

Day 1

Today I got my appointment. This is a small and insignificant recognition for the big service I have done over the past. Why small and insignificant? Ahem! Actually after the doctor was forced out of the house I was hoping to bag the top job. I like a position of neutrality from where you can be shamelessly biased. I am baffled, Dear Diary, because some uneducated in the media are calling me an engineer, whereas I have done justice to so many over the years.

Let the counting begin afresh. Don't forget the people who are old or the children who soon will be old.

Day 5

Today I refused to meet the European Commission. *Arrey Bhai!* They are only simply just a commission, and I am the Chief of a Commission. There is something called protocol. It may seem as the fulfilment of my long-cherished dream to snub these *phorenens*, but in reality I must live up to my famous unbiased *irshannito* reputation as a man of justice. If I agree to meet this commission I must give time to all other commissions from Latin America, Southeast Asia, North Pole... If I indeed do that they will think I have so much time. Don't tell anyone! I do.

Hurry my comrades with the counting, but don't list them all. Not all are worthy to the cause results.

Day 13

Invited the press over to my office. You should have seen their faces. They thought they would have me by the scruff of my neck. Not so easy. Had the pleasure of paying them back in their own coin in other words, words. Every day I read what they write. There is no way I can ask them any question, not that I do not have any. Today, whack! I read aloud to them what I wrote. (Hah! Hah!), and walked out. No questions answered.

Stop the counting. The sane guys have taken over and given a ruling against us three. Oh! Why do I take it personally?

Diary of a Chief Engineering Commissioner

CHINTITO

Day 14

Took it personally and played cricket with the law. We appealed against the ruling. Chances are there of a repeat of the Ponting episode when the powerful captain had a decision overturned. I too am very powerful. Some illiterate chaps are calling it time wasting. They should see the World Cup to know how beneficial time-wasting can be to the winning side. And in this game of arithmetic there are only three winners, my two colleagues and me. We will be rewarded, you will see.

Go on with the counting! The disposal of the appeal will be long, I should know. In the meantime we will finish the job of preparing an absolutely fresh list. We will also finish many other things, but more of that some other day. Gone will be the living, even sitting MPs. Remain will be the dead, in that there is plenty of *soab*.

Day 19

Today I gave the world a new list. Today I am not talking to anyone, not even you, oh! Dear diary. No press, no TV, not the goof writing my autobiography, no telephone, no email, no letter...

Tell you one thing though, Mahatma Gandhi and I have many things in common: spectacles, shiny on top, goat milk, two hands, natural leadership, making the headlines, looking at the world upside-down (he called it yoga, I call it my daily job) and of course speak-t-not once a week. We only have two differences: I love my three-piece and the people love him.

Day 23

Day appeal turned down. Unbelievable! Boo hoo! How could they, my long-standing colleagues? Actually we were always sitting, the others were standing.

But keep on counting for they take some time to write their decision down, although I know every word of the verdict verbatim.

Day 33

Finally it came, the written thing; exactly as the press reported. I hate it when they get it right. It increases their credibility.

Stop the counting. I do not want to stand up on one leg even for a minute. But don't throw away the fresh list. We will use it if, as, when and for who we need it to make it a fool proof list. Who is the fool here?

Day 35

They told me today that I have spent some 45 crore Takas to make a bhua list. Don't tell anyone, but the information gave me momentary pimples on my thick skin brought on by sudden excitement and contraction of connective tissues papillae at the base of my hairs. Yes I am not that hairless. Bhujlen na? In short, I had goose pimples. Just think of the power I have to squander the nation's hard-earned money while the listed and the unlisted brickbat each other every day for food, water, gas, electricity... Hang on; there is someone at the door. Yes, come on in! (Mumbling in the background) What! The commission has saved 15 crore Takas by stopping payment to the field agents? This is outrageous. This cannot go on. Whenever I get angry I follow Albert Pinto and write a poem in *ghussa*. I call this one, *Hum hai na*

Tell the agents to agitate, Brief is their current fate

Even if it be slightly late, Get they will their full rate

Let 14 *gushti's* campaign of hate, Against me somewhat abate

Then I will launch my plan so great, To some I will remain a proven mate

(Smiles, rotates his head one complete oscillation before slamming the diary close)