



Ouchmytoe's Best – selected by Jammy

I think I am a Casanova

I think I am real cool Casanova. I have at least 5-6 pretty girls calling me every week. Shhhh....my wife Rekha doesn't know. This will be our little secret.

These girls are pretty and are gifted with sweet, seductive voice. Actually, let me be open with you. I don't know if these girls are pretty, but they do sound pretty pretty. Not that it matters, but in terms of setting a man's World right... visual aid is second only to humanitarian aid.

These girls would call me almost every day and ask if I was ready. That is, if I was ready to use their services. When they say services, they meant nothing but credit cards. And I am sure your slimy, corrupted mind would have imagined a hundred naughty things.

Here is how I spoke to the first lady who was trying to sell me a credit card –

(This was six years back, and I was just out of a small town. I was a rookie in the world of conmen, bluff, cheats, criminals, double-crossers, dupes, frauds, grafters and swindlers.)

She: Hi, am I speaking to Mr Jamshed V Rajan?

Me: Yes, please.

She: Sir, I am calling from ICICI Credit cards, and we have a no-yearly-fee offer for Sify Employees.

Me: Credit cards? Hm....

(I was in a state of shock. I never believed I would one day own a credit card. I thought it was for the cool guys..and I was nowhere close).

She: Sir, this offer is valid only till this month end. And I would suggest you go for it right away.

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(She addressing me as 'Sir' in every sentence was getting to my head. I don't get addressed by that title every day)

Me: That was so nice of you to take the trouble to inform me about this offer. What favour can I do for you in return?

She: Nothing sir, this is plain social work.

(She would then ask me my Cost To The Company and how many years I had put in with the company etc)

She: Sir, We can offer you a Gold card. Also, if you have a picture of yours ...we could use it on the credit card.

Me: That would be great. I really like you. Thanks a lot for doing so much for me. Perhaps, we could meet somewhere and get to know each other better.

(I was under the impression that she was doing all this for me because she was in love with me and wanted to impress me. I asked her out because I thought it was a man's responsibility)

She: Sir, we could meet after you get the Gold card.

Me: Sure we can. And could I ask you a favor ...please, don't address me as 'Sir.'

She: Sure Rajan. So I will send one of my executives with the application form.

In a day's time an executive from the Bank came and in a few days time, I got my first Credit card.

My dream girl never called after that. I tried calling the number from where she had called me, but a giggling girl would tell me that Radhika (that was her name) had quit.

As days went by and I recovered from a bout of Devdas-sickness, I started going to office. Almost immediately, I started getting many more such calls from 'pretty' girls and soon I forgot my heartthrob Radhika.

Jamshed V Rajan writes funny and surprisingly manages to hold the attention of his readers. For his funny take on life, wife and everything else in between, visit www.ouchmytoe.com. He is reachable at jv.rajana@gmail.com and/or 09884391221.



While I felt happy that so many girls were taking interest in me...to this day...I fail to understand why they all shy away from meeting me!

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I think I am a lesbian

Yesterday, I saw a Hindi movie called 'Girlfriend'. It is about two girls, who like each other and eventually get attracted towards each other. A prominent word that I came to know from the movie was 'lesbian'.

Being the innocent man that everybody knows me to be, I went out looking for what the word meant. I asked a lady who was sharing the table with me at a restaurant.

Me: Madam, who is a lesbian?

She: If I like to have sex with a woman, I would be a lesbian.

Me: Wow. Does that mean I am a lesbian?

She: Not exactly.

Me: But I love to have sex with women!

She: But you are a guy and you cannot be a lesbian.

Me: Why not? I want to be a lesbian.

She: Even if you want to, you cannot.

Me: But I do not like having sex with men.

She: Yeah, if you liked it, you would be gay.

Me: You mean I am not gay?

She: No. You are not.

Me: You mean I am neither a lesbian nor a gay.

She: Yes

Me: Then, who am I?

She: Hmm...you are straight.

(I straightened up a bit)



Me: Blame it on my not so flexible spinal chord.

She: No stupid. If you were a man who loves to have sex with woman, you would be straight.

Me: That's a very simple word. Isn't there a hep term? Something like `gay` or `lesbian`.

She: No.

(I realized she was losing interest, so I swerved to the flirting zone - a place where I hold sway)

Me: By the way, are you alone.

She: No

Me: I am off to the beach for a walk. Would you want to join me?

She: No.

Me: Are you trying to avoid me?

She: Yes.

All of a sudden everything fell in place. She was a lesbian and like me was not turned on by the other sex. "Hard luck baby," I told myself, and walked away into the sunset.

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I swear I am not Joe King!

According to the latest news bulletin on NDTV, Joe King has been arrested. NDTV's Barkha Dutt said CBI had detained Joe King and will be questioning him the next three days at an undisclosed location.

Apparently, the whole World was looking for him for long. Besides, premier detective agencies like CIA, MOSSAD, RAW and MI6, common folk were also looking for him. Nobody knew how he looked, but everybody was looking for

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him. Don't ask me why they were all looking for him, coz I am still trying to figure out. There is nothing on him, available on the internet yet. Even Wikipedia, which has a page even on the flea that resides under my neighbour's dog's tail...doesn't have anything on Joe King.

I wouldn't have known that somebody as dangerous existed till I met Leena in Satyam Computers.

When I was first introduced to her, I said: "Hi!"

God knows why, but she also said: "Hi."

Even as we wondered what to say next, I jumped the gun and said: "I have heard from the rest of the team that you are a good at work."

She smiled. A few microseconds later she frowned and asked me: You are Joe King?

I was pretty surprised, for I had just then been introduced to her as Jamshed Velayuda Rajan. I maintained a straight face – it is really difficult to not get angry at somebody who forgets your name in a few seconds – and replied: "No Leena, I am not Joe King."

Having realized her folly, she got defensive and said, "I was just checking," and left.

Next, I was introduced to Shalini. After regular talk, she said she was from West Bengal, which got me all excited. I had spent three years in West Bengal studying 5th, 6th and 7th – I know it doesn't sound as swell as saying "I spent three years in Boston studying at the Harvard Business School," but then who cares. Anyway, I told her that we stayed in Ballygunge Military Camp and I studied at the Ballygunge Kendriya Vidhyalaya.

God knows why she immediately shot back: "You must be Joe King!"

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"I said, no...I am not Joe King." I was put off by her rude behaviour and decided not to talk to her.

Over the next few days I heard a lot of people asking me if I was Joe King. It was scary...how could they think I was Joe King, when I was not. Maybe, he looked like me. Maybe, he was my height - 165 cms. Maybe, he was a make-up expert and before I joined ...had masqueraded around the Satyam Campus as me. I checked with my boss why everybody was asking me if I was Joe King.

"Aparna, why is everybody asking me if I am Joe King?"

She looked at me for a while. Probably because she didn't expect to be so direct on such a sensitive issue. She said: "Maybe because in this company full of techies, it is difficult to find somebody who is Joe King."

Ever since, I have made every attempt to distance myself from Joe King. For a while I sported a moustache, later a goatee ...so that people don't think of Joe King when they see me. But it never helped.

Now that Joe King has been arrested, I can rest in peace. When I called up my wife and told her that my evil look alike - Joe King - has been arrested, she shouted over the phone: "You must be joking!"

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Cleanliness, my foot!

There used to be a time in my life when I was obsessed with cleanliness. Now, I leave it to my wife Rekha.

Most bachelors have clean habits. They brush their teeth once a week, take bath on Sundays, and wear washed clothes for parties and what not. But once they marry, cleanliness goes for a toss.

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If you are a lady and are reading this, chances are you would not agree. But read on and I am sure you would be convinced. If you are married, I request you to turn a new leaf and stop pestering your husband about his cleanliness.

As I was saying, after marriage Rekha has started finding fault with everything. It starts as early as 3 a.m. I am sleepy and could not care less for cleanliness but she wakes me up and says my saliva is spoiling the pillow cover. She forces me to place a folded towel on the pillow and I get back to sleep. She wakes me up at 6 a.m. – and that's pretty early for me – and says: "Look, you have spoiled the towel also!"

Bathrooms are a horror. Here are some of the sentences I get to hear...

"Come on...I told you not to take the newspaper inside the bathroom?"
(For the God in me, I can't understand why she hates me taking the newspaper when I go to the loo. She hates it so much that she does not read the paper. Or is it her excuse?)

"Hey, you left the toilet seat up again!"
(So what, put it down again! Of course, I don't say it in as many words.)

"The walls are all soap. Can't you pour some water, or be careful while taking bath?"
(The walls are all soap? Good...we don't need to buy soap for another two years. And anyways what am I supposed to do? Lie down on the floor and take bath?)

"Did you notice the soap box? It is full of water!"
(Yeah right, I was just trying save water for the rainy day. Or was I trying to make some liquid soap?)

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And just when I am done with the 'bathroom bashing' I am in the dressing room trying on my new CharagDin shirt (I am lying, I buy only cheap ones) when she barges in and says: "Just look at your wardrobe."

I turn around and look at my wardrobe. I like the tone she uses...as if I were the Maharaja of Patiala and I were caught wearing stupid brands like Allen Solly, Luis Philippe, Color Plus etc.

"Yeah, I saw...what is wrong?" I ask.

"Now, look at mine. Everything is washed, ironed and kept properly," she says.

"Yeah," I reluctantly agree. More because, I am late for office and I also need to squeeze in that smoke that she does not know about.

Now we move on to the breakfast table, where I get scolded for being magnanimous enough to drop a cereal for the ants that have formed a cantonment in my house. I also get berated for not keeping my helmet clean, for not washing the dishes I use, for leaving the water bottle un-capped. Anything I do in my house needs to be done in another way - the supposedly cleaner way. Now, I am all dressed up and ready to leave. I am happy that I can be myself for another 9 hours - that's the time I spend in my office. When I close the door behind me, I hear her shout: "Look at the mess your shoes have done to the floor?"

I grind my teeth, promising myself that I will also make her life hell, and walk into the sunset...

-x-x-x-



When I single-handedly brought China on its knees

I think it was the summer of 69. Or was it 62? Either way it was a summer to remember.

This is a very insignificant incident that happened in my life. I know, it might scare the S*&^t out of you, but for me...it was plain vanilla.

I was then on Indian soil, for I still remember stepping on some shit. The Chinese had started bombarding, and we had taken cover. Or do you think I need to give you some more backgrounder before I proceed with my story?

I had joined the Indian Army, and in the early 1960s was posted at Aksai Chin region of Ladakh. Today, that land is with China. But it was Indian when this story of mine begins.

In the 1962 India-China war Aksai Chin was captured along with 33,000 square kilometers of Indian territory. China doesn't accept it as Indian land and says India has captured its area – which is supposed to be Arunachal Pradesh.

Ever since, India-China have mended their fences. That is, they have put in place stronger fences on the border. But that doesn't concern us. What concerns us is the day when I single-handedly brought China on its knees, and how just because I did not have a box of matches...India lost the India-China war.

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In those days, we would always be in our war fatigues – the clothes Indian politicians had bought for their country's soldiers. How much I wish, they hadn't accepted the kickbacks before signing the contract...for we could not spend a night in those clothes without drinking in a bottle of rum. It was so cold. Once the rum went in, we did not need the clothes. Mind you, all this while the mountains were snow-clad.

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I even remember the day when some Chinese soldiers could not see us in our 'birthday' clothes and ran for their lives. Later, we realized the Chinese soldiers had run INTO India. We never told our superiors that we saw some Chinese soldiers, loaded with guns and ammunitions, run into India.

As I was saying, everyday I would get up outside of the tent. Perhaps, it had to do with this unique habit of my tent-mate - he believed that we did not need a sentry in the night, instead whenever we get up to pee in the night (and it being cold, that would be often), we should fire a few rounds in the air. I would have stayed on in the tent...but for two reasons. First, our tent did not have a roof...the tarpaulin had been blown off by my firing-in-the-air tent-mate. Second, whenever he got up to pee, he would fire...and then I would peeneedless to say, in my pants. I was s*%t scared of the Chinese.

The best option was to get off the tent. No, I am not making this up for the daily dose of rum. That was free...and anyways, I was not married then....and hence did not need any excuse.

This went on. One day...our battalion decided to move to Arunachal Pradesh. That was a peaceful area...and everyone jumped up with happiness. Not me. I wanted to fight for my country and prove that I was not the son of a hunter, wild animals that had never seen. The closest my father had ever gone to a wild animal was when I fell down into the bear pit, and he climbed down to give me a sedative (and not take me)...so that I don't cry and wake up the sleeping bears.

As I was saying...my whole battalion left and I was made sentry of the temporary toilets that the army units generally build wherever they travel (more so in the fighting zones). Generals like Napoleon Bonaparte and Chingiz Khan have used these shit-holes as the primary level of defense, but not the Indian Army sir...we were fully armed to the teeth. We had soldiers who would have Pan Parag, and were ready to burst their mouth open whenever an enemy was in the vicinity.

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Being the only man in the whole of 33,000 square kilometer region could be boring. Maybe, if I had a few sheep to talk to, I would have been fine...but the yaks that I met were not interested in conversation. Days passed, and then months.

You might think I lost my mind or something like that. But no...I was on the border. Don't ask me what I ate and what I wore...and how I slept. That is classified.

Here are some snippets from the diary that I kept during the attack -

April 18, 1962, 9.30 a.m.

I realize I have to do something. The Chinese are accumulating their soldiers and arms across the border. I dress up...

April 18, 1962, 11.30 a.m.

I have decided to surprise the Chinese. I will attack them, when they would be least expecting it.

April 18, 1962, 12.00 noon

I spot one hole in the Chinese fence (so the Chinese did not mend their fence after all...they were just fooling us) and decide to sneak in.

April 18, 1962, 12.45 p.m.

I am in China. My secret attack on China is on. Hope it is not painful.

April 19, 1962, 7.00 p.m.

I killed one Chinese...goat...I think. I can't be without food for more than two days. They never taught us this in Defence College.

April 20, 1962, 7.00 a.m.

I am captured...by the farmers. My disguise works. They think I am a petty Indian thief. They want to send me back....but I want to stay and attack.

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April 20, 1962, 12.00 noon

I am in a Chinese jail. My strategy is working fine. I befriend the pick-pocket inside the jail. Looks like Bahadur, whom we see in so many Hindi movies.

April 21, 1962, 12.00 noon

I am taken to a judge. Who announces that I should be jailed in Beijing Central Jail.

April 22, 1962, 1.00 p.m.

I am in a prison van, being transported to Beijing. My plan fits my hand as my pocket...or is it the glove?

April 23, 1962, 6.00 p.m.

We reach the Beijing Central prison. Incidentally, the Chinese Premier is visiting the prison to give away steel rods to the jail wardens. China sure is a different country. Could not get close to the Premier; looks like he forgot to wear deodorant.

April 24, 1962, 4.00 a.m.

I try to escape from prison. I am caught and put in a cell with the notorious Russian Nuclear scientist called Fuclear Nission.

April 24, 1962, 9.30 p.m.

Scientist Fuclear Nission is now a friend. Nobody knows yet, but he even showed me a nuclear bomb under his bed.

April 24, 1962, 11.30 p.m.

The scientist is sleeping, and I have decided to die a martyr's death....I am going to explode that nuclear bomb so that the whole of China is history. Shucks...I don't have a box of matches. Note: Never smoke too much when you plan to attack a country.

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April 25, 1962, Full Day

Feel pathetic about not being able to find a match box and light that nuclear bomb. Tried the prison kitchen...seems like they use Gobbar gas. Never knew the nuclear bomb looked like a candle ...only the nuclear bomb gives a nice jasmine fragrance. Wonder if it would smell of jasmine when I light it ...and it explodes.

April 26, 1962, 10.30 a.m.

I am released from prison. Exchanged at the border with other prisoners....but there is no hero's welcome. If only I had a box of matches, and I had blown that nuclear bomb...today there would be no China ...and I would be a war hero!

I still have the nuclear bomb in my house – including my wife and you only five others know of it. I think nuclear bombs have a short shelve life...for when my wife lit it for our first wedding anniversary, it didn't go off. It did smell of jasmine, though.

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