



# Wait of the Furious

OSAMA BIN VEZEL

The turbocharged Vista braked in front of the beggar. The Lambo doors swooshed up to reveal a sando genji bulging over a pair of baggy jeans. The beggar sat mesmerised by the golden sheen of the '92 Toy Bota Vista with the pink spoiler.

"Hello, comrade," Shaer greeted the beggar.

Saadi Miya just looked up from the sidewalk, now amazed by the girth of Shaer's chest.

Shaer noticed the focus of Saadi Miya's eyes and slapped his chest in reply.

"Who likes begging, no? Just a few more days till the revolution," Shaer was rubbing his chest now.

Saadi Miya looked away from Shaer for the first time. His Territory Manager was here to collect the day's earning.

The man was wearing a semi-formal blue shirt, leather loafers and blue jeans with the shirt tucked in. His hands covered in expensive jewellery, held a Trampsome 7+1. A black nametag on his breast pocket said "Shahrukh RedPear".

"What the @#!& is happening here, Saadi? Where's my money? Give me my money," Shahrukh's voice kept rising with each word, "Why aren't you begging and who's this joker?"

Shaer's eyes met the man's and a million words passed between them.

It was 34 years back during the fall of the Berlin Wall when Shahrukh and Shaer first met at 600 feet. Shaer didn't drive a Vista back then. It was a tricked out Mayer Ruti 800, the tiny compact whirred as Shaer changed a million gears. Shahrukh was laughing at Shaer in the next car; the monstrosity was a moulded crossover of a Premiyo and a Selica—a Premika, he called it.

As Shaer kept shifting the gears, he

quickly ran out of higher gears. Soon he had to use his thumbs to program in newer and higher gears. As sweat rolled down his temples, to his cheeks, down his tummy to the gear shift, Shaer's arms began cramping up. He couldn't jack his gears any longer.

Shahrukh laughed as he zoomed away across the finish line while the only things working in Shaer's car were the wipers, wiping away his tears.

It was right then Shaer knew that he must race again. After waiting for 34 years, it was time for closure. Shaer needed it. Shaer needed Shahrukh.

Shahrukh started laughing as Shaer's steely eyes glinted in resolve. Saadi Miya, oblivious to the history between these two, did the only thing he did to appease people. From underneath his torn lungi, he produced a transparent ukulele, one he believed was magic, gifted to him by his Fair & Bubbly Godmother Sarah Gari. Saadi's eyes gazed into the distance as he remembered the fateful night.

*I wonder if you know  
How they live in Bashabo*

Saadi Miya kept chanting out the words as he threw ground coffee over the summoning circle he drew with pink chalk. Inside the circle lay a Jodi Piccolo book, a cup of Starbox coffee, and a 90s Hindi film VHS.

*I wonder if you know  
How they live in Bashabo*

"Hello, Saadi Miya. You are a sexist pig, here you go," drifted in Sarah Gari's voice.

He didn't get to see her but all he had on his lap was a transparent ukulele. Yes, just the transparent ukulele.

Nothing else, we assure you. Absolutely nothing except the transparent ukulele.

Saadi Miya was about to finger his ukulele when Shahrukh held up a hand and looked deep into Shaer's eyes.

"Let's do this, Shaer. You finally came for me."

Shaer nodded as he got into his Toy Bota Vista. The Lambo doors whooshing down.

Shahrukh had other plans as the duo drove towards the starting line. His Mutshubashi Paharo SUV backed into the finish line. Saadi Miya looked at the scene incredulously because he never saw a race like this before. He gripped his ukulele tightly in anticipation.

As the countdown began for the race, Shahrukh's Paharo's back door lifted up. Shahrukh was sitting on a wooden cart pushed onto the starting line by a strange man.

"What the #U\*@" was all Shaer could manage to say.

3...

Shaer's fingers tightened around his steering wheel.

2...

Shahrukh slowly mutters "Driver bhai, ready."

1...

Shaer fumbled with his gear stick. Shahrukh's driver slowly pushed him along the road at a neckbreaking speed of 2 kilometres per hour. The high G-force produced by the speed kept Shahrukh holding onto his cart for dear life.

Shaer's car wouldn't start. Still sitting at the starting

line, Shaer kept cursing to himself as his Vista kept chugging but not charging.

2.5 hours later

Shahrukh was near the finish line now. Only a few metres to go. He could see Saadi Miya at the finish line, waving his transparent ukulele. Upon seeing Shahrukh, Saadi Miya took in the ukulele and began playing a song.

*I rock rock, rock,  
I roll I roll  
Rock, Rock, Rock  
I Roll, Roll Roll*

Shahrukh's Trampsome 7+1 started ringing and he picked up the phone.

"Ji, ammu. Coming. Ji, ammu. Coming. Coming. Ji, ammu. Telling uncle now," he kept nodding to no one in particular.

"Driver bhai, ghuran. We need to go home."

Just metres from the finishing line, Shahrukh turned around to answer the call of duty at home. He was there for his mother.

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They still say Shaer still waits at the finishing line, trying to start his car and cross the line to win the race.

Some say the accidents at 600 feet happen because people suddenly see a stalled Vista in the middle of the road and brake hard, crashing.

Shaer still waits.

