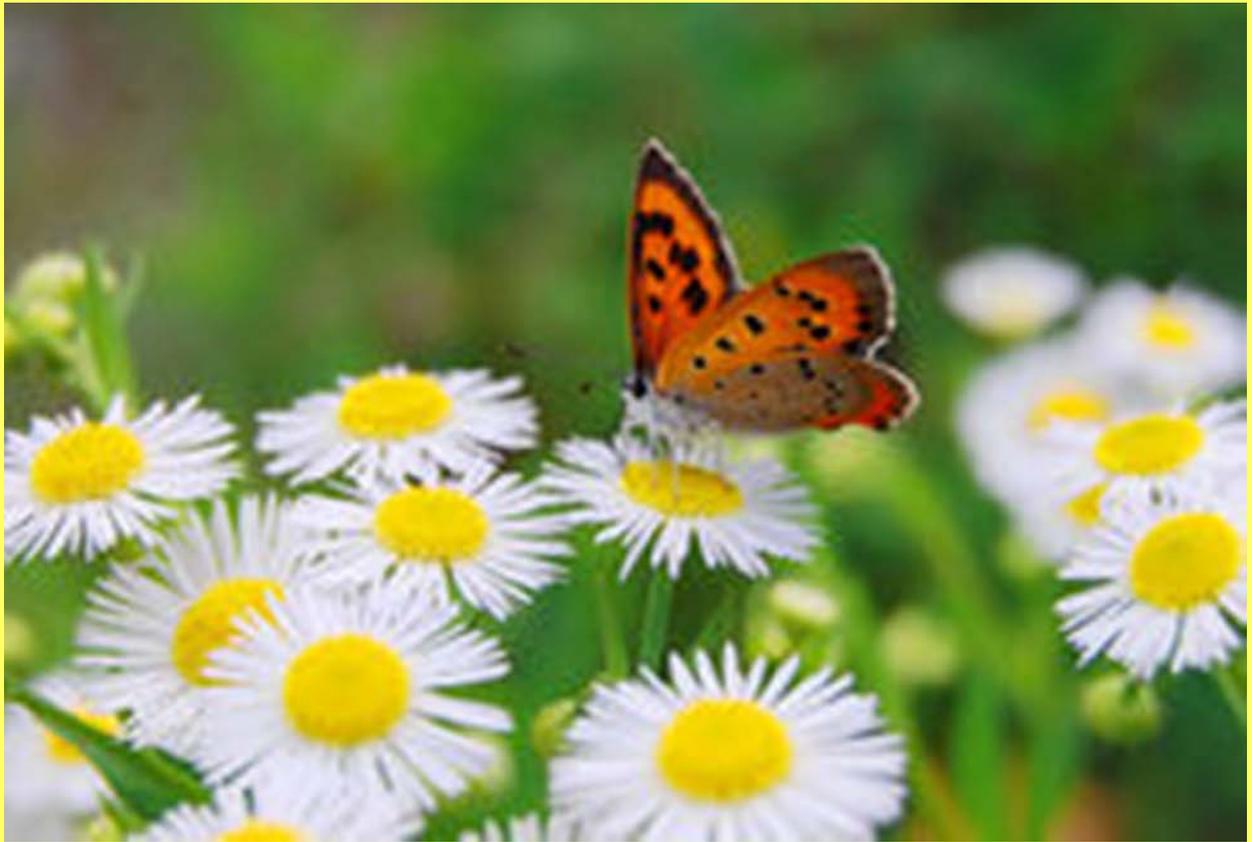


BLISSFUL MOMENTS OF LAUGHTER



Rosina S Khan

Preface

Each of the chapters of this eBook portrays a unique blissful moment of laughter from the author's real life experiences. After all, who doesn't know that laughter is the best medicine? So, why not laugh with the author as you go through these moments? I wish you a most delightful, enjoyable and fun reading, dear reader!!

-Rosina S Khan

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-----Helen is My Best Friend-----

When I was in Germany, I spent as economically as possible because I was living on the savings from the job back home. Although, right this moment, I had also got the offer of a job in a reputable company, I was still frugal. I bought an old fashioned monitor with CPU but with internet access, the only way of communicating with people at a distance. I did not have a cell phone. I thought I could do without it all those years back. And I did make it that way relying solely on yahoo messenger for either quick or short message exchanges.

In the early afternoon of one weekend, my two guy friends living in another dorm some distance away invited me to lunch by leaving a message on yahoo messenger. Yahoo messenger was always up on my computer and it was not long before I noticed it.

I got ready and switched trains and was soon at their doorstep. We had a hearty and relishing lunch together, and I felt great to have such great friends. After lunch we sat down chatting.

In the midst of our conversation I started talking about my Chinese friend, Helen who took me to distant shops, families and gatherings. Not only that, she was the one who even helped me settle down, and recently she was the person to help me, along with her husband, to get my computer at a cheap rate from a shop whose directions I would have never found out by myself. I concluded, hence Helen is my best friend.

Now the two people I was talking with were an old classmate, Anik from my home country and the other one, also being from the same place was my current classmate, Shoeb. Now Anik gave a quick look at Shoeb and remarked, “Look Rosina, how pale and gloomy Shoeb has become!! You didn’t say, “Shoeb is my best friend!!” Shoeb couldn’t hide his embarrassment, but we all ended up laughing heartily and happily together.

When I went back to the dorm, I found Helen in the kitchen and shared the story tale that I just had with my guy friends, and I shared a hearty laugh again for the second time for the day.

-----**The Best Husband Award**-----

I know my special friend, Shompa since the university days. I have been to her wedding ceremonies. And now she is settled in Australia. She has a beautiful work/study/family life balance. Once in a while, I get to talk to her on phone and also on skype via my laptop.

Only a few months ago, she took the quiz on boyfriend's love. The answer to the quiz said that her boyfriend loves her 100%. She was so elated that she shared and joked on the facebook that her boyfriend is now her husband and hence, her husband loves her 100%. I could not help smiling at her post.

She knew her husband, of course, as a boyfriend in our home country in the top floor of her house in her tenant's family. He was a tenant's son at first, and gradually as they got to see more of each other, friendship blossomed between them, which gradually grew into love and finally, he became her perfect soulmate.

Only a few months back, her husband finished off his higher education and at the end of his graduation day, she posted on facebook, "You made two great achievements in your life: first you chose me. Second is today's graduation of yours. Ok, now I bestow upon you the best husband award!!" As I read this post, I laughed and laughed until tears came to my eyes. I shared talking about the post on our next immediate skype conversation and we laughed and laughed until our bellies ached.

She said she also made a certificate on her best husband award and took the photo of her granting it to her husband, but she dared not post it on facebook because

everyone would think they had gone nuts. Shompa and I had another round of big laughter about this.

-----With My Sister and Her Sister-in-Law-----

One sunny day in the afternoon in Dallas, US, in my sister's living room, she and her sister-in-law as well as me, sat together, with my nephew and niece snuggling around us after lunch. We were having an enlightened conversation. My sister had to work hard at her job with huge responsibilities on her shoulder, she being a senior hardware designer at a reputable company. Therefore, right now she felt only happy to relax and engage herself in the light conversation we were having.

We spoke on diverse topics about our families, relatives and friends. Then our conversation turned to our homes in our country. My sister's sister-in-law, Sonia took the lead in the talk and started sharing how their old home in our country was full of cockroaches and rats. As she had slept through the nights in that home, rats and cockroaches simply flocked around her and even passed over her. And she had become accustomed to that and let herself sleep in spite of those because her sleep during the nights was a greater priority for her.

I listened to her in awe and exclaimed, "How can you tolerate rats going all over you? I can never imagine myself in that situation!!" On hearing this, my sister poured out, "Does that mean you can tolerate cockroaches going all over you at night?" And we had all burst out into contagious laughter.

-----What is That?-----

It was late morning in one of my classes during the university days. The instructor was imparting lectures to us in an elementary course in Computer Science and Engineering. We were all listening to him trying to grab his words and understand. The instructor talked in an easy to understand language, and we were all actually enjoying his lecture.

But all of a sudden, his face changed from a relaxed mood to a frightened one and he barely whispered, “What is that?” I was the only one to understand what he meant by “that”. There was a squeaking noise coming from behind and I had already figured out what it was. But I was greatly astonished at our instructor’s reaction. I knew he had instantly thought it was a snake and probably, he was afraid of snakes!! Who knows!!

But the guy at the back admitted almost immediately that it was he who was titling his chair every now and then, which made the squeaking noise while he listened to his lectures.

The teacher then said, “Oh!! Nevermind that.” But did it end there? Nope. The whole class realized the big joke and roared into loud and fun laughter. And I laughed too.

-----What is Your Roll No?-----

Way back in the university, my busy schedule of classes had come to an end for the semester. And it was time to invigilate exams. I had already charted out the room I was to invigilate. I was a newbie lecturer and wondered who my accompanying senior teacher would be.

My friends said since he was going to be a senior teacher during the invigilation durations, there would be no fun, and you would be bored to death. I took their words for granted.

The day arrived. And as I entered the class, I could finally look at my invigilation partner. He was a slim and handsome guy, probably already married. I was still inspecting him and he asked me impatiently, “What is your Roll No?” That is a popular question to students during exam times from the teachers, meaning simply “Student Ids” and they had to sit at their desks bearing that number.

The senior teacher must have been so sure that I was a student. Instead of further embarrassing him, I blurted out blatantly, “I am a teacher, your partner invigilator.” He said, “Really!!” And he hid his embarrassment and we both laughed at the same time. Yes, we were a good pair of invigilators, I remember, during that particular semester.

-----Who is Fairer/Taller?-----

I remember I was at a dinner invitation at my aunt's residence with my family as a teenager. My elder cousin sisters had also come and we were enjoying the occasion full fledgedly. We watched TV for sometime and played around with my aunt's then baby child. We talked to relatives on my uncle's side. Yes, things were great!!

At one time, my cousin sisters, my own sister and I just started to have a chit chat together, when all of a sudden my uncle came up and said, "Hey, what's up?"

Then one of my cousins replied, "Among us sisters, we have some concerns. While my sister and I are struggling to find everyday whose complexion is fairer. Between those sisters (meaning my sister and me), their concern is who is getting taller?"

Well, to that, my uncle replied wittingly, "Does it really matter? I can hardly observe much difference." We all felt silly and laughed out aloud together and so did our uncle!! After all, laughter over self is the highest elevation of emotion and is always good over you. I am glad our uncle helped us to find out our perspectives.

-----**Matchmaking by Family Doctor**-----

I have a great rapport with our family doctor. He comes on monthly visits and also communicates over phone. Last year, he suggested that he could help me find a life partner for me.

I was not very interested at first but finally I gave in. All the venues where the ceremonies would take place were booked. Three attractive smart guys were coming from abroad to see me. While our doctor carried out most of the responsibilities, and my mom and me also did shopping to some extent.

In the midst of this, I had a conversation with the doctor. He said, “They are coming, for sure, next month on the 1st. There will be three of them.” I remarked, “Did you say three? (I just wanted to know if they were more than three.)” “Yes”, said the doctor,”But you are only going to marry one of them, not all three.” On hearing this, I fell into a long, impromptu laughter. The doctor also smiled at the other end. “I will give lemon juice to the other two on their way back”, he chuckled.

It turned out that the boys never got to reach this country because they had an accident on the way with light injuries and lost their passports. But this is not important right this moment. The vital moment to remember now is the fun conversation that I had with Doc over the phone, and I do not fail to smile whenever I recall it.

-----Shoeb and Vabi-----

Yeah, I am going to talk about Shoeb again. While I was new to directions around the city in Germany, Shoeb was familiarizing me with some of the stores, one of which was a deshi store.

The store keeper addressed Shoeb, “Hello Shoeb!! Hello to vabi (meaning a man’s wife) as well!!” Shoeb was taken aback and so was I. It was a response we did not expect but under the circumstances, Shoeb recovered soon enough to say, “Oh no!! What nonsense!! She is my classmate studying with me at the university.”

Later the keeper and Shoeb gossiped while I busied around assembling phone cards and other necessary items and finally paying at the counter.

Soon we were out of the store. We were speechless for a moment. Then Shoeb just burst out laughing. What else could I do? So I also joined him, and we did laugh out aloud until our cheeks allowed.

Yes it was a blissful moment to remember, but somehow I had never thought about him more than just being a good close friend.

-----Please Don't Take the QUIZ-----

Back in the university days, once we had two quizzes in different courses on the same day to prepare for. It was too much pressure for us because the content to be covered for both the quizzes was equally lengthy. We could not prepare ourselves well for either because time was so short yet the material was so elaborated.

Then came the day when my classmates and I had to face the challenging quizzes. We gave the first quiz, and boy was it overwhelming!! Next came the turn for the second quiz. We were all so weary after the first one that somehow we wanted to eliminate the pressure of a second one.

The teacher came in with his hands full of quiz question papers. The very sight made us so sad. Some of the bold and naughty students screamed and shouted out, "Sir, please don't take the quiz!!" The teacher was surprised but yet joked, "With one shout from the class, do you think I will get scared?" This time there was a bigger roar of request from the class. Sir, please don't take the quiz!! The teacher replied coolly, "I am still not scared!!" And now, there was a huge roar of laughter from the class, and I found myself laughing as well, overcoming from the overwhem that flooded me.

We gave the second quiz anyway, and it did not turn out so bad for us afterall! Sometimes a little light hearted laughter can do the trick.

-----Cooking Shutki (Dried) Fish-----

Once upon a time, when my Dad was still living, somebody from our complex catered for Shutki Fish to our family with love. Little did they know that it was a fish that had a peculiar smell, which none of us in the family other than Dad dreamed of cooking it, least of all appetising it.

Now that it lay on the dining table, Dad asked Mom to cook it. She showed such fury that he dared not ask her again. Next in line I was the victim. I didn't like it either and touching and cooking it seemed like a bizzare idea. Yet I took the task, boiling in suppressed anger. Dad coached me, and soon it was getting cooked on the stove. I went to my room for a short rest.

When I was emerging out of my room, Dad asked humorously, "Are you done yet?" At this point I hid my face with all my hair and blurted out angrily, "Not yet!" He followed me to the kitchen and he asked in a low tone, "Does it smell?" It was then I realized it didn't smell unlike the other ones of the same species. It was for the first time I smiled. Dad laughed and I felt silly and laughed as well to my heart's content. Soon it was ready to be served, and he had his whole share of it, since none of us would still not dare taste it.

Sure, it was one of the many blissful, memorable moments of sharing a laugh with Dad. It will stay inside me for all ages to come.

-----The Lost Book-----

While I was in grade 2, all those many years back, the memory of an incident comes to my mind right this moment. The teachers were very strict about bringing the particular notebooks and books to class every week day according to scheduled routine prepared by them. They would borrow a ruler from you, or somebody else who has, to slap you on your both palms as a punishment for not bringing the right book or notebook or both.

Once a regular guy was the victim of such a circumstance, or so it appeared. Yes, classes began, and the teacher in charge started checking the right books and notebooks with every person. Everybody passed the test except the guy right behind me. He looked and looked inside his bag for the particular book the teacher had asked for. Alas!! He couldn't find it. He gave me a wink and said, "Guess I forgot!!" I felt sorry for him, and he did get the beatings on his palms so hard that his green colored plastic ruler broke into two and its green color was all over his hands. Everybody was kind of in terror.

A few minutes later, I looked back to see how he was doing and he said, "Hey look, here is the book!!" And definitely, his book seemed to have landed right from outer space inside his bag. He was lucky that the teacher noticed it while passing by, and she smiled. "So you got it finally!!" And by now the whole class got into a good mood and fell into merry laughter. My mood changed too along with the class, and I couldn't help laughing either. But I am sure although the teacher smiled, there were definitely feelings of guilt inside her heart. But the class had a happy breakthrough at the end, and that's what really matters!

-----I Hate to Call Fatty, Fatty-----

During my visit to US as a PhD student, my first semester ended with flying colors. But somehow every month I was losing weight. From the heavy look of 69kg for my height, I trimmed down to 57kg simply due to the pressure of studies, and probably not having proper food at the right times.

After finishing core courses, a shadow of weariness and illness overwhelmed me. And I decided I could not hold it anymore. I decided to go back to my home country, homesickness overpowering over me. So I got on the plane and flew back home.

When I reached the destination airport, my mom had come to collect me along with my luggages. She said she couldn't figure out if I had lost health at all. But when I came back home, showered and wore a dress from my old wardrobe, she realized how much I had lost health. The sides of my dress were too loose all long my length . Then, after having lunch, I went off to sleep. Later, she confessed that I looked so small sleeping on my bed unlike before.

It was not long before my brother was back from school, and when I woke up and came within his vicinity, he didn't say much. All along before I made my way to US, he had called me Fatty, and it was that way between him and me, and I didn't mind because that was his way of showing brotherly love. But now that he had observed me from head to foot, he remarked,"Fatty is half the size as before. I even feel bad to call Fatty, Fatty." Mom and myself burst out laughing at his remark, and we enjoyed laughing about it everytime we shared it when we came in touch with relatives soon after.

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