

RISING STARS

I have been Pickpocketed

by Sharier Khan

I have just been pickpocketed. What luck! At last I have been pickpocketed. I had this long plan to change my wallet for the last five years. It was chrome yellow. Torn and tattered. I lost two girl friends for possessing this wallet but since I am a true Lazy Bum (LB), I had not changed it.

As a matter of habit I used to keep this wallet in my back pocket. To make it lucrative for the pick pockets I filled it up with papers inscribed "fooled you".

The pick pocket who took it from Nilkhet while I was going through some second hand books has been fooled. I provoked him to take my wallet. Yes I did! I had seen him taking it out but I was nonchalant, smiling and thinking "take it you stupid".

So, happily I was returning home on foot. (By the way, I forgot to tell you, I also kept a few hundred bucks to pay my math teacher who is crazy about my goat like ears). I was near the Dhanmondi Club playing ground. There's a goat. Good of amazing goat. Meek and serene innocently grazing, eating every thing it sees. It had four, I repeat four, beards oscillating with the occasional wind. It's eyes reveal inner peace. It was chewing a pair of shoes.

From the corner of my eyes I saw this baby-taxi coming. On the other side of the road, a sweeper of the Magdonals restaurant, had just come out through the door with a broom in his hand. He was sweeping out the hotel's garbage including noodles, rice, chicken bones, rats, cockroaches etc on to the main road.

The baby taxi came nearer. Secrechh! Badongggg! What's that. I turned around. The baby taxi was skidding towards the restaurant on two 'legs'. It's right side was kissing the main road hard. I see it now, it's right wheel came out from its domicile. Now it was running frenziedly towards the sweeper.

It all happened in seconds,

ing screaming names at the free wheel.

Meanwhile, the passengers of the baby taxi came out of the semi turned-turtle three wheelallop. He grabbed the driver by his neck, son of a crow... why did you not check the nuts of the wheel before driving... I will fix you!"

A crowd had already formed to see the free full action show. A pesky little kid jumped in the scene picked up the apple of discord - the wheel- and started running away.

I had no intention of demanding my wallet. But me

the sweeper started running. And the free wheel zoomed inside the restaurant through the open door. Bump! Crash! — Uri Maa (oh mother!) Mori Gost (I am dead!) some one cried out from inside the restaurant.

The wheel came back victoriously as if it had completed a mission. It made a few circles (like dogs chase their tails) and then went flat on the road.

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ing screaming names at the free wheel.

Meanwhile, the passengers of the baby taxi came out of the semi turned-turtle three wheelallop. He grabbed the driver by his neck, son of a crow... why did you not check the nuts of the wheel before driving... I will fix you!"

Not much but you are supposed to know my yellow wallet better..." I smiled.

"What yellow wallet... yellow?

I mean you are the owner... Gak! yeah! Such bad taste-your are uncouth..." the pick pocket said and started running.

I had no intention of demanding my wallet. But me

"Hey!" screamed the driver and started following the kid. The angry passenger followed the driver he wanted to fix and the "uri maa" man of the restaurant followed them all demanding compensation. I also followed them to see what had happened.

At last the driver caught the kid the passenger caught the driver. The "uri maa" man caught them all. In addition a policeman joined the show.

Suddenly I noticed that the

uneouth?

I could not let him pass such a sweeping remark on my taste, especially when he himself was wearing a magenta colour polyester trouser, lemon yellow shirt. Even his keds were cyan blue. How shocking! And he calls me uncouth! I started chasing him.

But he jumped on to a running minibus. I had to give up.

But not Out or nowhere I saw a friend of mine on his yamaha bike coming towards the air. The flag was hosted a top the signal light of the bike. It was the old man's LUNG!

The old man stood there naked, frustrated and vituperative. He was trying to hide with both hands what should be hidden and jumping left to right in protest of the assault we had committed on him. Forget it. What had been done, had been done. Good news it was time to look ahead. The minibus had stopped.

I jumped off the bike and so did the pickpocket (from the minibus). But this time, he could not escape. I served him black and blue (plus yellow). He was full of "uri maa" type of wallops.

"Take back your money bag." The pickpocket handed over a dozen wallets to me. They were full of money too. But I was not interested in the money. I demanded an apology for the sweeping remark on my taste.

"Ok. Ok. You are a man of high taste." The pickpocket wept and added, he himself was uncouth and swore that he would not wear gaugy clothes again.

He listened and then "Vroom! The minibus took a left turn to Elephant road. We followed. But then there was this huge traffick jam and we were stuck. The minibus however was not and was getting far away.

It was a lovely day. I dumped the yellow wallet in a dustbin. Now I have 11 wallets all very tasteful. As for my biker friend, has got a new mop to wash his bike. The mop is the same lungi that once belonged to the old man on the street.



passengers was no other than the pick pocket himself. "Hi" I said in an effort to show him my gratitude.

He hi-ed back. But paused, "Do I know you?"

"Not much but you are supposed to know my yellow wallet better..." I smiled.

"What yellow wallet... yellow?

I mean you are the owner... Gak! yeah! Such bad taste-your are uncouth..." the pick pocket said and started running.

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Stop! He stopped and asked me, "wh-wh-wh-what's up?"

"Never mind the stutter", I jumped up behind him "Chase the minibus!" I said and explained to him in brief what had happened.

He listened and then "Vroom! The minibus took a left turn to Elephant road. We followed. But then there was this huge traffick jam and we were stuck. The minibus however was not and was getting far away.

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