

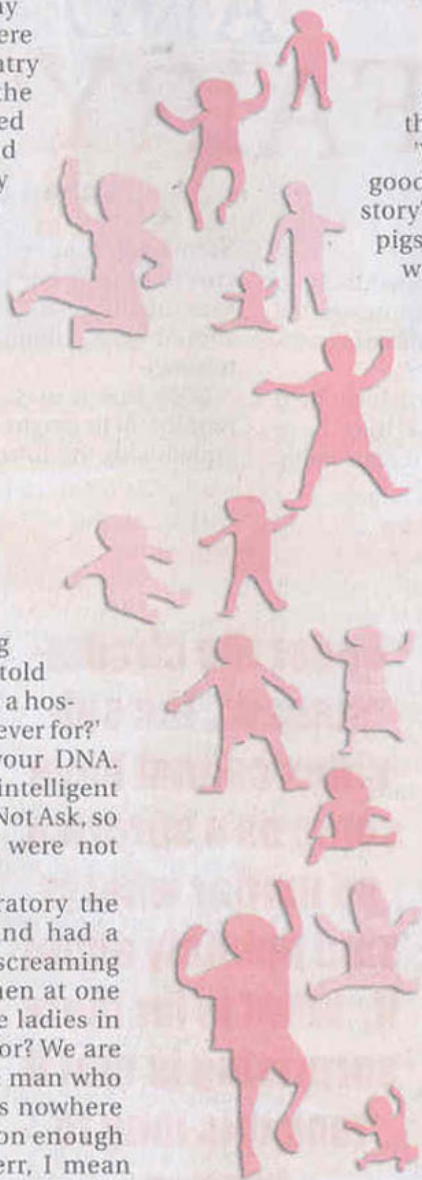
**W**ELL, today we are going to talk about 14 little babies who wanted to have a day out recently after watching the movie "Baby's Day Out" on video. They saw the movie a number of times and then thought if one naughty little baby could go out and have all the fun in the world then why can't fourteen of them? Besides, there are more butts to kick in this country than only three, as shown in the movie. So, the cuddly ones combed their hair, put some gel on them, and put on their best nappies. They even packed some extra ones....in case! Then they got inside this nice looking car that was there to pick them up. They rode around the city and had some bottles of milk (they wanted coke but it was not allowed) as they sat all the time on the lap of some young ladies in uniform. The babies cracked jokes about the traffic jam, the noise pollution, the piles of garbage on the roads and the way the driver was driving the car. After a while of driving around, the car turned left. 'Where are we going now?' asked the babies. The ladies told them that they were being taken to a hospital to do some blood tests. 'Whatever for?' asked the babies. To determine your DNA. 'What is a DNA?' asked the highly intelligent babies. One lady said, it meant Do Not Ask, so don't ask questions. The babies were not happy about the answer.

Once inside the hospital laboratory the babies went around the place and had a good laugh when they saw adults screaming like mad seeing small needles. Then at one point they got tired and asked the ladies in uniform what they were waiting for? We are waiting for your father, rather the man who claims to be your father. But he is nowhere around! If he does not turn up soon enough we are going to take you brats, err, I mean cuties, home.

At this time a journalist entered the place where the babies have been toddling. He asked them, "Hi cuties. How are you doing? And where is your father?"

# BABIES' DAY OUT

SHAHNOOR WAHID



'What father? And who are you smart aleck?' The babies shot back. 'Wow, clever, just like the man who claims to be their father,' the journalist thought. 'Hey, are you a journalist, a man from the newspaper?' Asked the babies. 'Yes, I am, why do you ask?'

'Well, we have been told to stay away from you guys. We don't want trouble,' they said. 'But, when the entire nation is talking about you, don't you have anything to say?' asked the journalist.

'What can we say? Do you think we feel good to become subjects of newspaper story? Do you think we like to become guinea pigs for some laboratory tests? Do you think we enjoy being different from your children? We want to know who our real parents are. We want to know why destiny has put us in such a predicament when we shall always remain unsure about our birth. It surely does not feel good to begin our life's journey on a flawed note, on a road that is covered by the mist of mischief, confusion and deception. We do not know what lies ahead, whether we shall be able to grow up as normal human beings without people pointing their fingers at us and saying there goes those boys.... Do you think that is funny? If we have been snatched from the bosom of our real mothers, then we want to know who is that monster that has done so. We want them to be apprehended and given exemplary punishment,' said the babies.

The journalist thought for a while and said, 'Well, I wish I could help you get to the bottom of the mystery. It is indeed tragic that you will always live in a state of confusion about your real parents. If you are not the children of the persons who claim to be your parents then my sympathy goes to your real parents. I wish I could find the unfortunate mothers who have lost their babies. I wish I could take you to them.'