

It was more than a decade ago. My mom was on a week-long break from the all-male nutty family of ours. She was staying at her mom's (I mean nani's) place and was probably laughing at all of us.

Though I was the youngest of the three brothers, I was given the charge of running the house. My other brothers, who were of course damn fools in my eyes, would not take the responsibility. Well, I pretended that it was really tiresome running the show. But, let me tell you- I pinched most of the money I was given to run the show and had a swell time later.

Anyway, that's not the point. The point is the head nutcase of the house- my dad. We are all nutcases to some degree.

To pinch bazaar money efficiently, I would personally go to the market everyday and bring whatever was necessary. I would instruct the domestic help what to cook and would sometimes cook my own extra-large pudding and a jug of tea since I was the boss.

That day I came from school and saw my usually inattentive dad smiling at our faces. "I say, you people can not run the family well," he said. "I have noticed how your mother wasted money on things and blah blah.... (all types of bad things about my mom. Typically I hear my mom say all kinds of bad things about my dad. I guess when I am not home they say all bad things about me too...that I steal and that I secretly smoked with my bazaar-stolen money)!"

After a brain-damaging lecture on how inefficiently we are running the family and killing the budget every month he said something that got me really scared- "From now on, I have decided to purchase everything the family needs!"- He announced.

Typically any child or wife would have been happy to hear this announcement. After all, who wants to take this everyday hassle?

But I was really scared.

I don't remember my dad buying a dozen of fresh oranges, whenever he did most of the oranges would turn out to be rotten. I don't remember him buying good apples. Or shirts (gah! He always bought shirts that attracted bulls.) or anything that essential to the family.

Then he asked, "tell me- how much do you spend to buy four eggs (that is, a half)?"

"Why eight bucks..." it was actually 7 bucks during that time- but like I said, I deducted commission from all the items.

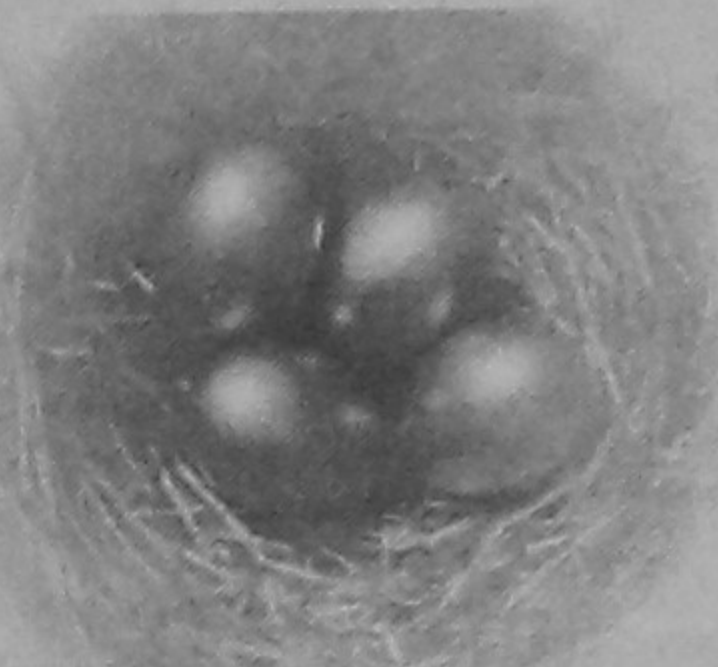
"Huh! Eight bucks. See how you waste valuable resources! And can you guess how much I pay for 100 eggs?"

"100 eggs?" I fell from the skies.

"Yes, tell me- if you buy four eggs for 8 taka, then one egg costs 2 taka. Then you buy 100 eggs for 200 taka!" he calculated the math for

DAD'S

EGGS



By Icarus

me as he knew, I seldom passed math exams.

Then came the interesting part, "now guess how much I paid for buying 100 eggs along with an egg basket from the door-to-door egg vendor?" he smilingly asked.

At that time, door-to-door egg vending was becoming a dying trade- but it was still there. Egg vendors would come to your doors and sell you guaranteed eggs and would take back the rotten eggs, if they delivered one, the day before. We found it to be rather convenient. But since I go to the bazaar, I bought the eggs from a particular shop.

"180?" I asked- guessing that he made a good bargain.

"180? Along with the basket? No, no!"

"Then?"

He soon blew up the secret, "56 taka!"

"156?" asked I?

"No 56. 056. I wanted to give him 50 and he tried to sell it for 60..."

I felt that my head was spinning. Who the heck would sell eggs that cheap? Was it really 100 eggs? Is my dad a certified nut or what?

Then upon seeing the huge basket, my disbelief gradually started fading. There was the fragile looking basket with hay pads to protect the eggs from breaking. There were so many eggs that I wondered how many days would it take for us to finish this. And besides, keeping so many eggs for more than two or three days would mean most of them would start to rot inside. The refrigerator did not have space for more than a dozen eggs. Then dad explained, "well, I made a bargain and you make some accommodation for the eggs. And use them in all foods. Make egg curry. Make double omelettes in the morning and in the evening... eat eggs all the time. This is healthy too."

My brother and I- we instantly knew what we would do that evening. We stuffed the eggs into the refrigerator. All the racks, the vegetable

case and the water bottle cases were loaded with eggs of various sizes. Still we could not put in some two dozen eggs. We kept them in the basket for immediate use in a massive pudding (which we could cook with good skill) we were planning.

So it was pudding time. A Huge pot of sugar, authentic cow's milk and all other cooking materials were ready. We brothers took out a big bowl to stir the eggs.

Now we picked up six eggs from the basket and knocked the first one on the oven corner.

"Egad!" I jumped.

Instead of the beautiful transparent and orange materials of the eggs- what came out from there resembled tar! "Rotten egg!"

The kitchen instantly became unbreathable with heavy stench. I threw the egg on the waste bucket. And immediately I saw my brother- who was cracking another egg- jump backwards screaming "o my god!"

His egg was rotten too. But a bit better. Instead of tar, it looked like green algae.

We brothers came out from the kitchen. "So that is why 56 taka!" my brother said.

"that egg vendor is a cheat!" I announced.

"You should have guessed. Dad buying anything... can't be good!"

I said, "well, he must have mixed rotten eggs with good eggs. So let's find out our six good eggs first and then we'll see the end of this matter."

We valiantly returned to the kitchen and holding our breaths hard, we broke two more eggs. One of them reminded us of a black hole and another turned out half dried with a dead chicken embryo.

We ran out once again.

Then I said, "well, this is really horrific. If this guy has cheated dad, there might be more rotten eggs and we can not just go on discovering the unique smells of each egg. So there must be a way to check which egg is good before

breaking it."

"I know," my brother said, "egg vendors hold eggs against the light and see what's inside. If it is rotten, something wrong can be detected."

So we brothers picked some eggs and stood up on the chairs to reach the bulbs. I held an egg against the light and could not figure out anything. It seemed okay. So I kept it at one side. I checked another egg- that seemed to have some sort of clot. Must be rotten- so I kept to another side.

So afterwards, I took the "good" eggs to the kitchen and started breaking them. To my utter shock- these eggs had such bizarre contents inside which could be used as biological weapons. So I went back to bring in the eggs I marked as "bad" following the bulb test. These eggs also turned out to be biological grenades.

Then I remembered, there was another test for checking egg status. The water test (as shown in a science related program on the tv).

I brought in two dozen eggs (each time, I was increasing the number of test eggs) from the freezer and put them in the big kitchen sink, and opened the tap. The water filled up. Some eggs remained at the bottom of the water while some floated.

I could not recall what meant what- whether the floating one was good or the sinking one was good. It Doesn't matter. I was already stink-proof as I was smelling the stink myself. So I took one floating egg and cracked it.

Smashing stink!

Then I took a sunken egg.

It was like a bursting stink mine.

And all kinds of black goo coming out of the eggs.

I looked at my frustrated brother. "You know- dad's a big sucker! Bargain! Huh! Cheap! Yeah! That egg vendor got him all right. Can you believe it he sold all 100 fourth grade rotten eggs (meaning if you keep them a little longer, they'd become fossils). I mean why was the egg vendor roaming around the houses with rotten eggs. Did he know that there were suckers like dad?"

Fourth grade rotten eggs are absolutely worthless- not even the bakeries want them for baking cakes. The basket itself was so old that it was may be worth tk 2. In fact, my dad was simply robbed off in the broad day light.

"So what do we do now?"

My brother simply took the egg basket, took all the eggs from the freezer and put them inside. Then he walked to the edge of the inner verandah of the four storey flat of ours. Down below was the garbage dump. He simply threw the whole basket down there. The 60-70 eggs burst together like a bomb and instantly all the residents of the building were ill.

Including my dad!



By Sayeef Rahman

- A Romantic Fellow:** "Dear, I can't think of anyone but you. Your smile is like a diamond shining, your teeth are like pearls, and you have a face of an angel. You and only you trigger my imaginations. Please say that you love me, or else this life is valueless."
- A Prankster:** "Dear, you are more beauty-fool than the Stars and the Moon. From a distance, you look like an angel without wings. When you smile you look like a clown. Don't break my heart. If you do, I'll have to buy 'Super Glue!' Get it?"
- A Computer Nerd:** "Dear, you are like a processor to me. Your eyes are like my 15" Monitor, your teeth are like my Floppy Drive, your body is like my ATX casing. Please accept me or else my software would be affected by a deadly virus, and would cause my hard disk to crash and hence cause me to Shut Down forever."
- A Physicist:** "Dear, the love between us is directly proportional to the force of attraction between us. Whenever I see you the current flow in my body increases and my heartbeat accelerates due to a change in momentum. Your eyes are as beautiful as a filament lamp, smile like a voltmeter. Please switch me on and love me otherwise my fuse will melt down."
- A Chemist:** "Dear, you are to me as hydrogen to water. When I see you, an Uranium- 235 atom in my heart gets bombarded by a proton. Your eyes are like Bunsen burners, body as a clamp stand, and smile like a Calcium Hydroxide reaction. Please say that you love me else it will result in a Potassium and Steam reaction (explosion)."
- An Accountant:** "Dear, my account is credit-less without you. When you smile you look like a ledger, your eyes are like a debtors a/c, and body a trial balance. Without you my life's balance sheet will not be able to be extracted. Please say you love me, or else my journals and cash books will indicate a loss."
- An Army Officer:** "Dear, attention!!! You are like a soldier to an army. When you smile you look like a T-90 tank ripping the enemy off, your teeth resemble a target board, and have a sleek body as a 125mm Howitzer. Please say that you love me- or else my 22nd Airborne Corps will be unsuccessful in their mission of penetrating deep into your heart."



Y-Files from Md.Shyiq Amin

THE Dying Woman

From Bidyut

A middle-aged woman has a heart attack and is taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she has a near death experience. During that experience she sees God and asks if this is it. God says no and explains that she has another 30-40 years to live.

Upon her recovery she decides to just stay in the hospital and have a face-lift, liposuction, chest augmentation, tummy tuck, etc. She even has someone come in and change her hair colour. She figures since she's got another 30 or 40 years she might as well make the most of it. She walks out the hospital after the last operation and is killed by an ambulance speeding up to the hospital.

She arrives in front of God and asks, "I thought you said I had another 30-40 years?". God replies, "I didn't recognise you."

What does BANGLADESH stand for?

By Ahsan Khan

- "B" for Barricades,
- "A" for Aid-seeking,
- "N" for Non-cooperation,
- "G" for Go-slow,
- "L" for Load-shedding,
- "A" for "Anti-anti-corruption Bureau",
- "D" for Deterioration of Law and Order situation,
- "E" for Environmental disasters,
- "S" for Strikes and last but not the least,
- "H" for Hartals.

Weird Web Weekly

by alien-angel@the-pentagon.com

Continuing last weeks bit on essential utilities: LogRight [www.smmnet.com/theremon/zips/LRMini10b.zip 72kb]- If you've got any sense, you're been using Getright (www.getright.com) for downloading. But what happens when you want to tell a friend where you downloaded that hard to find file. Or when you want to update a program. You could try to look through getright's log file to find the URL you need.

You'll probably go crazy (it's a mess!!). What Logright does is read the log file and display it in a nice, structured searchable form. Pretty cool. If the 72 kb download above doesn't work, you probably need the VB runtimes, so download the full version (2 Mbs, I think) from www.smmnet.com/theremon/logright.htm

Another little gem is Pluser [http://pluser.newmail.ru/plus36be.zip 100kb]. Every been sitting in front of the PC, wishing you had a calculator? I mean, P450 or not, I sometimes find myself wishing I had some program as easy to get to as the calculator I always have in my pocket at school. Pluser is that program. Press the Numlock key, it's tiny window pops up waiting for you to do your quick calculations with the keypad. Press Numlock again when you're done, and it disappears. Doesn't even clutter up your system tray.

But I'm hoping for a newer version which uses the Scroll lock key instead of the Numlock one, which would be more convenient. A rather useful site a friend pointed out is www.dialpad.com. They let you make free 2 minute phone calls to any phone in the US. I haven't tried it myself, but a friend with a fast connection says it worked great for him. Real-time audio conversation via his browser. Way cheaper than making a trunk call.

I need advice on A level computing. Should I go to Microland or Jaffar Sir? Help.