



Till we 'meat' again

I am not downright fat. Only 'reasonably' chubby. All right, maybe I am understating. My protruding potbelly leads the way I go and I sometimes have a hard time finding clothes that fit me. And I have a reputation of being a 'passionate' eater (read 'khadok').

I do eat three burgers (extra cheese, extra patty) in one sitting. I drink up a whole bottle of 'bamader shorbot' the way an alcoholic drinks up his favourite brand of booze. Buffet is my kind of dining because I know how to get my money back.

And my weakest spot is reserved for meat and over the years, my digestive tract must have processed thousands of farm animals.

Otherwise, I am quite a harmless creature. Good-natured. Well-mannered. I reckon the only reason I might end up in hell is because of gluttony. It is perhaps because of my good nature and my well manners that I keep quiet when my friends and colleagues make fun of my peculiarities. If I can lend them a laugh, why not?

Things were going perfectly fine, until one day when one of my colleagues took it a step too far. She came up with the bright idea that I should go vegetarian for a week and write about my experiences and feelings. I did not quite know whether to feel

insulted or to point out that I already have tonnes of assignments. The next day, I received an email from the editor. "Good morning. Your mission, should you choose



to accept it, involves going on a vegetarian diet for a week. You have 7 days to write a journal of your experience. We expect humour, frustrations and the lure of getting back to the non-veg routine. This

message will self-destruct in five seconds. God speed and good luck."

And I chose to accept it, and a wager was set among colleagues. Perhaps it was because I wanted to show my colleagues that I too, can have a decent control over my diet. Well, can I?

Sunday

Dear Diary,

Word has spread fast. The whole office now knows about the wager. Some of them had jumped onto it, betting for and against me. "The man lives for meat", those who bet against me reasoned. "One week would go away like a flash", others argued.

If you ask me, I have my doubts. I have never understood vegetarians. For all I know, they could very well be from another planet, where there are only trees and fruits but no animals. I have always frowned upon them. But then again, they have always frowned upon me!

When I took up the vegetarian-for-a-week challenge, I did a little bit of research. It turns out that there are different kinds of vegetarians - a lacto vegetarian is someone who does not eat meat and eggs, but can consume dairy products. An ovo vegetarian diet is where you can eat eggs but not dairy. A lacto-ovo vegetarian has no restriction on

