

HUMOUR

An opposite day for a motorcyclist

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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.

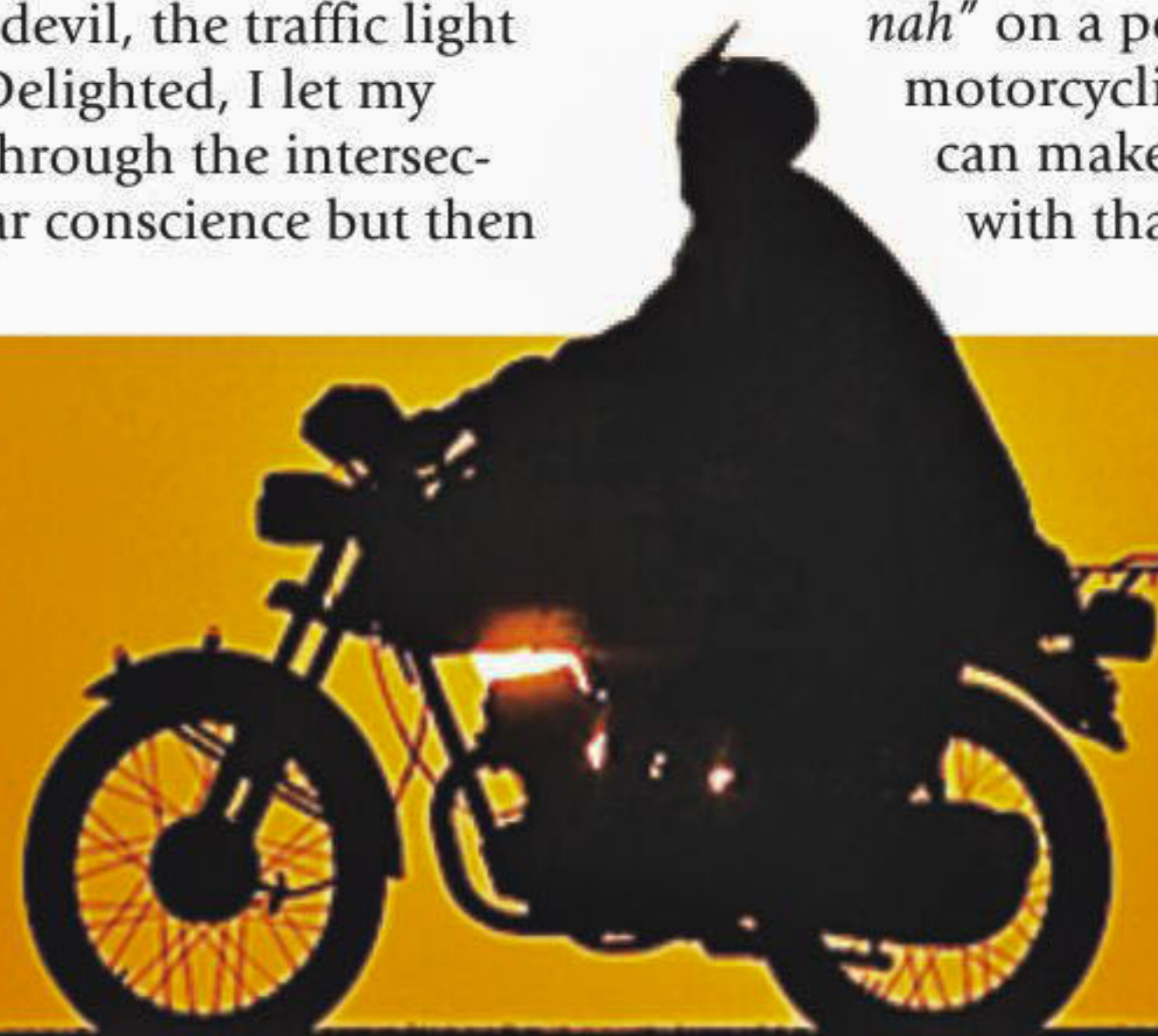
All of a sudden, I felt the urge to speed through the intersection. I thought that it was just one red light. No one would notice. As soon as I wanted to twist the handle and sell my soul to the devil, the traffic light turned green. Delighted, I let my bike carry me through the intersection with a clear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



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