

Ladies, for Your Kind Information

By Shoeb Saleheen

It's quite interesting to see that the greatly agitated Farah Hannan, though having a "long experience with men" failed to see the inner meaning of men's actions. No offence meant, but I think that her acquaintance with men was confined within a small group of stereotyped cases. Because, most actions of men that she pointed out as "mistakes" are not performed by the ordinary guy. And here are some more rebuttals:

Simple, good guys like us do not wear jewelry or earrings. And, we laugh at those who wear that silly stuff.

We always use our own type of perfume. I even have proof of you women wearing guys' perfumes. But the most astonishing thing is that, when asked for the reason, they coolly reply that they wear it because they like it (!!!@#%)

Your need for a haircut is not our problem. The enigma is the way you cut it. We have a sense of embarrassment too, and we feel it when we have to go out with girls like you, with haircuts, that makes you look like a "Ghar-cheela-moorgi" (Chicken with its neck shaven).

About the "10 Rules"... can you give us one rule that will work on you and that we can also give back to you? (Apart from emptying the moneybag)

The guy who hires the rickshaw for you is just being chivalrous and he gets this in return! You should feel that you are more important to him than the phone call. So be pleased!

Yes, you do think about other things beside him, but cannot share it with him because he does not think about the latest in the Hindi trash or the dress by Ritu Berry or Raspberry what is her name, and that makes you mad. Well, we also think about some other things like computers, good music and SCI-tech. And I haven't seen a single girl with whom I can talk about digital things. When you try to talk "digital" with a girl you usually find out she thinks that the computer is something more evil than a Playstation. Why? Because she has played only "Paranoid" in it! What do you guys reading this think?

All right, we will cut our long hair. Just promise us that you wouldn't run after that Poppy Deol.

The guy who asks if he is a fool well, it is pretty clear that he has realized the solemn truth and is only asking for your opinion, because he considers you as a good friend. And if you are one, then you should try to make him confident enough to face life. If you don't he may lose control over himself and do terrible stuff.

I'm quoting you, Farah "Girls surrounding you is really the ugliest". What does this line mean? Is the guy ugly or the girls? Or the instance of surrounding him? Well, if the guy is ugly, then why are you dating him? And if the girls are ugly, that means you are ugly too, because you are not only surrounding him, you are his girlfriend! And, that line states one thing clearly. You are one jealous girlfriend!

about the kitchen work I'm saying this from my personal experience. Put yourself in my shoes. How would you feel if you help out at the kitchen for a few days, and find your sister going out with her friends while you are standing at the sink doing the dishes?

He's running his hand through his hair okay, he forgot to gel it because he was in a hurry for that date with you. And he's only trying to look good. We all do want to look good, don't we?

Smart guys don't shout for stuff. They ask for it in the smart way, and they get it too!

There are many other things that you should learn about men, but I'm afraid that will make this article unnecessarily long. But I can offer you some sound advice. Start dating normal guys (like me, for instance) instead of those jewelry-wearing, button-flapping, collar-flying Salmon Khans of yours. That will change your idea and attitude concerning men.

Note: Shoeb in this write-up of his, is trying to give an answer to a similar piece written for men by Farah Hannan and published in the RS few weeks ago, we found the DEBATE rather an enlightening one and decided to finally print it.

"Of all the things we've ever did, jumping off a cliff has to be the craziest thing" commented my best friend Alice, as she tied her shoelaces. I didn't bother to reply as I was tried in vain to calm the butterflies fluttering frantically in my stomach. We were due at the paragliding center in forty minutes. After smearing on some sunscreen, we left the quaint hotel room, and drove downtown to Oludeniz, the tourist holiday resort on the southern coast of Turkey, where we were spending the last of the summer days.

The previous evening, when Alice and I were exploring the town pulsating with lights, color, and music, we discovered that the seemingly peaceful town actually had a myriad of exhilarating activities just waiting to be tried out by the hoard of tourists flocking Oludeniz. The thought of escaping under the sea for the day with the company of experienced scuba divers, or challenging the ferocious rapids on white water rafts, attracted tourists to the sports centers. But it was the prospect of jumping off a 6550ft cliff and flying into the salty Mediterranean winds that appealed to us. As soon as Alice and I mustered up enough nerve, we signed up at the "Sky Sports" and were scheduled to paraglide at noon the next day.

When we boarded the jeep on the big day, we were dismayed to see that not only were we the youngest, but also, much to our vexation, also the only ones who had never been paragliding before. The jeep slowly bounced up the rocky tracks of the mountain, which loomed high above Oludeniz. Alice worriedly watched the town shrink every minute as the jeep swerved dangerously at every curve of the road. Prickly twigs and bits of rock flew in and grazed the bare skin of my thighs as we bundled through forests of dark green pine trees.

We stopped at the top of the mountain, on a vast stretch of barren land where the dry, howling winds scattered red

sand and made our swim suits dirty. Alice and I stood uncertainly by the jeep waiting for someone to approach us. Cemal Ovet and Mehmet Oncul, two young pilots, soon came to our rescue. I followed Cemal, my assigned pilot, to the spot close to the edge of the cliff. After helping me into the wind resistant sky suit, Cemal attached the large parachute and

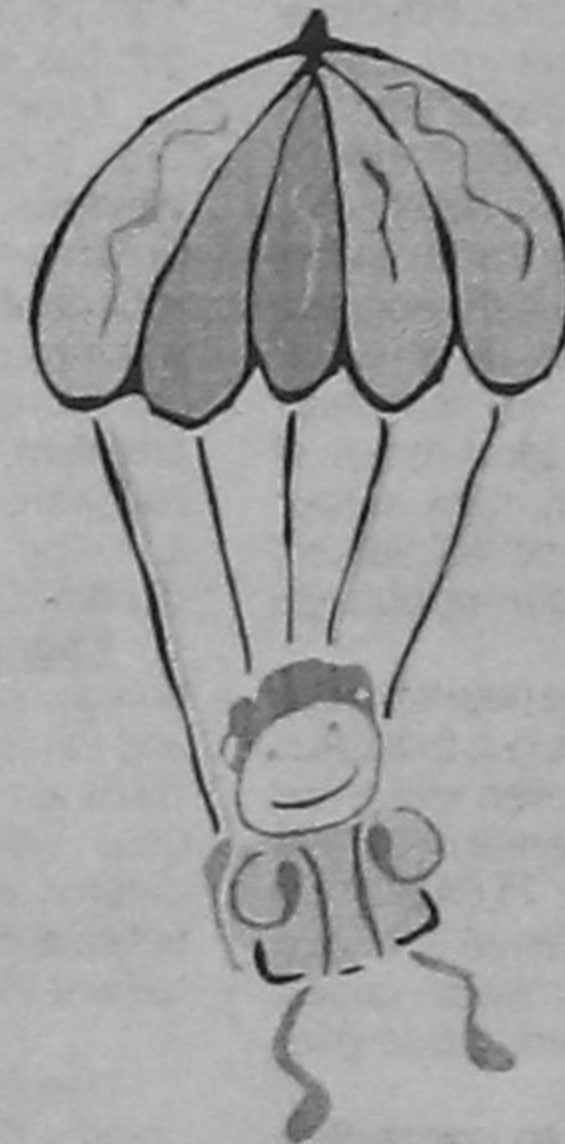
our body suits together. He then told me to run towards the edge of the cliff, and jump onto his harness once we were no longer on the ground. I thought Cemal was crazy if he thought that a person who was afraid of getting a tetanus shot would actually jump off a cliff. Yet, miraculously my legs started moving towards the rocky edge, and, before I knew it, we were soaring in the sky, the world 6550-ft blow us. The parachute started wrestling fiercely due to the harsh winds that thrashed violently near the jagged boulders of the mountain. Fortunately, Cemal was able to steer us away from the wild waves of wind that nearly blew us off course and deep into the sea that glittered like a sinister jewel under the sun. Oludeniz, Antalya, and Fethiye, the largest cities of the Mediterranean coast now looked like a mere Lego

towns nestling under the mountains from my bird's eye point of view. After flying around for ten minutes, I wasn't feeling "calm and tranquil" as Sky Sports secretary promised when Alice and I signed up. I felt as if the blazing midday sun was roasting me alive in my heavy sky suit. The harsh rays of light pierced my eyes and made my stomach churn until I tasted bile. Just as I thought I was going to faint, I started to realize we were (finally!) descending rapidly towards the ground, the trees and houses speeding behind us as Camel instructed. I started to move my legs as we approached the paragliding runway on the beach.

"I will never take living on earth for granted again" I thought as I took of my body suit and watched Alice descend.

Paragliding

By Limisa S Ali



A Visit to Nepal and India by road

By Rifat Mahmud (Fahim)

On the 21st of January 2000 we started for a nice trip to India and Nepal by road. It was a hectic trip, which lasted for only for three days.

On that day in the morning we went to the Gabtoli bus-stand by a taxi. At 8:15 am the bus started for its long journey to Burimari in the district of Lalmonirhat, a place joined to the Indian border. The bus was really cool. During the journey we crossed the Jamuna Bridge and we saw the Sriti Shaudha and many other things. We crossed districts like Tangail, Shirajganj, Bogra, Rangpur, Lalmonirhat etc. The bus stopped at Lalmonirhat for 20 minutes.

There I have an uncle who is a BDR officer. My father was also a BDR officer and my uncle knew him well. So we stopped at the BDR rest house for the night. It was about 3:30 p.m. when we reached the house. We had our dinner at my uncle's house. At six 'o' clock in the morning we ate our breakfast and set out for our 95 kilometer journey to Burimari, with my uncle and two BDR soldiers. We made our journey by a BDR jeep. We saw the border pillars in between the borders and also the observation post made by the BSF. After the journey of 95 kilometers the jeep reached a BDR camp. There were about 18 BDR soldiers and they honored my father and uncle a lot as their senior officers. At the camp we had some light food. Then we went to the border. There we met some BSF soldiers. There, the BSF captain Naresh Kumar came to meet us.

After we crossed the Changrabandha border we got a microbus at the cost of 420 Indian rupees which took us to Shilliguri. From there we went to the Nepal border by a local bus. After we crossed the Raniganj border of Nepal we crossed the 200 meters long bridge on foot called the Mechi Bridge. I found

no differences between India and Nepal. Even the Indian currency is used at Nepal and I was surprised to see that no visa is needed for people to cross the Nepalese border. We took our lunch at a hotel of Nepal and we enjoyed the food greatly. We shopped very little as everything costs so much. We bought six beautiful knives called Khurki (in the Nepalese language).

On the same day we

crossed the border and reached India. From there we went to Shilliguri by a bus. People in Shilliguri knew Bangla very well. There we saw two kinds of jeeps, which were the commander and Marshall jeep. These jeeps are owned by the government and are used to make rough journeys throughout the hill routes.

Our target was to reach Darjeeling on that night. So we caught a commander jeep for the journey for the cost of 45 rupees per person. I had a very bad journey by that jeep as it was full of people and I couldn't see anything as it was travelling at night. Some people were sitting on the floor of the jeep. Some people were sitting on the roof of the jeep and altogether it was a very dull in the jeep. Though I couldn't see anything, I felt the jeep going up and up and the most horrible thing was that when I watched through the small door of the jeep (the jeep contained no windows) I found that we are thousands and thousands of feet up from the ground. I was really surprised to see that. I felt that I was sitting in a plane. We were watching the lights of the towns, which were thousands of foot below us. I found out that we are climbing a mountain. A long narrow road had been made through the mountain, which stopped at the peak of the mountain. It was so cold that I was about to freeze. The jeep was going round and round the road and it was also going very fast. At last the jeep stopped in the front of a hotel. So, we booked a room in the hotel by 9:30 at night. We had our dinner at the hotel, and spent the night there. In the morning when it was about 10:30 we had our breakfast and went to shop. We took some photographs there. We bought six shawls at the cost of 110 Indian rupee each. Then we went back to the hotel and picked up all our bags. After that we left the hotel and hired another commander jeep.

This time I saw the real

beauty of Darjeeling, we traveled very comfortably, as there were few people in the jeep. We saw many springs, tea gardens, schools and clouds around us. At 1:30 p.m. we reached Shilliguri and hired a taxi to go to the border at the cost of 400 rupees. We bargained a lot but the drivers didn't decrease the money. When the taxi came near the border, the immigration and customs people checked our passport and we crossed the border.

Then we went to the BDR camp and took our lunch there. After that we returned to our home by a microbus very comfortably. It was a very exciting trip for me and I learnt many things from it. I liked this trip very much.

