



# OLYMPIC GAMES WE WOULD WIN GOLD IN

MUHAMMAD MUHTASIM JAWAD

The curtains of Rio Olympics came down just a few days back and we are still talking about the Russian gold medal that "could have been" ours. But have we ever considered the games in which we Bangladeshis could proudly kick the entire world's hindquarters?

Disclaimer: Do not try these at home.

## Rhythmic Bus Swinging

This noble form of extreme sport is a crowd favourite in Bangladesh, while most other countries have absolutely no clue about it. In fact, over half of Dhaka population practice this daily. This game is often accompanied with a mandatory long sprint behind your desired speeding *murir tin*, aka Dhaka bus. Next, you must hold on to the door handle with your dear life, as other competitors will also try their best to try to push you aside. The first round is all about making it through the door. After this, you must balance yourself inside a bus filled to the brim with people. Easy? Wait till they constantly keep pushing and prodding all your delicate parts with their elbows, bags, feet and what not. The winner is the one who can skilfully avoid all the obsta-

cles and plant his bottom on one of the safe, yet grimy seats of the bus.

## Puddle Vault

Boy, this is a tricky one. The hazards range from getting your clothes splattered by mud and sewage (with ermm... some gooey stuff even scientists have a tough time figuring out) to getting yourself drowned into a manhole. Moreover, the contestants are not provided any poles as done in regular pole vaulting. It takes strong determination to jump over puddles that have such unimaginable depth and width. All year round, especially during the rainy and summer seasons, the curators of Dhaka city prepare and maintain perfectly elliptical puddles for the general public. It is pretty much a municipal duty by now to keep the citizens physically fit by arranging this esteemed sport on the top-notch roads of Dhaka. Interconnected overflowing drains make this game even more challenging. Occasional garbage and various excrements are also a fine-tuned way of keeping the competitors mentally strong. The fear of stepping on &\*^% keeps the leg muscles in stunning form. International experts are of the opinion that psychiatrists and physical trainers in Bangladesh will never have a good income because of

this very healthy activity in particular.

## Escaping Private *Ghotok*

Marathon, shmarathon. An Olympic marathon can last for a few hours, while this King of Marathons can stretch for countless years. This is the real game of running. Contestants fit to play this sport are required to be aged 18 to 35 and definitely unmarried. A vicious pack of aunties and uncles among relatives or neighbours throw flying CVs and photos of potential grooms and brides at the participants. The participants are expected to give in soon, but this race will continue till the perfect match is found or if they decided to elope with some love interest. Winners? Oh well, that is an extremely sensitive issue which we are not willing to touch here.

## Bargain Mania

This activity is not for someone with a faint heart or a faint voice. First, you must go for window shopping at the most renowned and expensive place in town. Choose your favourite clothes or *thalabashon*. Then you must find out where they are originally made and let the bargaining begin! Remember, polished accents will get you nowhere. Statements like 'Eh mama, I can get this for 50 bucks at the other store' or 'Areh bhai, I am leaving,

*dhur'* will ensure victory for the one who probably finally buys his stuff at one-tenth of the original price.

## Xtreme Cycling

Helmets? Knee-pads? What are those? On Dhaka streets, you race against time to get to places. Every time you collide with a passer-by you get bonus points along with beautiful greetings in the form of musical slangs. The potholes and speed breakers are ideal places to bike over at high speeds. That's the thrill of the game. While the entire world has separate lanes for cyclists, Bangladeshis get to fight against their arch nemesis rickshaw spokes, while avoiding the metal bumpers of cars. Good brakes? Properly functioning brakes are for sissies! The one who is saved from getting squished by *murir tin* and reaches his destination before getting 30 minutes late is the real champion. The crazier version of this sport is "Dual Xtreme Cycling" where you attempt to compete along with another person on your flimsy rear carrier.

*Jawad is your next-door athlete who needs you to get him his energy drink. Some 'akher rosh' will work too. Shout at him on facebook.com/jawad.muhtasim or jawad.mmjr@gmail.com*