

## HUMOUR

# An opposite day for a motorcyclist

SHAHRUKH IKHTEAR

\*Record scratch\*

\*Freeze frame\*

Yeah, that's me. You're probably thinking how I ended up in this situation.

I was being a law-abiding citizen with my motorbike on the left side of the lane. It's only after the nice old man on the footpath called me the son of a certain animal did I realise my *nawaabi* instinct got the best of me. I was proceeding on the footpath with my bike and my rear view mirrors caught a myriad of souvenirs – the one *sando genji* from the vendor which I'm sure was tried on by at least three different people, a genuine, authentic ADIBAS backpack, and some bootleg Goraemon stickers.

*"Mi scusi, signore!"*

A strange Italian voice stopped me dead in my tracks (or tiles or whatever these sidewalks are made of). I

was sure it was my mind playing tricks on me because of the heat.

*"Footpaths are for the two-legged. Your blessed two wheels do not belong here!"*

No, it wasn't my mind playing tricks on me. It was none other than the spirit of Valentino Rossi.

Suddenly, my bike jumped off the footpath on its own and landed on the streets.

*"Now, signore, I leave it up to you to be a respectable member of the community of bikers. Pass this test while abiding all the laws and I shall bestow upon you the honour of being one of the true biker boyz. Fail, and you will turn into a Hunda."*

I seemed to recall what Hundas are. Apparently they are lecherous, malicious creatures that are only interested in their own self-gain. Their natural habitat is in the pavements reserved for pedestrians. They always like to swerve their bike in front of a speeding car to change

lanes as a way of showing dominance. You will always find them in packs. I was about to become one of them due to the *nawaabi* instinct ingrained in me but Rossi had saved me.

As I neared an intersection, I saw the traffic standing still for the red light. I stopped as well in front of a Galleon; the road ahead was empty. I saw at least a dozen opportunities for speeding my bike through the intersection. Surely enough, droves upon droves of Hundas passed me by. They didn't even look at the lights. Their speed-lust had consumed them and drowned them in darkness.

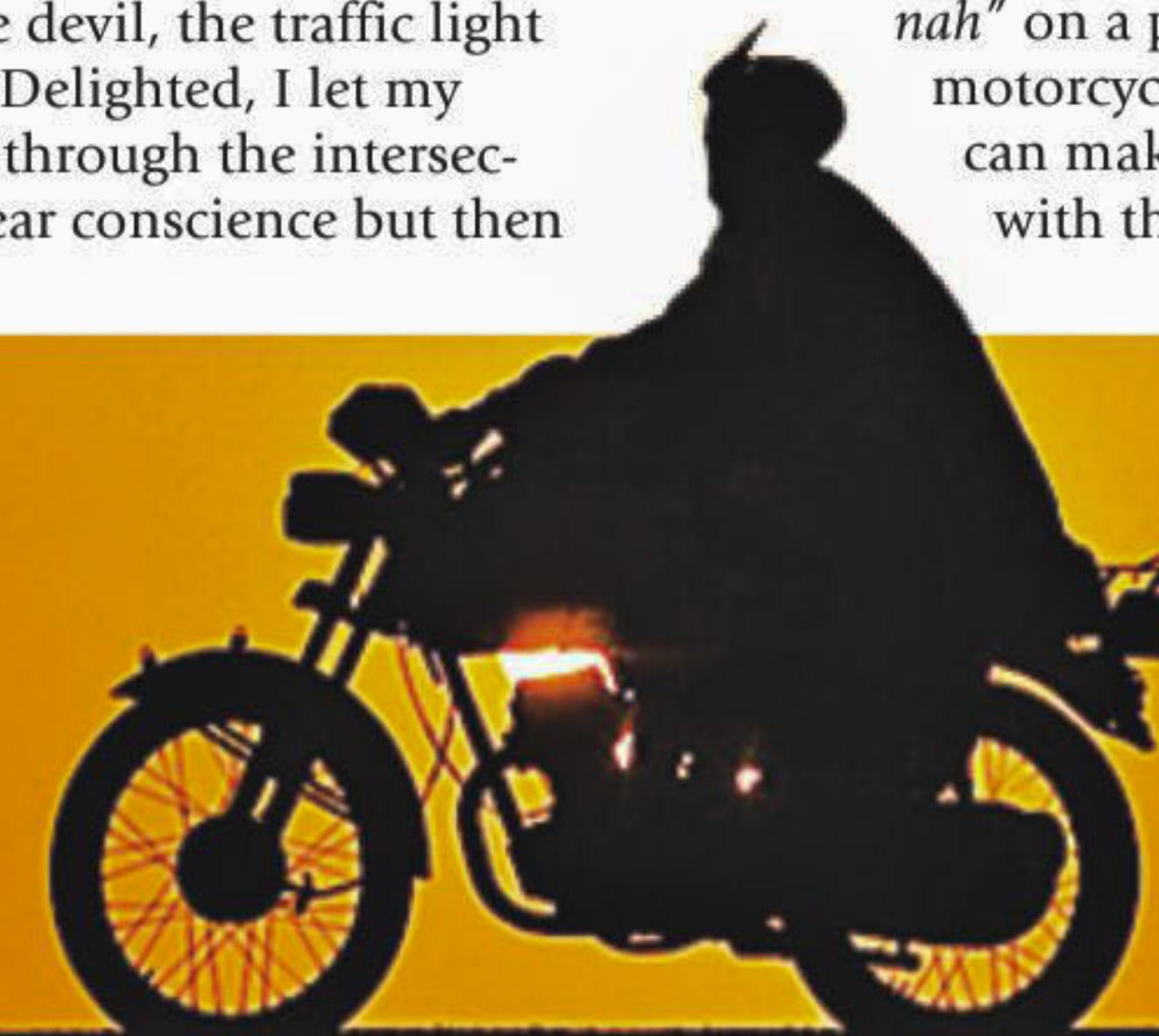
All of a sudden, I felt the urge to speed through the intersection. I thought that it was just one red light. No one would notice. As soon as I wanted to twist the handle and sell my soul to the devil, the traffic light turned green. Delighted, I let my bike carry me through the intersection with a clear conscience but then

I got hit by an oncoming Hunda. They always love to use the wrong side of the road to cross massive traffic jams. I flew off my bike in my seated position.

*"Do not worry, signore. I got you!"*

Valentino's voice seemed so beautiful in the last fleeting moments of my life. I closed my eyes to embrace my end. But something strange started happening. I slowly felt the presence of a bike handle, then the seat materialised. Soon enough, the entire bike formed and it was Valentino's own Yeah-man-yeah MotoGP bike. But I was still floating in the air. I realised I could fly.

On Valentino's bike, I rode off into the horizon as a new member of Terrific Alert, where all the motorcyclists have the privilege of commenting *"Vy ami eirokom hunda nah"* on a post that disses motorcyclists. I'm sure I can make a difference with that.



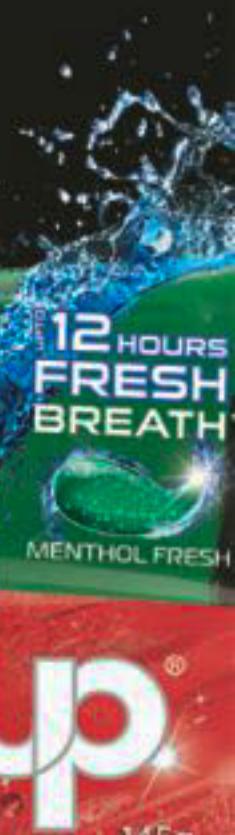
up to  
12 hours  
of **fresh  
breath\***  
more confidence



#getcloseup

\*Upto 12 hours lasting fresh breath is based on in-vivo study with regular use over 4 weeks.

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