

I was out on a date with a girl. We were just breezing through a mall. Holding hands, talking and passing comments. The usual stuff, that boy meets girl stuff. She was chewing on center fresh when it happened.

I boldly decided it was time and asked, “So what’s your bra size?”

Advice of the 21st century – To men of all ages, especially below 10, it is never polite to ask a woman, when you are dating her, her age, size, sexual orientation and what she wants to do next. Most probably the answer to the latter would be, never see you again (in my case at least I believe this holds true). It is also easier to get out of a relationship this way. But that wasn’t my intention here and I seldom know what they are. I’m very impulsive.

Whack (This part of the book brought to you by center fresh. “Center fresh sirf zuban ko lagam de. Hath ko nahin.” (Center fresh stops your mouth but not your hand) Yes we advertise in books too).

This woman packed quite a punch, she was a black belt after all and I would have fallen to the floor if I was lucky. But I wasn’t. The place where we were standing when I got hit, lead straight down a flight of stairs. I fell there. I scrapped my knee, tore my jeans, bruised my elbow and got scratches on my head (these are one of those moments when I realize why hair is necessary, but I still tend to overlook it).

Lady luck as some of you call it, never did like me much and had more in store for me. The flight of stairs where I fell was a flight of escalator stairs going up. Ten seconds of rolling, tumbling and minor injuries later I found myself lying at her feet looking up at her. She was furious.

“Want me to go again?” I asked her pointing down the escalator.

She rolled her eyes saying “Tu nahin sudhrega Farhan.” (“You will never grow up Farhan” Farhan happens to be my name) and politely walked away without helping me up.

I lay there giving enough room for people coming up the escalator to jump over me. I gathered quite a crowd; people surrounded me and wondered as to what I was doing with a bleeding forehead and lying on the floor. If they would have simply bothered to ask me I would have told them. Why on earth did I choose to go out with a girl I met who used to go to the same karate lessons as me? It is answers to these questions that always have eluded me. Questions to life, the universe and everything was a totally different matter, I knew the answer to be forty-two.