling me Dr Abuse." —MILTON LOYER

→ Though my last name is not long, it can be confusing. So when a receptionist asked for it, I tried simplifying matters by saying "It's the first four letters of 'suggest.'" She smiled. "And how do you spell that?" —DEB SUGG

◆ Upon retiring as a church secretary, I gave my replacement a Rolodex brimming with all the contact info she would likely need. One day, she texted me asking for a name to be included in the newsletter. I responded simply: 'Rolodex'. A week later, the newsletter announced the wedding anniversary of Rolodex and Kathy Thomas.

Client: I put these documents in the fax machine, but they didn't come back out.

Me: That's the paper shredder.

Client: Oh! Can you set it to reverse? Those papers are important.

—FROM CLIENTS FROM HELL

## **This Twitter alert**

from a sheriff's office in Colorado, leaves no stone unturned: "A large boulder the size of a large boulder is blocking the southbound lane of Highway 145. Expect delays."

**During our** geography class, I asked my sixth graders if anyone could spell Mississippi.

One student asked, "Do you want the river or the state?"

-WILSON FRAMPTON

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our humour sections. Post it to the editorial address, or email: editor.india@rd.com Yes, autocorrect. I definitely meant to offer a monkey-back guarantee.

—**y**@RACHELLE\_MANDIK

# **BALANCING WORK. LIFE AND HIGH JINKS**

A guard at a Wisconsin Bath and Body Works was so bored one morning around two that he began fiddling with his handcuffs, eventually slipping them on his wrists. He soon discovered he'd left the keys to the cuffs at home.

Suddenly, his dull night became very interesting.
After calling the police, who freed him, he hid the cuffs from himself so he wouldn't be tempted to pull the same trick again.

SOURCE: WREG.COM

In February, an Arizona man was found on the side of the road with his hands bound. The victim, who worked for a tyre retailer, told a harrowing tale of masked kidnappers who were after his father's money.

The story unravelled, though, when surveillance footage showed that the man had 'kidnapped' himself because he didn't want to go to work that day.

SOURCE: ABC15

A Taiwanese couple got married and divorced four times over a span of a month in 2020. But they

weren't as fickle as it seems.
The groom, a bank employee, took advantage of a Taiwan law that mandates businesses give employees eight days off for their wedding.

The bank balked, but the groom got his 32 days of extra vacation time.

SOURCE: NEW YORK TIMES



# NJ Group: Foraying into the Asset Management Space with a Rule-Based Active Investment Model

With an investor-first approach at its core, the NJ Group's foray into the asset management space with a novel mutual fund built on rule-based investing is the first instance of a pure distribution house launching its own mutual fund house.

The Mutual Fund industry is dominated by actively managed funds and participants that focus predominantly on active fund management. As a result, most MF investors' entire equity allocation is in actively managed equity funds. On the other hand, there is a growing opportunity in rule-based investing that has attracted a lot of attention and AUM in developed markets, which has somewhat been missing in India. Part of the 27-year-old NJ Group, NJ Mutual Fund plans to capture this almost vacant space in the Indian retail MF marketplace through its maiden fund called the NJ Balanced Advantage Fund, an open-ended dynamic asset allocation fund.

A ripple that turned into a wave: Incorporated in 1994, NJ India Invest Pvt. Ltd is the brainchild of two young and dynamic visionaries, Mr. Neeraj Choksi and Mr. Jignesh Desai. Despite hailing from business families, both decided to strike out and make a mark for themselves. What started as a modest beginning has transformed into a larger-than-reality now. With more than 95 workplaces in India, 1500+ employees, 20000+ active partners, and AUM of Rs. 115000+ crores, NJ today is a

force to reckon with in financial products distribution. The Group has created a niche for itself in bridging the gap between investors and financial advisors, and has been successfully giving a run for money to various financial product distributors, including some of the country's biggest banks.

The road to success: Although NJ has acquired great heights today, success did not come overnight to the NJ Group. Instead, it involved day-long toil and a lot of hard work for both Mr. Neeraj Choksi and Mr. Jignesh Desai. But in keeping with Leo Tolstoy's saying, "The two most powerful warriors are patience and time," the duo never lost hope. They tried their hands at various opportunities such as loan offerings, fixed deposits, and stockbroking, till it eventually started yielding returns. A major defining step in the NJ Journey

was the setting up of the NJ Wealth as



# FOCUS INVESTMENT

Mutual Fund distributors Network in 2003. It was a unique B2B concept where mutual fund distributors were recruited and offered a comprehensive business model. The one key factor that has stayed a constant behind the phenomenal success of NJ has been the shared camaraderie between Mr. Neeraj Choksi and Mr. Jignesh Desai, right since their college days.

Journey to the top: Headquartered in Surat, Gujarat, NJ today boasts of a sprawling 100,000 sq. ft. office and has bagged the coveted fame as one of India's largest financial products distributors. Besides growing in leaps and bounds, NJ has also been instrumental in contributing to society. The NJ Charitable Trust ensures that it brings about a change in whatever capacity into the lives of economically weaker sections of society. Also, NJ believes in employee welfare, and its practices are testimony to this fact. The head office in Surat is well-equipped with a library, a cyber cafe, a gymnasium, an auditorium, and a canteen that serves organic food to ensure an encouraging environment for work.

The many faces of success: Through its 27 years of growth and success, NJ has forayed into various businesses like financial services (Mutual Funds, Insurance, PMS, Loans, Direct Equity), Real estate, Information technology, Education, Interiors, and Wellness. Not only has the Group conquered significant heights, but it is also continuously setting new milestones for other competitors. Based on its tagline, 'Built On Trust', NJ has reached millions of lives and gained their trust with its products and services. To every aspiring individual who wants to make a cut above the rest, Mr. Neeraj Choksi and Mr. Jignesh Desai have just one piece of advice, "To succeed in anything, all you need is a big dream". In the future, NJ Group will surely set new standards of glory and triumph for others to follow with such spirit and dedication.

Venturing into Asset Management: NJ Asset

Management, formerly called NJ Advisory, has been a SEBI-registered portfolio manager focusing on rule-based active investments for the last 11 years. It is amongst the country's largest portfolio managers and currently manages over INR 3,000 cr for more than 3,400 investors. As one of India's largest mutual fund distributors over the last 27 years, NJ has gathered strong domain knowledge and a deep understanding of investor behaviour as a major distributor. This is what has equipped the Group for success in the mutual fund industry as a participant.

## Maiden offering: NJ Balanced Advantage Fund:

The first offering will be the NJ Balanced Advantage Fund, which dynamically allocates assets between equity and debt markets and seeks to deliver superior risk-adjusted returns. The USP of the NJ Balanced Advantage Fund is that it is ideally suited to current market conditions, offering a dynamic mix of equity and debt, which varies based on market valuations and other economic factors. With an investor-first approach at the core of its strategy, this offers the opportunity to calibrate exposure to equities and seeks to reduce the volatility experienced by investors when they invest in this fund.

While active rule-based strategies have become the in-thing globally over the last decade or so, and fund flows have evolved as an effective investment method, the category is still at a nascent stage in India. Venturing into asset management for NJ stems from the Group's firm belief that there is room for innovation in managing money, and a desire to extend its data-centric approach to its business to the investment function as well. Although by focusing only on smart-beta funds, NJ India aims to tread a path that only a handful of fund houses have dared to take so far, with a wealth of data and research at hand, the House seems confident of being able to handle the risks the market might throw up.



# Gandhi and the World

By Amartya Sen

Nobel laureate Amartya Sen, delivered this speech as the chief guest of the Jamnalal Bajaj Awards 2005, Mumbai. In this edited version. Sen discusses how Gandhian values continue to resonate in a world vexed by difference.

The aspect of Gandhian values that tend to receive most attention, not surprisingly, is the practice of non-violence. The violence that is endemic in the contemporary world makes the commitment to nonviolence particularly challenging and difficult, but it also makes that priority especially important and urgent. It is extremely important to appreciate that non-violence is promoted not only by rejecting and spurning violent courses of action, but also by trying to build societies in which violence

would not be cultivated and nurtured.

We would undervalue the wide reach of his political thinking, if we try to see non-violence simply as a code of behaviour. Consider the general problem of terrorism in the world today. In fighting terrorism, the Gandhian response cannot be seen as taking primarily the form of pleading with the would-be terrorists to desist from doing dastardly things, nor even just the form of dialogue and public interaction in peaceful ways with potential adversaries. Gandhiji's ideas about preventing violence went far beyond that, and involved social institutions and public priorities, as well as individual beliefs and commitments.

For example, every atrocity committed in the cause of seeking





Gandhi with Kshitimohan Sen, scholar and grandfather of Amartya Sen, at Santiniketan, 1940

useful information to defeat terrorism, whether in the Guantanamo detention centre or in the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, helps to generate more terrorism. The issue is not only that torture is always wrong, nor only that torture can hardly produce reliable information since the victims of torture say whatever would get them out of the ongoing misery. But going beyond these obvious though important points, Gandhiji also told us that the loss of one's own

moral stature gives tremendous strength to one's violent opponents.

The global embarrassment that the Anglo-American initiative has suffered from these systematic transgressions, and the way that bad behaviour of those claiming to fight for democracy and human rights has been used by terrorists to get more recruits and some general public sympathy, might have surprised the military strategists sitting in Washington or London, but they are entirely in line with what Mahatma Gandhi was trying to teach the world.

Gandhiji would have been appalled also by the fact that even though the United States itself, at least in principle, stands firmly

against torture done on American soil or by American personnel, there are many holders of high American positions who approve of, and actively support, the procedure of what is called "extraordinary rendition". In that terrible procedure suspected terrorists are dispatched to countries that systematically perform torture, in order that questioning can be conducted there without the constraints that apply in America. The point that emerges from Gandhiji's arguments is not only that this is a thoroughly unethical practice, but also that this is no way of winning a war against terrorism and nastiness. Gandhiji not only presented to us a vision of morality, but also a political understanding of how one's own behaviour can be, depending on its nature, a source of great strength, or of tremendous weakness. The value of that lesson has never been greater

**GANDHI NOT ONLY** PRESENTED TO US A VISION OF MORALITY, **BUT ALSO A POLITICAL** UNDERSTANDING OF **HOW ONE'S OWN BEHAVIOUR CAN BE A** SOURCE OF GREAT STRENGTH, OR OF WEAKNESS.

than it is today. I come back now to the question of cultivating social values, and social identities, that generate peace rather than violence. It is easy to see how much divisiveness has been bred by the federational view of citizenry in attempts to establish new democracies in countries such as Iraq or Afghanistan.

Gandhiji was critical of the official view that India was a collection of religious communities. When he came to London for the Indian Round Table Conference in 1931, Gandhiji resented the fact that he was being depicted primarily as a spokesman of Hindus, in particular "caste Hindus," with the remaining 46 per cent of the population being represented by chosen delegates (chosen by the British Prime minister) of each of the other communities. Gandhiji insisted that while he himself was a Hindu, Congress and the political movement that he led were staunchly secular and were not community-based. While he saw that a distinction can be made on religious lines between one Indian and another, he pointed to the fact that other ways of dividing the population of India were no less relevant. Gandhiji made a powerful plea for the British rulers to see the plurality of the diverse identities of Indians.

Gender was another basis for an important distinction, which, Gandhiji pointed out, the British categories ignored, thereby giving no special place to considering the problems of Indian women. He told the British Prime Minister, "You have had, on behalf of the women, a complete repudiation of special representation," and pointed to the fact that "they happen to be one half of the population of India." Sarojini Naidu, who came with Gandhiji to the Round Table Conference, was the only woman delegate in the

conference. Sarojini Naidu could, on the Raj's "representational" line of reasoning, speak for half the Indian people, namely Indian women; Abdul Qaiyum, another delegate, pointed also to the fact that Sarojini Naidu, was also the one distinguished poet in the assembled gathering, a different kind of identity from being seen as a Hindu politician.

In a meeting arranged at the Royal Institute of International Affairs during that visit, Gandhiji also insisted that he was trying to resist what he called "the vivisection of a whole nation." Much has been written on the fact that India, with more Muslim people than almost every Muslim-majority country in the world, has produced extremely few home-grown terrorists acting in the name of Islam, and almost none linked with the Al Oaeda. There are many casual influences here. But some credit must also go to the nature of Indian democratic politics, and to the wide acceptance in India of the idea, championed by Mahatma Gandhi, that there are many identities other than religious ethnicity that are also relevant for a person's selfunderstanding and for the relations between citizens of diverse background within the country.

The disastrous consequences of defining people by their religious ethnicity, and giving priority to the community-based perspective over all their identities, which Gandhiji

THERE ARE MANY **IDENTITIES OTHER** THAN RELIGIOUS ETHNICITY THAT ARE RELEVANT FOR A PERSON'S SELF-**UNDERSTANDING AND** FOR THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CITIZENS OF A COUNTRY.

thought was receiving support from India's British rulers, may well have come, alas, to haunt the country of the rulers themselves. In the Round-table conference in 1931, Gandhiji did not get his way, and even his dissenting opinions were only briefly recorded without mentioning where the dissent came from. In a gentle complaint addressed to the British Prime Minister, Gandhiji said at the meeting, "in most of these reports you will find that there is a dissenting opinion, and in most of the cases that dissent unfortunately happens to belong to me." Those statements certainly did belong only to him, but the wisdom behind Gandhiji's farsighted refusal to see a nation as a federation of religious and communities belongs, I must assert, to the entire world.



# SIX WAY CHIMNEY

# SIX KA FIX.

Faber presents the all new auto clean chimney with 3D T2S2 technology that scoops out smoke faster, saves electricity and makes lesser noise with its six way suction technology.

KITCHEN SMOKE KA SIX WAY SOLUTION

Baffle Filter | Powerful motor | Heat Autoclean







# It's a Medical Miracle! Men Don't Need Doctors!

By Patricia Pearson

HY, OH WHY, is it so difficult to get rope bucking, struggling men to see their doctors? Wives, daughters and sisters wish to know! It is an age-old quandary, confirmed all over again by recent research from the Cleveland Clinic in the United States, which reports that 65 per cent of men "tend"

to wait as long as possible to see their doctor if they have any health symptoms or an injury."

In my house, the scenario generally plays out like this:

"Ambrose, your head is falling off."

"Oh, is it?" Cursory glance in the mirror. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, don't you think you should go

to the doctor?"

"I should, for sure."

Two days later: "Ambrose, your head remains connected to your neck by one sinew. Did you phone the doctor yet?"

"Oh, uh, no. I was going to, but I had to go to the hardware store to get some widgets to fix that old paint-shaking machine I found in the basement. It could be useful."

"Well, why don't I make an appointment for you?"

"Yeah, okay, that would be great. Thanks."

One week later, addressing husband's fallen-off head on basement floor:

"Ambrose, did you go to the doctor this morning?"

"No, I rescheduled. I had to download a live recording of Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells* from 1973 and it took longer than I expected. There's something wrong with our server. We should switch providers."

"So, when are you going to go see the doctor?"

"Well, either next Tuesday, if I can, or I was thinking, maybe, never."

My husband successfully avoided the dentist for 14 years until his jaw started exploding with pain, forcing him to go for one visit. I had to drop everything to drive him, after which he never went back, preferring to grit his teeth to having one pulled. I have no idea how, but he willed the shrieking nerve into submission. The day looms when he'll wind up in the dental ER.

Why does he do this? Because this is the manly thing. Even for men who don't put much stock in old-fashioned masculinity, who happily babysit and bake, as soon as their wives say "Go to the doctor," they inexplicably morph into tough, leather-faced soldiers who would rather die on the battlefield than open their mouths and say 'ahhh'.

My father and husband used to get along very well because, well, they were just two fallen-off heads sitting together watching golf on TV. This was before my father got dementia,

# MY HUSBAND CLAIMED HIS SEVERE KNEE PAIN WAS JUST "A TOUCH OF ARTHRITIS".

which I only know by deduction and Googling, since he never went for a test before dying peacefully in his sleep, for unknown reasons.

My mother and I relate in a different way: we incessantly follow developments in health news, contacting each other by email and text with snappy updates, like a pair of FBI agents working a case. She sends me the Harvard University health newsletter every month along with links to articles about new drugs for yeast infections and anxiety disorders and hang nails, while I report to her

on what I've heard about colon cancer and heart disease and moles. Needless to say, this collaboration went into warp speed during the pandemic. Not that we could use our findings to help the males in our family.

According to the Cleveland Clinic, over three-fifths of men prefer to self-diagnose, but not by asking anyone else for advice or doing online research—that would be like asking for driving directions. Instead, they just pull muttered suppositions out of the air. "I probably have a 900-degree fever because of that fish I ate at Villa Conti."

When men do show up at a medical facility, according to the research, a fair number of them don't tend to even mention ailments to the doctor unless the doctor specifically asks. Which means that they must presumably visit clairvoyants to receive effective diagnoses. Unless, of course, the problem is obvious, like decapitation. Then the doctor might wish to gently point it out. Treatment, though—that's another quandary entirely.

This has been going on for ages. Way back in 1985 there was a study that found that male testosterone dropped by 50 per cent when they entered hospitals, even for elective

surgery. The mere prospect essentially made their privates shrink, as if facing a team of doctors was like wading into an ice-cold river. I was talking to a friend about this when her 21-year-old son wandered into the room. She asked him, "Do you think it's true that men don't go to doctors?"

"Yes," he said, perplexed. "Everybody knows that."

"Why don't they?" she asked. He shrugged. "It's common sense."

We laughed. Then cried. It is no word of a lie that my husband has hobbled around our house for the past four months theorizing about having "a touch of arthritis" in his knee until, finally, an MRI revealed that all his cartilage was gone. He is meant to see a specialist next week. "You'll likely need a knee replacement," I pointed out. "But these days they discharge you sooner. I read that they implant some kind of pain relief pump into your thigh for a few days."

"An implant in my leg?" he thundered. "No. No way."

I swear to God he's going to wind up putting off the procedure, even if he's reduced to crawling around the house, claiming he prefers to move around that way.



# The Power of (Star)Bucks

Elon Musk is now worth \$208 billion. You want to know how he did it? He skipped 34.67 billion lattes. It's that easy.

**■**@STEPHENPUNWAS





Why wait when you have the *SimplyCLICK* Credit Card by your side? Shop online and get 10X Reward Points on online spends with our exclusive partners, 5X Reward Points on other online spends and an E-Voucher worth ₹4,000 on reaching ₹2 Lakh annual online spends.



Scan to Apply.

Exclusive Partners:



















(Left) 34-year-old 'Raastar Master' (Street Teacher) Deep Narayan Nayak. (Right) Nayak's young students use wall-blackboards and microscopes during class.

GOOD NEWS
FOR A
Better Planet

# No Child Left Behind

EDUCATION With long-term closure of schools disrupting the learning journeys of thousands of young children, one resourceful educator found a brilliant solution—painting blackboards on to building walls and turning roads into classrooms where kids can attend classes while social distancing too.

Concerned that his students—many of them first-generation school-goers—would give up on education completely, 34-year-old teacher Deep Narayan Nayak created the 'street schools' in the village of Joba Attpara in West Bengal's Paschim Bardhaman

district to help around 60 children overcome the disruption in their learning journeys. "I would see children loitering about the village, taking cattle for grazing, and I wanted to make sure their learning doesn't stop," Nayak tells *Reuters*. Following strict COVID protocols, he provides the children a rewarding school environment including various study supplies such as books, chalk and even microscopes as well.

# **Hydrogen-Powered Hope**

SCIENCE According to the Department of Science and Technology, a team of Indian scientists from the Institute of Nano Science and Technology, Mohali, has, for the first time, developed a reactor capable of producing hydrogen using sustainable sources, such as sunlight and water, on a large scale (around 6.1 litre in eight hours).

This achievement marks a meaningful step towards combating the devastating effects of climate change by generating carbon-free fuel from renewables and controlling our carbon footprint. Hydrogen produced this way can provide electricity to remote areas through fuel cells, and has the potential to eventually power transformers and e-vehicles as well.

# Taking the High Road

**PUBLIC WORKS** Lost on their way to perform a sanitation survey of primary schools in Odisha's Kandhamal district, Lusmin and Rupakanta Pradhan stumbled upon a local family hard at work constructing a road amidst the dense forest. They soon learnt that Dhaneswar Pradhan, 42, and his family, residents of Bandopanka village, had taken upon themselves the task of building a motorable road connecting his village to another six kilometres away, after his petitions for one to local authorities were frustrated. Their efforts, quietly and independently ongoing, found audience when the two Pradhans recounted the tale to the media. Authorities at the block development level, soon became aware of the story, and has now promised swift resolution of the villagers' long sought-after needs.

# A Bank with a Difference

**ENVIRONMENT** Altruistic individuals and organizations serve the community by distributing ready-made meals to the poor, needy and homeless, but Gurugram-based Sameera Satija realized a serious problem with the way these

efforts are executed. Most drives of this kind employ single-use dining ware. While cost-efficient and convenient, these also add to non-biodegradable items in our landfills. Also, some disposable wares are made of styrene—a potential carcinogen. "People are not aware of the fact that while they are trying to do good by donating food, they could also be harming the receiver's health," the 48-year-old says.



Aware of the dire need for a solution. in 2018, Satija bought 100 stainless steel and 200 glass tumblers and shared it among three groups offering free potable water to the public. The initiative was a success and sparked the 'Crockery Bank For Everyone'—a free-for-use cutlery bank that provides steel utensils for events through social media. "Amid the pandemic, we've lent over 1,500 utensils per month. The most satisfying aspect is counting the number of singleuse plastics we've saved, which would otherwise end up in landfills," she says.

—COMPILED BY ISHANI NANDI

# FROM LEFT: ALAMY

# **POINTS TO PONDER**

Religion is the general theory of this world, ... the sigh of the oppressed creature ... The abolition of religion as the illusory happiness of men, is a demand for their real happiness. The call to abandon their illusions is a call to abandon a condition which requires illusions.

Karl Marx, philosopher

Censorship no longer works by hiding information from you; censorship works by flooding you with immense amounts of misinformation, of irrelevant information, of funny cat videos, until you're just unable to focus.

Yuval Noah Harari, historian

The problem we have online is ... a simplistic, binary view of society. It becomes a case of either you're with us or against us. And if you're against us, you deserve to be 'cancelled' ... what we have now is the digital equivalent of the medieval mob roaming the streets looking for someone to burn.

Rowan Atkinson, actor



Most people trusted in the future, assuming that their preferred version of it would unfold. Blindly planning for it, envisioning things that weren't the case. This was the working of the will. This was what gave the world purpose and direction. Not what was there, but what was not.

[humpa Lahiri, novelist]

I cannot understand anti-abortion arguments that centre on the sanctity of life. As a species we've fairly comprehensively demonstrated that we don't believe in the sanctity of life. The shrugging acceptance of war, famine, epidemic, pain and lifelong poverty shows us that, ... we've made only the most feeble of efforts to really treat human life as sacred.

Caitlin Moran, journalist

Inspiration is for amateurs; the rest of us just show up and get to work. If you wait around for the clouds to part and a bolt of lightning to strike you in the brain, you are not going to make an awful lot of work. All the best ideas come out of the process; they come out of the work itself.

Chuck Close, painter and photographer





"Will you please lend me₹10,000? I will pay it back after I win KBC."

### **Common Good**

In a rather aggressive 'self-help' manoeuvre Sheetal Kumar from Kishtwar, Jammu and Kashmir, pulled off quite the trespass. Frustrated at the town's acute water crisis, Kumar laid claim to a government-in-stalled community hand pump by constructing a house around it. This pump now lies inside the Kumar household,

occupying prime real estate in the kitchen. Gumption aside, Kumar deed is illegal and the Jal Shakti department has asked the local police to lodge an FIR and initiate action against this brazen encroachment of public property. Source: indiatimes.com

## **Rocky Road to Love**

Among the several variables that could possibly

derail your path to wedded bliss, who knew that rocky roads leading to your home could serve as the prime deterrent!
But, we live and learn:
A 26-year-old schoolteacher Bindu from
H. Rampura, Karnataka, wrote to chief minister
Basavaraj Bommai bemoaning bad roads as the reason for the paucity of marriage offers to residents. Bindu

wrote, "Many of us don't get offers of marriage because outsiders think that children won't be able to get an education here due to lack of proper roads." Bindu's predicament has drawn a swift assurance from the chief minister's office. Hopefully, H. Rampura will soon have wedding bells toll for those willing and ready. Source: indiatoday.in

A Cheating disorder

Recently, Rajasthan police discovered a 'hi-tech' cheating racket spanning the state. To matters more morally dubious the exam people were caught cheating on is the Rajasthan **Eligibility Examination** for Teachers (REET). Sandals were fitted with bluetooth and mobile devices, and sold for a tidy sum of over ₹2 lakh. These 'upgraded' slippers allowed the teacher hopefuls to receive answers from outside the exam hall. This, despite the 12-hour internet shutdown expressly imposed across the

state for conducting free and fair exams. Human ingenuity and fraud truly know no bounds! Source: ndtv.com

## Eye of the needle

With vaccination still offering the best protection against the CO-VID-19 bug, we wholly encourage everyone to go get their approved two shots. 73-year-old Uttar Pradesh resident did the same, only his vaccination certificate reflected otherwise. His certificate reported that he had received five jabs already, and the sixth was scheduled between December 2021 and January 2022. Authorities have cited this anomaly as a "case of mischief and conspiracy" done by "mischievous elements" who may have hacked into the portal. With the UK government's doubt over India's vaccine certification process ruffling feathers, mum's the word from our end.

Source: indiatimes.com

### **Faith in Fortune**

We don't know if there a

first among equals in the Hindu pantheon, but we report that Lord Sanwaliya Seth is the one with the moolah.

Situated near Chittorgarh district, Rajasthan, his temple draws not just blossoms and fruits as offerings, but also dollars, rupees, gold or silver jewellery and even gold biscuits at his shrine. Worshipped as the lord extraordinaire of all things business, devotees rush in with riches to ensure that his blessings continue to help their trade flower and flourish. When the donation box was opened on Krishna Chaturdashi, its contents included one kilo gold biscuits, jewellery and over ₹5.48 crore in cash. Guess it really does help to keep the faith.

Source: indiatimes.com



—COMPILED BY NAOREM ANUJA

Reader's Digest will pay for contributions to this column. Post your suggestions with the source to the editorial address, or email: editor.india@rd.com



# LIFE IS SAFE IN YOGI GOVERNMENT, MAFIA CRIMINALS BEHIND BARS

Appointment of ADG (additional director general) rank officers in police zones and IG (inspector general) rank officers in the police ranges started by Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath after coming to power.

In the last 4 and half years, over 150 criminals have been killed during encounters while more than 3400 got injured. 44759 accused were arrested under gangster act and 630 accused were put behind bars under national security act.

Police has identified 1800 active criminal Mafia at district level and strict action has been taken against them so that the law and order situation should be maintained at district level also.

History sheet of 382 criminal Mafia active in state was opened and 274 accused were sent to Jail after arrests. More than 300 arms licences have also been cancelled.

As per the revenue department records, around 624 3.89 hectare (1,542,49 acres) land which means more than 624 square kilometre land has been released from the clutches of land mafia between 2017 to 15 August 2021.

While identifying 2464 land encroachers, the revenue department has sent 187 land mafia to jail and 4407 FIRs have been lodged by registering 22,992 revenue and 857 civil suits.

Property of 41 land matias have been attached in state while action has been taken against 2 under national security act, 170 under Gangster act and against 399 accused under Goondas act.

A video wall has been mounted with 12 TV screens at the command centre in jail headquarters at Lucknow. This video wall further splits into 48 screens.

All jails are online now in Uttar Pradesh and a total of **2750** cameras have been installed in the jails of the entire state. The live feed of these CCTV cameras is broadcasted directly on the command centre on the video wall of the command centre.

**843** cases have been lodged after identifying 124 mining Mafia in the state and 80 such accused have been arrested. Action against 74 accused was taken under Goondas act.

The report of Home Ministry's parliamentary standing committee headed by congress MP Anand Sharma praises the Uttar Pradesh government for dealing with the violence against women.

# YEAR 2020 IN COMPARISON WITH YEAR 2016

- 70.10% reduction in cases of dacoity
- 69.30% less cases of loot
- 29.10% reduction in cases of murder
- 33.00% less cases of riots
- 100% reduction in cases of road hold up
- 41.51 percent reduction in cases of kidnapping for ransom
- 11.60% less cases of murder for dacoity
- 52.00% percent reduction in cases of rape

# ### REVENUE OF MINING INCREASED AFTER ACTION AGAINST MAFIA ### STATES COOLES ### STATES



Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath launched the third phase of 'Mission Shakti' campaign on the eve of Raksha Bandhan on 21" August. On this occasion the foundation stone was laid for 3 women PAC battalions.

First time more than 10,000 women police officers were given posting as police beat officers on the occasion of launching the third phase of 'Mission Shakti'.

Awareness created among more than 8.5 crore men women and others during 'Mission Shakti' campaign and along with it action was also taken against more than 5.25 lakh accused.

While checking 98,55,867 people anti Romeo squad has registered 9948 cases and taken legal action against 14,958 people.

99.6% complaints received at women power lines have been resolved and help was provided to women through 181 women helplines.

Women nodal officers of deputy SP rank have been appointed in every district for quickly resolving the complaints of women and for strict action against the culprits related to women crime.

For delivery of quick justice under POCSO act, 218 new fast track courts are functioning, while 81 magistrate level courts and 81 additional session courts are functional to provide fast justice to women.



# DOUBLE ENGINE GOVERNMENT EFFECT, HOME, ELECTRICITY, WATER TO HOMELESS

he duo of Prime Minister Narendra Modi and Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath is a true well wisher of poor people. This duo is always eager to continuously solve the problems and concerns of poor, downtrodden and needy people. Prime Minister Narendra Modi conceptualized Pradhanmantri aawas Yojana to provide homes to the poor people and implemented its rural part from 1st April 2016.

This ambitious scheme of the Central Government was launched by Prime Minister Narendra Modi from Agra in Uttar Pradesh on 20 November 2016. Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath has given new heights to this scheme of Prime Minister Modi. On 1st September this year, in a function organised at his government residence Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath gave keys to the beneficiaries of 5.51 lakh houses constructed with an investment of 6637.7 crore rupees under Pradhan mantri awas Yojana and mukhymantri gramin aawas Yojana. In last 4 years around 42 lakh houses were approved

under Pradhan mantri awas Yojana and Chief Minister (rural/urban) aawas Yojana gramin while in comparison to that, a total of 53 lakh houses were made in the previous 30 years. This shows that the earlier governments did not pay full attention to resolve the housing problem of the poor. Under the guidance of Prime Minister Modi, Chief minister Yogi Adityanath added the poors, farmers, women, downtrodden, scheduled caste, minorities and people of other categories of the state to the scheme and gave them the benefit. Today poor people are getting benefit of the agenda of development of Chief Minister yogi and Prime Minister Narendra Modi without any discrimination. The beneficiaries of Pradhan Mantri Awas Yojana and Mukhymantri Awas Yojana (Gramin) are also getting benefit of other beneficial schemes like Ujjwala, saubhagya, Ayushman Bharat, ration card, making of toilet, destitute women pension scheme, old age pension scheme etc.

FOCUS: UTTAR PRADESH

# **FULFILLING DREAMS OF POOR FAMILIES**



Construction of more than 42 lakh houses under Pradhan Mantri Awas Yojana

Construction of 1,08,495 houses under Mukhyamantri Awas Yojana Gramin

Free of cost distribution of houses to musahar, vantangiya community and families affected from leprosy.

Infrastructure development at villages of Vantangia community and status of revenue village were given to them

More than 13 lakh cases related to land issues were resolved under varasat campaign.

Implementation of Har Ghar Nal scheme for pure drinking water in 30,000 village panchayats

# HITECH TOWNSHIP FOR POOR



Magnificent opening gates, beautifully designed houses inside the boundary, shining roads, public parks, streetlights illuminating the premises, gaushala,

clean water at door step, power connection to everyone, pollution free gas cylinder to each house, free health facilities to every family and many more... If you link these facilities then the complete picture which comes to mind is a place called 'Londonpur'. And this Londonpur is not a utopian city. This is the 'Baba gokarannath gramin township' developed in the kumbhi block of Lakhimpur khiri district. In Yogi government a model has been developed in Londonpur grant village of Lakhimpur district by giving benefit of 30 other schemes of Central and state governments to the Prime Minister Awas Yojana. Hair township with all facilities has been developed for 26 scheduled caste and land less poor families. Here everything including power to each house, gas connection, park, light, gaushala has

been managed by converging 30 schemes of 10 departments. Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath has directed to implement this unique model in the entire state.



# FEATURES OF LONDON PUR GRANT TOWNSHIP

Lease of residential land to all families in their village.

No separate grant was taken from government for the township

Free of cost allotment for personal house under PM Awas Yojana gramin

Tap water connection in every house and water supply in houses from water tank.

Power connection in every house and separate transformer also.



# UTTAR PRADESH'S FARMERS BECAME PROSPEROUS

Farmers are our food provider and fortune maker of the society....." The Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath believes firmly in this and always stands with the farmers in any situation. The Yogi government is working with full dedication for the conservation of the interests of the farmers. A circular chain is being formed for farmers from their farm to cultivation area and from seeds to market. Many schemes are being implemented in the state for the welfare of farmers and to double their income. Under the Pradhan mantri Kisan Samman Nidhi Yojana, soil card scheme, Jan dhan scheme the farmers are being connected to the banking system and money is directly being transferred to their accounts through DBT system. Record purchase of food grains was done by the government along with increasing the minimum support price and payment is being done directly into their accounts. In 2016-17 total purchase of wheat was 6 lakh metric ton, while this year despite the covid-19 Pandemic, 56 Lakh metric tons wheat was purchased. In 2016 total paddy purchase was 16 lakh metric ton while in the last 1 year only record purchase of 66 lakh metric ton paddy was done by the State Government.

# RECORD PAYMENT TO FARMERS

The Yogi government has made payment of Rs.1 lakh 43000 crore of sugarcane growers by implementing a

better strategy for the payment of long pending arrears from 2010. Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath has also directed to clear all pending payments of last station before starting of the new sugarcane session. From the last one and half years our country and the whole world has been battling with covid pandemic but during the same period after directions of Chief Minister Yogi Adityanath all sugar mills were running properly and sugarcane growers kept selling their ctob to the sugar mills. Even new sugar mills started in Ramala, Munderwa and Pipraich, Licence system was abolished in the khandsari sector. The Yogi government has decided that sugar Mills of Western region will start running from 28th october, while sugar Mills of the central region will start functioning from 25th October and the sugar mills in eastern region will start from the first week of November. SMS system for parchi is now prevailing among sugarcane growers and the practice of low weighing has been brought to minimum. The total area of sugarcane cultivation in the state has increased by 8 lakh hectares in the last 4 years.

# ESCROW ACCOUNT BECAME INSTRUMENTAL

The farmers are again happy after the initiative of timely payment of sugarcane price taken by the Yogi government. After coming into power in 2017 Yogi



government made a system of escrow account in the state for ensuring the timely payment of sugarcane price. This new system brought transparency in the payment of sugarcane to the farmers from sugar mills. Now the account of sugar price is being jointly operated by the signatures of Mill representative, district sugarcane officer and senior sugar cane development inspector. In earlier regimes sugarcane price used to be 85% of the sale price of sugar on the other hand after 2017, Yogi government has provided 85% price of other sugar cane products like molasses and press mud to the sugar cane growers. Not just that, now sugar Mills who are making ethanol directly from the sugarcane juice have tagged 55% price of the total production of ethanol and 80% price of the directly produced ethanol for the payment. Mills have also tagged 65% price amount of the selling price of that ethanol which is being used for production of sanitizer. These steps have solved the problem of sugarcane payment.

# **EMPOWERING SMALL FARMERS**

The Yogi government is going to give big relief to the farmers through drip irrigation. First time in 2021-22 a target is fixed to establish a drip irrigation system in 30 thousand hectare sugarcane cultivation area. 2566 farmers have been selected for drip irrigation schemes in the state. Drip irrigation will reduce the use of irrigation water by 50 to 60%. With the implementation of this technique the use of underground water will also reduce exponentially. The range of the scheme will be increased phase wise. This scheme will benefit a lot of the small sugar cane growers. This scheme will also benefit the farmers of BPL card owners, scheduled caste and scheduled Tribes. The better management of water resources will also increase the income of farmers. To strengthen the sugarcane farmers of the state, the Yogi government has taken many big steps.

### FOCUS: UTTAR PRADESH

# TAKING CARE OF FOOD PROVIDERS

Loan waiver worth 36 thousand crore rupees of 86 lakh small and marginal farmers.

First time in state, Uttar Pradesh Pharma production organisation policy 2020 has been implemented

291 E-NAM mandis have been established in Uttar Pradesh through which 87 lakh farmers and 34 thousand traders are associated.

Special subsidy of 400 rupees per quintal on seeds of wheat and 250 rupees per quintal on seeds of paddy will be provided to farmers.

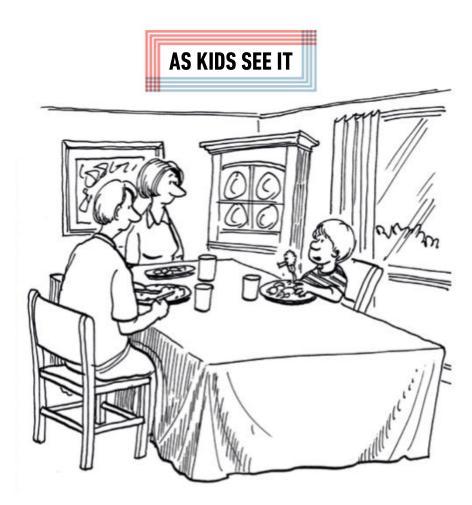
Subsidy worth 2151.30 crore rupees on agriculture investments has been transferred directly into the accounts of farmers.

First time 45 agro products
Mandi's are now free of Mandi
fee. Also the government
reduced the Mandi fee by 1%.

Under the Pradhan Mantri Fasal Bima Yojana, an amount of Rs 2613 crore has been compensated to the farmers

A provision of Rs 500 crore has been made in the Chief Minister Krishak Durghatna Kalyan Yojana and its benefit has also been given to pattedars and bataidars (sharecroppers).

5,86,793 animals of the cow family are now secure at govansh ashraya stahals.



"Broccoli is biodegradable ... in case you want to throw it out"

### When my daughter

was three years old, she loved to listen to me read the same book to her over and over again, so I decided to record myself reading it on tape. One afternoon, when her dad came home, she greeted him with excitement and said, "Now Mom can

read to me without even opening the book."

- NATIVIDAD DE LEON

After being told that it's rude to call dinner gross, our four-year-old is finding creative ways to express himself:

- ◆"This tastes ... unlucky to me."
- **◆** "This sends my mouth

into outer space."

- ◆ "Cauliflower is," as he pinches his fingers together, "this much delicious."
- ALIX E. HARROW, author

My six-year-old grandson, Lucas, and I play a game called mystery cookies, where I bake cookies and he'll guess some of the ingredients. He was getting quite good at recognizing ingredients until recently, when I made some extra-chewy cookies and asked him to name what was in them. He replied: "Sponges?"

—DONNA FULCHER

### After my daughter

refused to get dressed, I lost my temper and told her she couldn't come downstairs until she'd changed out of her pyjamas. She then changed into another pair of pyjamas.

—**y**@DARA BHUR GCARA

# I was developing a school play with my class of grade-six students—it involved a scene where a character pleaded for mercy from a judge for a minor offence. In a bid to garner sympathy, one of

my students improvised:

"Please give me a chance, your honour. I have four wives and 10 children."

- KENNARD RAMPHAL

My daughter is mad at me because I didn't offer her a banana first thing this morning. She hates bananas.

—**y**@PRO\_WORRIER

## My daughter asked

why she can't just quit school, and I told her that it's against the law and I could go to jail. She then looked me in the eyes and said: "I'll visit you."

- **y**@CECIATL

While at a department store, I noticed a girl stare longingly at the stuffed animals and say, "I wish I was still a kid." Her dad, standing next to her, replied: "You're 10."

— ♥@HANDLEBRANDLE

While working from home, I had around 15 minutes between calls and went to play with my kid.

She handed me a stuffed animal to watch, said she had a meeting and left.

**−y**@NOTMYTHIRDRODE

### One morning our

three-year-old son climbed into bed with us. He wanted his dad to read *Little Red Riding Hood* to him, but his dad wasn't awake yet and had already read him the story the night before.
Our son pouted and said, "Dad, it's your responsibility."

—DARLENE WILLIAMS

### Today I asked a

kindergartner if
Friday was his
favourite day of the
week. His response:
"I don't know. I don't
know a lot of things. I'm
confused all the time."

—♥@DONOMO

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our humour sections. Post it to the editorial address, or email: editor.india@rd.com

# **BETTER LIVING**

HOW

# find peace

ANYTIME,

ANYPLACE

Meditation is simpler than it sounds. Follow these directions from a skeptic who tried and liked it

BY Dan Harris and Jeffrey Warren with Carlye Adler from the book meditation for fidgety skeptics



# If you had told me as recently as a few years ago that I would someday become a travelling evangelist for meditation, I would have coughed my beer up through my nose.

In 2004, I had a panic attack at work. Unfortunately for me, that meant I was in front of millions of people, delivering the news, live, on the US television show *Good Morning America*. In the wake of my nationally televised freak-out, I learnt that I had undiagnosed depression. For months, I'd been having trouble getting out of bed in the morning and felt as if I had a permanent low-grade fever.

The panic attack ultimately led me to embrace a practice I had always dismissed as ridiculous. For most of my life, to the extent that I'd ever even considered meditation.

I ranked it right alongside aura readings and Enya.



Further, I figured my racing type-A mind was way too busy to ever be able to commune with the cosmos. And anyway, if I got too happy, it would probably render me completely ineffective at my hypercompetitive job.

Two things changed my mind. The first was the science. In recent years, there has been an explosion of research into meditation, which has been shown to reduce blood pressure, boost recovery after your body releases the stress hormone cortisol. strengthen the immune system, slow age-related atrophy of the brain and mitigate the symptoms of depression and anxiety. Studies also show that meditation can reduce violence in prisons, increase productivity in the workplace and improve both the behaviour and the grades of school children.

Things really get interesting when you look at the neuroscience. In recent years, researchers have been peering into the heads of meditators, and they have found that the practice can rewire key parts of the brain involved with self-awareness, compassion and resilience. For example, one study from the Harvard Gazette found that just eight weeks of meditation resulted in measurable decreases in grey matter density in the area of the brain associated with stress.

The second thing that changed my mind about meditation is that it does not necessarily entail a lot of the 'weird' stuff I feared it might. Contrary

to popular belief, meditation does not have to involve folding yourself into a pretzel, joining a group or wearing special outfits. The word 'meditation' is a little bit like the word 'sports'; there are hundreds of varieties. The type of meditation discussed here is called mindfulness meditation, which is derived from Buddhism but does not require adopting a belief system or declaring oneself to be a Buddhist.

I began my practice slowly, with just five to 10 minutes a day, which is what I recommend that everyone aim for at the start. (Frankly, if you find time for even one minute a day, you can count that as a win.)

The practice does get easier the longer you keep at it, but even after doing it for years, I get lost all the time. Here's a random sample of my mental chatter during a typical session:

In.

Out.

Man, I am feeling antsy. What's the Yiddish term my grandmother used to use for that? Shpilkes. Right.

Words that always make me giggle: ointment, pianist.

Wait, what? Come on, man. Back to the breath.

In.

Out.

Likes: baked goods.

Dislikes: fedoras, dream sequences, that part in techno songs where the French accordion kicks in.

Dude, Come, On.

Īn.

Out.

In.

Alternative jobs: papal nuncio, interpretive dancer, working double time on the seduction line ...

You get the idea.

To give you a sense of exactly how simple it is, here are the three-step instructions for beginning meditation.

Sit comfortably
It's best to have your spine reasonably straight, which may help prevent an involuntary nap. If you want to sit cross-legged on the floor, go for it. If not, just sit in a chair, as I do. You can close your eyes or, if you prefer, leave them open and adjust your gaze

to a neutral point on the ground.

# Bring your full attention to the feeling of your breath coming in and out

Pick a spot where it's most prominent: your chest, your belly or your nostrils. You're not thinking about your breath; you're just feeling the physical sensations. To help maintain focus, make a quiet mental note on each in breath and out breath, like 'in' and 'out'.

Severy time you catch yourself wandering, escort your attention back to the breath.

This third step is the key. As soon as you try to focus on your breath, you'll start having all sorts of random thoughts, such as:

# WHEN YOU'RE READY TO TAKE IT FURTHER

- **COUNT YOUR BREATHS** from one to 10, and then start over. Breathe in, one, then out. Breathe in, two, then out, and so on.
- ◆ RECITE A SHORT PHRASE Some people like to do this to help them stay focussed. 'Just this breath' is a good one to try. It reminds us not to start anticipating the next breath, or to think about the last one or to imagine in any of the innumerable ways the mind can cook up that anything else is supposed to be happening—'just this breath'.
- → **RECRUIT AN IMAGE** Sometimes I imagine the in breath as a gentle wave moving up the beach, *pshhhh*, and on the out breath, the wave recedes, *sssssshh*. Back and forth. Find a mental image that works for you.
- ♦ GIVE GUIDED AUDIO MEDITATIONS A SHOT Some people wrongly assume that guided meditations are a form of training wheels—or cheating. I disagree. Instructions are quickly forgotten, so having someone in your ear can be really helpful. My advice is to experiment with both audio and solo meditations and see what works best for you.

What's for lunch? Do I need a haircut? What was Casper the Friendly Ghost before he died?

This is totally normal. The whole game is to notice when you're distracted and begin again. And again. And again. It is like a biceps curl for the brain. It is also a radical act: You're breaking a lifetime's habit of walking around in a fog of rumination and projection, and instead focusing on what's happening right now.

People assume they can never meditate because they can't stop thinking. I cannot say this enough: The goal is not to clear your mind but to focus your mind—for a few nanoseconds at a time—and whenever you become distracted, just start again. Getting lost and starting over is not failing at meditation. It is succeeding.

I have been meditating for eight years, and I am still plenty ambitious. However, these days I'm not as sweaty, agitated and unpleasant about it as I used to be. Meditation has helped me

sort out my useless rumination from what I call constructive anguish.

I have learnt that the less enchanted you are by the voice in your head, the more you can make room for entirely new thoughts and feelings to emerge. It has enabled me to take even more delight in my work, my wife and our son, Alexander, who suffuses me with warmth whether he's offering me a chicken nugget or wiping macerated muffin on my sleeve. I am less in thrall to my desires and aversions, which has given me a wider perspective and,

at times, a taste of a deep, ineffable unclenching. In sum, meditation empowers you to tap into what lies beneath or beyond the ego. Call it creativity. Call it your innate wisdom. Some people call it your heart. Ew. R



FROM THE BOOK MEDITATION FOR FIDGETY SKEPTICS BY DAN HARRIS AND JEFF WARREN WITH CARLYE ADLER, COPYRIGHT © 2017 BY DAN HARRIS. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF JANKLOW & NESBIT ASSOCIATES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



# A New Ocean Just Dropped

The National Geographic Society has been mapping the world's oceans since 1915, but this year the cartographers produced a surprise: a fifth ocean! It's the body of water surrounding Antarctica that's been carved from the nearby Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans by the fast-moving Antarctic Circumpolar Current. The society is calling this new fifth sea-ster the Southern Ocean, which is certainly accurate, if a little boring.

QUORA.COM AND SHEEP.HORSE



The surprising reasons why reading is good for your health

BY Meghan Cox Gurdon FROM The Enchanted Hour

ILLUSTRATION BY Genevieve Ashley

ot long ago, Linda Khan was sitting by a hospital bed in Houston, feeling ill at ease. Beside her lay her 88-year-old father. His heart was faltering. He needed surgery.

What troubled her almost as much as his health was the fact that all day the two of them had engaged in nothing but depressing small talk. She and her father had always had good conversations, but now he seemed to be sunk in querulous contemplation of his predicament. He talked about the lousy hospital food, the tests, the doctors, the diagnosis, the potential outcomes. The scope of his interests seemed to have shrunk to the size of the room.

That day in the hospital, Khan's eye fell on a stack of books that people had brought as gifts. Her father had



always been a reader, but lately he didn't have the energy or focus. She picked up Young Titan, Michael Shelden's biography of Winston Churchill, and started to read it out loud.

Right away, it changed the mood and atmosphere," she says. That afternoon. Khan read to her father for an hour. It was a relief and a pleasure for both of them. Reading gave Khan a way to connect with her father and help him in a situation that was otherwise out of her hands. Listening allowed her father to travel on the sound of his daughter's voice, back into the realm of intellectual engagement, where he felt like himself again.

"He's in and out of the hospital a lot now," Khan says, "and I always read to him."

That may be just what the doctor ordered. In a 2010 study in the United Kingdom, adults who joined weekly read-aloud groups reported better concentration, less agitation and an improved ability to socialize. The survey's authors attributed these improvements in part to the "rich, varied, non-prescriptive diet of serious literature" that group members consumed, with fiction encouraging feelings of relaxation and calm, poetry fostering focussed concentration and narratives of all sorts giving rise to thoughts, feelings and memories.

The second-century Greek doctor Antyllus even prescribed daily recitation to his patients, recommending it as a kind of health-giving tonic and insisting that epic verse is good for one's health.

An epic poem might be a tall order, but in truth, almost any kind of reading to another person can be beneficial. A 2007 study of community reading groups in the UK found that groups had both social and therapeutic benefits for participants. The study's authors wrote: "Reading a literary text together not only harnesses the power of reading as a cognitive process; it acts as a powerful socially coalescing presence, allowing readers a sense of subjective and shared experience at the same time."

# **BRAVE THE** WEIRDNESS OF READING TO ANOTHER ADULT AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED BY THE JOY OF IT.

WE ARE NOT THE ONLY species that benefits from this kind of oral medicine. Dogs do, too, which is why, since 2014, volunteers at the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have read to the animals under the group's care.

"Ten or 15 years ago, I was essentially the only person who worked with the neglect and abuse cases," says Victoria Wells, the organization's senior manager for behaviour and training. "I used to sit with them, in front of their kennels, and play guitar and sing. I noticed that the dogs who were very fearful, shivering and cowering in the back of their kennels, would slowly creep forwards."

The dogs' response to music led to the idea of reading aloud. It was a practical means of allowing a larger number of volunteers to minister to recovering animals. Some volunteers keep the animals apprised of current events by reading the newspaper, some choose children's books and others prefer adult fiction. On the day I stopped by, a retired opera singer was reading the sci-fi thriller Logan's Run to half a dozen dogs.

"The fact that it's not threatening but is attention all the same is what's most beneficial," says Wells. "I think it's that soothing, even tone of voice and the presence of somebody to keep them company that benefits them."

READERS GET REWARDS, too. For Neil Bush, the late-life hospitalizations of his famous parents, George H. W. and Barbara Bush, became opportunities to repay a debt of gratitude. "When I was a kid, [my mother] would read to me and my siblings," he told a reporter in the spring of 2018, shortly before his parents' deaths. With his mother and father in and out of care, he said, "We've been reading books about Dad's foreign policy and, most recently, Mom's memoir."

Reading to a spouse, sibling or

parent might seem a little peculiar. Right before Linda Kahn started to read to her father, she was tempted to put the book down. It felt odd to presume to read to a man who, for her entire life, had always been strong and independent. She didn't want him to feel patronized. Her fear was misplaced; they both ended up loving the experience. Like so many others who brave the momentary weirdness of reading to another adult, they were, to borrow a phrase from Wordsworth, surprised by the joy of it.

Who wouldn't want that? One night years ago, a friend of mine wandered into his family's living room after supper and picked up a copy of Michael Shaara's Civil War novel The Killer Angels. Without thinking much about it, he started to read the preface out loud. Immediately, he was joined by his eldest son, who was about 12 at the time. A moment later, his wife came in, followed by the couple's two young daughters, who at six and eight were not perhaps the target audience for an introduction to Robert E. Lee and Ioshua Chamberlain but wanted to be part of a family moment.

Within a few minutes, everyone seemed so comfy and engaged that my friend kept reading. It went on for an hour. He picked up the book again after dinner the next night, and the next, until he had finished it.

EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK THE ENCHANTED HOUR BY MEGHAN COX GURDON, COPYRIGHT © 2019 BY MEGHAN COX GURDON. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS.

# Touch is actually good for us









s a result of COVID-19 precautions, many of us are part of this **\(\)**secondary epidemic: people who really need a hug. Fifty-four per cent of the 40,000 people who participated in the BBC's Touch Test, a survey conducted in 112 countries, said they didn't get enough physical interaction: an arm around the shoulder, a sympathetic touch or a long snuggle. And that was before the pandemic set in.

By April 2020, as COVID-related lockdowns were taking effect, that number increased to 60 per cent, according to a study published in

the Medical Research Archives of the European Society of Medicine. It was true regardless of whether a person lived alone or with others. Healthcare professionals have given a name to this condition that is affecting so much of society: touch starvation.

"We are born as cuddlers, and we never really outgrow it," says James Cordova, a psychology professor and clinical psychologist at Clark University near Boston. Cuddling can be foot rubs, back rubs, hand-holding, laying your head on someone's chest, sitting on a lap or side by side on the

couch with legs touching, spooning or other types of loving touches—including hugs. It's not for everyone, of course. Some people feel uncomfortable when others touch them, though nearly 90 per cent of participants in the Touch Test reported liking physical affection from their partners, and 79 per cent said they liked it when a friend touched them. That instinct to seek out human touch is more powerful than most of us realize.

And as it turns out, it's good for our physical health. "Cuddling increases levels of oxytocin, the bonding hormone, and decreases levels of cortisol, the stress hormone," says Dr Lina Velikova, an immunologist and assistant professor at Sofia University in Bulgaria. Those same hormones can affect your cardiovascular system, your sleep, and even your mental health.

Adds Cordova: "Cuddling activates our para-sympathetic nervous system, bringing feelings of calm and ease while settling feelings of anxiety and sadness." Blood pressure is often linked to stress, so anything that reduces stress can help bring it down. In addition, oxytocin has a protective effect on the heart.

The human touch can help keep you from getting a cold: People who got regular hugs were less likely to get sick when exposed to a cold virus than people who didn't get physical affection, according to research published in *Psychological Science*.

And touch can even reduce physical pain. A study published in 2018 in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* found that the act of reaching for a loved one's hand for comfort can diminish pain, especially if the person you are touching is someone you feel close to. "Even minor physical contact can be beneficial to you both," Romanoff says.

# TOUCH INCREASES LEVELS OF OXYTOCIN, THE BONDING HORMONE, AND LOWERS CORTISOL, THE STRESS HORMONE.

Hugging can help you sleep better. More than 60 per cent of those who responded to the Touch Test survey said a hug from a partner before sleep had a positive effect on their night, thanks to the oxytocin it triggers, Velikova says. It also aids digestion, making for a more restful sleep.

Beyond focusing solely on your partner, close friends, children, or grandchildren—children are, of course, natural cuddlers—you can look beyond humans. Pets are good snugglers. There's a reason why therapy animals exist: petting and loving animals help you feel better. Says Cordova: "I honestly think cuddling should be among the most basic prescriptions for human flourishing."

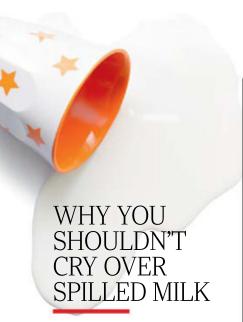


# FREQUENT INTERNET USE: NOT ALWAYS BAD

Spending chunks of your day on the Internet can be helpful or detrimental for your mental health, depending upon what you do there. A 2020 Canadian review linked social media use to mental distress among teens, in part because it can bring on a feeling that others look or live better than you do. On the other hand, in a 2021 British study, seniors who went online at least once a day during the pandemic lockdown tended to feel less depressed compared to those who accessed the Internet only once a week or less. The benefits include communicating with family and friends, finding inspiration for fun offline activities and enjoying a quick, feel-good distraction on a rough day. (Cat video, anyone?)

# Waist Size Is a Useful Heart-Health Metric

Since the 1970s, body mass index (BMI) has been widely used to estimate health risks related to excess body fat. However, many commentators argue that we've been overlooking its limitations. A group of worldwide experts released a statement in early 2020 suggesting that doctors should also measure patients' waists, since BMI alone isn't always a good indicator of cardiovascular risk. An athletic, muscular person could have a high BMI and a healthy heart. Conversely, many people lose muscle with age, which could lower their BMI despite high bodyfat levels. So while BMI can be useful, adding waist circumference to the picture clarifies your risk profile. Fortunately, waist size tends to go down with exercise and a healthy diet—even if your weight doesn't.



Scientists have proved that you're better off not sweating the small stuff. To simulate the emotional effects of daily setbacks-missing a bus, say, or knocking over your coffee researchers showed people unpleasant images. Brain scans revealed that some participants' negative reactions lasted longer in a region called the amygdala than those of others. The subjects whose brain activity went back to normal more quickly were more likely to report that they were frequently in a good mood. These same people also rated their psychological wellbeing more highly seven years later.

# A New Treatment for Arthritic Knee Pain

A knee replacement can help greatly with severe osteoarthritis, but not everyone is willing or able to undergo major surgery. There's now another option known as genicular artery embolization. For this procedure, a specialist cuts a pinhole in the patient's thigh and uses a thin tube to insert particles that diminish abnormal blood flow to the knee, thus reducing inflammation. The procedure takes one to two hours and requires neither general anaesthesia nor an overnight hospital stay. Most patients see at least a 50 per cent drop in pain for 12 months or more.



# Pandemic Handwashing Still Matters

COVID-19 inspired people to wash their hands frequently with soap to reduce the risk of transmitting the virus—at least at first. Staff at a Chicago hospital reported washing their hands on 75.5 per cent of the required occasions (for example, before entering a patient's room) at the height of the pandemic's first wave in April 2020. By August of the same year, they were back to their pre-pandemic compliance levels of around 55 per cent. Outside of hospitals, it's likely that the rest of us are sliding back into subpar habits as well. Even as COVID cases subside, there are still reasons to maintain high handwashing standards. These include preventing the spread of the common cold, diarrhoea, and especially the flu, which remains a major cause of death. R



# OO FUMOS



#We'reNotKidding

EDITED BY Andy Simmons Additions by Naorem Anuja



appy birthday, Twitter!
The social networking app turned 15 this year, and thank goodness it isn't older. Imagine if Ben Franklin had had a Twitter account. America's funniest founding father would have spent his waking hours tweeting witty gibes against the king of England instead of helping Thomas Jefferson with his grammar. The United States might still belong to England.

Of course, Rodney Dangerfield would have had his unique brand of humour amplified in 280 characters, too, as would Dorothy Parker, Moms Mabley and George Carlin. Prior to 2006, the preferred humour networking platform was a vaudeville stage, a Catskill nightclub, or the *Late Show with David Letterman*. Today, the only stage required is a cell phone. Anyone can do it, but only the best appear here. See if you agree.

# The Desi Way

Does every Indian fridge have a half-cut lemon in the door compartment?

**☑ @RUBBERNECKIN** 

If you are good at something, the Indian parent will ask you to prepare for an engineering entrance exam.

**∅ ⊘ Ø OINKOO** 

19-year-old neighbour keeps bragging about how much she loves 'really old' Bollywood films of the 80s. Wants it as her birthday theme. I just convinced her father to surprise announce her engagement with his business partner's son right after she cuts the cake.

**☑**@SONALKALRA

Third wheeling a really toxic couple is so hard. So anyway, I'm out with my parents.

**У**@EFFEMMELLL

# **Anger Mismanagement**

To the guy who stole my antidepressants, I hope you're happy now.

**У**@EDDYELFENBEIN

Sick of having to go to two different huts to buy pizza and sunglasses.

**У**@LEEMANISH

Honestly, Officer, I wouldn't have pulled over had I known you were just going to criticize me.

@BRIDGER\_W

# Awk-ward!

I was once thanked by a grieving family member for coming to a funeral. I responded, "No, thank you."

**ÿ**@JAMIECLAIRITY

Just tried a coat on in T. J. Maxx. It was the coat of a customer trying on another coat.

**ÿ**@LITTLECHIEF1982

Crabs always look like they're walking

themselves out of an awkward situation.

**☑**@GREENISHDUCK

# **Animal King-dumb**

I'm not sure what's more confusing, that we would celebrate killing two birds or that we would need to conserve stones.

**☑** @RCKRUSEKONTROL

"Eat her already!" —Animal watching people kissing

**У**@ҮОҮОНА

"Um." —First horse that got ridden

■@RORYNOTROY

# I Drink, Therefore I Am

This may be the wine talking, but I really really really really love wine.

**梦@ROBINMCCAULEY** 

It's a 10-minute walk from my house to the pub. Weirdly, it's a two-hour walk from the pub to my house.

**У**@FUNNYHUMOUR

Growing up, my mom would often say, "If you kids didn't cost so much, I could drink wine that comes out of a bottle."

**У**@EARTH'SOPINIONS

# Life's a Competition

If I was stuck on a desert island with only one record, I would want it to be the record for being able to swim the farthest.

**У**@GUYENDOREKAISER ———

What do you mean I didn't win? I ate more

wet T-shirts than anyone else.

**У**@PEACHCOFFIN

If I ever say the words "my fantasy football team," just know it is code for "I've been kidnapped please help me."

**У**@LAURABENANTI

# **Crisis Centres**

Drama: a word boring people use to describe fun people.

**У**@JENNYANDTEETS

Every class is drama class when you're in high school.

**У**@TIMOTHYBIRD186

### It's a Date

What my girlfriend thought, first four dates:

- 1. Nice shirt.
- **2.** Wow. A second nice shirt.
- **3.** OK, first shirt again.
- 4. He has two shirts.
- **У**@RISTOLABLE

Told my boyfriend I was going to start my period, and he said, "Again??" It's like, you know what, you're right. I'm canceling my subscription.

**>@**CULTMOTHER

Done with dating sites. I'm now focusing on pizza delivery guys because at least I

know they have a job, a car and pizza.

**У**@LINDAINDISGUISE

# Till Death Do Us Part

I don't want to die doing something I love. I want to die doing something I hate. That way I don't have to finish it.

**У**@BADBANANA

Decided that the one phrase I do not want in my obituary is "died before his Botox doctor could revive him."

**У**@CONANOBRIEN

My parrot died today. Its last words were "Darn, I think my parrot is about to die."

**ÿ**@SAMGRITTNER

# **Weight Watchers**

Do people who run know that we're not food anymore?

**y**@IAMENIDCOLESLAW

Honestly, my biggest fear about becoming a zombie is all the walking.

**У**@GASHLEYMADISON





10:38 AM 13 Jan 2021

@maevexob

# My dating profile:



1:14 PM 10 Apr 2021

**У@**THEAMAZINGBECK

The serving size for pizza is 'until you hate yourself'.

**У**@SAMIR

# **Fashion Police**

Eleanor Roosevelt once said to "do one thing every day that scares you." Today, I'm going jean shopping.

**У**@JAKE\_40K

Every neck tattoo should read "I'm not

getting the job, am I?"

**ÿ**@BAZECRAZE

I bet when the first guy wore glasses everybody was like "Oh la-di-da, excuse me Mr I Need TWO Monocles."

**У**@ROBFREE

Haircuts are great because I did none of the work but get all of the credit.

**y**@LUDWIG

# We're Just Friends

"I don't want a whole dessert; let's just get two spoons." —Former friends of mine

**У**@ANNAKENDRICK47

Liking the same stuff is one thing. But hating the same things? True friendship.

**У**@THISISJENDOLL

I've invented
Twofacebook, the
antisocial network.
You start being friends
with the entire world
and defriend people
one by one.

**У**@ANDYBOROWITZ

# **Insults**

The most cutting thing you can say is "Who's this clown?" because it implies they're a) a clown and b) not even one of the better-known clowns.

**y**@SKULLMANDIBLE ————

Probably the worst thing you can hear when you're wearing a bikini is "Good for you!"

**У**@ELIZABAYNE

# So Childish

Sometimes I want kids just so I can eat fish sticks for dinner.

**梦**@THATSUSANBURKE

My five-year-old hasn't said a word in the car after I convinced him that the volume control on our stereo ejects his car seat.

**У**@BRIANHOPECOMEDY

I like having conversations with kids. Grown-ups never ask me what my thirdfavourite reptile is.

**У**@SIMONCHOLLAND

My five-year-old after I explained the concept of breastfeeding: "Can you squeeze Capri Suns outta those things or just milk?"

**♥ ®TRAGICALLYHERE** 

Sometimes at night, after my son has gone to bed, I go into my room and finish all my sentences.

**☑ @PAULAPOUNDSTONE** 



# **Idiot or Savant?**

What should we call this giant advertising board? **Phil:** A philboard.

Bill: I have a better idea.

**У**@INTERNETHIPPO

One of life's great pleasures is to watch two idiots agree on something and then hear one of them say "Great minds think alike."

**У**@REALSUDONIM

When someone tells me "Great question," I never hear their answer because I'm busy congratulating myself for asking such a great question.

**У**@DAMIENFAHEY

# Parents—We All Have 'Em

Great news: I got a 100 on my son's geometry test.

**У@**RODLACROIX

My mom said, "You know what I need? A selfie stick. So whenever I see someone taking a selfie, I can hit them with the stick."

**У**@MANIKIVANAS

My grandpa covertly followed my mother to the grocery store, walked behind her until she put pickles in the cart, and screamed, "We've got pickles at home!"

**У**@BANANAPEELE

Pretty much the most frightening part of my day is when I get a notification that my mother has tagged me in a post on Facebook.

**ゞ**@CULTUREDRUFFIAN

Me: Mom, if you could have any power, what would you want?
Mom: Sleep through

the night without getting up to pee.

**У**@PIZZAANDMUFFINS

# **Going Mental**

One of my favourite games to play is "Is my headache from dehydration, caffeine withdrawal, lack of proper nutrition, my ponytail, stress, lack of sleep, not wearing my glasses or brain tumour?"

**У**@PMILBS\_

If you're thinking what I'm thinking, here's my therapist's number.

**У**@TOPAZ\_KELL

SHIPWRECK DIARY **Day 1:** Alone, doing

well. Mentally sound. Met a crab.

**Day 2:** I have married the crab.

**Day 3:** I have eaten my wife.

**У@**MURRMAN5

# Updated Classics for Millennials

Jane EyreBNB

**У**@DANIELPAISNER

Tess of the d'Uberdrivers

**У@**MILESTOGO13

Alexa, Tell Me About Two Cities

**✓ @STOPEATINGBEES** 

Charlotte's Webcam

**У**@DASKRAMBLEDEGG

Tinder Is the Night

**У@**PAUL\_LANDER

### **LOLita**

**У**@IM\_SRISHABH21

-HuffPost.com

# It's Reigning Cats and Dogs

Just heard a guy at the dog park tell his dog "NO!" and then more quietly, "We talked about this!"

**У**@NICCAGEMATCH

WHEN CATS ARE SAD Bartender: What'll

ya have?

Cat: Shot of rum.
[Bartender pours it]
[Cat slowly pushes it off the bar]

Cat: Another.

**У**@PHILJAMESSON

**"**!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

—Dogs on the Fourth of July

**У**@KYLE\_LIPPERT

# Oh, the Shame

"Don't worry, I'll hold your stuff. You just worry about making friends." —Cargo shorts

**У**@DEARANYONE

# All I see is hummus.



**V**@SOPHIAARMEN

9:42 AM 19 Oct 2019



# **Quip or Tweet?**

Think you know the golden age of comedy? Prove it! Guess which of the following one-liners come from comic legends and which are from the Twitterverse.

- 1. The worst part about being a giraffe is having a lot of time to think about your mistakes when you're sinking into quicksand.
- 2. I drink too much. The last time I gave a urine sample, it had an olive in it.
- 3. Why didn't Han Solo enjoy his steak dinner? *It was Chewie.*

- 4. Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing.
- **5.** My granddaughter wanted a Cinderellathemed party, so I invited all her friends over and made them clean my house.
- **6.** Our scariest president was probably Rushmore, because he had four heads.

- 7. I was going to have cosmetic surgery until I noticed that the doctor's office was full of portraits by Picasso.
- **8.** Russian dolls are so full of themselves.
- 9. Normal person:

9 + 7 = 16.

**Me:** If 10 + 7 is 17 and 9 is one less than 10 then 9 + 7 must be 16.

10. Think of how stupid the average person is and realize half of them are stupider than that.

10. George Carlin

<mark>}. ∑</mark>@louvregguk

8. 💆 @ Moose Allain

7. Rita Rudner

ms:msanseganam:am

2. 💆 @ greenmonk

xxo4 bedd

3. 💆 @ movingsideways

2. Rodney Dangerfield

γiggibllor@♥.↑

Answers

You'll never be as lazy as whoever named the fireplace.

Hi, Grandma? Can you come pick me up from my rap battle? It's over. No, I lost. He saw you drop me off and did a pretty devastating rhyme about it.

**У**@СН000СН



# **Uncivil Marriage**

When my wife gets a little upset, sometimes a simple "Calm down" in a soothing voice is all it takes to get her a lot upset.

**☑ ②THENARDVARK** 

Before marrying someone, listen long and hard to the sounds of their chewing, because that's the soundtrack to the rest of your life.

**y**@LIZERREA

You know that guy who looks like that other guy in that show we used to like? He died.

- How my wife and I communicate
- **У**@WILLIAMADER

# Spies like Us

We can neither confirm nor deny that this is our first tweet.

**У**@CIA

# Wordsmiths

Just found the worst page in the entire dictionary. What I saw was disgraceful, disgusting, dishonest and disingenuous.

**У**@SIXTHFORMPOET

Autocorrect walks into a bar. Bartender says, "What can I get you?" Autocorrect says, "I'll have a bear. A bare. Bier. Briar. Never mind."

**梦**@SWEEN

"WНОМ WНОМ WНОМ."

- —Owl that never gets invited to parties
- **У**@APARNAPKIN

# In the Name of ...

My daughter doesn't know the word 'braces' so she calls them "tiny jails for your teeth."

**ULHLODDER** 

What do you think Kid Rock and Chris Rock talk about at family reunions?

**У**@JIMGAFFIGAN

'Pickup artists' and 'garbagemen' should switch names.

**У**@CEEJOYNER

What idiot called it a 'flyswatter' and not a 'splatula'?

**У@**MIKECANRANT

Who called it your foot 'falling asleep' and not 'coma toes'?

**У**@CHUUEW

# It Happens Every Time

Every time a sexy woman jumps out of a giant cake, there is at least one guy who is bummed about the cake being ruined.

**y**@jonahhill

Every time I almost think humanity will be OK, I see someone struggle with the self-checkout for 20 minutes.

**ÿ**@CAPRICECRANE

# **Food for Thought**

I wanted to go out tonight, but the avocado I bought this week will finally be ripe enough to eat between 8 p.m. and 8:15 p.m., so I can't.

**■ @TANISHALOVE** 

Fortune Cookie: YOU JUST BROKE MY HOUSE IN HALF AND NOW YOU'RE READING MY JOURNAL.

**У**@BEARDSPICE

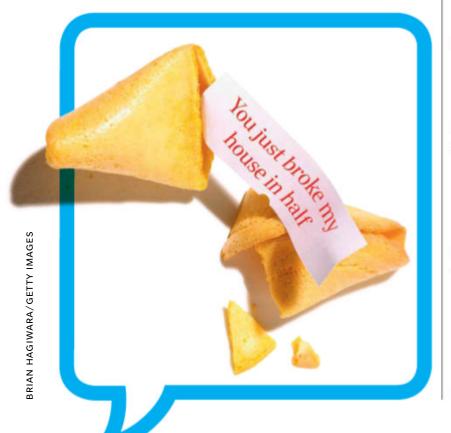
The best way to prepare cauliflower is by throwing it in the trash while ordering a delicious pizza.

**У**@NICKYOUSSEF

Hold ... Hold ... CHARGE!!!!!

—Ice at the bottom of a glass

**У**@ZAMYERS



# **Self-Awareness**

"It was a good thing I was born a girl, otherwise I'd be a drag queen."

**У**@DOLLYPARTON

Just bought a book on narcissism. It's great. It's all about me.

**■ @ MARCMARON** 

Mom, Dad, I'm a gatherer. —Caveman coming out to his parents

**У**@ARISTOTLESNZ

# **Weird Science**

How do they get the hurricanes to arrive in alphabetical order?

**☑ @ KENJENNINGS** 

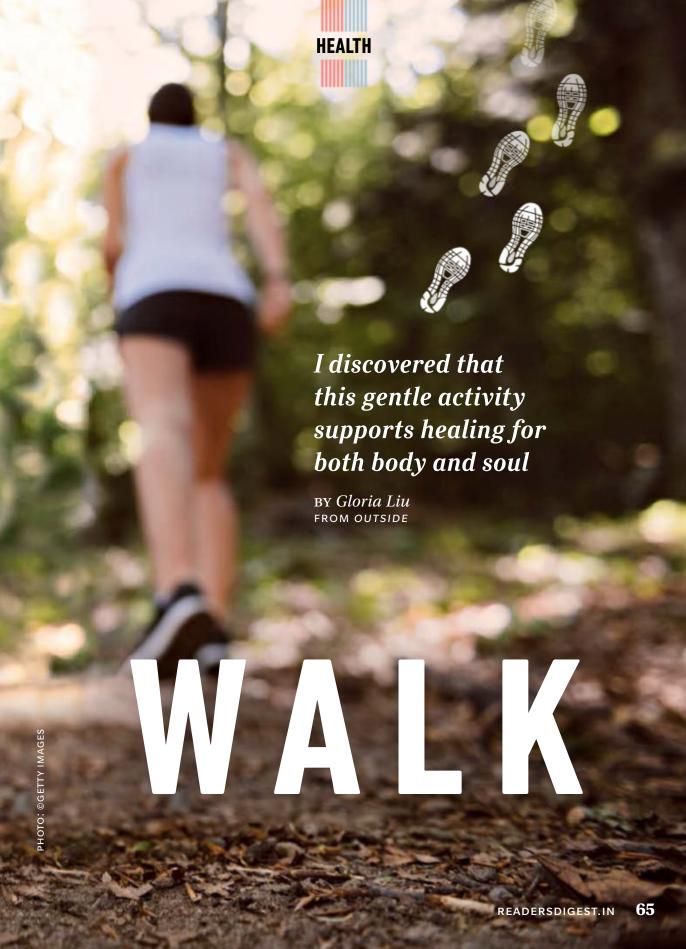
T NOW! What do we want? MORE TIME-TRAVEL JOKES! When do we want them? RIGH

**У**@JOHNFREILER

In a thousand years, archeologists will dig up tanning beds and think we fried people as punishment.

**У**@OLIVIAWILDE **ℝ** 





Until recently, the idea of going for a walk for fun never crossed my mind. I preferred mountain biking or skiing. But in July 2019, my fiancé, Andrew, 34, was hit by a van while riding his bike. He survived—just barely—but his left leg was paralyzed.

He came home from the hospital in October. Wearing a rigid, full-leg orthotic brace and wielding forearm crutches, Andrew ventured out in our neighbourhood in Boulder, Colorado. Initially, going up and down the block exhausted him. But by February, he was able to unlock the knee joint of his brace and stabilize his leg on his own. By mid-March, we were walking up to 90 minutes at a time.



Gloria Liu with her fiancé Andrew in hospital after his accident.

When COVID-19 came to Colorado, the ski resorts, breweries and many other vestiges of normalcy began shutting down. Suddenly the streets were filled with people who were also just ... walking around. Couples sauntered. Families with young children trooped the sidewalks. I started walking on my own, too.

Each evening, I'd get on a local trail. I drew deep breaths of the damp, piney air, and gaped at the panoramic views of the Flatirons [rock formations] jutting up over the horizon. The walks seemed to loosen my thoughts, bestowing clarity and inspiring ideas that I jotted down trailside in my phone.

But as much as I enjoyed my new walking habit, I was conflicted about it. Walking with Andrew was a wonderful way to spend time together. But when I wasn't with him, well—I was an athletic, fit 36-year-old. Shouldn't I be doing something more vigorous?

Billed for so long as a gentle, slowspeed form of exercise for older people, or for those looking to lose a little weight, walking had lost its appeal to much of the younger, outdoorsier set. But maybe all this stemmed from a fundamental misunderstanding of why we walk at all.

The history of walking as a means of liberating the mind spans cultures and centuries. Great thinkers from Nietzsche to Kant to Thoreau to early-feminist philosopher Simone de Beauvoir had walking practices. The hajj, the Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca, often involves walking several kilometres per day. Thru-hikers traverse entire continents in search of challenge, adventure and self-knowledge.

"There is a lot of research on creativity while walking," says Jennifer Udler, a therapist in Potomac, Maryland, who practises 'walk and talk' therapy with her clients. "Our dopamine, our serotonin, all the feel-good chemicals, are being released when we walk. And that's not just mood. It's creativity, it's de-stressing, it's lowering cortisol—there's a lot of chemistry involved in this."

A 2014 study at Stanford University, for example, asked participants to come up with novel uses for common items like a tyre or a button. Researchers found that the number of creative ideas generated increased by roughly 60 per cent while participants



Andrew on a walking trail in Sedona, Arizona, nearly six months after the near-fatal traffic accident.

were walking, compared to when they were sitting.

Udler points to a growing body of research examining the therapeutic benefits of simply being in nature. One 2018 study found that walking outdoors reduces cortisol and improves your mood more than, say, exercising on a treadmill. "I have to say, it takes away half my job," Udler says, laughing. "Because people are just naturally feeling better."

The best reason to walk, though, is because we can. I began to be impressed with the biomechanics of walking well before Andrew's crash, when I was reporting a story about professional mountain biker Paul

Basagoitia, who had sustained a spinal-cord injury that left him paralyzed below the waist. A year after his injury, Paul regained the use of his quads and hamstrings, and he could ride a bike. But because his glutes and calves still don't work properly, he uses a cane to get around day to day. "Believe it or not, it's a lot easier to pedal a bike than it is to walk," he told me.

As a mountain biker myself, I marvelled at the idea that this placid activ-

# I WANT TO NOTICE THE THINGS I NEVER SAW WHEN I WAS RUSHING.



ity was in some way more demanding than the sport I spent 10 to 12 hours a week training for.

Then Andrew's crash happened. When he began taking his first steps in the rehab hospital with his leg brace and a walker, the effort of hoisting his left leg forward made him grimace. I suddenly understood that I performed miraculous feats countless times a day: shuffling sleepily out of my bedroom each morning, navigating a parking lot, striding down the street.

Here's what it takes for you to take a single step, according to Dr Jessica Rose, director of the Motion and Gait Analysis Laboratory at Stanford University's children's hospital: as you step forward, just before your foot makes contact with the ground, the glutes, hamstrings, and quads activate to stabilize the hip and knee. As your foot touches down, your weight shifts to that limb, the 'stance limb'. The stance-limb calf muscle activates to stabilize the ankle and knee, controlling the forward progression of your center of gravity over your foot. As weight shifts to your forefoot, it allows your heel to rise, initiating the 'swing phase' of walking.

At this point, you need to bend your hip and knee quickly to lift your foot off the ground. Your other leg is your new stance limb. Now the hip flexors and ankle dorsiflexors get involved to swing your leg through swiftly. At the end of the swing, your hamstring controls the speed of your knee extension. Your foot then makes contact with the ground, beginning the cycle again.

None of this, by the way, even gets into the upper-body biomechanics of a normal gait: opposing arm swing, balance and proprioception, which allows you to place your foot on the ground without looking at it.

We take this mind-boggling sequence for granted. But anyone who's nursed even a minor injury like an ankle sprain becomes acutely aware of what you lose when just one link in the chain is broken.

That Christmas, Andrew and I went to Sedona, Arizona. Even the easiest trails had obstacles. As I watched Andrew use his crutches to hoist himself up stairstep boulders and totter precariously over mellow creek crossings, I became acutely aware of the flexing, tensing and balancing happening in my own body to move over this uneven terrain.

We pushed Andrew's limits so much that the rivets popped out of his leg brace, requiring two visits to the local orthotist to get it repaired. But we felt grateful. None of the trails we did, none of the spectacular scenery or the soul-soothing solitude, would have been accessible in a wheelchair.

A month after Colorado went into lockdown, I started feeling motivated for bike rides again, rebuilding my muscles and lungs after a long winter. My solo walks got more sporadic.

But I still walked with Andrew on weekends up forested dirt roads. We talked—my worries about work, his dreams about the future, our conflicts with loved ones. We ran into friends, and even made new ones.

One evening, after a late-spring snowstorm, I went for a trail run. A couple miles in, my run slowed to a walk. Birds trilled. Water trickled—the snow melting. My gaze, no longer fixed to the ground, took in the towering ponderosas along the trail. After a day spent at my computer, they looked

achingly real. I felt myself becoming real again, too, reinhabiting my body.

I knew then that walking isn't just exercise to me. As a society, we treat exercise as an antidote to our sedentary lives. We dose it like medicine: apply exercise once daily. But what if walking was simply a way to spend more of our lives in motion? This year, I've taken phone calls with faraway friends on walks, used walks to break through writing blocks and rehearse for difficult conversations. I wasn't just exercising. My life was happening.

If walking is something most of us only learn to do as we get older, then I welcome this early wisdom. I want to notice the things I never saw when I was rushing. I want to take time to consider which way I'm going.

That day, I left the trail to crunch through the snow's brittle upper crust, feeling the muscles in my body tense and snap and release, nerves firing in a thousand unconscious places. I passed between the trees, nimble and free. It felt good to move as I was designed to do. The body got a little light exercise. The soul got much more.

OUTSIDE (JUNE 2020), COPYRIGHT © 2020 BY OUTSIDE INTEGRATED MEDIA, LLC



### Car Talk

Told my dad about a rough patch I went through mentally and he asked in a concerned voice whether I'd still managed to take my car in for routine maintenance.

@MUSCLESKOALS



"I've got about 20 pages of questionable Internet comments here."



Outside the ladies' and men's rooms of a Texas steak house, I found a confused and anxious young woman who sighed with relief when she saw me.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here," she said. "I was afraid to enter. I didn't know if I was a steer or a heifer."

—CHRISTINE LOONEY

During the month of October, our local barbershop offers a discount for children if they come in wearing a Halloween costume. I suggested to my five-year-old that he go dressed in his Spider-Man outfit.

"Oh, I could never do that," he said. "Then everyone would know that I'm Spider-Man." —MARILYN BRADFIELD

My husband surprised me with a night out to celebrate the anniversary of our first date. I was reminded of the man I fell in love with.

# I say "I have money tied up in investments" to describe returns I haven't sent back yet.

—**y**@LUCYJ\_FORD

We arrived at the theatre and learnt the movie was playing at a different location a full hour earlier. I was reminded of the man I married.

—**y**@GOODSHEWRITES

#### Me, in my teens:

This radio station is playing my jams.

#### Me, in my 20s:

This bar is playing my jams.

#### Me, in my 30s:

This grocery store is playing my jams.

—**y**@MOMMAJESSIEC

I'm not a good cook. There, I admit it. But when my stepson came to live with us,

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our humour sections. Post it to the editorial address, or email: editor.india@rd.com I really put my best culinary foot forward.

One evening, he made me feel so good about the meal I'd prepared when he asked his father to

pass the gravy.

Lifting the ladle, my husband asked, "One lump or two?" —BARBARA MARSHALL

My mom used to think LGBT was Internet slang for 'Let's get breakfast together'.

—**У**@THOT\_PIECE

# WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

◆I collect malapropisms.
Some good ones: 'Sitting back on one's hinges',
'Bull in a china closet', 'Nip it in the butt'. My favourite came in response to a first-aid questionnaire handed out by my women's group. To the question

"If someone
was choking,
what would you
do?" one person
wrote, "I would perform
the Hamlet Manoeuver."

—VIRGINIA COOK

◆Harry Potter is on and my dad thinks Voldemort's name is Baltimore.

—¥@dubstep4dads

◆Yes, I may have misheard you, but this does not mean

I don't want a night cat any less.

> —**y**@Royal\_ Stein

My boyfriend worked in a posh hotel, and at breakfast someone asked, "Is this crème fraîche?" He replied, "Yeah, we don't serve eout-of-date food."

—¥@lilyannatrnr



India's para-athletes made history in Tokyo, but the story of how they got there is a true lesson in grit

> By Shail Desai ILLUSTRATION BY Siddhant Iumde

irst, let the numbers sink in: India picked up five gold medals at the Paralympic Games in Tokyo this year. That's more gold than ever won in the last 11 editions of the quadrennial event in which India participated. This year's contingent featured 54 athletes. At Rio de Janeiro in 2016, there were only 19. And the previous

best of four medals was bettered to 19 this time around—that number is also seven more than what India picked up since its first participation at the Paralympics in 1968.

It has, predictably, taken a medal haul to brings India's para-athletes into the spotlight, but until even a few months ago, they were an invisible force, training in various arenas



across the country, just as hard as their able-bodied counterparts.

For most of them, it's been a story of perseverance—embarking on a journey of discovery that would test the limits of their abilities. But what they didn't realize was an obvious truth—they became champions on the day they first stepped out on a sporting field.

#### SYSTEMS OF SUPPORT

There's a common notion that runs in the world of sports—'start 'em young'. Most world champions, we hear, picked up a racket or kicked a ball at about the same time they took their first wobbly steps. For para-athletes, though, this story is often different. Sharad Kumar, for instance, might well have won bronze in the high jump T42 category event, but the sport wasn't the first, natural choice for him.

With crime syndicates making life perilous in Bihar's Motipur, Kumar's father, Surender, bundled him and his brother, Shallaz, off to St. Paul's, a boarding school in Darjeeling, at a young age. After being administered a spurious polio drug at the age of two, Kumar's left leg was left paralyzed and Shallaz had looked out for him since.

In Darjeeling, Kumar was exposed to nearly all sports and he played them all, but when it came to high jump, his only job was to set the bar for the other boys. "I would play everything, go on long hikes, even walk the entire



Para-high-jumper Sharad Kumar, 29, won the bronze in the 2021 Paralympics.

marathon route, but the high jump was out of bounds. The other boys worried. I couldn't afford to injure the one good leg that I have," Kumar recalls.

One afternoon when his friends were away at lunch, Kumar pulled off a graceful Fosbury Flop all by himself. He ran to his brother, announcing his exploits. The following day, Kumar started training under Shallaz's watchful eye, oblivious to others' concerns. "You know how it is at boarding school-if you're good at something, everyone respects you. I was never made to feel I was different."

Like Kumar, archer Harvinder Singh's left leg was impaired when he was only one. An injection that a doctor gave him for dengue had an irreversible, adverse effect. The bronze he won in Tokyo was the first archery event India had won at the Paralympics.

Singh remembers being an ace swing bowler, a handy wicketkeeper and a regular at the volleyball ground in Haryana's Ajitnagar: "The atmosphere was such that I was always treated as an equal in my village. There was no sport I couldn't be part of."

Not everyone, though, was lucky enough to have such acceptance or access to sports. Though he'd lost

Harvinder Singh's 2021 bronze was India's first ever archery medal in the Paralympics.

strength in his right leg as a result of improper medication, shuttler Manoj Sarkar hadn't lost his will to play or his ambition to succeed. He remembers hounding his mother, Jamuna, for a badminton racket: "It was smaller than the normal size and cost just ₹10. But for my mother, who earned a living rolling *bidis*, it was no small amount. She borrowed money when I had to go to my first international tournament."

Sarkar says that none of what he has achieved—most recently a bronze medal in the badminton SL3 category at the Tokyo Paralympics would have been possible without his mother's love and support.

#### STRENGTH OF SPORT

For some para-athletes, sport isn't just a distraction from despair, it is also a solution, the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel. When rifle shooter Avani Lekhara—India's first female Paralympic gold medallist—was only 11, a car accident resulted in spinal injuries, paralyzing her from the waist down. "I used to love dancing. And just like that, I couldn't walk anymore. It was a nightmare to wake up in a wheelchair. Today, of course, I have made peace with the fact that everything happens for a reason."

Three years after the accident, Lekhara visited a sports facility in Jaipur where she first tried her hand at archery. But it was, finally, at the shooting range that she made an Since professional sport usually presents itself as an option only late, education often takes precedence for a lot of para-athletes. Always a bright student, Harvinder Singh grew up hoping to be an economics professor someday. It was during his time at Punjab University that he started to observe archers practising from a distance. Watching the sport on television during the 2012 London Olympics only intrigued him further. In no time, he started trying to balance both book and bow.

While most classmates would return to the hostel or head out to the movies, Singh would get dressed and set off for training. Rather than head home on the weekends, Singh now dedicated himself solely to his passion. At the start, Singh struggled to get used to the demands of archery, but under coach Jiwanjot Singh Teja, he adapted to a regimented training routine and grew the patience that the sport requires.

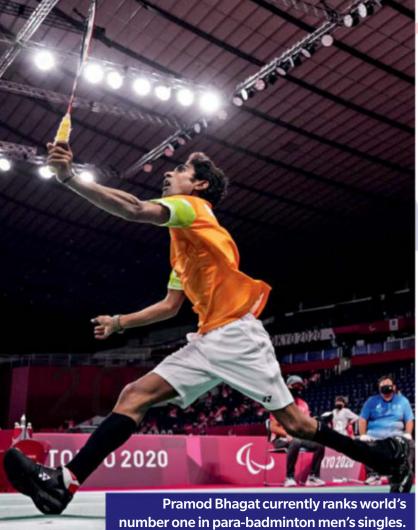
"I would never get exhausted mentally, since I was always eager to learn. Physically, though, it has been quite taxing. I had to work on building muscle to sustain long hours at training," Singh says.

Yogesh Kathuniya's life, too, has followed a similar trajectory. The discus throw silver medallist (F56 category) was seven when, suddenly, he had trouble walking or playing in

19-year-old shooter Avani Lekhara bagged two medals—a gold and a bronze.

a park next door. He thought it was a minor niggle, but in a few weeks, he was bound to a wheelchair after being diagnosed with Guillain-Barre syndrome, a rare neurological disorder. Stuck indoors, Kathuniya found solace in books. Wanting to become a chartered accountant, he began pursuing a BA in Commerce.

When a senior at Kirori Mal College told him about para-sports, Kathuniya



knew his burly physique would help in throwing events. But the early days were anything but easy. A few mocked him for the way he moved, while others bluntly told him he was never going to ace the sport. It only pushed him to train harder. He would sneak

"During my younger days, I realized human behaviour is uncontrollable and I started ignoring everything that bothered me. But it was still hard to accept my disability and it wasn't until I took to sports that my thought process changed," Kathuniya says. In

into Delhi's Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium

at night for a few extra throws.

the early years, he says, he struggled to find a coach with the knowhow required to help him transition from a standing to a sitting position. He'd also borrowed money from friends to train. "But it was though sports that I again found myself."

#### AGAINST ALL ODDS

Pramod Bhagat, who picked up badminton gold in the SL3 category, grew up routinely dispatching older boys on the badminton court in Odisha's Attabira, despite his polioafflicted left leg. It was only

later that learnt about para-competitions from his coach, S. P. Das. "I had no idea there was a separate category for those with disabilities, that people around the world were making a living off para-sports."

This lack of awareness isn't the only hurdle that many of today's para-athletes have needed to cross. Up until the Rio Paralympics in 2016, they didn't have the funding required to realize their dreams or their talent.

"A lot of the funding used to go to able-bodied athletes, but few realized that our expenses were as much as their's," says Kathuniya. "It was really hard to manage things. After Rio, there was a big craze for para-sport. Things got better once we were included as part of TOPS (Target Olympic Podium Scheme). Support also came from organizations like the Olympic Gold Quest and Go Sports Foundation. Once financial conditions began improving, more athletes started to get serious."

Added to monetary support, a partnership with dedicated coaches has helped para-athletes focus on their craft. In 2015, Harvinder Singh quit professional sport after he struggled with the compound archery discipline, but on the advice of coach Teja, he switched to the recurve event and picked the bow again. He then started training with Gauray Sharma in 2017 and the results began to follow. The following year, he brought home his first international medal, an Asian Para-Games gold from Jakarta.

When COVID-19 struck last year, Singh took to the fields to train. Avani Lekhara created a makeshift 10-metre shooting range in her house. Kathuniya, meanwhile, connected with Sumit Antil—who won javelin gold (F64 category) in Tokyo-and shifted base to the latter's home in Sonepat in Haryana.

"We share a great rapport and have been training together since 2018. With all Sports Authority of India (SAI) centres shut down during the pandemic, we made the most of a



ground near his home. It was great motivation to have him around while training," Kathuniya says. The duo shares a common coach in Naval Singh, who was away in New Delhi. They would record videos during training and send it back to Singh for analysis. "It was difficult but we knew the important thing was to keep our training going."

For Sharad Kumar, the challenges were different. He had a lot to prove after a doping scandal landed him a two-year ban in 2012. He

says he was wrongly penalized. With a point to prove to his detractors, he approached Ukrainian coach, Evgeny Nikitin, and shifted base to Kharkiv five years ago. However, the time spent away from home was not at all easy. "I had to deal with the language barrier, sub-zero temperatures and absolutely no entertainment—just train, eat, sleep and repeat. It was a tough time."

Nikitin expected Kumar to stick around for just a few months, but once he realized his charge was committed to the work, he backed him wholeheartedly. "His greatest contribution is that he has made me very disciplined and a thorough professional. Besides, I credit him for saving my body," says Kumar.

# THE CHAMPION'S LEAGUE

In Tokyo this year, each of these paraathletes stepped up to give their best—a record in multiple ways for India. Their feats of strength sparked raucous celebrations on their arrival back home. "I've since been gorging on *rasmalai* made by my mother," Kathuniya says, laughing. There are goals that have been marked out for the months ahead, but for now, a few of them have decided to embrace routine.

Lekhara is back to her law books, hoping she can be a judge someday. Singh, on the other hand, is realizing his dream of teaching by addressing kids at the many felicitations he's being asked to grace. The greatest satisfaction for Manoj Sarkar is to see the local stadium and his primary school in his native Uttarakhand town of Rudrapur named after him.

"A boy once asked me what it takes to win a medal at the Paralympics. I told him you need to love the sport so passionately, that it becomes your number one priority. I hope my wife does not get angry when she reads this," he says, tongue firmly in cheek.





# FLASH FLOOD

Within seconds, the car carrying four Dutch tourists was swept down the hillside by the raging waters

ву Simon Hemelryk



Marjon van Eijk was incredibly excited. The 57-year-old from Oss in the Netherlands had just landed on the Spanish island of Mallorca with her family for the dream wedding of her daughter Iris. She knew it was going to be very special.

The intimate ceremony with just 21 guests was happening the next day, 10 October 2018, at a stunning villa up in the hills near the picturesque town of Sant Llorenç des Cardassar, just under an hour's drive from the airport. "I can't wait for the barbecue tonight, never mind the wedding," Marjon told her mother, Bets.

Bets was a sharp, warm-hearted 84-year-old, but she wasn't in the best of health. A year earlier, she'd had to have emergency surgery on a perforated intestine and now wore a colostomy bag. Hip problems meant she had to walk with crutches. But she was thrilled to be attending her 24-year-old granddaughter Iris's wedding in such an amazing setting. The family had brought along a nurse, Marjon Theunissen, to help her.

The three women and Marjon van Eijk's husband, Pieterjan, walked out of the airport at around 6 p.m. and into a rental car. Iris and her fiancé, Coen, were waiting at the beautiful property up in the hills, thrilled at the prospect of sharing such a magical event with the ones they loved.

On the road to Sant Llorenç, the family gazed at Mallorca's rugged countryside, with its rolling, rocky slopes peppered by wispy grasses and low green trees. As they crossed the hilly landscape, the evening was drawing in and rain was falling heavily. But that didn't detract from the beauty of the island, off Spain's eastern coast. They chatted happily. Pieterjan, a quiet but funny, intelligent historian, kept them amused with witty observations from the driver's seat.

They had no inkling that the rainfall—more than 230 mm (nine inches) would fall that day—had already reached dangerous levels.

As they drove beyond the town of Sant Llorenç and up the winding road around 804 metres into the hills, the rain got harder and the sky grew darker. They were approaching a bridge over what was normally a small stream when, without warning, a wave of dirty, fast moving water washed over the top of it.

Within seconds, the torrent had lifted the little white car into the now raging river and sent it surging down the hillside.

It all happened so quickly that Marjon and her family were too shocked even to scream. As the car with a big heart, always determined to protect her family. Sitting in the backseat with her mother's nurse, she knew they all had to get out quickly before the waters rose too high in the car and they all drowned.

Forcing the back door open, she jumped into the flood. Bets' 52-year-old nurse followed. Marjon grabbed the front door handle and tried to open the door to reach Pieterjan and Bets sitting in the front seat, but the water pressure on the door was too much.

Suddenly the rising water, flowing in the churning torrent, flipped the

# MARJON KNEW THEY HAD TO GET OUT OF THE CAR BEFORE THEY ALL DROWNED.

lurched and spun through the water, its roof scraping the underside of a couple of bridges, they clutched the seats and doors in numb disbelief.

The flood carried the car back through Sant Llorenç, which was now engulfed by several metres of water. On and on the vehicle went, into scrubland a few hundred metres south of the town where, finally, it caught on a submerged object in the middle of the torrent.

Marjon, the mother of the bride, felt water swilling round her feet and looked down. Muddy brown flood water was pouring into the car and rising quickly. Although fairly small and bespectacled, she was a strong person

car on its roof, leaving Pieterjan and his mother-in-law hanging in their seat belts as water rose towards them. *This is the end,* he thought, terrified.

But then just as suddenly another rush of water flipped the car—still caught up—back the right way up. Braced against the current, Marjon got a grip on a back door handle and, using all her strength, was able to pull the door open. She hauled Pieterjan and Bets between the two front seats and out of the vehicle, coughing and spluttering. But the danger was far from over.

The four of them clung to the back of the car as the waters, now at chest height, rushed over them. They were



being battered by debris, including branches and pieces of metal. The sky was completely dark, illuminated only by occasional flashes of lighting, as the rain continued to pelt down. The flood waters were more than 73 metres across, with the Dutch tourists trapped almost in the middle.

Pieterjan screamed for help. I don't think anyone can even see us, let alone hear us, thought his wife. We don't have a chance.

GENTO GALMÉS STARED out of the window of his small summer home in disbelief. The tanned, dark-haired 57-year-old council administrator had just made a harrowing 1.5 km car journey from Sant Llorenç through rain so torrential that it was almost impossible to see. The narrow, usually empty stream a hundred metres or so away had overtopped and water was now flooding over the rocky ground towards his property.

He'd come to pick up his daughter, Margalida, 24, intending then to get back to his home in Sant Lorenç and find his wife, who worked as a

housekeeper in the town. But the flood waters stopped him.

His neighbour Miquel Montoro came out of his summer house. It was now well past 7 p.m. and dark but, illuminated by the lightning, Miquel could make out 10 or more cars in the flood waters. Suddenly, just carrying over the roar of the water, he heard screams coming from a white car, 30 metres or more out into the torrent. Gento heard the screams, too, and rushed out to join his neighbour.

"We've got to do something," he told Miquel.

"If we don't try, we might hear those screams for the rest of our lives," Miquel said.

Miquel shone his van headlights across the water towards the car so they could get a better idea of what had to be done. But even with the headlights, they still couldn't really see any details—not even how many people they might need to rescue.

They could, however, see how far they would have to go into the fast flowing waters. They roped themselves together like climbers: Miquel,



a strong, burly 47-year-old blacksmith, would be the anchor, feeding Gento the line as the latter pushed through the flood. Gento, like his neighbour, had wound the rope around his middle but with a length remaining free, so he could throw the loose end to those needing rescue.

They started into the water and towards the car. The Dutch family spotted the headlights and screamed even louder for help. Along with the occasional flash of lightning, their cries were Miquel and Gento's only real guide as to exactly where they were.

The two men could feel themselves sinking into churning mud but, according to plan, Miquel stood firm while Gento fought the current to struggle ahead. Gento was tough, but at barely more than five feet two inches tall, the torrent was soon up to his chest.

"Don't go any further," Miquel shouted. "The current will take you." But Gento wouldn't stop, not with desperate people almost within reach.

Fridges, pallets and even whole trees were flooding by on either side of them. A gas cylinder smashed into Miquel's ribs. Both men knew that something bigger could send them flying to their deaths at any moment. But they were driven by pure adrenalin.

It took Gento ten minutes to get within 10 metres of the car. He could see four figures clinging on to the back, terror etched on their faces. They pleaded with him for help in what little Spanish they knew: "Ayuda! Ayuda!"

Bracing himself, Gento threw them the end of the rope. After several attempts Pieterjan, who was closest, caught it. Gento gestured to him to tie it around his waist, then he steadied himself, ready to pull the Dutchman towards him.

Pieterjan stumbled through the water. Weighed down by a heavy jacket, he lost his balance and plunged

# WEIGHED DOWN BY HIS HEAVY JACKET, PIETERJAN STUMBLED TOWARDS GENTO.



beneath the surface. But he struggled back to his feet and Gento hauled on the rope until he was close enough for Pieterjan to fling his arms around him like an octopus. Worried Pieterjan would drag them both under, Gento, with Miquel pulling on the rope, got him to safety as quickly as possible. They hoped that the tall 60-year-old might be able to help rescue the others, but Pieterjan was dazed and shaking with shock.

Gento turned his efforts back to the three people still clinging to the car. After bringing Bet's nurse to safety, he went back for Marjon and her mother. Then suddenly, before anyone could stop her, Marjon dived back into the car to grab her mother's medication. Then the two women made their way through the flood, Marjon straining to hold her mother up through water that was almost up to the old lady's neck. They made it safely to Gento and then continued on towards Miquel. But just as they reached shallower water, Bets lost her balance and fell to her knees in the mud. Gento and Miquel tried to lift her but she was too heavy and was unable to help herself.

Miquel knew they had to move her out of the water fast, before the flooding became any worse. He rushed off to get a wheelbarrow and he and Gento were finally able to move Bets to dry land.

The rescued Dutch family, the nurse and Gento gathered in Miquel's

house. The water supply wasn't working properly, and Miquel couldn't offer the group a warming shower. Instead the Spaniards gave them blankets and any clothes they could find.

Marjon Theunissen and Margalida, Gento's daughter, who was also a nurse, tended to Bets. She needed to get to a hospital fast. But with no mobile signal, there was no way of calling an ambulance. Besides, the track leading up to the main road to Sant Llorenç had been washed away.

Miquel had no option but to try to restore it, using his tractor. After an hour or so it was passable, and the Spaniards took the family up to a roundabout where local police were directing traffic around blocked roads. The Dutch group were taken to a shelter and then Bets was rushed to hospital where she was checked over and released the following day.

Later that evening Gento drove to Sant Llorenç to reunite with his wife.

The town looked like an earthquake had hit it, with debris everywhere and cars piled on top of each other.

Back at his main house, Miquel found his partner and friends glued to news reports and frantically contacting loved ones.

"I'm going to have a shower," Miquel said, matter-of-factly. "I've just rescued four people."

Thirteen people lost their lives that day, during what was one of Mallorca's worst flash floods in living memory.

In June 2019 King Felipe VI presented Gento and Miquel with the Spanish Order of Civil Merit. In October of that year, in Sant Llorenç's town hall with the Dutch family looking on, the two men were awarded the 'medalla de honor por ayuda desinteresada' (the Medal of Honour for Selfless Help).

Iris and Coen were married in a simple ceremony in the Netherlands.



#### The Lazy Life

Quiz: is everything terrible or am I just tired?

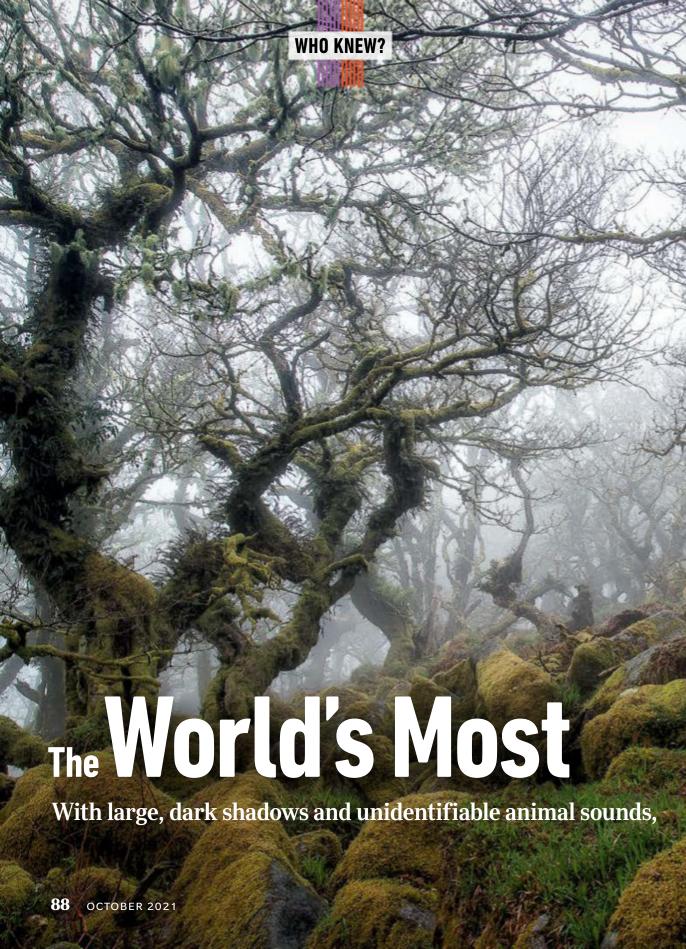
— y@karenchee

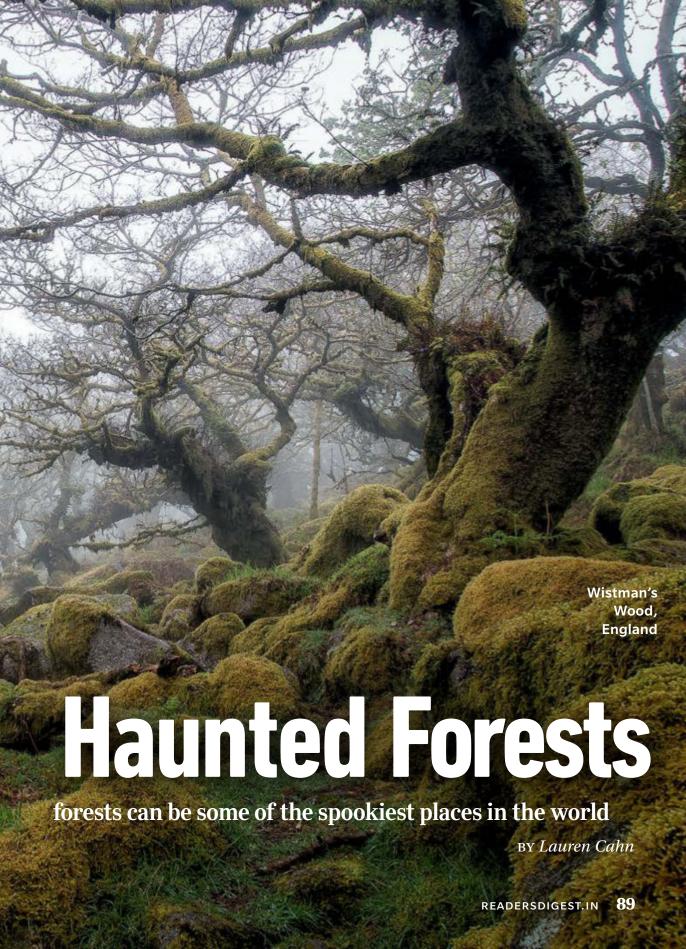
Face timing my brother to see what's in the fridge has to be the laziest thing I've ever done.

—**y**@BeeverM

I buy my kitchen appliances based on their bluetooth capabilities so I don't have to get off the couch to turn them on.

—**y**@lisahi





### Wistman's Wood england

In Wistman's Wood in Dartmoor National Park, in the southwest of England, moss and lichen drip so thickly from the tangled oak treetops that you can barely see the sky. And the place really is haunted, if you believe those familiar with it. Ancient tales of druids, ghosts and a host of other supernatural creatures have earned it a reputation as the most haunted part of Dartmoor.



# The Schwarzwald

#### **GERMANY**

Named for its almost impenetrable darkness, the Schwarzwald (Black Forest) is the site of some of the scariest tales the Brothers Grimm ever wrote. Legend has it it's haunted by werewolves, witches and the devil himself. The tale of Der Grossmann (sometimes translated as 'The Slender Man') is that of a tall, horribly disfigured man with bulging eyes and many arms who compelled children to enter the forest and confess their sins. They never emerged again.

# The Hoia-Baciu Forest

#### **ROMANIA**

Located in northwestern Romania, the Hoia-Baciu is known as the 'Bermuda Triangle' of Romania. Strange disappearances are said to have occurred here, like a shepherd who reportedly vanished with a flock of 200 sheep, and a five-year-old girl who went missing in the forest for five years only to emerge without having aged. Visitors often "report intense feelings of anxiety and the feeling of being constantly watched", the forest's very own website warns, and the locals tend to stay away because they fear that if they enter, they will never find their way out again.

# Long Trail UNITED STATES

This 437-kilometre-long hiking trail near Bennington in the state of Vermont, in the northeastern United States, is believed to be where a college student named Paula Jean Welden disappeared on 1 December 1946. But she wasn't the only one to



#### Island of the Dolls MEXICO

One of the world's creepiest places is La Isla de las Muñecas, or Island of the Dolls, south of Mexico City. The small tree-covered island was named for its collection of dolls, doll heads and disembodied doll parts that have been strung from the jungle trees. The man who did this, more than half a century ago, hoped it would chase away the spirit of a drowned girl whose body washed up on shore here. The sight of the dolls is terrifying enough, but some people have said they've heard the dolls whispering to one another from high above in the treetops.

vanish. Four other people disappeared in the forest here between 1945 and 1950, and only one body was ever found. Rumours of the trail giving off what has been described as a "weird haunting energy" continue to this day.

### **Blairadam Forest**

**SCOTLAND** 

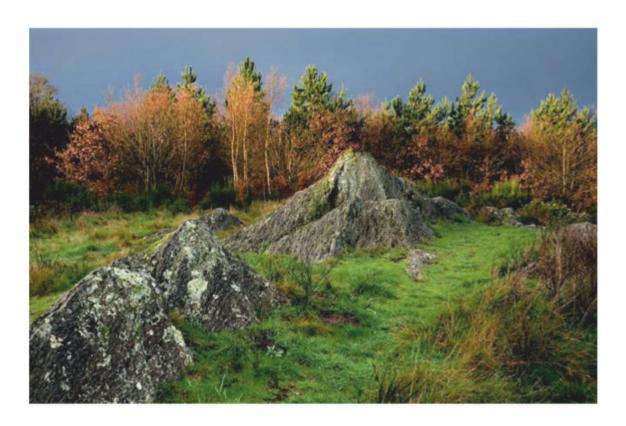
Another creepy copse is Blairadam

Forest, north of Edinburgh. Back in Victorian times it had been the home of a coal mine and a mining town. Visitors to these woods report strange phenomena such as feeling inexplicably agitated, and that their pets were spooked. Such accounts didn't stop a local family from enjoying a hike and a picnic there in 2008. But afterwards, they were

stopped cold when they examined photos they'd taken of their children in the forest: a sinister-looking figure wearing Victorian-era clothing was clearly visible, lurking in the trees.

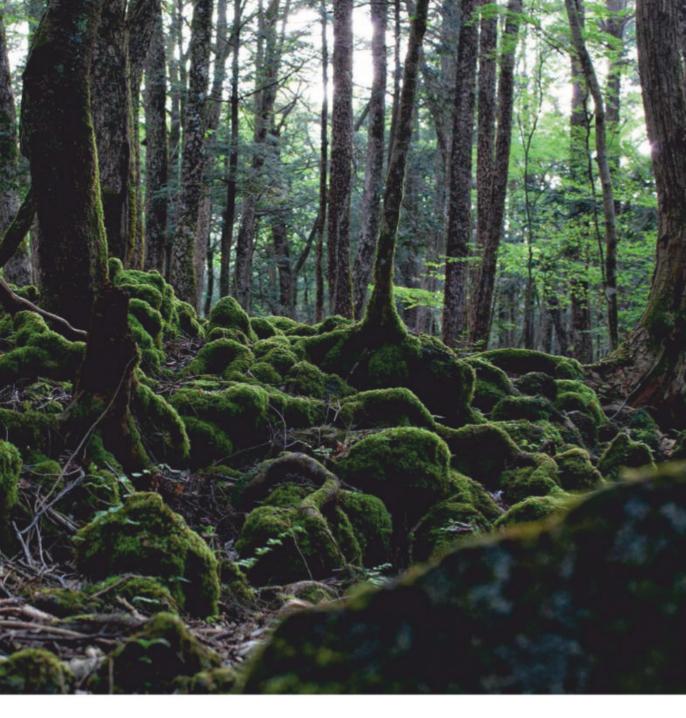
# Tawau Hills Park

This beautiful forest park in Tawau, on the island of Borneo, is home to the tallest tree in the world, a yellow meranti, and is frequented by tourists—but usually only during the day. Some local residents believe the forest is haunted, and the spirits that lurk there come out only at night. Go if you dare, but it's been said that people have disappeared there, particularly near its famous waterfall.



### The Forest of Broceliande France

The Fôret de Brocéliande, a place of medieval legend, was ravaged by fire in 1990. Located in Brittany and, these days, more commonly known as Paimpont Forest, it is said to have been the setting of the King Arthur legend, and is home to the megalithic Tomb of Merlin. Those things alone wouldn't make it spooky, but its Valley of No Return is said to be where the sorceress Morgan le Fay—King Arthur's half sister—imprisoned unfaithful young men. After the fire, half a million new trees were planted.



### Aokigahara JAPAN

In Japanese mythology, Aokigahara, which is also known as the 'Sea of Trees' at the base of Mount Fuji, is said to be haunted by demons. It is also thought that  $yu^{-}rei$ —trapped, lost, angry or vengeful souls—flit among these twisted trees. According to local spiritualists, the trees have a malevolent energy accumulated over centuries. It's also easy to get lost in this eerily quiet forest: compasses and mobile phones sometimes don't work. One theory why? The high iron deposits in the soil.



"If there's a way in, they'll find it."

A farmer has a problem with foxes eating his hens. He asks the smartest person he knows, a physicist, to help him. The physicist spends all day thinking and calculating. Then, finally, he says, "I've found a solution! But it will work only for spherical chickens inside a vacuum."

—Factinator.com

Sister Mary donned her habit and got into her vintage auto. About a kilometre down the road, she ran out of gas. Fortunately, there was a gas station on the next block, so she walked over. But when she got there, it was out of gas cans.

Sister Mary walked back to her car and opened the trunk to look for a container.
All she could find was a bedpan. She walked back to the station and filled the bedpan as best she could. Then she walked back to her auto and began pouring the gas from the bedpan into the tank.

From across the street, two Baptist ministers were watching all of this. One minister turned to the other

# I think that being an astronaut on the way to the moon would be the worst time to find out you're a werewolf.

-LEONARD CHAN, comedian

and said, "If that car starts, I'm converting to Catholicism."

—Submitted by

JOHN MENDONCA

#### **Only Child Syndrome**

- ◆I'm the youngest of three. Both my parents are older.
- —BIG\_BRI\_GUZZI via Reddit.com
- ◆ My parents raised me as an only child, which really annoyed my younger brother.
- -Bestlifeonline.com
- ◆I'm an only child, so I've been taking selfies since the '70s.
- —**y**@TAMERKATTAN

Reader's Digest will pay for your funny anecdote or photo in any of our humour sections. Post it to the editorial address, or email: editor.india@rd.com A teacher is droning on and on when he notices that a student sitting all the way at the back of the classroom has fallen asleep during his lecture.
"Hey," the teacher yells
to the girl sitting next
to the sleeping student,
"wake that kid up!"

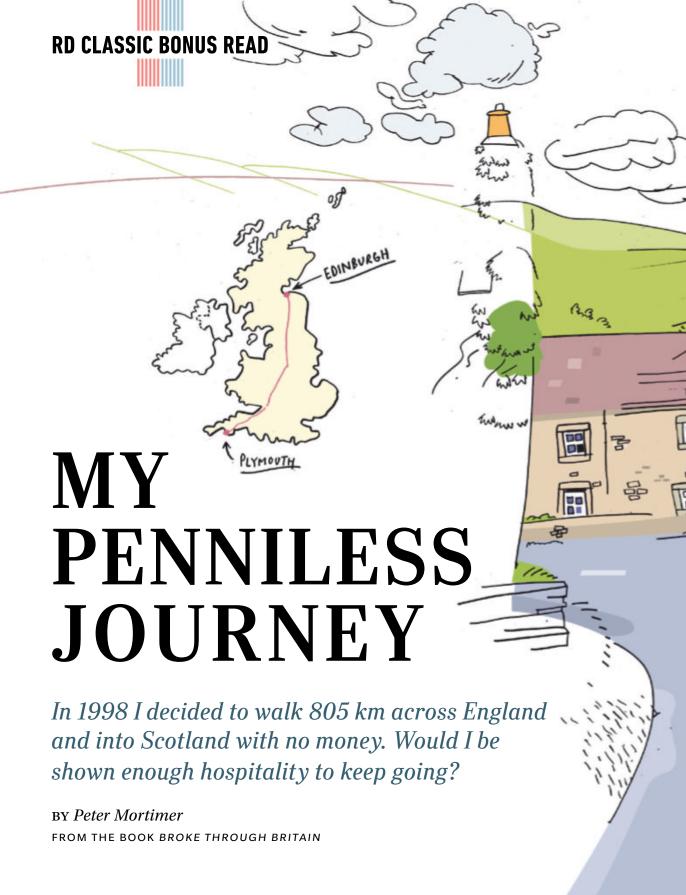
"You're the one who put him to sleep," she calls back to the teacher with a shrug. "You wake him up!"

-Learnenglish.de

#### OK, I'LL BITE ...

These restaurants use street signs not to show their specials but to show they're special:







### FIRST STEPS

A POWERFUL VOICE INSIDE me whispered that I was being idiotic, that a man of 54 should have more sense. If I wanted to try walking 805 km from Plymouth to Edinburgh without the security of a wallet, I should have done it years ago.

I told the voice to shut up. The idea took root. As far as I knew, no one had done this before. A friend offered me Sam, her seven-year-old King Charles spaniel. "He'll walk forever," she said, "and people will like you." Sam looked cuddly. Also, he would give me solace in hours of loneliness and I could snuggle up to him in the cold. I welcomed Sam as my companion.

For practical tips on wandering destitute I visited a Buddhist monastery 32 km from Cullercoats, my home town at the mouth of the River Tyne in northeast England. The monks advised me to carry an umbrella and wrap moleskin round my feet. "You will find the walk very hard," one monk warned, "but eventually you will gain strength. It will be part of your journey through life, so you must do it."

Day one. A 9:35 a.m. on Sunday, 26 July 1998, I set off from Plymouth on my odyssey. A small knot of fear gripped my stomach. I was entering an unknown world. For 14 km Sam and I were buffeted by thundering traffic on the A386 out of Plymouth, then we sought refuge in the spacious grounds of the Moorland Links Hotel.

Without thinking, I led Sam in.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the receptionist. I looked around. Sunday diners reclined in comfort, the smell of roast beef was in the air. I wanted to order a pint, but realized that from now on this was one of many places I could look at but not touch. I was a person apart, trapped in an invisible bubble of poverty.

"I'd, um, like some water for my dog," I said. The receptionist put a bowl on the thick pile carpet and Sam drank eagerly. For our Sunday lunch, Sam and I shared two small triangles of toast, plus some butter, saved from my hotel breakfast in Plymouth. The

# I WAS A BEGGAR, A PERSON YOU CROSSED THE ROAD TO AVOID.

shadow of total destitution deepened as I tried to hitch a lift from a middle-aged couple driving away from the hotel. They looked at me with disdain and accelerated away. Their rejection knocked me back. Then came my first—albeit mixed—experience of Christian charity.

"Is that all you want, water for your dog?" asked the rector of the nearby village of Yelverton when I interrupted him mowing his lawn.

"Anything else, naturally, would not go amiss," I mumbled.

The rector walked towards his front door. I followed. Suddenly he swivelled and said loudly, "Do not enter the rectory!" He motioned me to a garden seat. Some minutes later he emerged with water for Sam, and tea and chocolate biscuits for me.

I thanked him and apologized. "I wouldn't have come inside."

"If you knew what had happened here," he said, and returned indoors.

We arrived in Tavistock at 7:30 p.m. to find the town empty. Steady rain thrummed on to my small umbrella. All doors seemed excessively closed. Sam looked up at me with his big brown eyes as if to say, "What do we do now?"

From the large parish church of St. Eustachius I heard singing. We stood at the back of the nave, wet and bedraggled, while the packed congregation sang of Christian charity, mercy and compassion. The service over, they filed past me. I approached several and explained I needed food and shelter. They were embarrassed but had perfectly reasonable excuses for rejecting me.

I felt I was an irritation. I was no longer Peter Mortimer, writer. I was a beggar, a person you crossed the road to avoid. Then Geoffrey Boucher, a young curate, said I could sleep in his garage. As he drove me to his home I told him about my journey.

"Actually," he said, "you can have the spare room." I mentioned the Yelverton rector. "Ah, yes. Last year



someone came, just like you. The rector invited him in and was badly beaten. He's nervous."

While Geoffrey cooked me pork chops and vegetables, I consoled weary Sam and unpacked the few contents of my backpack: a spare set of clothes, wash bag, sleeping bag and camera. My body felt drained. I went to bed, lay in the dark and huge doubts assailed me. I resolved that in the morning I'd abandon the whole absurd venture.

Day two. At 7:30 a.m. I awoke in better spirits. A new day, a new perspective. Sam, too, was livelier. "Maybe we'll not give up," I told him. "Not just yet." My knot of fear was still there, though.

Geoffrey gave me valuable help for the night to come. "I've phoned Alex Warne, owner of the East Dart Hotel at Postbridge on Dartmoor," he said. "It's on your route and you can sleep in his stable." Geoffrey drove me to the edge of Dartmoor. As we parted he held out a £10 note. "I know you intend to carry no money. I respect that. This is for extreme emergencies."

I took the note, realizing the importance of the gesture. We shook hands and embraced.

#### KINDNESS AND CHAOS

"HOW ARE YOU with a paintbrush?" asked Alex Warne when I offered to sing for my supper. For three hours I creosoted the outside of his stables. Alex, grey-bearded and slightly grizzled, then offered me a bath and my first hot food of the day, chicken casserole. Sleeping in stables sounds romantic, conjuring up images of soft hay, but Alex's stables had bare concrete floors. I moved this way and that in my sleeping bag in a futile attempt to find lasting comfort.

Day three. Terrible weather on Dartmoor: a soaking-wet curtain of mist and rain. Every car hurtling past me threw up curved sprays of water. I had no idea where we might spend the night, where we might get a meal. I found it in a bungalow at Dunsford, outside Exeter.

"You'd best take the caravan. Just up the lane," said Cliff Brimblecombe, a 67-year-old cider-maker with a strong



Devon accent. His wife Evelyn appeared in the doorway behind him. "I'll make you a meal," she said. A few moments later I was up the muddy lane, into the caravan and tucking into hot meat pie and potatoes while Sam crunched on dog food.

Day four. I took care to shave every morning. Stubble may be attractive on a 21-year-old, but at my age it gave the appearance of an old wino. Even so, I got wary looks if I tried to strike up conversations. That day my plan was to head for the village of Clyst Hydon, where my partner Kitty had lived as a student. Thirty years on, I found Tom Coleman and his wife Jean still living at Town Tenement Farm and they offered

me a cup of tea and a bed for the night. I was keeping a watch on a runny eye Sam had and cleaning it regularly. It seemed to give him no bother.

Next day it was back to the game of chance, standing beside the A303, checking my map and deciding where to try next. I decided to avoid main roads and large towns where possible. Meandering lanes would lengthen my journey, but I hated the blur of traffic, and if you have no money, towns are depressing.

# I HAD NO MONEY TO OFFER THESE GENEROUS PEOPLE WHO HAD SO LITTLE.

Staple Fitzpaine? A village with a name like that had to have something going for it. I entered the Greyhound pub with all the confidence a penniless man could muster, explained my journey to the young male bar staff but they knew of no farm which might offer shelter.

I turned to trudge away with Sam. "You can stay with us for the night." A young couple, Teresa Hurley and David Takle, had been eavesdropping. Peeping round the table was their twinkly three-year-old Levanna. I laughed out loud in sheer relief.

We drove the few kilometres to Ilminster in Dave's battered car. Dave, 39, worked when and where he could in the building trade. "Often we can't pay the rent," said Teresa, "but we're madly in love." The flat was untidy, chaotic. I felt at home. We ate pizzas, drank beer and played Scrabble. Levanna refused to go to bed unless Sam went with her. I slept on the settee.

Next morning, as I gloomily packed to go out on the road again, Teresa said: "We both think you should take a break. Rest up here for today." I thought about it. Why not? I had travelled 129 km. I needed a day off. Teresa and Daye were true friends.

I had no money to offer these generous people who had so little themselves, nor could I help pay for the petrol next day when they gave me a lift to make up for the distance I'd lost. I sat in the back next to Sam and Levanna, whose blue eyes stared at me.

After about 64 km the car stopped. I stood at the roadside and watched the car go, Levanna's little face pressed against the back window, a small, white hand waving. I felt sorry for myself but knew the antidote. Get going.

The problem was my feet, which were blistered and painful. In Shaw village, Wiltshire, I came to a large stone building, the Shaw Clinic of complementary medicine. My knock was answered by the clinic's owner Sheila Carter, a striking darkhaired woman wearing a white coat. She looked at me cautiously. I was walking to Edinburgh?

Soon the delicate hands of Sheila, a fully trained chiropodist, were examining my feet. "I have no money," I warned, but she took no notice.

"The feet are severely bruised," she said. "I'll try to take the pressure off the worst areas." Skillfully she bandaged two cushions like ring doughnuts to the balls of my feet. It was a work of art.

At 7 p.m., Sam and I were heading along the B4014, looking for a night's shelter, when Avening appeared in front of us, clinging to a hillside. "No dogs!" yelled a middle-aged woman as we entered the village post office. I tethered Sam outside. Inside, the woman stood in my way. "How can you stay anywhere with no money?" I began to explain but she moved to the back of the shop. It was spitting with rain. I walked to a local pub, where the barmaid was friendly and her suggestion unexpected: "Try the College of Colour Therapy."

### THE TURQUOISE BATH

"OF COURSE YOU can stay," said Carmel Gimbel, a slim, tall, elegant Irishwoman who ran the Hygeia College of Colour Therapy with her husband Theophilus. The large rambling building dated from the fourteenth century. Carmel, resplendent in rainbow colours, led Sam and me down a corridor to The Blue Room, lit by a single blue light. "When you're ready, come and have a drink with us in the music room," Carmel said.

I reclined on a big settee with a glass of chilled white wine and Carmel asked to look at my feet. She massaged them tenderly. "Your voice is very tight," she said. "What's that fear inside you?" I told her. The fear of my journey, of not being up to it, physically or mentally. She continued the massage and I coughed. "That's the fear being released," said Carmel.

# I HAD FOUND A HOUSE WHERE FOOD, BATH AND BED WERE GIVEN FREELY.

Next, food appeared: a sizzling barbecue of chicken legs, sausages, burgers, chops. I tore at them like a wolf.

Theophilus, 78, was a Bavarian who came to Britain in 1949. Years of imprisonment during the Second World War, some of it in dark, solitary confinement, inspired him to teach colour's potential.

"A colour bath would help," Carmel said. "Given your mental state, turquoise would be best." Into my bath water went two drops of natural blue dye, then two drops of green. It instantly transformed into a shimmering turquoise. I lowered myself in, propping my bandaged feet above the taps and the turquoise embraced me. I closed my eyes. I had found a wondrous house where food, wine, bath and bed were all given freely, as if charity were the most natural thing in the world.

Day eight. "Try the Cotswold Hunt Kennels," said a woman in Andoversford, outside Cheltenham. Thus I entered the world of foxhunting. The kennels had 100 hounds. "You can have a mattress in the back room," said Julie Barnfield. "The spare room's being decorated."

I mentioned to her husband Julian that I was anti-foxhunting and he shrugged, as if on such a brief contact he wasn't interested in a fierce debate. But isn't foxhunting cruel and unnecessary? "There's a lot of ignorance," he replied. "The fox is dead within seconds of being caught. In theory the best method of killing a fox is at night, with rifle and spotlight, but you're never sure the fox is dead. The fox is a pest, and sheep farmers around here would agree."

Helpfully, he recommended Clifton upon Teme Hunt Kennels at Tedstone Delamere near Worcester for my next night's shelter. Nobody seemed surprised to see me at Clifton, which consisted of a bungalow, some white-painted farm buildings and a lawn sloping up to the kennels. The owner was on holiday, and Peter Harper, James Cook and Johnnie James were holding the fort. They told me I was welcome to sleep on the settee in the bungalow's living room.

That night my feet were burning like furnaces. In the morning I found a nearby chiropodist willing to see me—"I have no money," I told her—but her earliest appointment was the next



afternoon. "Stay here as long as you like," said Peter in his Welsh lilt.

For two days I experienced the hospitality of a world that fascinated and horrified me. The kennels, kept spotless by Peter and shy 17-year-old James, held 120 hounds. When I stood by their enclosures they pushed noses and paws through the steel, big softies desperate for affection. Then I saw them at feeding time. They feasted on dead cows and sheep. Ferociously, they tore off long strips of flesh, pushing and snarling at one another, raising bloodied snouts from the carnage. I imagined them at a fox.

I set off next morning feeling bouncy. The chiropodist had carefully shaved layers of dead skin from my feet. "One reason they hurt so much," she explained, "is the liquid trapped under the skin." Day 13. Kilometres travelled so far: 370. I had evolved a new method of walking. Sam and I would walk for 90 minutes, then rest for about 30, when I would remove my boots and socks, and have a nap. We had moved into Staffordshire and we were on a bendy dangerous road. I needed a lift. At a lay-by, I approached a middleaged couple munching sandwiches in a four-wheel-drive. "We're full up," said the man. "Got the dog in the back." On the vast rear seat was a tiny terrier.

A truck driver was no more charitable. "I've only just stopped," he said. "Be here a long time yet." Two minutes later, he hurtled past me without a second look. Was it my appearance? Was it Sam? From now on I decided I'd either arrange a lift at my night stop or do without.

I was north of Stafford by late afternoon, when I tried a large detached house. A man stripped to the waist smiled as he opened the door, smiled as I stated my case, and smiled when he said no can do. "Why not try the Scout camp?"

The Kibblestone camp site, 80 acres of secluded woodland, was half a km up the road. I threw myself on the mercy of the warden Paul Westwood, a youngish man with a ponytail. "Officially we're not allowed guests," he said, "but you've got an honest face and you've come a long way." Sam and I were given a fairly spartan but comfortable eight-bunk room.

Now hunger pangs had begun to

gnaw. I drifted among the various Scout groups encamped through the forest. The leader of a Devon group was ladling out hot portions. Could I have some? She looked me up and down like a suspect in a police identity parade. "Food supplies are on a strict budget," she said. "So much a head and none to spare."

Another group leader said: "We have come here for a special holiday. The last thing we want is strange men approaching us begging."

I saw myself in a new light—a suspicious character wandering among

# GUILT CONSUMED ME. I'D TURNED SAM INTO AN EXHAUSTED WRECK.

young boys. I'd be lucky not to get arrested. Then I saw a tent pitched on its own, with a man, a woman and two boys. I sensed they didn't belong to a group. I walked up and came straight out with it. "I'm pretty hungry. I wonder if you could share a bit of your food with me?"

"Sure!" Dean Coffield, a former Scoutmaster from Dudley, was with his wife Sharon, their 12-year-old son Jon and Jon's mate James Sutton. "There's not that much, but you're welcome to it." They had beans, sausages and garlic bread. We sat around their fire.

As I rose to leave, Sharon put a plastic bag in my hand. "For breakfast," she said. An hour previously I had faced a hungry night followed by a hungry morning. Now look at the kindness I'd received.

This night virtually marked our halfway stage. Ahead lay Derbyshire and the Peak District.

#### "HE NEEDS REST"

I LIKED TO think my doorstep manner was improving. Freda Chadwick, a lively woman in Cauldon, near the Peak District border, was amazed when I leant on the lower half of her stable-type kitchen door, told her about my journey and asked for water. "Are you totally mad?" she asked, and shouted for her husband John, who appeared looking slightly uncomfortable. He had a prominent pot-belly. "He's travelling from Plymouth to Edinburgh with no money!" exclaimed Freda. John shot me a look.

Freda gave me a cup of tea, fruit, biscuits and dog biscuits for Sam.

Day 18. In high spirits I strode out across the open, flat landscape of the Vale of York, at one point plunging waist deep through a field of corn. Sam became a rustle of white and orange somewhere near my feet. The Buddhist monk at the monastery I visited before setting out was right about me eventually gaining strength. I was fit, lean, fast. We achieved an 11-hour, 39-km day.

At Whixley one woman, in answer

to my request for food and shelter, told me slightly sniffily, "I don't think people do that kind of thing around here." Someone else suggested the pub, which was shut, and a third householder didn't answer my knock, so I had to fend for myself.

The door to the pavilion of Whix-ley's cricket club was slightly ajar. By 8 p.m., Sam and I were on the floor in my sleeping bag. I was worried about Sam. The temperature on the road to Pontefract had been in the 80s. He panted like a steam engine, lagged behind and I'd had to carry him for a while. I pulled him closer to me, whispering affections in his little pink ear.

The next day I dropped in to see two old friends, Tim and Jude Tribe, at Boroughbridge, North Yorkshire. Jude looked closely at Sam's runny eye. "It needs seeing to," she said. "There's a vet next door." Enter Christine McCormack. Her verdict was damning. Sam had developed a deep ulcer in his eye. "I can give him ointment for now," said Christine, "but he needs more treatment and a lot of rest." Sam's odyssey was finished.

Guilt consumed me. King Charles spaniels were not the world's greatest canine explorers yet Sam's wee legs had carried him 595 km. I'd turned him into an exhausted wreck. I arranged for his owner Sarah Davidson to pick him up, then stood staring at Sam on the settee. It was the end of an important relationship. I'd known this journey only with Sam.

"Just go," said Jude. "That's the best way." I went.

Day 20. Approaching the village of Gilling West, north of Catterick, I came to a large stone house, heard voices and peeped over the garden wall to find a group of people looking uncommonly festive for 4.30 in the afternoon. I'd happened on a double celebration. Brian Sperring was 56 that day; his partner Dorothy Halford would be 50 the next.

# COULD I SLEEP IN THE CARAVAN? "SURE," ERNIE SAID. AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

Would they kindly fill my water bottle? "Of course. And have a cup of tea!" Did they know anyone near by who could put me up? "Ask the farmer Hughie Bird."

Energetic Hughie, 60 years of age, welcomed me into the kitchen of Mill Farm like some long-lost relative, shoving a mug of tea and a piece of pork pie at me. Could he give me shelter? "Take the caravan in the field."

After daybreak I thought of making my usual early start but Hughie was keen to show me his farm, his life. "Stay this morning," he said. "I'll make up your lost kilometres." First I admired his 90 milking cows. Next, he led me into a windowless shed, 125 feet long and 40 feet wide, for an extraordinary

sight. The floor was covered with 9,000 two-week-old chicks. The dull light and humid atmosphere contrasted with the constant chirruping of the chicks. Hughie took great pride in keeping the shed clean and habitable.

This room was the chicks' entire life. They would live here from day one to six weeks, then be taken away for slaughter. They would never even know of the sun's existence. I wondered how I would feel, buying my next supermarket chicken, yet this was a normal part of Hughie's world and if I worked in it, it would probably become normal for me.

Hughie's lavish hospitality at mealtime was a revelation. We sat around the big kitchen table and his wife Joyce cooked a monstrous pile of bacon. Every time we attacked the pile more rashers appeared. There was fresh bread, scones, butter. We ate, chattered, laughed. Then, as promised, he gave me a lift. My buoyant spirits sank at Frosterley, in the Wear valley. At farm number one I had to walk through a yard with chained dogs only to be told it was no go.

Farm number two: dogs, no go. I knocked at a third door, a cottage. A shrill female voice shouted: "Who is it? What do you want?" I shouted my apologies and left.

A key to gaining invitations into British homes, I was coming to realize, was the presence of a caravan, as with Hughie Bird and with Cliff Brimblecombe, the Devon cidermaker. It gave



a wanderer shelter but reduced the donor's sense of territorial invasion. Now where could I find a caravan in Frosterley? I was virtually through the village when I spotted Bridge End Cottage. Next to it was a caravan. I rang the front doorbell.

"You'd better come in." Joyce Crosier seemed amused by my plight. She and her sister-in-law Joanne were waiting for their husbands to return with an Indian takeaway. Meanwhile, would I like a glass of wine?

When Ron and Barrie arrived back to find a destitute itinerant on the settee they opted for charity rather than indignation. I had chicken korma that night—and the caravan.

### A WARM WELCOME

NEXT DAY I spotted another caravan, this time behind a cottage near Slaley in Northumberland. My knock was answered by Ernie Auriemma, a big man with a thick dark moustache and a Mediterranean appearance. Could I sleep in the caravan? "Sure." As simple as that. "Go and sort your stuff out, then come back to the house."

At the kitchen table, Ernie's wife Vivien gave me food, while Ernie, an estate worker looking after 450 sheep, told me his story. He was here because his Neapolitan father, a POW at neighbouring

Haydon Bridge, had fallen in love with the enemy after the Second World War, brought over his Italian sweetheart and they married.

Day 24. Gorse moorland high in the Pennines, forest tracks and shale paths made for hard, unstable walking. After 32 km the cold began to seep through my clothes. My tired limbs cried "Stop!" but my soul wanted to sleep that night in Scotland.

At 6 p.m. I reached the border at Carter Bar, little more than two laybys and a mobile snack bar. I marched up to the young man at the snack-bar counter. "If I were to tell you I had travelled penniless all the way from Plymouth to get here, would that be worth a cup of tea?" I asked.

"Aye, it would." His sing-song Scottish accent, plus the hot tea he put into my shivering hands, lifted my mood.

Fellside Boarding Kennels, the very first buildings I came to, gave me shelter. "You can have the caravan," said Bernard Whiteley. That night, I was asleep within minutes.

Early next morning I stood in the kitchen of the house, eating a slice of bread and feeling alone. Was I taking my welcome for granted? Was I be-

# TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS AND 853 KM AFTER LEAVING PLYMOUTH I CAME TO THE VAST PLAIN OUT OF WHICH EDINBURGH RISES.

coming a parasite, crawling my way through the nation's generosity?

When Bernard walked by exercising a brace of dogs, I ran out and offered to help. Bernard's face lit up—and he had a surprise for me. Although the kennels specialized in looking after holiday dogs, the Whiteleys kept a special pack of their own.

"Ever walked huskies?" Bernard asked. No. He gave me the leads of Sholk and Patchy and I whizzed down the lane behind turbo-charged, twinbooster rockets. All I could do was hang on and hope.

Only two more nights now, the first on Walter Inglis's farm at Lilliesleaf, near Selkirk, some 50 miles from Edinburgh. My final night was in the hamlet of Heriot. "There's a room in the annexe waiting to be decorated," said Gillian Torrie, landlady of the Dug Inn. "Nothing in it, but you're welcome."

Friday, 12 August. Twenty-seven days and 853 km after leaving Plymouth I came to the vast plain out of which Edinburgh rises. By now I was a walking machine. My speed had increased to 6 km an hour. I felt uplifted. The knot of fear in my stomach had completely gone.

The lonely country roads were behind me. Then I landed on another planet: traffic jams, men in suits with mobile phones, restaurants, department stores, office blocks.

# **HOME AGAIN**

BACK IN CULLERCOATS with my partner Kitty and 14-year-old son Dylan, I returned the £10 note given me by Geoffrey Boucher. I also wrote and thanked everyone else who took a chance on me.

I was asked by people: "Did you find any regional differences in degrees of friendliness?" Not at all. I was shunned and made welcome in all parts. Many people distrusted me, but only once (at Whixley) was no help forthcoming. I found that those who offered shelter and food had more open faces.

As a townie, I discovered the startlingly simple truth that everything we humans manufacture, we eventually tire of. What's created by nature, on the other hand, never wearies us.

A friend of mine joked: "I'm broke all the time!"

"No, you're not," I replied.

Total penury, like I experienced, brought a dreadful sense of alienation and exclusion. It made me understand how lucky most of us are. We take for granted a standard of living much of the world has never known. Despite poverty, most of us need not wonder where we will sleep tonight; hunger is a temporary state, relieved by a chocolate bar until the next meal.

And yet, despite our good fortune, many of us are restless and unfulfilled, and feel there should be more to life. One answer I believe is travel.

There's a Hindu tradition of going on pilgrimage after the age of 50. Most of us are still physically active and have enough experience to fortify us against new challenges. Yet many are rushing into early retirement. What's ahead is more important than what's behind, on a 805-km trek or on your last

day on earth. Comparatively few people really travel. They make surrogate expeditions on TV documentaries and are shuttled off on package tours. Where is the sense of wonder, the excitement?

Real travel is less high-tech, more unpredictable, and better.

Twenty-three years after his walk through Britain, Peter Mortimer still marvels at the challenges he faced. "The mental and the physical battles were close competitors," he says. "I could never bear to think how far lay ahead or I would have succumbed."

These days, he wouldn't consider such an ambitious walk. "I was in my mid-50s then. The knees would forbid it now."

Peter continues to write. His latest book, Planet Corona, is a collection of his recent newspaper columns.

This excerpt was first published in the October 1999 issue of *Reader's Digest*.

EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK BROKE THROUGH BRITAIN: ONE MAN'S PENNILESS ODYSSEY BY PETER MORTIMER, COPYRIGHT © 1999 BY PETER MORTIMER. REPRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF PETER MORTIMER.



### **Food, Glorious Food**

A new study finds that sausages are often linked to other sausages

— • @donni

I wish I were better at making salad. I want to be master of my own romaine.

—▼@curlycomedy

# **CULTURESCAPE**

BOOKS, ARTS AND Entertainment

# Not Keeping

Writer—actor **Kalki Koechlin** chats with us about her new illustrated book The Elephant in the Womb and why it's important to be candid about the challenges of pregnancy and motherhood

BY Anu Prabhakar

# hy did you decide to write the book? Also, why the title The Elephant in the Womb?

I was stuck in a lockdown and suddenly thrown into motherhood without much experience. I found myself journaling and doodling through it because I thought I needed to remember these things and then it just kind of grew into this project. I spoke to my illustrator friend, Val (Valeriya Polyanychko), and we decided to make it into something. The title came after a lot of brainstorming. I came up with The Elephant in the Womb, which I thought was appropriate because we never really talk about the real difficulties of motherhood—only about how beautiful it is. And no doubt, it is beautiful, but I wish people would also talk about the toughness, because getting over that is what makes it even more precious.



### Pregnancy books by celebrities, I feel, are often written from a place of privilege. Your book, however, avoids that.

I wrote in the introduction that I know I come from this place of privilege. But I also wrote from a very personal space and there are some universal things that all of us go through. I think when we bare our secrets, people relate to that more because we're all thinking it in our heads but not talking about it.

### Why was it important to begin the book by talking about your abortions?

When I initially wrote the first chapter, it was just a couple of lines saying that I've had abortions. But then I realized that this is talked about so little. When I dug deeper, I saw there was a stark difference between the two abortions. In the first one, I was younger, didn't have support, and it was so taboo. I didn't want to tell my family or anybody. Only I and the man I was with knew about it. I was probably sadder during the second one because I did want children, but I wasn't ready to have a child alone. But I had my gynaecologist calling me, my brother and his fiancé staying with me and all my friends checking on me. It made me realize that for a support system to exist for all of us, we need to stop making abortion such a taboo subject.

I have to confess, at the end of one bad day-with work, my three-yearold and much else—I logged on to

# Instagram and saw you singing a lullaby to your daughter, Sappho, and I felt like the worst parent ever. Do you ever feel mommy guilt, especially with social media?

Of course. In fact, in my book, I think I wrote my lullaby at the end of the sixth chapter titled Postpartum Blues. I actually wrote that lullaby on one of my worst days—I had a huge fight with my partner, I hadn't slept and I was feeling really down. I was rocking Sappho and I just started singing this tune in this exhausted state. And then later, of course, I developed it into a song. But that tune came out of some of the worst times. So, sometimes, doing something creative like singing or humming is just a coping mechanism—something which doesn't use the brain and comes from some other part of you. I do follow some wonderful people like Paula Kuka, Katie Kirby and Mothercould (Myriam Sandler) ... but I also have times where I switch off from social media because I feel like this comparison is so difficult. We're supposed to be supermoms because we are in a generation where we have to take care of the house, continue our careers and, you know, keep it all up.

# You had postpartum depression. Did you have any misconceptions about it before?

The best thing I read about it was a chapter in the book The Mental Load by Emma. Basically, she says, if you take any human being and lock them

in a room, don't give them sleep and wake them up every two hours with an alarm, they will go crazy. That's why sleep deprivation is one of the main forms of torture. It really affects your mental health and who you are. So, I feel labelling women as 'depressed' is very harsh. I think it should be seen as a natural process and should be given more support in terms of caregiving. Family or close people around should recognize it for what it is, which

is a serious depletion of hormones and vitamins along with deep exhaustion. If someone is injured or sick, you would come and take over, right? It's a little complicated, but I feel like it can, again, be something that's less taboo.

Kids vow to be different from their parents once they grow up. Has your childhood influenced your parenting style?

I feel I've gotten lots of positive and negative things. On the one hand, this whole idea of a water birth and natural birth came from the fact that my mom gave birth at home in Pondicherry at five in the morning. There was no electricity. So, I was like Wow, maybe I can do this. But then on the other hand, I feel like my parents were angry people—they were shouting, they would fight in front of me all the time. There was, you know, slapping around. And I don't want to repeat those things. So,

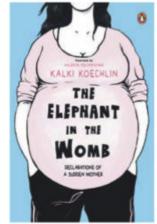
I'm very conscious about how Guy (Hershberg, her partner) and I fight like finding a way to discuss it later. All of those are big challenges, but you find yourself in the same trap of getting angry, frustrated or snapping and you got to really work on it.

You are shooting for season 2 of Made in Heaven and the film Goldfish with Deepti Naval, who plays your mother battling dementia. What made you

> accept the movie? Also, what is Faiza now up to in the web series?

Pushan (Kripalani, the director) came to me four years ago with the idea but there was no funding to make the film. It was during the lockdown last year that he said he has found a producer and that the project is happening. I

thought the idea was very relevant as there are so many grandparents that I know or even parents of people I know, who are suffering from some kind of dementia ... It's also sort of set in this mixed, British-Indian world and my character is particularly very British as she is born and brought up there (the movie was shot in the UK). Her mother is Indian and her father. English. It also deals with identity and all that. It's a very beautiful script. I can't really tell you much about Made in Heaven but definitely Faiza has a few more complications here.



# **GIFT THE JOY OF READING**

**DURING THIS AUSPICIOUS PUJA AND DIWALI SEASON** 

# AT ONLY ₹ 999!

SPECIAL OFFER FOR THE DIGEST READER

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: ₹1260

12 MONTHLY ISSUES AT ₹999ONLY

YOU SAVE ₹261



THE RULE OF



LEADERSHIP THE E5 MOVEMENT

PAUL DUPUIS

M BTRIMESSMORTU | (

And get
The Rule of
Five
FREE!

Fill in the Savings Certificate and mail it to the address at the back of the card (attached to this page) to order a gift subscription.



# RETURN THIS CARD TODAY!

THE RULE OF FREE!

LEADERSHIP
THE ES MOVEMENT
PAUL DUPUIS

GIFT A SUBSCRIPTION
TO A FRIEND NOW,
AT A SAVING OF ₹261,
AND CLAIM YOUR
FREE GIFT
THE RULE OF FIVE
BY PAUL DUPUIS

Annual Subscription Price ₹ 1260 (including postage and handling charges of ₹ 60)

Discounted Price

₹ 999 월

You Save

₹ 261

### How to Order

- 1. Fill in the name and address of the person you wish to gift a subscription to and tick(✓) the box on top.
- Fill in your name and address; we will send your free gift on this address.
- 3. If you wish to subscribe for yourself, tick (✓) the second box as well.
- 4 Detach the savings certificate and send it to us with your cheque/DD.

# READER'S DIGEST SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

YES, I wish to special discou	nted rate of	₹999 to:	
My friend's address		CAPITALS PLEASE	
City*		Pin	
10940100 30 00 00	oscription for m for my friend. I s.	nyself, in addition to the I will pay ₹1699 for the	
My address		ASE	
City		Pin CAPI	
*Email	Tel	L/Mob	
Signature		Reply within 14 days!	
*This authorizes RD/LMII. to communicate about this authorization is irrespective of my instruction PAYMENT DETA		rough mail, phone, printed material, email, etc. ed or informed over mail, phone, printed material, e	tc.

Please draw a cheque/demand draft for ₹ 999 / ₹ 1699 (inclusive of postage & handling) in favour of "Living Media - A/c Reader's Digest" and send to: Reader's Digest - India Today Group, C-9 Sector – 10, Noida 201301.

Order subject to approval and acceptance. Offer valid for delivery in India only.

# **GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION**

At Reader's Digest, your satisfaction is our prime concern. If you are less than delighted with the magazine, you may cancel your subscription any time and the sum proportionate to unserved copies will be refunded. This has been a Reader's Digest policy for over 90 years: your satisfaction is fully guaranteed.

No postage necessary in India stamp if posted

> ND G.P.O., New Delhi-110 001. Permit No.: BR.D (C)-276

COMPLETE AND MAIL THIS CARD TODAY!





▲ Detach this card and send to Reader's Digest ▲

Scan me

Scan this QR code with your smartphone and simply pay for your subscription online. We will dispatch your gifts immediately.

<u>ö</u>

F 26, First Floor, Connaught Place. New Delhi - 110 001.

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD** 

addressee Postage will be paid by





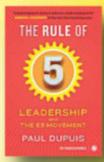
# **GOOD REASONS**

FOR GIFTING A READER'S DIGEST SUBSCRIPTION

- **OVER 17% DISCOUNT** As a Reader's Digest reader, you are eligible for a DISCOUNT of over17% on each subscription vou order now.
- LASTING VALUE Your friend or relative will receive delightful reminders of your generosity and good taste, every month for a year.
- GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT CARD Your gift will be announced with a beautiful personalized greeting card during the festive season.



FREE GIFT THE RULE OF FIVE BY PAUL DUPUIS



Crack the code of game-changing leadership. The E5 formula discussed in this book is a call to action to all leaders worldwide to lead with impact. These 5 rules of leadership are both timeless and borderless



# **ACT NOW**

Fill in your Savings Certificate and mail it to us TODAY!

Send in your payment through Cheque / DD for the value of the subscription(s).

Term of offer: 12 months Reader's Digest Gift Subscription

Including postage Actual Price ₹1360 ₹999 and handling

You may also order a new subscription for yourself (not for renewals) at the same concession, by ticking the appropriate box in the Savings Certificate. A subscription may be cancelled at any time, and money will be refunded for magazine issues not sent to you.

# **RD RECOMMENDS**

# **Films**

**ENGLISH:** A remake of the acclaimed Danish film Den Skyldige, THE **GUILTY** (streaming on Netflix from 1 October) takes place over the course of a single morning, never leaving its only location—a 911 dispatch call centre. We see Joe Baylor (Jake Gyllenhaal), an LAPD officer, start to field calls from a tearful kidnap victim, who is pretending to speak to her infant daughter while asking for help in code.

There may not be too be many zombies in Zack Snyder's Army of the Dead prequel, but there surely is a whole lot of action. With Netflix having given **ARMY OF THIEVES** a 29 October release date, our wait might be long but



Jake Gyllenhaal as LAPD officer Joe Baylor in The Guilty

given the plot, it should be worth it. A mysterious woman asks bankteller Ludwig Dieter (Matthias Schweighöfer) to join her army of wanted criminals. He, thankfully, says yes.

**HINDI:** We know only the brief outline of his story. To avenge the 1919 Jallianwala Bagh Massacre, Udham

Singh, a fearless revolutionary, went to London in 1940 and assassinated Michael O'Dwyer, the former Lieutenant Governor of Punjab in British India. In **SARDAR UDHAM**, a biopic premiering on Amazon Prime Video on 16 October, director Shoojit Sircar details the courage of this freedom fighter.



Vicky Kaushal as Udham Singh in a still from Sardar Udham

Streaming on Zee5 from 15 October. RASHMI ROCKET tells the story of a nationallevel sprinter whose life crumbles after she fails a gender test. Taapsee Pannu is said to have played perfectly the role of Rashmi, a girl from a small Indian town who dares to dream big. She crosses many hurdles—both on and off the field—with a grit that toughens her even more when she truly has her back to the wall.



A still from Rashmi Rocket

# **#WATCHLIST: ON OUR RADAR**

Maid mini-series: Inspired by Stephanie Land's memoir Maid: Hard Work. Low Pay, and a Mother's Will to Survive, this 10episode limited



A still from Maid

series releases on Netflix on 1 October. Margaret Qualley plays Alex, a young, single mother who tries to earn a living by cleaning houses. As we watch her mop the houses of the uberrich, hanging on to every dreg of hope she can find, we rethink our ideas about poverty.

**Break Point documentary** series: Indian tennis has always been a bit of a tease—it raises our hopes as easily as it crushes them—but for a brief spell in the 1990s, Leander Paes



Paes (left) and Bhupathi in Break Point

and Mahesh Bhupati together beat champions and brought home trophies from Grand Slams. The dream, though, was too good to last.

Coming to Zee5 on 1 October, this series documents their differences and also their pluck.

# **Books**

### The Nutmeg's Curse: Parables for a Planet in Crisis by Amitav Ghosh, Penguin Allen Lane

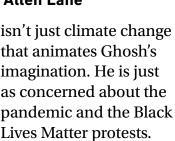
Amitav Ghosh's writing was always revelatory, but ever since he published The Great Derangement in 2016, it has also grown urgent.

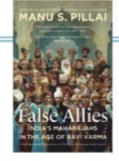
In Gun Island (2019), Ghosh used the themes of displacement and transition to show how our world is on the brink. Jungle Nama, released

earlier this year, employed verse to make a crucial point—human greed has led us to a planetary catastrophe. It isn't just climate change that animates Ghosh's imagination. He is just as concerned about the pandemic and the Black Lives Matter protests.

> In this new book, he explains present inequities by telling us how the nutmeg has travelled the world, bringing the Bandanese people prosperity

and peril. By tracking the nutmeg's violent trajectory, Ghosh explains how we have ransacked this world.



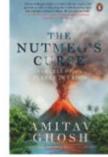


# **Scope Out**

False Allies: India's Maharaiahs in the Age of Ravi Varma (Jugger**naut):** We are inclined to think of India's maharajahs as despotic imperial stooges. Manu Pillai works hard to go beyond these clichés.

Invisible Empire: The Natural History of Viruses (Penguin **Viking):** Bringing together science, history and storytelling, biochemist Pranay Lal deconstructs the complex and diverse world of viruses.

My Life in Full: Work, Family and Our Future (Hachette): Not only does Indra Nooyi write about her time as PepsiCo CEO here, she also creates a blueprint for a better, more compassionate economy.





#### YOU MAY ALSO LIKE ...

The Gollancz Book of South Asian Science Fiction: Volume 2, Edited by Tarun K. Saint (Hachette): The beauty of science fiction, perhaps, lies in all that it makes possible. So, while there are genetically

modified Glow Girls in this volume, there are also simulations that bring alive the stories in books that fascists burnt. The book's graphic preface and afterword are written by Manjula Padmanabhan. The other 31 contributors include the likes of Arunava Sinha, Gautam Bhatia and Vajra Chandrasekera.

# Music

#### **TUNE IN**

Song: 'Kasoor' (Acoustic) Artists: Prateek Kuhad Album: Shehron ke Raaz

What do we talk about when we talk about love? Prateek Kuhad, it would seem, has been trying to answer this question ever since he started making music. Released in 2016, 'Tune Kaha' soon became a romantic anthem. while 'cold/mess' even made it to Barack Obama's list of favourite songs of 2019. More than singer-songwriter, Kuhad is our bard. He speaks of love and longing with a disarming charm.

Having performed 'Kasoor' for a few years on stage, Kuhad dropped a recorded version of the song last year, but it was only in July 2020 that he released its acoustic version. With no other instrument interrupting the singer or his guitar, this pared down

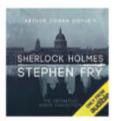


**Prateek Kuhad** 

reproduction helps one enjoy the tune as a ditty, something you can hum along to even if you are listening to it for the first time. Cynics might want to dismiss Kuhad's song-writing as simple mush, but the fault-or kasoor—is ours, not his.

#### **AUDIOBOOK:**

Stephen Fry brings his vast audiobook experience (Harry Potter,



Hitchhiker's Guide) to the novels and

short stories that **Arthur Conan Dovle** wrote with SHERLOCK **HOLMES** as protagonist.

#### PODCAST:

Few British comedians in the business are as funny as James Acaster and Ed Gamble, On



each episode of **OFF** MENU. the

duo asks a special guest to order a meal in their mystical dream restaurant.



# Successful Operation

Medical drama Mumbai Diaries 26/11 has enough tension to set the pulse racing

BY Jai Arjun Singh

If you know Mohit Raina only as the rugged Lord Shiva in the mythological show Devon ke Dev ... Mahadev, you might be startled by his latest avatar as the diligent but often stressed-out Dr Kaushik in Mumbai Diaries 26/11 (streaming on Amazon Prime Video). As the bandanawearing chief of trauma surgery in a south Bombay government hospital, Raina is among the pleasant surprises in this series.

His entry scene has him treating an emergency case as three young surgical residents—it's their first day-watch openmouthed. The chaos



of the moment is artfully captured through the performances as well as the many long takes and the constantly moving camera (among the show's trademarks). But what no one knows is that this will be a far from routine day. Tension levels skyrocket as the first few victims from what is initially thought to be a gangland war come in, and minutes later news channels confirm that a massive terrorist attack is underway; it is the night of 26 November 2008.

Internationally, the medical drama has been a popular TV subgenre for decades, and the eight episodes of

Mumbai Diaries follow some familiar tropes, cutting between the personal and professional lives of doctors and nurses, while offering a ground-level view of a terrifying real-life situation. While hospital staff like Chitra (Konkona Sen Sharma) deal with their own personal demons, Kaushik's wife Ananya (Tina Desai) tries to keep guests in the Palace Hotel safe from the terrorists, and an ambitious journalist (Shreya Dhanwanthary) causes trouble for everyone. Not every character or backstory is compelling, but on the whole this is a suspenseful, well-structured show.

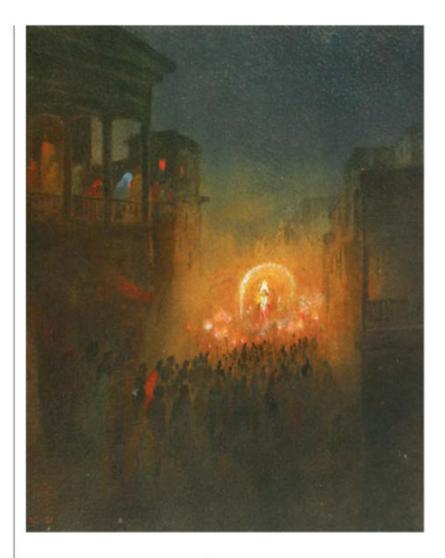


#### Pratima Visarjan

By Gaganendranath
Tagore
Watercolour,
circa 1915
11 3/8 X 13 1/2 cm

FOR BENGALIS, in particular, October is a climactic month. As the monsoons begin to recede, those in Kolkata often begin to smell the Pujas in both the air and the ground. Historically, Durga has been more daughter than goddess in these parts. The story goes that for four days every year, she leaves her husband's celestial abode to visit her earthbound parents. Durga is family for the faithful. They worship her with a fondness they reserve for ones deeply familiar, someone who is altogether theirs.

The idols you see in



the state during this time are, of course, art, but Gaganendranath Tagore (1867–1938), one could argue, has captured the festival's revelry and luminescence in his *Pratima Visarjan* like no other artist has.

The last day of the Pujas are mournful—the goddess will be gone

for a year now—but as Tagore shows, those who accompany her farewell process make up for their sorrow with abandon.

While he does play with light and shade here, Tagore, like the Pujas, illuminates everything.

- BY SHREEVATSA NEVATIA

# ME & MY SHELF

After moving to England in the 1960s, **Farrukh Dhondy** seemingly did everything. He worked as a writer, teacher, a journalist and a commissioning editor for Channel 4. His recently released memoir, *Fragments Against My Ruin*, records the highlights of a very full life.



# The Mahabharata: A Modern Rendering (Volume I & II)

BY RAMESH MENON,
Rupa, ₹1,995
This is one of the books
I would have with me
on a shelf made of
rocks and driftwood
when cast away, like
Robinson Crusoe, on a
desert island. I suppose



it is, like some of those that follow, a predictable and perennial choice, but the stories and their dramatic and metaphoric impact have defined the way that narrative speaks to the imagination.

# Middlemarch

BY GEORGE ELIOT, Penguin Classics, ₹399 This has been for me the novel that introduced the world to modern sensibilities. Together with the Brontës and Flaubert's Madame Bovary, it took the first steps into releasing fiction from staid morality.

### **Kim**

BY RUDYARD KIPLING, Vintage, ₹399
The writer who captured India's colonial reality as no other. His transliteration of the nuance of Indian languages and idiom into English is, to this day, unrivalled. His entire oeuvre, though framed in the imperial enterprise, is penetratingly observant and devoid of self-obsession. Reading his great grand heirs, the Indian novelists who write in English today, is like dodging through precarious Mumbai traffic and having to listen to your passenger's recollection of his or her last dream.

### **Land's End: Poems**

BY ADIL JUSSAWALLA, Copper Coin, ₹350 An early but lasting collection of poems from a lifelong friend. I can still repeat lines and phrases from several of the poems. They were written in England when Adil was 22 through observation and memory which stimulated my own.

#### In Memoriam

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

W. W. Norton & *Company*, ₹1,533 One of the greatest long poems in the English language, it is a haunting text—a memorial to a



friend drowned at sea and, hence, a meditation on grief, hope and a vibrant ambivalence towards belief and faith. It's music in verse is to my ear, unrivalled, though very many of T. S. Eliot's verses could pose a contemporaneous challenge.

# Capital (Volumes I, II & III)

BY KARL MARX, BeThink Books, ₹799 Please don't regard this is as a conceited choice. It was for me the first and still the best explanation of the relation between economics, history and the progress of civilization. Of course, it's of its time but remains, with others works of Marx and Engels, the most accurate and convincing aerial view of historical developments, within nations and globally.

# **King Lear**

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Penguin Classics, ₹250

An excuse to smuggle the complete works on to the list. No collection of literature can do without the nuance of feeling and the dexterity of language contained in this play and the others (and for those who object to my choice of non-Indians, I ask "Who was Sheikh Sapir?").

### The King James Bible

Fingerprint Publishing, ₹399 No, I am not Christian. Apart from the beauty of some of the verse—Corinthians 13.11, for instance—I do believe that Jesus's preachings are the best ethical guide ever presented to humanity. As for virgin births, heaven, hell, eternal life and other eschatology, I don't go for it and would rather the very convincing Advaita Vedanta of Shankaracharya which, to me, seems close to the mysteries of modern physics and to the philosophies of perception and consciousness.

#### The Book of Sand

BY JORGE LUIS BORGES. Penguin UK, ₹550 Borges, even in transla-

tion from the Spanish, can construct intriguing



narratives that rely on paradox, on infinite regress, on the bending of the imagination so that the reader can't distinguish truth from invention. Only those who can subject themselves to hypnotic literature need apply.

# A Way in the World

BY V. S. NAIPAUL, Picador, ₹550

This list could have consisted of nine of Vidia's works. As one of the most significant writers of the overlapping centuries, his work is a window into our world as no other writer's output is. This book is more meaningfully innovative in its combination of history, observed and invented narrative and memoir than any other 'experiment' in literary departures. III

# **BRAIN GAMES**

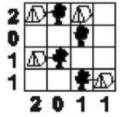
7 Pages to Sharpen Your Mind

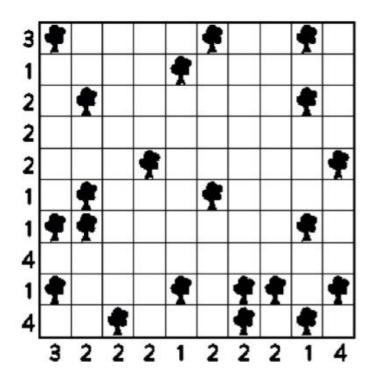
#### **Tents & Trees**

#### How to play:

At this camping site each tent is adjacent to its own tree, either horizontally or vertically. Tents are not adjacent to each other, not even diagonally. The numbers outside the grid indicate how many tents are in that row or column. Locate all tents.





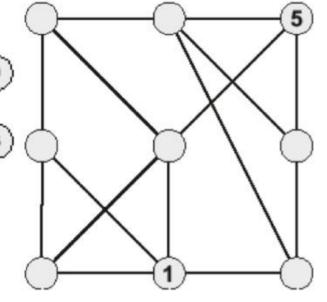


#### **Numbers**

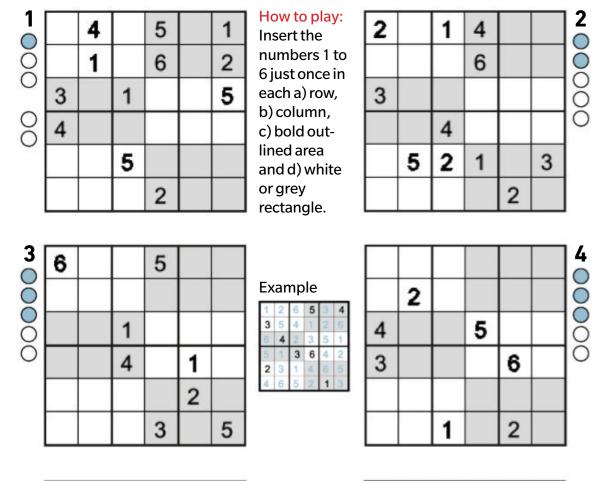
#### How to play:

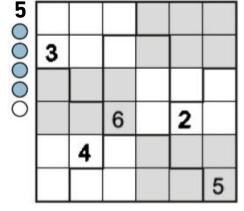
Enter the numbers 1-9 into the grid, so that any two numbers connected with a line will have a difference of at least 3. Two numbers are given.



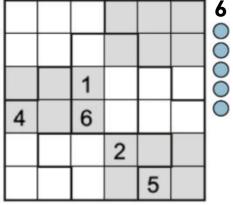








Beware! The bold outlined areas are no longer 2x3!

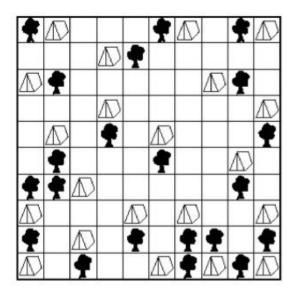


For answers, turn to page 128. Visit sixysudoku.com for books and a free app

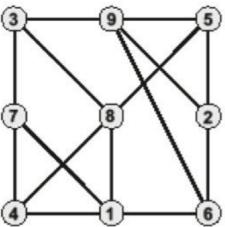
Puzzles © PZZL.com

# **BRAIN GAMES SOLUTIONS** FROM PAGES 126 & 127

#### **Tents & Trees**







# **SIXY SUDOKU SOLUTIONS**

1	6	4	2	5	3	1
	5	1	3	6	4	2
	3	2	1	4	6	5
	4	5	6	1	2	3
	2	6	5	3	1	4
	1	3	4	2	5	6

2	6	1	4	3	5
5	4	3	6	1	2
3	1	5	2	4	6
6	2	4	3	5	1
4	5	2	1	6	3
1	3	6	5	2	4

3	6	4	2	5	3	1
	1	5	3	4	6	2
	3	2	1	6	5	4
	5	6	4	2	1	3
	4	3	5	1	2	6
	2	1	6	3	4	5

I	5	3	6	1	4	2
I	1	2	4	3	5	6
	4	6	2	5	3	1
I	3	1	5	2	6	4
I	2	4	3	6	1	5
I	6	5	1	4	2	3

4	5	1	6	3	2
3	6	2	5	4	1
1	2	4	3	5	6
5	3	6	1	2	4
6	4	5	2	1	3
2	1	3	4	6	5

6	5	6	4	1	3	2
	3	1	2	5	4	6
	2	3	1	4	6	5
	4	5	6	3	2	1
	6	4	5	2	1	3
	1	2	3	6	5	4



Mark Twain once wrote, "When in doubt, tell the truth." That's good advice, but who among us hasn't told a little white lie—or a whopper? This month's words relate to facts, fiction and the grey areas between. Once you get to the bottom of this quiz, turn to the next page for the moment of truth.

#### By Sarah Chassé

#### 1. credible adj.

('kreh-dih-bull)

- **A** upfront
- **B** biased
- c believable

#### **2.** ruse n.

(rooz)

- A pledge
- **B** trick
- c secret

#### 3. obscure v.

(ob-'skyur)

- A cheat
- **B** make public
- c hide

#### **4. axiom** *n*.

('ak-see-um)

- A myth
- **B** source
- c truism

#### duplicitous adj.

(doo-'plih-suh-tus)

- A dishonest
- **B** wishy-washy
- c principled

#### 6. candid adj.

('kan-did)

- A frank
- **B** phony
- c undercover

#### 7. apocryphal adj.

(uh-'pah-kruh-full)

- A trustworthy
- **B** skeptical
- c made-up

#### 8. feign v.

(fayn)

- A leave out details
- B give the appearance of
- c offer as evidence

#### 9. verify v.

('vair-uh-fy)

- A discredit
- **B** confirm
- c exaggerate

#### 10. ersatz adj.

('air-sahts)

- A genuine
- **B** neutral
- c bogus

#### **11. slander** n.

('slan-der)

- A false statements
- **B** flawed argument
- c con artist

#### **12. cozen** v.

('kuh-zin)

- A quarantee
- **B** fact-check
- c deceive

#### **13. fallacy** n.

('fal-uh-see)

- A gold standard
- **B** mistaken belief
- c bluff

#### 14. polygraph n.

('pah-lee-graf)

- A sworn statement
- **B** lie detector
- c god of truth

#### 15. debunk v.

(dee-'bunk)

- A disprove
- **B** bring to light
- c challenge in court

#### **Lies Laid Bare**

If someone tells a shameless falsehood, you might shout, "That's a bald-faced lie!" Or is it barefaced lie? Both describe a deception that's brazenly unconcealed, like a beardless face. That sense of boldness may have led to the rise of the bold-faced lie. While popular (and found in the dictionary), grammarians prefer boldface to describe a heavy font.

# Word Power ANSWERS

**1. credible** (C) believable. I know

"the dog ate my homework" isn't a credible excuse, but that's what really happened!

- **2. ruse** (B) trick.
  Tonight's dinner reservations are a ruse—we're actually throwing Javed a surprise party.
- **3. obscure** (c) hide. The burglars' black masks obscured their faces.
- **4. axiom** (c) truism. Grandpa repeats his favorite axiom often: "Measure twice, cut once."

### 5. duplicitous

(A) dishonest.
"You duplicitous doublecrosser—you'll pay for
this!" Ella shouted.

**6. candid** (A) frank. In a candid new memoir, the actor reveals his struggle with addiction.

#### 7. apocryphal

(c) made-up.
Most historians
agree that the
story of George
Washington chopping down the cherry
tree is apocryphal.

- **8. feign** (B) give the appearance of. Back in high school, I'd often feign illness to get out of gym class.
- **9. verify** (B) confirm. Please bring a passport or driver's licence to verify your identity.
- **10. ersatz** (c) bogus. The street vendor sells fake Rolexes and other ersatz items.

#### 11. slander

(A) false statements. Varsha has been spreading slander about her ex-husband to anyone who will listen.

**12. cozen** (c) deceive. Scammers make countless robocalls every day, trying to cozen a few unsuspecting consumers.

#### 13. fallacy

(B) mistaken belief. Does the camera really add 5 kilos, or is that just a fallacy?

#### 14. polygraph

(B) lie detector.

The murder suspect insisted he was innocent, though he refused to take a polygraph.

**15. debunk** (A) disprove. The existence of Bigfoot has been thoroughly debunked.

#### **Vocabulary Ratings**

9 & BELOW: pat on the back

10-12: above the norm

13-15: high mark



#### By Beth Shillibeer

- **1.** What television role did Katie Couric, Ken Jennings and Bill Whitaker have in common this year?
- **2.** What Oktoberfest commodity sold out despite the cancellation of the 2020 Munich celebrations?
- **3.** Canada's University of Victoria offers a course on which superhero created by Bob Kane and Bill Finger?
- **4.** Which Australian prime minister was also a Rhodes Scholar and one-time holder of a world record for drinking beer?
- **5.** Saffron can be more expensive than gold by weight. True or false?

- **6.** What type of Halloween costume did Disney launch in 2020 for disabled children?
- 7. Nova Scotia is the first legislative body in Canada to implement what legal approach to organ donation upon death?
- **8.** The 2020 Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to which organization whose mascot is a dog named Foxtrot?
- **9.** Who is the only US president to have been awarded a Pulitzer Prize?
- **10.** In 2020, sailor Bert terHart became the first person from North America to sail around the world alone using what method of navigation?

- **11.** When Israel's spacecraft *Beresheet* crash-landed on the moon in 2019, what was it carrying that may have since become the first lunar life form?
- **12.** Why is Russia's October Revolution of 1917 commemorated in November?
- **13.** What passengers took the very first hot air balloon ride in 1783?
- **14.** Vampire squids, goblin sharks and fangtooth fish are all members of what specific ecosystem?



**15.** Facing an excess of oranges, what did the city of Seville recently do with its fruit waste?

STOCK.COM/DENIRA777

**Answers: 1.** Jeopardy guest host. **2.** Official beer stein. **3.** Batman. **4.** Bob Hawke. **5.** True. **6.** Wheelchair adaptive costumes. **7.** Presumed consent. **8.** World Food Programme. **9.** John F. Kennedy in 1957, for Profiles in Courage. **10.** Celestial navigation (charts and sextant). **11.** Tardigrades (water bears). **12.** Russia used the Julian calendar in 1917 but now uses the Gregorian calendar. **13.** A sheep, a duck and a rooster. **14.** Deep sea environments. **15.** Create electricity.

# **QUOTABLE QUOTES**

Wisdom that isn't distilled in our own crucible can't help us. Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, novelist

# I think that little by little I'll be able to solve my problems and survive.

Frida Kahlo, artist

You can safely assume you've created God in your own image when it turns out that God hates all the same people you do.

Anne Lamott, author

You've a good heart. Sometimes that's enough to see you safe wherever you go. But mostly, it's not.

Neil Gaiman, novelist



**Anne Lamott** 

Frida Kahlo

**Neil Gaiman** 

Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni







**Real Activ** 100% **Tender Coconut** Water



· Helps Boost Immunity



**Supports Hydration** 

**Naturally Low in Calories** 

No Added Sugars\*

**DABUR CARES: CALL OR WRITE** 8/3, ASAF ALI ROAD, NEW DELHI-110002

E-MAIL : daburcares@dabur.com

Website: dabur.com

TOLL FREE 1800-103-1644

\* CONTAINS NATURALLY OCCURRING SUGARS.

REAL FRUIT POWER IS ONLY A TRADEMARK AND DOES NOT REPRESENT ITS TRUE NATURE.

REGISTERED NO. DL(ND)-11/6098/2021-22-2023 LICENSED TO POST WPP U(C)-64/2021-23 & FARIDABAD/309/2020-22

Total Pages in this issue of Reader's Digest, including cover: 134; Published on 1st October 2021, Monthly Magazine: RNI No. 6175/1960



# Admissions Open for 2021-22

### **Courses Offered:**

BBA Business Administration | Digital Marketing | Rural Management | Business Administration (Hons.)

MBA Business Administration | Artificial Intelligence & Data Science | Business Analytics
Banking and Financial Services | Digital Marketing | Hospital Management
Waste Management and Social Entrepreneurship

#### WHAT SETS SRMSOM APART

- Ranked second in the South Zone by the Competition Success Review & Global Human Resource Development Centre (2020-2021)
- Ranked among the Top 10 BBA programmes in India since 2013 by TOI
- Collaborations with 158 MNCs for physical and digital industrial internships
- 10,000+ strong alumni network
- Global learning opportunities with 170+ partnering universities worldwide
- Placements with salary packages of
   ₹ 3.5 12 LPA

- BBA Placements: McKinsey, Ford Motors, L & T Construction, Wipro, City Union Bank, Apexon, Natwest
- MBA Placements: Siemens, Deloitte, Vodafone, TCS, Federal Bank, City Union Bank, ICICI Bank, Ather Energy, Idea, Phone Pe, Reliance Retail, Axis Bank, Naukri, Berger Paints



KATTANKULATHUR CAMPUS

#### **APPLY NOW**



Website: www.srmist.edu.in | Email: admissions.india@srmist.edu.in

Helpline: +91 44 6737 0700, +91 44 2745 5510, +91 44 4743 7500







