

LIVING IN AND LOVING DHAKA

Perseverance; the only way to go



WHAT? You actually like living in that congested, polluted, corrupted city? This is an example of one of the many replies I get from my friends' abroad that I tell I like living in Dhaka. I don't know what it is, but

something seriously ticks them off about this city. In fact, when I was abroad myself, my friends and I used to refer to Dhaka as the '3 P's' - Polluted, Poor and Problematic. You can see we really didn't have much of that 'patriotism' we

were supposed to have as bangalis by birth.

But ever since I've become a permanent resident of this one-of-a-kind city, I not only can bear it, I actually like living here. There's a whole new thing going on in Dhaka, with everyone doing their own stuff but not that busy enough to stop themselves at staring at anything interesting going on in the streets. Dhaka is full of life and being very old too, it has its charms. Our city is full of history starting from and before our fruitful independence.

Dhaka is a city full of life. Even at night, I can hear the soft 'tring-tring' of rickshaws jangling their bells and crickets playing their music. Only in Bangladesh could I see the excitement and joy with which bangalis celebrate our annual festivals. Only in Bangladesh could I see how harmoniously people of different races and religions live together. I have never felt as good about my identity of being a Bangladeshi as I do now, since I've come to my motherland. So now all I say in answer to the 3 Ps is the one P I've learned here: Perseverance (you can't stand traffic jams if you don't have it), 'cause people, I'm here to stay!

By Nisma Elias

Cool adda

Location: Fuchka Shop

Equipment: A plate of mouth watering hot and spicy fuchka and the roadside.

Chatters: Usually students (mainly guys) around that area, occasional rickshaw-alas stride along too.

Chat Topic: Ranges depending on mood, time of the day and passer-by's.

The fuchka stall is usually the place for the bold and brave; who dare to prove that they can survive their *would-be* wife's wrath of ultimate spices. The scene is pretty grotesque for first time viewers, with slimy and dark watery *tok* dripping from the sides of the lips, and the bleary eyes crying for water to quench the fire in the mouth. The consumers have to stretch their lips to their elastic limit, to pour in the round and crackling *jhal fuchka*. It is the perfect place for their friends to discover that the so-called hygienic friend in front of them has the most number of tooth decays! Apart from this entire enthusiastic discovery, the roadside smoke and horns blaring from cars do not help much either.

Usually the chat starts with how 'jhal and tasty' the fuchka is, to how beautiful the girl/how hot the guy passing by on the rickshaw is. A few steps away from the stall you would find another group of brave and bold people strolling around the *chanachur-wala* but that is another brave story. A final note however, if you plan to skip college, then try taking up the job of a *fuchka-wala* since it is a highly profitable business.

Word of Caution: You must have extra-strong guts to have fuchka otherwise diarrhoea succeeds an hour after your snack!

Word of advice: Try breaking off the bits, so that you can avoid the embarrassment of seeing people staring at you in shock when they find out about your inner 'beauty'.

By critico nino

Talk the talk

I am beginning to wonder if experimenting with DNA is a good thing.

So you thought the djuice adds were distorting the proper way of speaking Bangla eh? Well take a look at the vocabulary used by the so-called punks trying to bring a new meaning to the language English!

Chips

1. n. Money. (Wish that were true every time one sent mummy to get a bag of chips!)

Crackalackin'

1. Happening; been going on. "Hey dude, what's crackalackin'?"

(Hmm...uh...well..that's too long to pronounce so lets' just stick to "How's is going?")

Cracker

1. n. A white person (Ouch! That's going to hurt while a white person passes by... "hey...there goes that cracker!" " Did you notice that smelly cracker the other day?" "...oh oh...there's a cracker eating my cracker.." okay u get it!)

Dawg

1. n. a guy who goes with all the girls, even if he has a girlfriend. A tramp. "Jimmy's such a dawg! Look at him over there with those girls." (a dog? A dog? A DOG?...a guy who cheats should be called a six nosed, wiggled eyed...loser!)

Dead presidents

1. money. "Ma lemme get some dead presidents all up in the new house." (so yea, the literal meaning is spooky!)

Fo rizzle

1. Another way of simply saying "yes." (fo rizzle, this new dictionary would be a silly use...fo rizzle, I hate the heat and most of all fo rizzle no one's ever going to use this word!!!!)

Hit me on the hip

1. Page me...(in other words when a girl says it, please just be smart about it and page them!)

Po-po

1. n. a policeman. (Okay, I don't know what you think but I believe the criminals would be rolling in laughter than running away from the police if someone says "Watch out! It's the po po!")

All I wanted was to die young!

By Shayera Moula

JOKES

Once upon a time, a guy asked a girl: "Will you marry me?"

The girl said, "NO!"

And the guy lived happily ever after and went fishing, hunting and played golf a lot and drank beer and farted whenever he wanted.

Take the Dogs

A young man from the city went to visit his farmer uncle. For the first few days, the uncle showed him the usual things - chickens, cows, crops, etc. After three days, however, it was obvious that the nephew was getting bored, and the uncle was running out of things to amuse him with.

Finally, the uncle had an idea. "Why don't you grab a gun, take the dogs, and go shooting?"

This seemed to cheer the nephew up, and with enthusiasm, off he went, dogs in trail.

After a few hours, the nephew returned.

"How did you enjoy that?" asked the uncle.

"It was great!" exclaimed the nephew. "Got any more dogs?"

The Mechanical Caddy

A man walks into a country club, and asks to play a round of golf. The man behind the counter suggests he try one of their brand new mechanical caddies. The guy had just gotten his paycheck, so he had money to burn, he figured "what the hell".

He took the caddy out and it was great, it would tell him what club to use, what was wrong with his swing, and what direction his putts would break and how much. The man gets done, and shoots the best round of his life.

A month later he comes back and asks for one of the caddies. The manager replies, "I'm sorry, but we had to get rid of them." The man a little confused asks, "Why did you get rid of them, they were great." The manager explained that they were made out of metal, so when the sun reflected off of them, it blinded the other golfers.

Still confused, the man adds, "Well, why didn't you just paint them black?"

The manager replies "Well, we tried that, but then 2 of them didn't show up for work, and the others robbed the clubhouse."

Memory Problem

It seems that this old couple are having trouble remembering things, so they sign up for a memory course. The course is wonderful; they come home and tell all their relatives, friends, and neighbors about it. Some months later, a neighbor approaches the man as he tends the garden.

Neighbor asks, "Say, Ed, what was the name of the instructor of that memory course you liked so much?"

Ed replies, "Well, it was...hmm...let me think a minute... What's the name of that flower, you know, the one that smells so nice, but has thorns on the stems...?"

Neighbor says, "You mean a rose?"

Ed replies, "Yeah, that's it!...(shouting toward house) Hey, Rose, what was that memory course instructor's name?"

Salesman

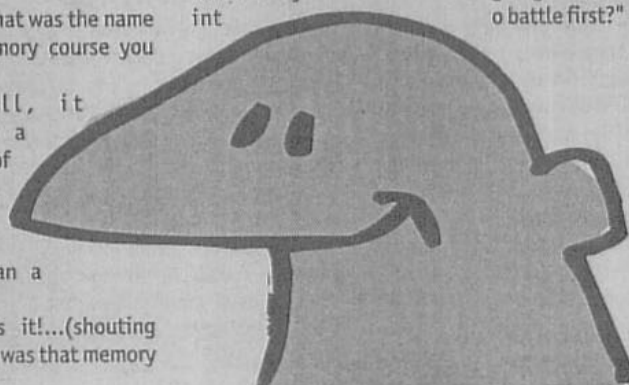
Airman Jones was assigned to the induction center, where he advised new recruits about their government benefits, especially their GI insurance.

It wasn't long before Captain Smith noticed that Airman Jones was having a staggeringly high success-rate, selling insurance to nearly 100% of the recruits he advised.

Rather than asking him about this, the Captain stood at the back of the room and listened to Jones' sales pitch.

Jones explained the basics of GI Insurance to the new recruits, and then said, "If you are killed in a battle and have a GI Insurance, the government has to pay \$200,000 to your beneficiaries. But, if you don't have a GI insurance and get killed in the battle, the government only has to pay a maximum of \$6000."

"Now," he concluded, "which group do YOU think they are going to send into battle first?"



Strange actual product "Warnings"

On a Sears hairdryer: "...Do not use while sleeping. (darn, and that's the only time I have to work on my hair.)

On a bag of Fritos: "...You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside. (the shoplifter special?)

On a bar of Dial soap: "Directions: Use like regular soap." (and that would be how???)

On some Swanson frozen dinners: "Serving suggestion: Defrost." (but, it's "just" a suggestion.)

On Tesco's Tiramisu dessert (printed on bottom): "Do not turn upside down." (well...duh, a bit late, huh!)

On Marks & Spencer Bread Pudding: "Product will be hot after heating." (...and you thought???)

On packaging for a Rowenta iron: "Do not iron clothes on body." (but wouldn't this save me more time?)

On Boot's Children Cough Medicine: "Do not drive a car or operate machinery after taking this medication." (We could do a lot to reduce the rate of construction accidents if we could just get those 5-year-olds with head-colds off those forklifts.)

On Nytol Sleep Aid: "Warning: May cause drowsiness." (and...I'm taking this because???)

On most brands of Christmas lights: "For indoor or outdoor use only." (as opposed to...what?)

On a Japanese food processor: "Not to be used for the other use." (now, somebody out there, help me on this. I'm a bit curious.)

On Sainsbury's peanuts: "Warning: contains nuts." (talk about a news flash)

On an American Airlines packet of nuts: "Instructions: Open packet, eat nuts." (Step 3: maybe, uh...fly Delta?)

On a child's superman costume: "Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly." (I don't blame the company. I blame the parents for this one.)

On a Swedish chainsaw: "Do not attempt to stop chain with your hands or genitals." (Oh my gosh...was there a lot of this happening somewhere?)