

Terror on the streets of Gurgaon

Written by Anando

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Time flickers on life. Like a dying tube light trying so hard to survive its last remnants of fading hope. Every flash and fade of the tube is like a groan to shove aside what's inevitable. Such looming thoughts of doom and gloom force me to find solitude or find comfort amongst friends. That usually makes me hop into my petrol guzzling car feigning ignorance to the fact that its mileage is no better than a SUV even though it's no larger than a match box whose sides have been cut off. While I drive to hopefully better times towards Gurgaon, I keep cursing the politicians who have led us to a situation where I feel it's better for me to carry the car than the car carrying me. Look at the bright side; at least I won't get a speeding ticket that way.

Such thoughts of endless pain and suffering meted on me by people whom I have not even stared at with mal intent makes me feel cheated and slumping over my steering acting to be half asleep while being stuck in a 30 minute traffic jam for the 5th time in an interval of every 15 minutes, I lie to myself that it can't get worse. As usual, life proves to me that I have no idea of its cruel intentions.

As soon as you enter Gurgaon, you fear for your life. Of course what's inevitable is death but how you die does make a considerable amount of difference. For the ones who say "no, it doesn't!" let me put in front a hypothetical situation. You are on the pot having diarrhoea and crunching pain. Your pot is filled with stinky shit and as you were too late to reach the desired place of ejecting excrement, you have also stained your pants. All of a sudden not being able to withstand the torment of crunching bowel movements, you have a heart attack and you die. Now imagine being found on the ground in that position. Then again, a girl has been kidnapped and you are chasing them down in your sports car. You overtake them and a fight ensues. You kick the bad men's asses and put them down on the ground. One guy whom you over looked takes out a gun and shoots you but before you fall on the ground you over power that man with a flipping side kick to the groin, take his gun and shoot him. Then dramatically you fall to the ground but are caught by the extremely beautiful damsel "not anymore" in distress who puts your head on her lap and tries to stop your bleeding with her top which she has now taken off. You die but you have your name on the front page of every news paper and your parents find out the woman you saved is the daughter of one of the richest men on Earth and they give your parents a gazillion rupees as a reward.

Thank you for changing your mind, let's move on. Driving in NCR as it is, is a very dangerous thing to endure. One needs bullet proof windows and sword proof armour to drive safely and return home alive however there is something more dangerous lurking which we all mostly overlook. It looks so docile and inconspicuous that we all shrug at it but should we?

As soon as I enter Gurgaon, I fear for my life. I feel outnumbered, out chased, out cast by one of the most horrific sight a man can endure. Women drivers! Women Drivers bloody everywhere. Makes me feel like screaming and burning the constitution of India for giving women the right to drive. Look left, a woman multi tasking her already sub standard driving by checking on her eye lashes, chatting on one phone, BBMing on the other and fixing the right side mirror to check her hair. Look right, another woman feeding her children on the back seat while driving with her knees. Look behind, two jabbering women discussing why their respective

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male bosses are bastards, while looking at each other , not on the road and driving at 80 kms / hr. Look front! there is nothing in front of you as they probably have driven off at such speeds that one would have to give polite applause. The possible reason why F1 is taking place in India. It should have happened long ago and they should have taken classes on how to bump each other's fenders while driving at 20km/h . A sheer impossibility made possible only by women of this country but then again I am sure women are universally equal to the task anywhere in the world.

Indeed, they do give you reasons to be happy as comical relief. Few days back while driving in Gurgaon , I had a good laugh when a woman drove onto a side walk and screamed at the rickshaw guy to remove his rickshaw so she could drive her car out of the mess she put herself in. The meek rikshaw driver didnt realise that he wasn't at fault and quickly ran off with his rikshaw. She was trying to drive around a red light. When those uneducated gujjars do this, they spit out abuses like someone stole their underwear but when they drive like lunatics on a night of full moon , we are not supposed to complaint otherwise we are just sexists. I have had the pleasure of many such funny comments made by women about cars. It wasn't funny because their statements were ridiculous but funny because they were so confident and hell bent that they were right. It took the unquestionable power of the internet and other such mediums to prove them otherwise.

I have always mentioned that there are obviously many more bad male drivers than women simply because the ratio of men to women driver is generally is 1:8 or more however in Gurgaon I think it must be 1:4 and now you can see the truth so clearly like after you wash your eyes right out of a sand storm. Few days back this big silver Innova almost banged into my car from the back and then kept honking. When I didn't give it side, it overtook me from the wrong side. I was expecting a huge jatt to pass me by while chucking some insult at me however I was amused to see it was a frail thin old woman who could barely turn the steering with her bony hands.

The truth of the matter is that men drive bad because they are assholes who think with their ego. They think that driving rash makes them men and end up under some truck. Women drive bad because well they just cant drive. They think RPM is how many rotations a tyre rotates in a minute and they think that a vehicle doesn't need an oil change for 100 years. They think all the mirrors in the car are supposed to be angled at their multiple body parts to be kept at their respective best conditions with make up and other such objective improvements that can be done on the fly. At the end I want to have a closure of the statement I had put across which was the very essence of this article when I mentioned about having a good death. I dont want to die, hit by some pink coloured swift with flowered vinyls because the woman driving it was too busy fixing her sandals while trying to push the brakes. I can just see the hatred being poured on this article even before its published but the truth must prevail, so cry me a river :).