



Issue#0  
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Trump gets support from unexpected quarters!

**PORN BANNED THEN UNBANNED**

The real motive behind the somersault unveiled

**CARDAMOM TEA CAN AFFECT YOUR MARRIAGE**

**TATTOOS ARE TABOO**

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# The Prompt Corner



*Welcome to the first edition of QSM.*

## **QSM?**

Being a serious reader of malarkey you must've already noticed that QSM an acronym for Quirky, Snarky, Malarkey. More specifically, this is a collection of parodies that mark the life and times of a thirty-some-years man.

## **Funny?**

Yes. No. Both.

There's a good chance that you may find it funny. We are all built with this little toggle in our minds that makes us laugh when we see a split in someone else's knickers. This button works the other way when the situation reverses, and makes us grind our teeth and pounce upon others with our claws and fangs bared, when the split is in our knickers.

In QSM, the knickers with that ungainly split are always mine.

## **Will it live or die?**

This is the classic chicken-and-egg question with no accurate answer. The question actually is: will it find your love by making you smile? This is a free magazine and it shall thrive on your love. If it amuses you, spread the word. Here are a few things you can do:

- Download it on your office-printer,
- Print it and read it in the toilet,
- Share it with your over-worked real-life friends,

- Share its link with your under-worked online friends,
- Write to this quirky merchant of salt, pepper, and spice,
- Visit and follow Anand's blog for more snarky malarkey!

## **When will we see the next edition?**

I am trying to choose between making it a monthly or a bimonthly (every two months.) It'll be great if I could get your inputs on this. You can either leave a comment behind on my blog or send me a simple email with your choice in the subject line - "monthly" or "bimonthly".

## **Who's behind this magazine?**

So far, just me. Nobody else. Not even wifey. She's mad at me for siphoning away our quality time into this random venture, which according to her, has no future. I always trusted my dog to be on my side, but when she saw me working on this she too turned her tail on me and walked away. In future, I hope to go on a cyber-expedition and find some great writers of quirky malarkey – but until then you are stuck with me.

So much for the first editorial. Flip the page to enter my world of salt, pepper, and spice.

(Anand)

# Drum Rolls for Donald Drum

*A blond mop of unkempt hair when coupled with 10 billion dollars can be fatally attractive.*

“Mummy Ji, it’s not Donald Drum; it’s Donald Duck,” wifey’s voice laced with subtle sarcasm floated into my ears. I squared my shoulders, took a deep breath and braced myself to play the moderator.

“Puttar, I know about Donald Duck. If you remember, I’ve brought up two brats. Don’t try to be smart with me!”

I heard Mom’s voice and knew that it was time to intervene. When mom comes visiting, I become extra sensitive to any exchanges between these two women who rule my life.

I rushed to the living room and planted myself in mom’s line of fire.

“Oye puttar, tu apni votti ko samjha. (Son, make certain things *clear* to your wife.) She shouldn’t mouth off to her elders!”

I took the sheepish middle-path of silence. Both of them take my silence as my acquiescence to their views.

Mom went on.

“I am talking about Donald Drum. You know, the golden-haired man who’s fighting elections in *Umrikka*?” She was right on all counts except his name. Even about fighting-the-elections bit. In India, elections are fought – tooth and nail! Our politicians are more into contact sports. I imagined Trump wearing a *langot* taking on all those other Republicans in an *akhara*.

“Are you listening?” she prodded.

I pushed away the *langot*-clad image of Donald Trump - the multi-billionaire real-estate magnate and one of the Presidential Candidates for the 2016 US elections - from my mind, and concentrated on what mom was saying.

“Yes, what about him?” I said, ignoring my mom’s attempt at rechristening Drum...I mean Trump.

“Did you know that guy is rich?” she asked, dropping her voice to conspiratorial levels.

“Yes,” I nodded.

“He is RICH. I hear he had a lot of money. 6.5 *Kharab!*”

At this point, I’d like to explain even to the urban Hindi speaker that Hindi’s got its own unit system, which goes: *ikai, dahai, senkra, hazaar...and Kharab* is almost at the other, richer end of this system.

“Mummy Ji, what is a *Kharab?*” wifey chimed in. She’s as curious as a cat, and when she wants to be nice to Mom, she can really butter her up. Mom lapped up the chance to show off her knowledge.

“It means, he’s got 650 *Arab.*”

“*Arab?* As in Arabs from Arabia?” Wifey chuckled and I fretted. She was once again chugging into the danger-zone. Mom will sniff the mischief out, I was sure. Oddly she didn’t. She was quite into this Drum-thing, for now.

“That’s 65000 *Crores!*” Mom said, emphasizing each word. I knew that she was looking for an active listener in me. I sprung into action.

“Wow!” I cried with my brows disappearing into my neo-bald patch, “he is RICH!”

“He is,” mom agreed. “And yet, the poor man has no happiness in his

life.”

Imagining Donald Trump as a poor man with no happiness in his life is like imagining mom as a soft-spoken girl of sixteen. It’s impossible!

I quizzed her with a raised eyebrow.

“He married. Then they got divorced. Then he married again. And they got divorced again. And now he is married again, but I ask you, will the marriage last?”

I scratched my head. I had no idea. *Will it last or won’t it?*

Mom continued.

“All these women, they couldn’t keep him happy. That’s why his marriages broke.”

Wifey is a latent feminist. At times such as these, she finds it difficult to contain her feminist energy. It boiled over.

“But Mummy Ji, couldn’t it be the other way? He couldn’t keep them happy and so their marriages broke?”

“No, *Puttar!* Remember this. In a marriage, adjustments have to be done by the woman. Men will be men. A woman has to think about the kids,” she paused, gave wifey a killer look that told her to shut up because she didn’t have kids and she won’t know,



then continued, “*bechare bacche!* (Poor kids!)”

Imagining Trump’s kids as poor kids, while trying to stop yourself from bursting into peels of laughter, isn’t easy.

Thankfully, mom had moved on to another track.

“Had I known about him back then...” she said, with a dreamy look in her eyes.

Our ears perked up.

We wondered if mom was going to commit the ultimate faux-pas a married Indian woman could commit.

We waited with baited breath.

“And he still has hair...golden hair...”

We waited for more.

All we heard was a long sigh. I decided that she had to be prompted.

“What if you had known about him back then?” I asked.

She was about to say something, but then we heard Papa Ji’s footsteps on the stairs, and the moment was lost.

“Nothing,” she said with an air of finality. “It’s now time for my morning prayers. I must finish them before I watch the re-run of *Balika Vadhu.*”

#### TRANSLATIONS FOR NON-HINDI/NON-PUNJABI AUDIENCE

- *Mummy Ji*: Mummy = Mom; *Ji* is the suffix attached to any form of address or name to add a dash of respect. For instance, instead of calling Donald Trump, Mr. Trump, an Indian would call him Trump *Ji*.
- *Puttar*: Literally it translates to son, but Punjabis often use this term for their daughters too.
- *Umrikka*: An affectionate way of pronouncing America in Hindi/Punjabi.
- *Akhara*: A Wrestling Ring.
- *Langot*: A minimalist Loincloth worn by Indian wrestlers.
- *1 Kharab*: 100 Billion (At an assumed exchange rate of 65 Rupee/US Dollar, Trump’s wealth is 6.5 Kharab Indian Rupees.)
- *1 Arab*: 1 Billion.
- *1 Crore*: 10 Million.
- *ikai, dahai, senkra, hazaar...*: The Indian unit system: tens, hundreds, thousands...
- *Balika Vadhu*: An Indian Soap that started airing in 2008, and is still running strong. As of August 15, 2015 – *it has aired 1975 Episodes.* We Indians never give up on things we love.

# Porn-sites Banned then Unbanned – A Collective Sigh of Relief

*Past vs. Present – from dog-eared glossies to high-resolution video graphics – the changing face of male-adolescence in India.*

Two days ago, Indian Government banned access to 857 porn- and other morally-bankrupt sites in India. Indian men don't cry, but when they heard the announcement, half of them locked themselves in their bathrooms and wailed.

- *How could the government be so heartless?*
- *Have those ministers forgotten the time they spent with those shared-among-friends, dog-eared glossies?*
- *Above all have they forgotten how even our MPs and MLAs cannot live without watching porn, even while the assembly is in session?*

Indian men spend their adolescence battling two opposing expectations. All women, with a few exceptions, expect them to stay virgin until their wedding nights. All men expect them to be smart enough to lose their

virginity before marriage, or at least know about what fits in where and how, without leaving the women in their families any wiser. Between these two expectations, they must find an outlet for all that irrepressible energy building up in their nether region.

Porn-sites simplify the entire process. One of my friends recently observed, "these boys today, it's all so easy for them," then after a pause he added with a long audible sigh, "and it's the high-resolution animated version."

In our time, the whole process of growing up under the tutelage of our immediate seniors among friends and relatives was a sweet ecstasy. They taught you the logistics of the whole process – from procurement, to transportation, to its eventual

consumption. And then you'd put the whole theory into action.

You'd slink into your house with the magazine warm against your skin, tucked under your vest; you'd be dying to get to a secluded place so that you could relish the surprises within. But all that would come to a naught. Your mom or your grandmother would've already planned something for you.

*"Aa gaya beta, ab jaldi se jaake Dimpi ko tuition se le aa!"*

"You are back, son! Now quickly go and fetch your sister from tuition!"

or

*"Kahan tha beta? Chal ab Ramayan ke do panne padh de mere liye."*

"Where were you son? Ok, now that you are back, read a couple of pages from *Ramayana* for me." (The non-Hindi speaking visitors can substitute "Ramayana" with "Bible" to get the gist of it.)

So your rendezvous with those glossy pages would get postponed indefinitely. Instead, you'd either be walking home with your desire

clinging to your chest, and your sister by your side rattling away the periodic table. Or. You'd be sitting near the cot of your grandmother, reading aloud how Sita crossed the *laxman rekha*, while your heart would be beating hard against the magazine that you had procured after putting your life and dignity on the line, and you'd be wondering if you'll find an

opportunity to safely cross your own *laxman rekha* before the day ended.

I believe that no father wants his son to go through the trials and tribulations that he went through and I trust that this must have been the reason why the ban was lifted. We want

our sons to have easier, happier, and more fulfilling lives – and we don't want them to be wasting their precious time hunting porn, when they can find it with a click or a tap.

*Flagging expectations rise once again – and my faith in our Government is restored. They indeed want what's best for the youth of India.*



*Laxman Rekha: The line of safety/decorum, never to be crossed*







## Why Dogs Lift Their Legs to Pee?

All pups, male or female, pee sitting down. Then out of the blue, the male pups wake up to a beautiful day, find a tree or a car-tire, lift their hind leg, and pee standing up.

*What brings about this transformation? Why does a male pup suddenly change his peeing behavior?*

After decades of observation, it has been found that this happens when the senior adolescent pups gather around the junior adolescent pup as he sits down to pee, point their paws at him, and start snickering and howling.

*“Abay, tu to baccha hai!”* (Hey, you are still a kid!)

or

*“Abay, ladki hai kya?”* (Hey, are you a girl?)

And then one by one, they all lift their legs and pee.

The young pup watches them and feels embarrassed. The peer-pressure can either bend or break him. Most pups decide to bend and lift their leg. Older pups defend it as a growing up ritual. Younger pups and their moms can see it for what it really is. *Bullying.*

If you find a pup being bullied by his peers, dial 1-800-BPH from your phone to reach the Bullied Pup Helpline!

Let pups be pups! No matter whether they are male or female, let them all pee sitting down. Help end this discrimination now!

# Bobby Jindal to Saade Punjab da Puttar hai – Hain ji?

*(Bobby Jindal is the son of our Punjab, isn't he?)*

Not that far back in time, Bobby Jindal announced that he'll be running for the 2016 US Presidential elections, and with his announcement, he's brought into limelight the village of his forefathers – Khanpur, and the house where his grandfather Madan Lal Jindal lived with Bobby's grandmother and their nine children.

The villagers are feeling *so-so* about it. On one hand they are happy that their very own Bobby is running for elections, but they are tad unhappy because the very same Bobby has disowned his Indian, worse still, his Punjabi roots. I mean, the pride of being a *Punjab da Sher* is something that every male Punjabi child begins to ooze from all his pores,

the moment his umbilical cord is severed – how can Jindal then deny his Punjabi roots?

He's the Governor of Louisiana? *Aho ji*. His heart must yearn to return and govern *saada* Ludhiana instead. Didn't his parents take some *Punjab di mitti* along, to help their child grow up appreciating his *vatan ki mitti di khushboo*?

But despite Jindal's vehement denials, we Indians, specifically the Punjabis believe that Jindal is merely being politically right in saying that he isn't an Indian-American.

*Khoon to Punjabi hai bande da...hain ji? Dil to Hindustani hai saade Bobby da...hain ji?*

# Punjab da munda, pind-ich aya; hore jham ke bhangra paya!

(Punjab's son, returned to his village; and then he did the  
bhangra dance with wild abandon)



If only Jindal would arrive in Khanpur and dance the Bhangra with them, the villagers will surely forgive his lapses and welcome him with open arms.

## TRANSLATIONS FOR NON-HINDI/NON-PUNJABI AUDIENCE

- *Hindustani*: Indian
- *Punjab da Sher*: Lion of Punjab (Visualize a growling lion, with flared nostrils.)
- *Aho Ji*: An emphatic YES.
- *Sadda Punjab*: OUR Punjab (The emphasis is on “our”)
- *Punjab di mitti*: Soil of Punjab
- *vatan ki mitti ki khushboo*: The fragrance of your country's soil.
- *Khoon to Punjabi hai bande da...hain ji?*: The guy's got Punjabi blood flowing in his veins, hasn't he?
- *Dil to Hindustani hai Bobby da...hain ji?*: Our Bobby's heart is Indian, isn't it?

# Cardamom Tea – Side Effects and Social Stigma

*An innocent request for cardamom tea can have a seriously hilarious effect.*

This morning I was trying to finish a writing assignment that has to be delivered tomorrow. It required that I write a humorous piece on marriages between Neanderthals and Homo sapiens. This assignment required all the ingenuity and creativity I could muster so I thought I'd start by getting into my creative-mood. This process usually involves

cajoling wifey into preparing some cardamom-tea, then enjoying it while jotting my ideas down on paper.

When I came into the drawing room, she was on phone with Mrs. Chaddha.

I tore a page from my notepad and jotted down my request for a cup of tea. I then waved the note in front of her; she flashed me a perfunctory smile, snatched the note from me, and



*Wifey giving me that look*

clutched it into her fist. Next I tried mouthing the word tea to her, she flashed me an exasperated smile, and continued her animated conversation with our neighbor. Finally, I tried whispering my request into her ear. This made her giggle. She flashed me her pearly whites in an attempt to scare me off.

Mrs. Chaddha must've had gone through a similar experience so she was quick to latch on to that giggle and proposed to end the conversation with what I can only surmise was a slightly risqué remark. It made wifey go beetroot red. I noted the

change in her expression and braced myself for the onslaught.

"Couldn't you have waited until I had finished the call?" she asked with her lips pursed, her nostrils flared, and her brows furrowed.

"I just wanted..." I started to tell her.

"I know what you wanted. Even Mrs. Chaddha knew what you wanted!"

"She knew?" I inquired, puzzled about how Mrs. Chaddha could have guessed my need for cardamom tea. Did she get cameras installed in our

apartment on the sly?

"Yes. All women understand it. I hope the word doesn't get around or I'd be the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood!"

"I'm sorry," I mumbled – Still wondering, how on earth could

anyone arrive at this conclusion – without looking at the note that was still clutched in wifey's fist.

"And I am not in a mood. It's 8 in the morning, do you realize it?" she raised her right eyebrow and asked.

Raising of that right-eyebrow is usually my signal to leave her presence for the

sake of *Ghar ki Shanti*.

"Sure...sure. If you don't want to prepare tea, it's fine. I'll prepare it. Would you like a cup?"

"A cup of tea?" she thundered.

"Yes," I confirmed...still puzzled, she opened her fist and read my note.

"You wanted a cup of cardamom tea?" she asked again. Usually she isn't this dense. I wondered if our exchange had something to do with her temporary loss of sanity.

"What did you think I wanted?" I



*Inquisitive Mrs. Chaddha*

asked. Still curious.

She blushed. Then she turned and hurried out to the kitchen mumbling something that sounded like, "I'll get you your tea."

Suddenly the pieces of the puzzle fell into their places to complete the picture, and I understood.

*Women!*



“ Marriage is an attic full of humorous treasures that are sometimes hidden under layers of dust. -ANAND ”

## See-sawing with Keju Bhai

*Arvind Kejriwal leaves a trail of broken hearts on his journey from an Aam Aadmi to a seasoned politico.*

Ever since *Keju Bhai* and his party have taken control of Delhi, news channels have been busy covering the less-savory aspects of the AAP politicians' lives.

First, they had their nosey cameras follow a senior party functionary *Mr. Kumar Vishwas's* wife into one of his extra bedrooms where he was *allegedly* caught with his knickers down, happily pawing the assets of junior party worker.

Then they followed the Law Minister *Mr. Somnath Bharti's* wife into the Women's Commission office – *allegedly*, the minister responsible for the upkeep of law and order in Delhi used to abuse her with some help from his mom.

Just a few days ago, the channels were happily airing a security camera video, which shows a sweetmeat shop being vandalized, *allegedly* by a group led by AAP's lady MLA, *Ms. Alka Lamba*.

(I know you are growing impatient with my roundup of Delhi politics – but trust me, it's contextual, and better still, it ends here.)

Some of you equipped with an elephantine memory would remember the time when the whole country perceived Keju bhai as the messiah of *aam aadmi*, a crown that he had wrested from an older, quieter, mellower gentleman *Anna Hazare*. Well, wifey was among the first ones to buy the *Aam Aadmi* cap. She would

go for those rallies, lament the death of honesty in the system, and speak of Keju Bhai with awe and reverence.

This went on and on, until my patience gave way and I confronted her. I told her that she went about canvassing for Arvind Kejriwal as if he were her brother.

She snubbed me, but since then I've always referred to this uncommon common man as Keju Bhai.

Trust me, every time I used the term Keju Bhai for her beloved Chief Minister, wifey hated me with her heart and soul, and her knitted brows. If Keju Bhai hadn't got out of his common man disguise and transformed into this super-politician, she might have even filed for a divorce. In a way, Keju Bhai and his gang have saved my marriage, and I am grateful to them for staging their own fall from grace.

When the party finally came into power with an incredibly huge majority, wifey was beside herself with hope and joy.

"Wait and watch. Now things would

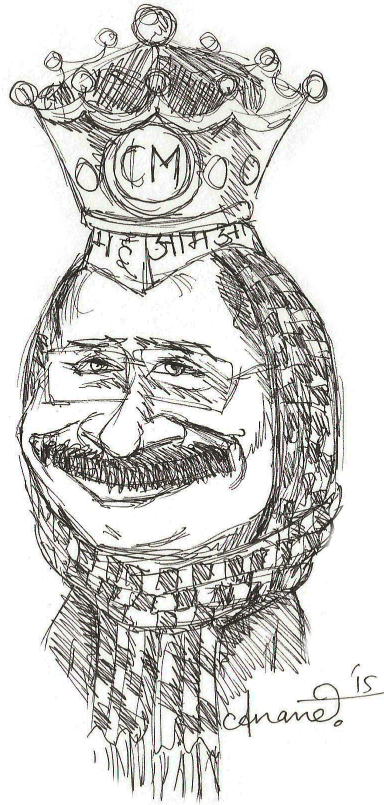
change," she said so confidently, that I checked to see if she had a crystal ball.

Things did change. Except that they didn't go the way she'd have liked them to go. Keju Bhai who once drove a Maruti hatchback and lived in a two

bedroom apartment graduated to the Chief Minister's plush residence, started paying an electricity bill of Rs. 136,000 (\$2060) as he ran 30 air conditioners while wifey struggled with power-cuts in the middle of the scalding hot Indian summer. And yet, she defended him. "He is a Chief Minister, so he has to live like a Chief Minister," she said in a voice substantially less confident than before.

I was happy. I saw a tiny sliver of hope. I'll be honest. There were times when I'd switch the TV on with a silent prayer that there would be a newsbyte that would make wifey give up on him.

Then it happened – and it happened with such suddenness that can best be described as a miracle. It





wasn't a piece of news that drove her back into my arms. It was an advertising campaign, in which a lady would speak of Kejriwal *Sarkar's* Achievements. At first, she'd point it out to me and say, "see, he's doing something for the people of Delhi, isn't it?"

I would be my old cynical and new envious self. "He must be spending crores on it. Where's he getting the money for the campaign?" I'd ask.

"How much is he spending?" she'd ask.

Others too were probably asking the same question. And we finally

got the answer. A nice round figure of 576 *Crores* (that's 88 million dollars!)

When I read that figure out to wifey, I heard a door bang somewhere. I have a feeling, it was the door of wifey's heart, closing after Keju Bhai was thrown out of it – bag and baggage.

In wifey's opinion, anyone who can spend that kind of money on personal advertising, isn't a common man.

*He isn't her Keju Bhai anymore.*

*Wifey isn't a stranger to me anymore.*

#### A QUICK ROUND-UP ON AAP FOR NON-INDIAN READERS:

AAP or the Common Man Party (yes, that's what their name means) started a few years ago. They started small. They told us that all other political parties were corrupt. They said that they'd never be corrupt. They told people that they were just like the common man on street, and that they didn't have deep pockets. Then they asked for donations and support. Indians from all around the world supported them, hoping that they'd leach corruption out of Indian politics. Then an year ago, in Delhi elections, they were voted in with nearly total majority.

A year down the line, the party has splintered and their common man image has faded. Their accelerated descent into the muddy waters of politics has broken quite a few hearts. *Wifey's included.*

- *Bhai*: Brother
- *Aam Aadmi*: Common Man
- *Sarkar*: Government/Administration

# 50 Shades of Gray and the Advent of Uncle-hood

*Your revenge is just half-a-wit away!*

Before I start, I'll have it known that I am strapping young man of thirty-some years, with bulging biceps, great pectorals, and if not a six or a four, definitely a two-pack chiseled upon my abdomen. Not that long ago, women of all ages ogled at me.

Before you jump in defense of women, organize a rally at Jantar Mantar, and burn my effigies, I would like to submit that women indeed ogle. Of course, their ogling is a lot more dignified and subtle, and it doesn't fly into your face like the ogling practiced by men, which is characterized by an open-mouthed, tongue-lolling, drooling-down-the-shirt-front look.

I am of the opinion that it's pathetic to watch a man ogling a woman. It reminds you of a dog in pursuit of a bone that he can't have. I don't blame women for hating to be ogled at by men.

*I mean, who wants to feel like a bone?*

Women, on the other hand, indulge in this craft selectively. They don't ogle at every Tom, Dick, and Harry. They choose the finest specimens they can find, and then they caress them with a soft sideways glance. It's the delicate touch of a feather or a falling raindrop and it *soaks into your heart and soul*.

*I am grateful to have experienced those glances.*

*But then how long could I have kept those 50 shades of gray at bay?*

The event that drove me into writing this post transpired when I was in Big Bazaar (at the Great India Place mall,) diving deep into the pajama-basket, trying to find a pair that would fit me.

A giggling gaggle of young twenty-something girls stood nearby. One of the girls wanted to buy a pair of boxers for her boyfriend. (I refuse to share my visualization of the gifting event on moral grounds.) While I was still shoulder-deep into the pajama-basket, the boxer-seeker approached

me.

“Uncle, are there any boxers in size 40?”

*It hurt.*

Not the fact that she had a boyfriend who wore size 40. I could’ve dealt with that. *These young girls – they have no taste in men.* I don’t blame them. I blame the movie Godzilla for it. “Size does Matter!” its posters screeched, and these girls assumed that unless their boyfriends were bigger than Godzilla, they weren’t worth their attention. All these were valid points, and had the potential of hurting me, but at that moment...

what actually hurt was the term, Uncle.

*Uncle?*

*When someone punches you in your gut, you become mean.*

I pulled my torso out of the pajama-basket and looked at her squarely in the eye.

“Size 40?! For your dad, I suppose?”

I asked with an innocent wide-eyed look and a smile that I think should’ve passed for a friendly one.

I could tell that she didn’t like my question, because she turned and walked back to her friends, and for the rest of my time in the pajama-

basket, she had her back conveniently turned to me.

*I often wonder, does it have to be that the first gray strand that sticks out of a man’s head should turn him into an avuncular idiot, unworthy of a sideways, checking-out glance?*

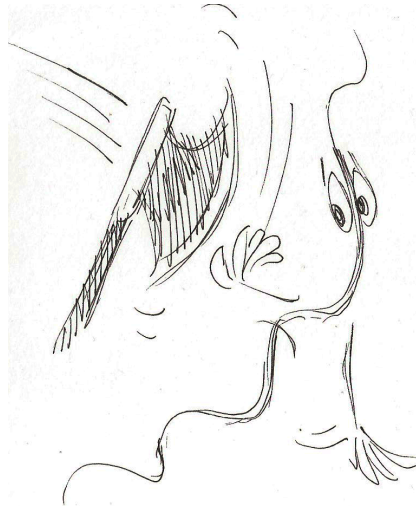
To sum up the despair I feel when I am forced up the ladder of uncle-hood, I would like to share two lines by the renowned 16th century Indian poet Keshavdas.

*“Keshav kesani as kari,  
jas bairiyon na karain,  
Chandra-vadan, mrig-  
nayani, baba kahi-kahi  
jaayin.”*

You can listen to the couplet in Brij-bhasha, followed by

its Hindi and English translations here. (It’s a 35-second audio on YouTube available at: <http://youtu.be/KVFvBUCX050>. I’d especially recommend playing it in front of your colleagues who’ve begun to sport their first grays!)

First, you’ll hear the original two lines in *Brij-bhasha*, then the Hindi translation, followed by the English translation (all in my deep bass voice.) What he said 500 years ago, remains as true in this age and time, as it was then.



# Miley Cyrus Ditches the Giant Bottom and Buys Ghaghra-Choli



**Miley Badnam hui, Apni harkaton ke liye**  
(Miley dances to the Bollywood number: Munki Badnam Hui)

# What makes Miley Twerk?

**M**iley Cyrus is in news, all the time. And for all raunchy reasons. First she had that huge foam finger on, which went places and did things that made people gasp with righteous indignation; next, she got her deceased pup Floyd tattooed at an odd place under her arm; and then she had encased her slim bottom in an au-natural but a much-darker bottom three-times hers. According to rumor-mongers, it could be Miley taking a dig on Nicki Minaj whose bottom is infinitely more popular than Miley's.

I think that poor Miley isn't at fault here. She gets her hand in a gigantic foam glove and her backside into that humongous butt because there's nothing else left in her wardrobe. She needs a new dress and I wholeheartedly recommend the Indian *Ghagra-choli*.

Here's *Miley's Indian Caricature* – Pretty and Petite – about to dance a Bollywood Item Number.

Note that in this caricature, Miley's tongue is safely inside her mouth.

Why, you may ask. Well. It's because she isn't embarrassed anymore. Remember that when the media (which for once was speaking on behalf of the public) asked her why her tongue hung out of her mouth all the time, she had told them that her hanging tongue symbolized her shy nature and that when she feels embarrassed, her tongue automatically throws itself over the balcony of her lower lip (*in a symbolic suicide?* I sympathize with her poor tongue.)

In this caricature, Miley isn't embarrassed by her usually silly wardrobe anymore, and so her tongue too has stopped feeling suicidal.

Among other things, Miley is known for twerking (the awkward dance in which you bend your knees and thrust your pelvis...) In fact, the non-Indian puritans may find twerking raunchy, but we Indians find it rather mild and bland, when we compare it to our own spiced-up Bollywood servings of *Item Numbers* replete with ever-entertaining, libido-

stirring *latkas and jhatkas*. Shilpa Shetty (*UP Bihar Lootne*), Bipasha Basu (*Bidi Jalaye*), Malaika Arora (*Munni Badnam Hui*), Katrina Kaif (*Chikni Chameli*), and even Kareena Kapoor (*Chipkale Saiyyan Fevicol Se*) can give Miley Cyrus a run for her tongue and her twerking – but I know that they won't. Our Bollywood ladies twerk gracefully, in *lehnga odhni, ghaghra-choli, or lavani-naugajki*.

Moreover, our choreographers appreciate the importance of

secondary motion, which lends sensuality to the dance without making it overtly graphic. So they use strategically designed dresses to walk the tightrope between the Censor Board and the ooh-aahing public that keeps them in business.

I hope that Miley comes to her senses and changes her wardrobe, her advisors, and her props – she must hire an Indian designer pronto! If you haven't been to Miley's website, you've been missing out on a raw deal – go get overawed!

## TRANSLATIONS / EXPLANATIONS FOR NON-INDIAN AUDIENCE

*Latkas and Jhatkas*: Affectations.

*Item number*: This is an English word, but in Bollywood (the Hollywood of India,) it has a special meaning.

An item number can be best defined as an erotic dance performed by an actress and is characterized by a gyrating pelvis and a shimmying bosom. It adds the *oomph factor* in a Bollywood movie – apparently, it boosts the movie-sales. A Bollywood Director who dreams of making it big, wouldn't dare to make a movie without an item number. Top Bollywood actresses are believed to charge as high as 1 million dollars for a 5 to 6 minute sequence!

Following illustrations will help you visualize an item number better.

*UP Bihar Lootne*: A timeless item number in which a beautiful, lissome woman with a narrow waist and a broad nose threatens to use her charms and *rob UP and Bihar* (two North-Indian states.)

*Bidi Jalaye*: Another item number in which a dusky beauty attempts to seduce a horde of barbarians by asking them to light their cigarettes using the *fire* that rages in her bosom.

*Munni Badnam Hui*: Yet another item-number that shows Munni, a previously innocent and *pure* young girl dancing and accusing her lover to have been the reason behind her apparent *loss of innocence*.

*Chikni Chameli*: The final item number in this list, depicts a *silky smooth* inebriated young woman who has come to meet her lover, hidden under the cloak of darkness, after she's downed a peg or two.

# Why Pakistan denies that Kasab is theirs?

## A White Lie

**A Frequent Question:**

Why Pakistan denies that Kasab is theirs?

**A Telling Answer:**

*Do you ever hear anyone proclaim the ownership of a nasty, smelly fart?*

Has anyone ever in a room full of people raised his hand and said, "Hey, it was I who farted!"

*Nobody wants to own up a fart.*

*But if someone farts all the time, people begin to notice.*

*Because sooner or later, there will be a fart that won't be silent.*

*However carefully you may let them out, some farts are rather noisy.*

Terrorist Naved or Kasab 2 is a noisy fart. He talks a lot and he is willing to give all the information, with a happy smile.

*Perhaps this fart will help India determine where it came from.*

*Whoosh!*

***Kasab:***

Kasab was the only Pakistani terrorist caught alive after the 26/11 Mumbai Attacks in 2008.

***Naved:***

Last month another Pakistani terrorist Naved was caught alive in Kashmir. He is being called Kasab 2 by the media.

Both these terrorists have confirmed their Pakistani nationality and given the names of their family members and their addresses in Pakistan. Till date, Pakistan denies that they are Pakistani nationals.

# Tattoos and my Growing List of Tabooed Desires

*A thirty-some man must have some fundamental rights. One of these is the right to get a tattoo of his choice.*

“I am going to the mall. Will be back in an hour,” I shouted through the door. It’s standard operating procedure. Before I leave the house, I must tell the ladies where I was going and how long I’d be gone. It makes me feel like a teenager, it claws at my self-respect, but it keeps them happy. So why not.

“Which mall?” Mom shouted back. We Punjabis can’t talk without shouting, especially when we don’t have to keep up appearances – for instance, at home.

“Does it matter?”

“Yes. If you are going to The GIP mall, I’ll come along,” she called back waddling out after me. Only my mom could’ve waddled out fast enough to have caught me. Trust me, I am really

nimble on my feet. But then she’s my mom, and she’s spent years running after sis and me. So no big deal.

“Mom, I am going to be busy. You can’t tag along,” I tried again.

It’s virtually impossible to escape when mom has her heart set upon wheedling out information from you. She can chuck her hand into your throat and reach right down to your gut, and pull it all out – and one of her tricks to accomplish it is – Punjabi.

“*Puttar, ki gal hai, tu mainu das!*” (Translates loosely to “Son, what’s troubling you? You can tell your mom.”)

You’d say that after thirty-some years, I should’ve smartened up enough to see through her ruses, but clearly I haven’t. Once



again. Lock, stock, and barrel.

“I’m going to get a tattoo,”

I mumbled.

“What?!!”

“A tattoo.”

“*Gudna?*” She translated

it into Hindi – as

if translating it would

change its meaning. Well,

the meaning didn’t change,

but suddenly it stopped

sounding all that funky and

spunky!

I tried again.

“It’s fashionable, ma,” I said. “It’ll  
make me look smart,”

I sighed. “Please Mom, just  
one tattoo on my shoulder,” I  
whined.

Sometimes, Mom gives  
in to my whims. I waited  
– wondering whether this  
would be one of those times.

She thought long and hard.

Then she smiled and said, “OK.”

My heart grew wings  
and it soared. I was finally  
going to get a tattoo – a  
Pirate Tattoo – one that  
would have handsome  
skull wearing a hat and  
smoking a pipe! I had  
always dreamed of getting  
one of those.

“Thanks Mom,” I said, my  
emotions constricting my  
throat... I wanted to hug

her and tell her that she was the best  
mom in the world!

*But she wasn’t done.*

“As long as it’s *Om*. Anything  
else, and you’ll see me dead!”  
she said with an air of finality,  
threw me a victorious look,  
and waddled back inside.

*So tattoos have now got  
added to my ever-expanding list of  
tabooed desires.*



**My tattoo is that I don’t  
have a tattoo.**

**-MICHAEL J. FOX,  
Esquire, Dec. '07**





## Minister or Minster?! Eh, Mister?

Recently, Ms. Smriti Irani, India's Education Minister sent out commendation letters to the best teachers in our country.

Now when you get a commendation letter from the government, you should expect a few typos. The right way to receive such a letter is ignore the typos and bask in the fleeting glory of the commendation. However, one of the commended teachers decided to stray from the herd. She works for the Delhi Public School and thought that this must be brought to the notice of Ms. Irani.

This observant teacher pointed out three glaring mistakes in the commendation letter. One in Hindi and two in English...and one, OMG, in Ms. Irani's own name!

*Chuck Grammar in the bin! We are talking spelling here!*

How can one dodge the "I" in Minister to make it Minster? Eh, Mister? It's simple!

They trusted MS Word with the spell-check. Word doesn't throw up an error when the word minster is used because it's a perfectly valid word.

With the mystery of the missing "I" solved, I wonder if this teacher's advice that Ms. Irani should have educated people working for her, give us better results.

*An educated guess is that this may well be an educated mess!*

## CONTACT

Write to Anand at: [\*ArtFlowsInMyVeins@gmail.com\*](mailto:ArtFlowsInMyVeins@gmail.com)

Visit Anand's Quirky, Snarky, Malarkey blog at:  
[\*http://ArtFlowsInMyVeins.wordpress.com\*](http://ArtFlowsInMyVeins.wordpress.com)

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