

**Dear Salman,**

HOW are U? It seems you are not fine, for you have been fined for killing some animals. I couldn't resist the temptation of writing to you, a man whom I love watching in movies.

The less number of clothes on your body shows your love for animals, for you understand they don't wear any. This has made you the darling of the masses and the fashion industry back you. But you've earned the wrath of the textile industry, which says that because of Salman, people have started wearing less number of clothes and that has affected their sales.

But, still there are many who adore you. They love you as much as you love animals. You have come a long way from 'Maine Pyar Kiya' to 'Pyaar Kiya to Darna Kya'.

## Salman Ka Samman

On one hand if there are people who are angry with you, there are people who are hungry for you. There is a long queue of people wanting to see you. How you look full clothed in jail. But some say the queue is mainly of directors, producers and financiers who want their money back.

But Salman, at last you managed to get bail and now you are out of jail. Now how do you feel? Sorry, I mean how do you feel? I read in some magazine that you have gone vegetarian and you hate whatever related to animals. how is the transition from 'Mutton Korma', 'Shahi Kabab' to 'dal fry'. I know it makes you cry, but try.

Now that you are out, many directors have signed you for films. I heard that you are acting in 'Maine Vaar Kiya', 'Vaar Kiya to Darna Kya' and the eagerly awaited about your experience in jail, called 'Hawalaat Ki Hawa'.

Sallu bhalyya, it's time I end this letter. I know you would cry reading this letter. So let her (your girlfriend) read this letter for you.

I would have loved to meet you in person and hand over this letter, but you don't know me, and after all 'Hum Apke Hal Kaun?'

—Akhil Chopra



CHANNEL

The Ultimate Channel for Youngsters

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1998







EXPRESS

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1998

# Lalooji ka jawab nahin

## Risk-expected Lalooji,

*Parnam.* This is a *pankha* (fan) writing to you. I respect you very much because you yourself ate *chaara* and gave Rabri to the country. You are the greatest pet-riot of the country and that is reflected in the state of affairs in Bihar. See how much water is there, on the roads, in houses and the rest in the rivers. See how much resources are there that foreigners keep on coming to your state for investment. Lalooji, I remember one incident in which Japanese people came to Bihar and wanted Bihar for four months to turn it into a Japan. And how wittingly you asked for only four days to make Japan look like Bihar.

The *janta* of Bihar are as sophisticated as those in Hollywood. Both are always short of clothes. What to tell about the agriculture in Bihar? It seems that it is the only culture prevalent there.

Lalooji, I feel short of words to praise your wife Rabriji. She is *sakshat devi*(!). But I fear Lalooji, the way she is serving Bihar, soon the *janta* of Bihar would suffer from diabetes.

Lalooji, coming to you, how wonderful a person you are. The way you speak, the way you look, the way you walk are all out of this world. You are one guy (I mean guy

of English and not in Hindi) who dares to be different. And you along with Rabriji have given nine junior Laloos to the country by following the maxim *Hum do, humare nou.*

Recently Atalji tried to impose Article 356 on Bihar because he felt that there was anarchy in Bihar.

But you proved that there was no anarchy till you have the monarchy.

Lalooji, I feel very bad when people around me criticise you. They say that now your hairs have started looking like *ghaas-phoos*. Lalooji is this the reason of eating green food(der)? They also say that now that you have eaten so much *chaara* you would start giving milk also. But I know that you ate *chaara* in *laachari* because there was no other alternative (*koi or chaara bhi to nahi tha*).

Some people say "Lalooji ka dimag ma gobar bhara hai." I ask "aagar gobar bhara hai dimag me to kyo aapka dimag chathte hai?"

And again, I heard some people saying that you are *bhoot* in Bihar. But to me you are no *bhoot*, but *adhbhoot* (marvellous).

Lalooji I don't know whether you will receive this letter or not because I have no address of yours, so I'm giving it to the Press.

I hope that you will read this

letter from the newspaper and will write back to me.

Yours *pankha*  
Akhil Chopra

Laloo read this letter from the newspaper and soon wrote back.

Letter from Laloo

*Parnaam Akhil Babua,*

*Tohar khut mila. Sasura kya hinglish likhta hai tum. Hamar bhi baap nikla. Tum hampur bahuut sara aarope lagaya tha. E baat hamka hajam nahi hui. Ka tumko naht malum ki jo Bihar ki janta hai vo aaj guy, bhaisa ki puja na kar ke hamara puja karati hai.*

*Tohri baata sai hamka aisa lagta tha ki tum opposition party ka ho. Lagta hai ki BJP ya Congress ne tumko hamar progress rokne ka jariya banaya hai. Kiss tarah se tum hamar or hamar joru ki khecha ja raha tha. Aare jo Rabri hai wo koi rabbad ka khilona nahi hai, ki koyi bhi kheche jaye.*

*Vo hamar baacho ki maa hai. Humka to usme sakshat Mother India najar aavati hai.*

*Atalji ko hum bahut ijjat kartha tha. Pur jub se ooh ham pur ilzam lagana shuru kiya, hamse saha nahi gaya. Hum puchte hai Atalji se, ki agar itni hi himmat hai to shadi karan se kyu itna darte hai?*

*Aur ek hamar Advaniji hai. Kya vani hai unka. Hamesha*

*hamar buriye ki ad (advertisement) kurate rahite hai. In saba me humku Jayalalitha bahut paasand hai. Thodi pawor mile to Lalitha Pawar ban jaati hai. Aur kya size hai Jayaji ka sharir ka. Hamar to e manna hai ki 'size does matter'.*

*Akhilva, hum likhta ha khooon sai, siyahi mut samajhna, ek guy hu mai, bhaisa mut samajhna, kyoki bhaisa tho kaali hoth bai*

*Safed hu mai*

*Safed itna hu mai*

*Pur chuma mat samajhna.*

*Bihar ki janta nai humko apna leader chuna hai, hum unko chuna kaise laga saghta ha.*

*Akhil Chopraji, aagar aaj ke baad tum hum par sasura ek bli ilzam laagaya to hamka e dur se andaja aajayega ki tum Prem Chopra ka najdik ka rishtedar hai.*

*Ha, our ek last baat. Aagar ainda humka letter likhna ho tho press me no dijiye ga.*

*Hamar ghuar pur likhna. Hamar patha hai*

*'Laloo-Rabri Niwas'*

*Bungla No 9-2-11*

*(Nou-do-gyarah)*

*Bhaisa ka tabela ke peechna,*

*Jounpur,*

*Goud-zilla,*

*Bihar-356<1q>365.*

*Ab, hum bandh karta ho, Thank you bery bery much, Khaat likhan ka.*

Tohar Lalva





# Aavu Te Kevu Tapaasyu

**C**OME exams and the happiness ends. The atmosphere around you becomes tense. The sleepless nights you spend, makes the thief's job even harder. The professor whom you didn't even look at, becomes your favourite.

The bunkers are on a hunt to trace some intelligent freaks to give them LMR (Last Minute Revision). Your college attendance improves. Now you no longer look at girls because the exam paper looms before your eyes. Suddenly you become so philosophical: "Why exams, where students are forced to recite what they read?"

The D-day of exams arrives. You seem to be uncomfortable in the examination hall as you are not used to sit for three hours. While writing the paper, you give your neck a good exercise, by turning in all the directions, to know what others are writing. You try to play hide and seek with the looks of the supervisor. Every time when your friend gets up for additional supplementary, you get nervous as to why you can't fin-

## MYSPACE

ish the main supplementary. You try to write as bold and big as possible, leaving as much margin as possible. But at last, you can't manage to get that additional supplementary, because you run out of time.

The supervisor collects the supplementary and then you try to re-collect as to what exactly you wrote. May be you were so creative in writing that your answers were out of the book or even out of exam. You reach home every day to find your parents asking the same question "How was the exam"; you reply mechanically that it was "OK, nice, satisfactory".

Now tell me how can your parents know what you wrote when you aren't sure of what you wrote? All bad things come to an end. The last exam comes. No matter what the last exam is about, you feel better as the sense of completion gives you tremendous satisfaction. Only three hours to go for the last exam and then you are free

again. That moment comes and you hand over your answer sheet to the supervisor as if you were giving him a resignation. You come out of the examination hall (Hall Or Hell) to find friends waiting. You go for a ride with a sense of pride of completing a mammoth task.

Exams end, enjoyment begins and colleges start. You are now in your normal behaviour. Your attendance at the tea stall outwits your attendance in the class.

All good days also come to an end. Enjoyment ends and exam results start pouring in. Distinction, 1st class, 2nd class, pass class, ATKT or fail. Your expectation of result depends upon how well you copied in the exams. You expect some miracle from GOD. You challenge HIM of his existence and if you pass He exists, otherwise not.

Your three hours paper gets checked in three minutes. Three minutes can change your destiny. The countdown begins. The professor announces that only one student in your class

has worked hard to get an ATKT. Rest all have passed. Your mind starts working for the first time. Did you make it to ATKT or someone else?

The Parkinson Law states that "What you fear of happening, happens." You deserved ATKT and you didn't allow anybody else to get it. You start thinking of great persons who failed in their examination. Even Ramanujan and Einstein failed in their academic. What, if I got ATKT? In ATKT you are "allowed to keep term" but you get an additional treat of reappearing in the last year examination.

The priced possession of ATKT shows how committed you were to your canteen or 'Ketly'. Or how minutely you observed girls, how you haunted with your bike and how frequently you dusted your books.

You are among the rare breed that are getting extinct in these competitive world. This article would restore your urge to get ATKT.

—Akhil Chopra







# Bollywood basics

**I**F our first culture is agriculture, then the second is sure to be our love for movies. We Indians identify ourselves with the heroes and the heroines. In fact we even accept our stars as demi-gods and demi-goddesses. In South India, film actors have become cult figures and many of the film personalities have even found place in temples.

But somehow, the public is no longer quite content with the performance of some of our movie-stars. They complain that Hindi films are getting too predictable. So much so that one can know the end of a film even before midway. Bollywood is truly environment-friendly as it keeps recycling age-old formulae: Double-role, punar-janam and love triangle to name a few!

Let's take a look at the basics which rule the performances of our stars.

## INDI FILLUM HERO

They are the God-sent creatures who can seldom go wrong. As far as their acting ishtyle is concerned, all of them follow some fundas that are:

- if he is a body-builder, his clothes are sure to get torn during fight sequences.
- no matter how poor he is shown in the film, he always

manages to get bright, shining, expensive costumes during songs.

□ wherever and whenever the heroine is being man-handled, he always manages to come from nowhere at the climax (perhaps the censor board sends him).

□ he keeps on receiving bunches of punches from the villain till... the first drop of blood falls from below\ side of the mouth and then the villain is no more.

□ whenever his mother takes two heroes in a mela one is sure to get lost. Moreover, the lost one will become a thief while the other a police chief.

□ he is a born jumper and can leap and bound with such ease that one wonders whether monkeys were our ancestors or we are the ancestors of monkey.

□ whenever it's time for the villain to shoot him directly, the villain will have no bullets left in the pistol.

□ if he has a very close friend, the latter is sure to bring an angle into the love story of our hero-heroine by making it a triangle.

□ whenever he wants to chase a villain, he will always find a

vehicle parked in the road which is not locked.

□ whenever he sings a song while on a long drive, there'll be an accident and that too due to brake failure.

□ even though he has a loaded pistol in his hand to kill the villain, he'll still fight with hands and legs for some time till the pistol goes in the hands of villain ("hoshiari nahi").

## INDI FILLUM HEROINE

□ That no matter how rich she is shown, she'll always wait to fall in love with a hero who is a poor car mechanic or naukhar of/ in his own home.

□ if she is running away from the chasing villains, she will, without fail, trip and fall.

□ she'll always miraculously change many costumes during a dance/ song sequence.

□ she'll mostly wear the shortest possible clothes (short cut to success?).

□ never mind her looks, she cannot shout aloud when being gheroed by goondas.

□ whenever she sees her hero fighting with villains, she too would attempt one or two hands at side-villains which would be no less than knock-out punches.

## GENERAL INDI FILLUM

## RULES

□ That the police siren will always be heard after a murder even though nobody contacted the police (they come in advance).

□ In case of villain beating the hero, or a villain tormenting the villagers, the police will always come after the villains have done their job (probably somebody gave them an advance).

□ That the temple bells would go swinging automatically when somebody is praying intensely.

□ That the cars will explode in all accidents no matter how slight.

□ That haunted or bhootiya bungalows are never locked.

□ That whenever hero or heroine starts singing, the drum-beats and the background music will come from nowhere.

□ That whenever a hero-heroine attempt to kiss, they'll go behind a bush or a tree. It is presumed that they kissed each other, but maybe, they kissed the tree?

□ That the speed with which Mithun's fillum's come and go is nearly the same.

□ That some movies are such that when one goes on the first day of the movie, ticket *nahi milti* and if one goes on the second day, picture *hi nahi milti*.

— Akhil Chopra

