

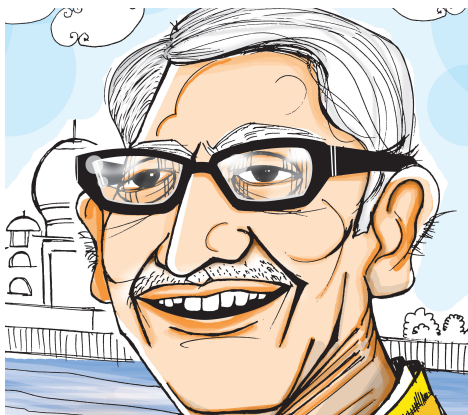
HUMOUR TIMES

JEST FOR FUN!



Why Humour Times?

From The Editor's Desk



The reason is my soul-mate who laughs as frequently as the Kumbh melas. Obviously quality laughter is different from hyena laugh of the members of freak laughter clubs who can be heard early in the morning at various public parks. Laughing may be a good exercise for the lungs, but laughing pointlessly can get you booked at mental asylums.

On a more sombre note, the level and quality of humour indicates the health of a society. Authoritarian regimes do not tolerate poking fun, pulling a leg, or slicing the tips of noses of those in power. Luckily, we in India enjoy a great deal of intellectual freedom, due largely to the fact that our politicians are 'ill-educated.' Most do not pretend to understand the fine nuances of wit and sarcasm. Rather their thickly insulated skulls prevent intellectual intrusions of a vulnerable kind.

A platform like Humour Times will provide us the opportunity to paint the devils in their true colours, and expose the myth or hypocrisy that shines like an aura, around them."

Needless to state, we anticipate an avalanche of foul reactions from those who find their images sullied in the columns of the Humour Times.

Your unsolicited and uncalled for words of appreciation will raise our adrenaline level to better our output.

Credit for cartoons and caricatures:
Vikas Agarwal, New Delhi
Dr Manoj, Agra

Loose Thoughts

A PLEA FOR Uncommon Sense

Parasnath Chaudhary

Children of mother/father of India have been doing no work but talking for past 70 years or so.

From the school kid to the almighty minister, everyone is a glib talker. In the class room, a teacher's precious time is lost in silencing the students while in the nation's parliament all that the presiding officer is seen doing is demanding from members "baithiye, shant ho jaayiye," but the cacophony is so loud that sound amplifiers seem redundant.

If a "Talking Olympiad" were held, there is little doubt that the winners from 1 to 10 positions will be Indians.

Spirit and fun loving mendicants and "meditators" looking for peace, shun the Himalayas these days and create their own noisy islands called "Indra-Loks" replete with dancing fairies and rock bands in attendance. The choicest goons in politics and dons of the under-world provide the insurance cover, as the gyrating babas deliver their rapacious sermons from the sanctified pulpits.

A secular saint with a flowing beard said the country was suffering due to generational gap. Obviously the well meaning 'baba' based his judgment on the premise that the elderly in India were different from the teenage kids, both categories having been certified by the ISO as puerile and immature.

The 'ageing-ruins' dominating politics behave as irresponsibly as the youth, while the country's downward slide to decadence picks up momentum.

Merit and talent being huge handicaps in our country, it is only proper to advocate promiscuity in all spheres of life, the fundamentals of which should be guided by the twin principles of "Mulayamity" and "Mayatory," say the wise ones.

In nature, several species may have become extinct, but in the political circus that seemingly runs the country, the dodos and the thick-skinned dinosaurs are in mirthful abundance. The real problem is we have a surfeit of commoners and mango-men. Those that try to be different are frowned at.

Perhaps it is time to launch a campaign to promote "UNCOMMONNESS." Be different if you can afford IT.

Limerick

*My dear people of the gay sex cult
There's really no need to swallow insult
You're spelling doom
for population boom!
Ban straight sex and get on, without
guilt!*

Muthanna

My White Christmas



On this eve of Yuletide,
I had a soft, wondrous dream
All around was brilliant snow
Like freshly whipped sugary cream.

I was thrilled. I frolicked,
Rolling in the pristine snow
I made up a fat snow – man
Who wore a red, floppy bow.

Waking then from my dream
I went out and took a peep
There it was, all around
Thick on the ground, ankle deep.

But I cried, “Aiyyaiyyo!”
And why was that, can you guess?
This was not my white Christmas,
But plastic cover holy mess!!

Dr. Lata Muthanna
Christmas day of 2006

INSANE BAK-BAK

Brij Khandelwal



If we are a country of symbols and symbolism, how can reality ever dawn and factual indicators of a society in dynamic mode ever deciphered. From secular symbolism to Cow Mata, from a socialist president of the republic residing in a simple home with 300 rooms with a view to the multi-splendoured Mughal garden, and a countless fleet of cars, to Gandhian Ambani in his Atila, life continues to play its symbolic ritualisation.

Nitish Kumar resigns and takes oath to save India from corruption. Akhilesh Yadav swears by his doting father but does everything that Aurangzeb did to his father Shah Jahan. The Marxists join fundamentalist muslims to stall spread of saffron wings. Tamil Nadu High Court orders singing of Vande Matram while Karnataka wants its own flag and opposes Hindi imposition, while the Hindu high pontiff in Udipi holds Iftaar party for muslim brothers. A passenger train takes 23 hours to cover 200 kms while work begins on the bullet train. Beef eating at home is a taboo but in a public auditorium its revolutionary.

TV serial can promote child marriage but law frowns on such attempts. Drinking while driving is deadly insane but driving with drunkards is fun. A holy man turns out a rogue in garb while a politician swindles crores to offer a golden cot to the deity.

Political defections are seen as dynamic ideological readjustments but changing caste affiliations leads to honour killing. The Germans stole all relevant portions of the scriptures and progressed while we worshipped the holy books and never opened them to read the contents. You consume tobacco and alcohol and die, but offer Bhang and herbal drugs to the gods and remain healthy all your life.

Dichotomy between thought and action lead to paradigm shifts in perceptions leading to hazardous overflow of surplus sentimental output, resulting in polluting cynicism. Therefore let Silence be the ideology of the no-changers and find patronage of the majority. On to Achche Din. Amen

The Bhang Eaters



*A meeting was summoned of the ruling Elite
Problems were discussed both knotty and neat.*

*The PM Lord Lapoojhanna gave a
thundering speech;*

*A speech, they said, was beyond everyone's
reach.*

*"Friends," quoth he, something ought to be
done;*

Elections are near, they have to be won.

Great is our history, our culture is the best;

*We, the chosen ones, are destined to rule the
rest.*

Problems are too many, what can we do?

*Let's export problems to China and
Tumbaktoo.*

*God is in his heaven and Satan is on this
earth;*

All is not right, we are deprived of mirth.

People of this country are dopes and fools;

*For centuries have they lived under alien
rule.*

And if the uncivil mobs be so nutty

Can our ministers be any witty?

*A people get a government they deserve the
best;*

So why must we toil? Let's relax and rest.

*Experts from abroad will be invited and
paid;*

To suggest us ways to increase foreign aid.

If aid from other countries is denied unto us;

*We'll manufacture foreign aid' without a
fuss.*

*Rest ye brother countrymen, rest ye youth
Rest;*

Rest is the only way to solve all unrest.

*Thus the meeting of the party came to an
end;*

A group of ten Netas was far away sent.

Merrily went the netas on and on

Sailed far and wide till dusk from dawn.

A land full of streams was sighted soon;

On a pale blue sky stood a rocketed moon.

A flowery shiny shrub was soon discovered;

The netas rejoiced—joyful songs were heard.

*Back sailed the netas with leaves of that
rare herb;*

*Amazing was its effect, all problems it could
curb.*

A dose of the herb kept all issues at bay;

*On sunny beaches, people dozed all thru' the
day.*

*Whatever said their leaders, they readily
believed;*

*So the government of the country felt greatly
relieved.*

*They called it Bhang, the panacea and
surest cure*

For any malady that people couldn't endure.

*"How hateful is the sight of the toiling
multitude!!!"*

We the sons of gods are not beasts mute."

*Let others toil, we shall in Elysian valley
dwell;*

Rest ye dear countrymen, all will be well.

Let us now pledge we shall not ever toil;

Why life's fun should we in vain spoil?"

*Life is for pleasure, we shall not make it a
bore*

*Rest ye dear comrades, we shall not toil
more."*

*"Poeted" by Brij Khandelwal, with
permission from Lord Tennyson*

Making sense of 'Modi'fication

Asha G. Kumar



Jane Austen, describing Emma, spells out her flaws to be, "The real evils indeed of Emma's situation were the power of having rather too much her own way, and a disposition to think a little too well of herself...The danger, however, was at present so unperceived, that they did not by any means rank as misfortunes with her..."

Well, this ought to be rather interesting, as centuries later, these same attributes, please note the word here is attributes and not flaws (lest I be arrested for sedition!), are shared by our venerable, noble PM, a 66 year old man with a 56 inch chest! Now, whether the PM has actually measured his chest personally, had it measured by his trusted aides or whether it is a metaphorical reference to his feats as a leader of the masses, only the PM will be able to throw light upon, perhaps at the next rock concert. Lesser mortals such as myself should suffice to bow down or cower in obeisance, else my nationality, nationalism and credentials as a Hindu might be called into serious scrutiny.

He can never be accused of being lenient with the tardy dissenters, and as his venerable self had expounded in one of the televised interviews, one cannot feel sorry for a puppy being run over while heading towards the larger good and welfare of the citizenry as a whole.

Now, these words might be chilling in a democratic set up, a leader of the masses, a visionary implying nonchalance on the collateral damage. But, the fault dear reader, "lies in our stars", our starry eyed, myopic outlook towards our celebrities and leaders. Starved for role models, decisive leadership and clear articulation of policies, we wilfully and foolishly

based our choice with an intent to stave off another idiot and mommy's boy, from ruling the roost. The mandate was against the centuries old Congress, specialising in scams and policy paralysis, headed by a mumbling old gentleman. In our enthusiasm to root them out, we voted a man who belaboured on his physical prowess (56 inches chest), vociferously vilified a Gandhi legacy and blurred the lines of history and mythology, while promoting himself as a mythic figure that would save this nation of 6 billion people with the claim, nah, proclamation of "*achche din*". Now, dear reader please note that he never specified whom the *achche din* would embrace. Now, in hindsight, if this resonates with the recent folly of US which has thrown up a Trump card, we can at least take solace that the phrase, ignorant masses, is no longer a euphemistic response to Indians alone. Phew! we did manage it finally, our thinking matches that of the US and of the UK, our former masters! Can we now exult in unison for thinking like the White Man?!

Sorry, I digress, it is an affront in these days of the Saffron to take pride in anything that is non Indian, instead, let me suffice to say that impulse and hate is also a *Make (and Made) in India*, and we now need to copyright that forthwith. Speaking of copyright, I wonder if this effort would result in any monetary benefits, i.e. if there is a payment in the pipeline for this admission?! I would certainly insist on the payment being made through paytm, or through a card, no cash for me post November 8th. Neither am I a dissenter, an anti-national nor one with black money to entertain illegal cash transactions that my leader is taking such pains to root out.

We are expressing our solidarity by routinely taking off from work to engage in productive activities like lining up before the ATM centres and at the Banks to either trade in the illegal tender, or withdraw the odd note to tease a fruit and vegetable vendor with, or to simply admire the colour and texture of the new notes, a cheerful fuchsia pink and green ones! What our venerable PM has not yet pointed out is that while the pink ones promote his *beti bachaon abhiyan*, the green ones show reverence to the hard working, *kisans*, routinely committing suicide. Wouldn't their families be thrilled that their deaths have not gone unacknowledged, each time a *naagrik* uses the 500 rupee note or each farmer family that is compensated will and should recall this noble vision of our Pradhan Mantri! It is a different matter that the 500 rupee ones are in short supply and the 2000 rupee ones celebrating the girl child is omnipresent. Maybe this is the reason the pink notes are frowned upon in keeping with the *bhartiya sabhyata* towards the womenfolk. Nevertheless, we must desist from complaining as this is a "short term pain for long term gains", both the PM and the finance minister have repeatedly promised this.

Despite such astute counsel and persistent reminders over the radio, the PM's *Man ki baat* is not easy to comprehend, let alone follow. The pseudo Hindus in the Opposition parties, intellectuals and artists have often tried to malign his goodwill with insidious remarks and adjectives branding him an autocrat, and a megalomaniac with scant respect for the parliamentary process. But the ardent followers shall not be induced to self doubt by these lesser mortals, because we know that these are the people who are "crying for their lost money". Long queues outside the banks, a sudden crash in the GDP and in the growth index, and cynical dismissals issued by the ilk of Shashi Tharoor and Raghuram Rajan, are only defectors and anti nationals who are sully the honour of a leader who has left his home and hearth "to serve the nation". How many rallies, concerts or radio interviews can the PM possibly address? Have they not considered that even Bollywood celebrities like the Khans are completely on board with this move? Have they not been watching the government endorsed adverts suggesting cashless economy and paying through mobile phones?

Have they not learnt that the coffers of our banks is brimming over with the deposited amount by its citizenry?

It surely is a wilful, malicious propaganda that deliberates on the deaths caused by demonetisation, as if the Sun had no role to play, in the heat induced strokes? It again is mindless rigidity that does not heed to the 'modi'fying practices of a visionary. Instead of lamely complaining about inability to access one's own money, isn't it the need of the hour to watch the incessant beaming of our PM's visit to the US, UK, and other countries, where he is accorded unprecedented reception? We need to take cues from our successful brethren, the Adanis, Ambanis and their ilk, who do not waste their time and energy in opposing a great leader. This is one of the reasons why they feature on the Forbes List, unlike the general populace, sweating it out on the streets. It is true that ill informed minions need to be properly guided by a party devoted to 'creating' history than merely accepting what is believed to be history.

Therefore, the answers, dear reader are fairly simple, and more significantly, practical. With adequate thought channelling (not thought control!) made possible by our PM's active endorsement of Yoga, a sound adherence to being a Hindu and understanding that all this money is *maaya* (no pun on mayawati!) and a devotion to the nation first manifesto by singing out the national anthem routinely and chanting *Jai Hind*, one can easily tide over such temporary "inconveniences". I, for one, have already made this part of my morning routine by having our Pradhan Mantriji cooing into my ears his gentle notes of *Bhaiyon aur behno* to begin my

day that is marked by practising Yoga, even as I listen to and sing the National Anthem in gusto, followed by opting to wear the saffron salwar or the khadi suit and heading out to work with the *Vandemataram* playing on my car stereo. Add to this the fact, that like my PM, I too am a Singleton albeit with no past history of child marriages, as I hail from the South and such glorious tradition is shunned by my irreverent ancestors. However, considering my gender, I shall desist from revealing whether my chest size is 56, 36 or...

Jai Hind!

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Disclaimer: Humour Times does not subscribe to the views of the writers, a few may be ghosts, for all you know. We take no responsibility for the views expressed. Resemblance with living creatures is coincidental and not unintentional.

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WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS FROM THE RIVER CONNECT CAMPAIGN



Of Beans, Limes and Diamonds

Lakshmi Palecanda



When I moved into Mysore three years ago, I encountered a strange concept in a perfectly ordinary location: the vegetable vendor's. I needed a bunch of coriander leaves and he was showing me some. A person was standing next to me.

"Get naughty," he said.

Shocked, I looked at the not-so-young man who smiled back with genuine friendliness.

I'd heard that men get naughty at forty. He seemed about that age.

That man was indicating the two slightly different looking bunches of the leafy vegetable in front of me. "The farm one won't be so full of flavor," he said.

That is when I realized that he meant 'natti' or home-grown versus farm grown produce. I looked back at the two bunches. The 'natti' guy was looking as strong as Stan Laurel and the other was a little healthier. With so much pressure on me, I had to take the 'natti' one.

Later, I experimented with the farm version and found it to be not very different, but the 'natti' cost almost double for half the amount of leaves and stalks, putting it beyond my coriander budget.

The natti-ness also extended to tomatoes, I found out later. However, here the prices were reversed. The natti or local tomatoes were more sour, juicier and cheaper, while the 'jam tomatoes' or the Roma hybrids were sweet or just insipid, and a little more expensive.

Speaking of expensive, the humble vegetable market has become a little like the famous diamond markets of Antwerp and Martapura. You go in with large amounts of money and come out with a small amount of produce in a little bag. Don't believe me? Well, here is an example.

I have a vegetable-wallah who I always buy from. One day, I skipped along to his cycle

to buy veggies. Seeing a pile of fresh green beans, I ran my fingers through them, not noticing the seller's uneasiness.

"How much?" I asked breezily.

"Fifteen rupees," he said, watching my actions carefully.

"Okay, then. I'll take half a kilo."

"That will be thirty rupees."

"Er, I don't think so," I ventured tentatively. I am a little weak in Maths, I should have taken a calculator, I thought.

"It's fifteen for quarter kilo," said the vegetable-wallah, edging the beans away from me.

"And the tomatoes, potatoes, onions are ten rupees ... for quarter kg. The garlic is Rs 20 ... for 100gs."

"Do you have any limes?" I faltered.

"Amma, don't you know that limes are sold only at maximum security markets with

safety lockers?" he asked me contemptuously.

"Limes of 2cm diameter cost Rs. 4 a piece."

"How much will a lime this big cost?" I asked, holding my fingers about 4cms apart.

This time, there was definitely pity in his gaze.

"Don't ask, you can't afford it."

I staggered home, heartsick with an empty purse and with six beans, one each of tomato,

potato and onion and no garlic. When my husband asked what our children would eat, I said,

"Let them eat Cadbury's Dairy Milk."

Later, I heard of a wedding being called off because the groom's family wanted lemon

rice with tomato and toor dhal sambar and beans fry to be served for the wedding lunch. The

bride immediately called the police, who slapped harassment charges on the groom's family. The

bride's father reportedly had offered the groom a house in Koramangala, Bangalore, and a

Mercedes-Benz, but the boy was insistent on the menu.

"What do these bridegrooms think? Are we made of money?" he is said to have asked reporters tearfully.

After my run-in with the vegetable seller, I began to think furiously. Surely there was

something in this situation that an entrepreneur could exploit. As a result of those cogitations, I

confronted my husband that evening.

"I think we should convert our coffee estate into something else," I said. "We should

uproot the coffee and plant beans."

"I don't think it is a good idea to plant vanilla when the market for vanilla beans is so

bad," he began.

"I'm talking green beans, not vanilla," I said. "With an intercropping of naughty, I mean,

'natti' coriander and tomato, we will be in the Fortune 500 billionaire list before we know it."

He gave me an incredulous look, and quickly changed the subject, and we haven't

discussed the topic since. But I haven't abandoned hope yet.

I'm going to send him to buy vegetables tomorrow.

Remembering Khushwant Singh: The Emperor of Wit, Humour and Laughter

Nibir K. Ghosh

I had the opportunity of meeting Khushwant Singh, the Emperor of Wit, Humour and Laughter at the "Leslie Sawhney Programme of Training in Democracy" at Hotel Clarks Shiraz, Agra in the late '70s. The meeting, though brief, remains deeply entrenched in my memory. I have been a great admirer of Khushwant ever since I read his *Train to Pakistan* in my undergraduate years. The novel, in my opinion, is one of the best to emerge from the sub-continent's traumatic experience of the Partition. Despite the virtual deluge of literary works available on the theme of Partition today, reading *Train to Pakistan* continues to remain an unforgettable experience. Above all, it brings to the fore Khushwant's masterly art of story-telling.

I have been an avid reader of his regular weekly column "With Malice towards One and All" as much as I loved his uncharacteristic flamboyant style that set at naught all hypocritical traditions and limitations to create a canon which only he was capable of creating. It was a pleasure to introduce him to my M.A. English students a few years ago through the Sahitya Akademi documentary on the life and work of the legend. I narrated a few jokes from his joke books which the students thoroughly enjoyed. I also shared with them one of his most characteristic pronouncements: "In a humourless nation like ours it doesn't take much wit to be regarded as a humorist. It came as a very pleasant surprise to me to discover that the first item most of my readers read in my columns is the last one which I usually reserve for a humorous anecdote. The conclusion is clear: we may not have much humour in ourselves but we enjoy it coming from others. A good joke is a tonic for appetites jaded by an unending and unsavoury diet of politics, corruption, religious and social problems."

Khushwant Singh's power of observation again comes to the forefront when we see his analysis of our humourless approach to life and its real or existential problems. He stated bluntly: "We Indians are singularly humourless people who find it difficult to laugh unless it is prescribed by a doctor and administered as a dose good for our health. Go to any park in any city and you will see middle-aged men and women with long, sad faces looking as if

they had just broken away from a funeral procession for a few minutes to rest their feet before rejoining it.

They line up on a lawn like soldiers on drill and await their leader's command to begin their exercise. He raises one arm; they fall silent. He brings it down with a jerk, they start laughing – hee, hee, hee – haw, haw, haw – and bray like donkeys for full fifteen minutes. Their leader raises his hand again. They fall silent. Put back their long, sad faces, break lines and rejoin the funeral procession." His innate ability to create powerfully witty narratives out of our mundane existence until his very end will certainly keep him alive in the memory of anyone interested in fun and laughter as necessary ingredients of life. The laughter that we shared in reading his jokes and anecdotes still rings loud and clear amid the surrounding gloom of the vacuum created by his departure for the abode of the immortals. I am sure he must be equally busy in entertaining the Gods in Heaven with his mirth and laughter. Long live Khushwant Singh!

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FROM TRAIN TO PAKISTAN

"Morality is a matter of money. Poor people cannot afford to have morals. So they have religion."

"India is constipated with a lot of humbug. Take religion. For the Hindu, it means little besides caste and cow-protection. For the Muslim, circumcision and kosher meat. For the Sikh, long hair and hatred of the Muslim. For the Christian, Hinduism with a sola topee. For the Parsi, fire-worship and feeding vultures. Ethics, which should be the kernel of a religious code, has been carefully removed."

My Maid-Of-Honour

Mukta K. Gupta

Every morning at 8 AM sharp, I open the doors to a beautiful young lady. She is tall, with an angular face, and her curly black hair always seem to caress the sides of her face. She is Chandrika, she is my house help.

She quietly goes about the chores of my house, with a very no-nonsense attitude, I can say she is very professional about her job. My favourite part is when at the end of it all, everyday, religiously, she fills me in with what's happening in her world. I love these small chit-chats, it gives me a glimpse into her life, at a personal level, as another human being, and more importantly as another woman. Over one such cherished moments, she opened her heart to me. She is a single parent, raising a 10 year old boy, her dream being to send him to an English-medium school. A few years ago, her husband left her for another woman - her best friend. Ouch!

I asked her, a little hesitantly, "does it hurt, your husband and your best friend together?" In my head, I was already sounding stupid, asking a silly question with an obvious answer, just like the news reporters ask victims after a tragedy - "how does it feel to lose your house in the earthquake?" Her answer, though, was nothing I ever expected, she said with a smirk on her face, "this is the happiest I have ever been." Such nonchalance.

"I was married at the age of 14, I hated it, I didn't know anything, and he was such a jerk. He did nothing but whiled away his time sleeping. I used to work, and he would spend. There was no freedom, no choice. In fact, even he was not happy in the relationship, we both felt trapped." "The only grudge I have towards him is that one fine day he just vanished, leaving me and our son alone, no explanations, nothing. If he had told me, I would have let him go..."

"And will you marry again?", I asked.

"Aiiyo, I am not that crazy."

With not a single twitch of a muscle and no hint of shame whatsoever in her voice, and I am pretty sure even within her, she asked me pointedly, "why should I forsake my freedom for a man?" The moment is forever etched in my memories. Her response that day shocked me because I wasn't expecting her to be happy with her status in society as 'the-wife-whose-husband-left-her-for-another-woman'. I also learnt a valuable life lesson. Our happiness is not dependent on the existence or non-existence of another person and definitely not on the societal norms.

Sports Authority Scheme "KAMINEY" Offers Money To Athletes Who Can Pay

Anmol Ghote

In a move to encourage more participation in International sports, the Sports Authority has introduced a bold scheme for up and coming athletes. This scheme has come about in the midst of accusations of under-representation of Kurrupistan athletes on the international stage.

The country called Kurrupistan is situated at the far end of the Pacific and has regular communication with beings of superior intelligence from outer space.

Mr. Peeyush Pateel, the main architect of this scheme is hopeful that many athletes will qualify to represent Kurrupistan. Mr. Pateel expressed the simplicity of the scheme "It's very simple, really. Athletes who can Pay, can represent Kurrupistan at events. Once they return back from the event, they will be offered Money. Hence the name of the scheme "KAMINEY" "Korrupistan Athletics Money Involves No Earnings for You". Secretary of Sports Authority Mrs. Nene Pateel has said that so far, about 420 athletes have applied to the scheme, however, only 161 athletes will qualify. Mrs. Pateel informed us that athletes from varied backgrounds as Race Walking, Dressage, Fencing, Rhythmic Gymnastics, Yatching and Synchronized Swimming have applied and qualified.

In order to apply for reimbursement under "KAMINEY", a signed affidavit in quadruplicate will need to be submitted to the State department along with the Central department. Once the affidavit is received, the athlete will upload their particulars into online portal www.kaminey.kurps Once an athlete number has been generated, the athlete needs to fill out and submit Form 152 with the event organizers signature and seal, to the central government. Upon receiving the form, the central government will deploy a Verification Specialist to the country of the event to verify the event and the attendance of the athlete. The athlete should expect reimbursement within. Mrs. Pateel said that coaches across the country are thrilled with the scheme. Claiming that now they don't have to worry about being able to afford to take their family and village with them to international events, as the athlete who qualifies, will take "KAMINEY" and be able to pay for everyone's travel, accommodation and meals.

For athletes who wish to be in "KAMINEY" scheme, applications are being accepted till April 20, 2018, for the 2020 Olympics. Please contact your local "KAMINEY" Sports Authority minister's office for more information.

Why Indian Doctors Are The Best

Lisa De

Dear Friends, it gives me (painful) pleasure to write about my recent trysts with healthcare and diagnostic centres in particular.

A visit to a doctor will inevitably open a door(with no exit) only leading from one to another 'DC' DIAGNOSTIC CENTER! It's like the DC in Washington DC, yes that famous!!!

And believe me the numerous instructions will make you giddy and go weak in your knees (after the hole in the pocket am keeling over not just kneeling)

Am I the only one or is anyone with me (I really would love to see some solidarity here) in agreement that after every liquor store is a diagnostic centre? Just as a well known hospital in Mysore, whose entrance is lined with street food



carts and helping shepherd more , oops people into the hospital. What an idea sirjee!!



Of course now comes the real test! Yes, although I have the dictionary of diagnostic centres and their codes with me, I have to go where I am 'told'. I meekly follow orders, 'yes ma'am, yes sir, alright sir'. Yes, first right, second left, on Sayyajirao road and just before the ----

Phew! After those twist and turns(my gut hurts here) since I wonder what's the connection or point in send me to a DC three kms away when you have one right next door. The answer being - it's not reliable, it is under reported, it is not well maintained and the real truth being (the one next door doesn't give me a cut), well the other one definitely cut me up... Such a nexus, it's like a maze that will put the maze in the triwizard tournament in Hogwarts to shame... It's that complicated... And God forbid if orders are not followed then you are 'disowned' by your doctor(In the dog house all your life dude)...

The technicians are my next God!! The aprons they wear over their clothes, with their TLD badges is like meeting a member of Z security force.... They truly scrutinize you(and that's when i hope my undergarments are not showing, coz I felt like I was being non verbally reprimanded for flashing

someone in public)... They are constantly 'in and out' of the room with innumerable instructions and unscrutinable expressions. It's a rat race with the patients... Everyone is on tenter hooks and ready to fly into the room lest you 'offend' the technician yelling out your name in the corridor (yup, I am famous, everyone knows my name and that I am walking into the ultrasound room for a *"&₹#@ scan)

Inside the room, it is freezing cold and the table on which you have to lie down is damn cold (will definitely douse your libido for the next 24 hours) and then you are told to twist and turn and and sit and stand and FINALLY your test is done...

Now that's a mere USG or X-RAY. Imagine the plight of the patient undergoing a scopy from the other end of the anatomy, god grief, gulp, OMG, the colonoscopy!! The instructions are never heard or comprehended coz everything the doctor tells you is flying over your head looking at the 'nasty' scope that will now 'infiltrate' you and violate your privacy... Like a pregnant woman who is subjected to (I decided to use an appropriate and acceptable word here) an 'internal examination' which is done by every nurse who enters the labour room and the doctor... Parents definitely have the right the 'spank' their children at least once after being subjected to this 'intruding'.

It's my turn to collect the report/s now. Another ordeal! It's all in plural these days - (hum ek, hamara anek) after being curtly informed of a 30 minutes wait minimum, I sit down again and wait for God's mercy... In one of my recent visits my bill went missing. The cashier-technician-nurse-me!! Total cat and mouse game for 30 minutes. Then I demand to see the 'higher authorities' or a 'duplicate bill'. I am met by a senior nurse who led me to a small office tucked away in a tiny hole on the other side of the building where I am 'deposited' 'unceremoniously' and to my indignation the information relayed is - 'She lost her bill'(such cheek) And I correct them immediately saying - 'They lost my bill'. Needless to mention, nobody heard me, I was totally ignored.... and a piece of paper was given to me and I was shooed away.

No, I haven't torn my hair out (just getting there) need to go back to my doctor, who scrutinizes the report further (yeh to hadh ho gayi yaar)... I don't think our marks cards were given such a 'look over' ever...

And then am prescribed the infamously famous 'prescription'. We better hold onto it than dear life... So what's in store for me - watch out for the next article - What's in store in a Pharmacy store followed by the 'insides of a doctor's room'.

प्रेमियों की कर्ज माफी कब ?

पीयूष पांडे



उत्तर प्रदेश, पंजाब, कर्नाटक और महाराष्ट्र किसानों का कर्ज माफ कर चुके हैं। कई सरकारें लकीर की फकीर हैं तो वो भी देर सवेर यह काम करेंगी ही। किसानों की कर्ज माफी हो रही है तो यह बहुत अच्छी बात है। सरकार ने लाखों करोड़ रुपए का कर्जा औद्योगिक घरानों का माफ कर दिया तो अपने को उससे भी ऐतराज नहीं। लेकिन-अपना सवाल है कि प्रेमियों का कर्ज माफ कब होगा?

आप मेरे सवाल पर मुस्कुरा सकते हैं लेकिन मैं पूरी गंभीरता से हर राज्य की हर सरकार से जानना चाहता हूं कि आशिकों का कर्ज कब माफ होगा? चूंकि आशिकों का कोई एसोसिएशन नहीं है। प्रेमियों की कोई पार्टी, कोई संगठन नहीं है तो इसका मतलब यह नहीं है कि उनका कोई दर्द, कोई परेशानी नहीं है। यूँ इक्का दुक्का आशिकों ने कभी-कभार इस सवाल को उठाया है लेकिन प्रेमी संगठित नहीं है तो उनकी कर्ज माफी की मांग कभी आंदोलन नहीं बन पाई।

सच यही है कि समाज में भाई-चार और प्रेम को बढ़ावा देने के लिए प्रेमियों का कर्ज माफ होना चाहिए। एक प्रेमी ही जानता है कि प्रेम को पुष्पित पल्लवित करने में कितना धन बहाना पड़ता है। अच्छा प्रेमी वो ही साबित होता है, जो प्रेमिका को वक्त दे पाए। वक्त वो प्रेमी ही दे सकता है, जो या तो निठल्ला हो या कम काम करता हो। यानी अच्छे प्रेमियों के पास अमूमन या तो आय का साधन होता नहीं है या वो बहुत कम कमाते हैं। ऐसे में प्रेमिका को घुमाने-फिरने से लेकर लंच-डिनर कराने, गिफ्ट देने, फिल्म दिखाने वगैरह में कितना खर्च होता है-ये सिर्फ एक प्रेमी जानता है। उदाहरण के लिए पॉपकॉर्न-नाचोस के साथ एक फिल्म ही आजकल एक-डेढ़ हजार रुपए से कम नहीं पड़ती। फरवरी माह में तो अच्छे खासे आशिकों का भट्टा बैठ जाता है। वेलेंटाइन डे, रोज डे, गिफ्ट डे, हग डे वगैरह इतने किस्म के डे होते हैं कि प्रेमी टें बोल जाता। लेकिन वो आह तक नहीं भरता। वो कभी राहगीर को नहीं लूटता। कहीं चोरी नहीं करता। वो सिर्फ कर्ज लेता है। दोस्तों से कर्ज, भाइयों से कर्ज, बहनों से कर्ज, बैंक से कर्ज। कर्ज ही कर्ज।

समझिए तो प्रेमी कर्ज सिर्फ प्रेमिकाओं को खुश रखने के लिए नहीं लेता। वो कर्ज इसलिए लेता है ताकि समाज में प्रेम का प्रसार हो। प्यार का दुश्मन जमाना है और जमाना खुश प्रेमी-प्रेमिकाओं को देखकर अपना स्टैंड बदलने को मजबूर होता है कि प्यार एक बुराई नहीं है। एक प्रेमी इसलिए भी कर्ज लेता है ताकि खुश प्रेमी-प्रेमिकाओं को देखकर और ज्यादा लोग प्यार के लिए प्रेरित हों। कुल मिलाकर प्रेम को समाज में उचित स्थान मिल सके, इसलिए प्रेमी कर्ज लेकर प्रेमिकाओं को खुश रखता है।

सरकार को समझना चाहिए कि प्रेमी भी जीडीपी में खासा योगदान देता है, और वो कर्ज के दुश्चक्र में फँसा हुआ है तो उसकी भी कर्ज माफी होनी चाहिए। कुछ न हो तो फिलहाल सरकार तात्कालिक संकट से उबारने के लिए आशिकों को बेल आउट पैकेज दे। बड़ी महंगाई है जी ! आशिक समुदाय भी पूछ रहा है कि हमारे 'अच्छे दिन' कब आएंगे ?

अरे कश्यप साहब आपके चक्कर में हम 10 किलो ही रह गए...

अभिषेक मेहरोत्रा

बॉलिवुड के चर्चित डायरेक्टर मिस्टर एके यानी हमारे मित्र अनुराग कश्यप को तीसरी बार इश्क क्या हुआ, वैसे भी जितने नाम में ही राग है, उन्हें तो हरदम प्यार के समीप ही रहना चाहिए। वैसे प्यार तो हमें भी कई बार होता है, प्यार के मामले में तो हम आजकल यूपी की कमान संभाल रहे बब्बर साहब को अपना गुरु मानते हैं। उनका वो गीत 'न उम्र की सीमा हो, न जन्म का हो बंधन', हमें हमेशा उत्साहित करता रहता है।

वैसे आज का असल मुद्दा यही प्यार-इश्क मोहब्बत है। मित्रवर अनुराग खुद तो सेहत के मामले में भरपूर हैं। पर उनके चक्कर में मुसीबत हम पर आ पड़ी है। हुआ यूं कि 40 पार पर युवा डायरेक्टर कहलाने वाले ये साहब आजकल एक छरहरी काया वाली हसीना से नैन-मटकका कर रहे हैं। इश्क का खुमार इतना है कि जनाब ने स्लिम बॉडी वाली सेक्सी हसीना से वादा कर लिया है कि वे उसके लिए अब अपना वजन भी 20 किलो कम कर लेंगे। बस उन्होंने उधर वादा किया और इधर हमारे माइकघुसेडु पत्रकारों ने इसे भी खबर बना दिया। अब जब खबर बनी ही गई तो वे फैलते-फैलते हमारी भी नई वाली गर्लफ्रेंड के पास पहुंच गई।

बस फिर क्या था, हमारी क्रिएटिव मोहतरमा ने हमें भी दे दिया आदेश। जब एके अपना वजन कम कर सकते हैं, तो अगर आप भी सच्चा इश्क करते हैं तो कीजिए 25 किलो कम। हमने बहुत समझाया कि भई एके तो हैं भी 80 किलो के, कुछ किलो कम करके भी भरपूर रहेंगे, पर हम तो हैं ही 35 किलो हैं, हम तो सिर्फ 10 किलो के ही रह जाएंगे, पर नारी हठ के आगे तो भगवान राम भी झुके थे, तो हमारी क्या औकात....

तो बस आजकल धरती पर बोझ कम हो गया है और हमारा अवशेष 10 किलो की ही रह गया। ऊपर से एक दिन मोहतरमा को हमारे सीने पर टैटू गुदवाने का भी आइडिया आ गया। ले गई टैटूवाले के पास और बोली, इनके सीने पर बब्बर शेर बना दीजिए। टैटू वाले ने पहले हमें घूरा, फिर मैडम से बोला स्टूडि यो अपार्टमेंट में थी

बीएचके का सामान नहीं आता है मैडम, इनके सीने पर सिर्फ नाग ही बन सकता है और वे भी बिना फन वाला। उसकी बात सुनकर हमने नाक-मुंह सिकौड़ा। टैटूवाला भी बड़ा ही कम्बख्त निकला, तुरंत बोला ज्यादा मुंह मत बनाइए। अभी बनवा लीजिए नहीं तो अगली बार कहीं केंचुआ ही न बनाना पड़े।

वैसे ये एके जहां भी हैं हमारे लिए भारी रहते हैं। अभी एक एके सीएम यानी अरविंद केजरीवाल विपाश्यना पर जा रहे हैं, हमें तो डर है कि कहीं ये खबर भी मोहतरमा न पढ़ ले वरना पता चला कि हम भी दस दिन इश्कबाजी नहीं कर पाएंगे, एके को भी अभी ही जाना था क्या, मुश्किल बड़ी है क्योंकि सावन के इस मौसम में मोहतरमा से दूर रह नहीं पाते हैं हम...

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RNI No. KARBIL/2018/77414

**Postal Reg No.KA/SK/MYS/1104/2019-21
Posted on Saturday, August 10, 2019
at VV Mohalla SO, Mysore - 570002**

**Printed, Published and Owned
by**

Mukta Khandelwal Gupta

humourtimesmysore@gmail.com

**Published from #390 Gokulam, 3rd
Stage, 2nd Main, Mysuru - 570002,
Karnataka, Phone 8105258910**

**Printed at Guptha Offset Printers
#1130/5-6-7, f-37,38, 8th Main,
Sarvajanika Hostel Road, Vidayaranya
Puram,
Mysuru - 570008, Karnataka.**

Editor: Brij Khandelwal

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Email: editorhumourtimes@gmail.com

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 120/-
BI-LINGUAL, MONTHLY MAGAZINE**