

# Dear Darji

## A break up letter to my tailor

IQRA L QAMARI

To Liton bhai,  
For many years now, you have been the superhero and the supervillain (mostly villain) of my life. You are in fact more, you are the one who makes the capes those super beings don, for crying out loud. You have been bestowed with the ability of making or breaking us with the mere snap of a scissor or the swish of your cutter. Thus, I write to you to remind you of the stature you had in my life and how you have exploited it.

Do you remember the first time we met? Basking on my newly enhancing hormones, I was ready to enter the world of a-la-mode costumes. I had tagged along with my mom ready to meet the fairy godmother to my Cinderella. Shockingly, you were nothing like the animated sweet old woman I fancied who would croon to me, but more like a grumpy dude smelling of clothes and steam, throwing curses at your sewing machine soldiers.

You did not come flickering a magical wand, you came brandishing a giant, rusted iron scissor. But the pretty glittering dresses that I saw hanging was enough to compensate for it.

My first few clothes had the element of perfection to them and you had my hopes skyrocket through the roof. With that legendary tape around your neck, your measurements were impeccable and those creations of yours always garnered enviously curious looks wherever I went. They would mistake my kameez to be the products of chic Banani boutiques and I let them, carrying Liton bhai of Kalabagan as my secret.

I never believed what they said about good things coming to an end until I saw the beginning of your deteriorating and neglecting attitude towards my orders. With time, your once glorious stitching and sewing turned disastrous. Your flawless concept of size, dimension and range had messed up. The outcomes either had me gasping for air when I put

them on or made me have another person slide into them so that they looked fitting. Let's not even start with the designing bit. Earlier you could tell which collar or sleeve I desired even before I had started on my one hour explaining session. Now, you just don't listen. All those sleeveless tops I had ordered always ended up full sleeved. How Liton bhai?

We could have worked on it together if you had listened to me more carefully rather than dismissing me with a know-it-all debonair attitude. You cannot point your rusted scissors at me saying I never tried to hold on. I have walked through the dingy alleys of Chadni Chawk pushing through shoving and sweating individuals, have rummaged through piles of fabrics and necessities, haggled with the shrewdest of merchants only to bring you the best of raw materials so that I could spark your interest on my assignments once again. However, all my attempts failed as you got more popular and you made me wait in queues behind bickering women who would order in bulk.

Finally, I caught you red handed that time when you refused to deliver my orders due to time constraints but undertook new clothing tasks from another customer, promising to deliver. I

had felt betrayed. I still tried to hang onto this toxic relationship, not willing to trust a new darji out there. Once a fashion diva, my costumes were now laughed at. You took me for granted and unashamedly crossed all the lines during the last *chaad raat* when you locked up your shop and left for your village sans notice and without delivering my Eid er dress. That was the day I had decided to break this equation of ours. A real break up doesn't hurt as much.

Well, Eid is finally here and the cowbells are a ringing but this time I will not be buying unstitched garments thinking of you. I have found my solace in those sophisticated and pricey Banani boutiques even though I have lost an arm, leg and a kidney. A sense of over compensation towards myself drives me now because you have wronged me to the point of no return. I will never wear my heart on my sleeves again because these fashionable dresses are sleeveless, just the way I always wanted them to be. You have generated a lifetime of trust issues and I can never put my faith on another darji again.

No longer yours  
It-doesn't-matter-who.

*Iqra suffers from wanderlust, dreams of discovering the Loch Ness Monster and occasionally complains about Economics. Tell her to get a life at [iqra.kashmir53@gmail.com](mailto:iqra.kashmir53@gmail.com) or [www.facebook.com/iqra.l.qamari](http://www.facebook.com/iqra.l.qamari)*



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NO.1  
MEN'S SHAMPOO**

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NOTHING TO HIDE

**ZERO DANDRUFF\***  
**DOUBLE FRESHNESS\*\***

\*No visible flakes with regular use. \*\*Action against two problems: dandruff and greasiness. \*Unilever calculation based on Nielsen value/volume sales information for the total grocery market, [12 month period ending within Oct '16 or 12 month period ending within Nov '16]

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