

BOOKLET OF STORIES

(Amusing Anecdotes of our family members)

Presented by:-

D.El.Ed Third semester (2022-24), under the guidance of Mrs Parinita Hazarika, Lecturer,
DIET Sivasagar, Sonari.



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"There is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humour."

-- Charles Dickens

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MESSAGE

At the onset, I would like to extend my heartfelt wishes to the trainees of third semester (2022-24 batch) for producing this booklet consisting of humorous stories related to their families in English. Their honest pursuit and incessant toil have showcased their ingenuity and their unique dexterity in making people happy and hopeful. Besides, the booklet would be very helpful in cultivating the habit of library reading among learners. Our trainees have also been able to make artistic use of words and vocabulary in the booklet and they have been inspired to continue more of such noble feats in the language in the future. In this regard, I would also like to extend my best wishes to Mrs. Parinita Hazarika, lecturer of the institute for conceiving the idea of making a booklet and for supervising and guiding the students to fabricate this beautiful and amusing work of art.

My heartfelt wishes and prayers remain with all involved in this task!

Long live DIET Sivasagar, Sonari, Assam!

With regards,

Biman Ch. Dutta

Mr Biman Ch. Dutta,
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MESSAGE

I take immense pleasure in congratulating the team of trainees of the third semester (2022-24 batch), who have penned down their thoughts in the form of stories in English in this booklet. I would like to offer my best wishes to their supervisor and guide in this commendable pursuit, Mrs. Parinita Hazarika, lecturer of the institute who created the idea of crafting a storybook based on our trainees' families and their funny memorable moments in life. Everyone has written hilariously funny stories in the booklet which will make people laugh delightfully and take pride in their near and dear ones. Our trainees have shown their unique ability and creativity through this booklet of stories and the entire team has proved that laughter is really the best medicine in our mundane lives! I offer my best wishes and affection to everyone involved with this piece of art.

With thanks and regards,

Madhumita Chetia

Dr. MadhumitaChetia,
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MESSAGE OF THE EDITOR

Hello everyone!

Booklet of Stories: Amusing anecdotes of our family members; is an ardent, inventive effort of the trainees of D.El.Ed third semester (2022-24 batch) to humour people in a genuine and jovial manner. The booklet is a collection of simple yet comical antics committed by our family members and friends which one might forget in taxing times, but sudden recollection of such funny tales provide immense pleasure in our lives. This humorous booklet also showcases the creative output of our trainees in the language which will definitely encourage them to make such artistic endeavours in the future. This productive effort will also motivate learners to build up the habit of library reading delightfully, which is of utmost importance in the present era. Although, digital technology has brought vital changes and development in our learners' lives, the manual practice of creative writing and reading with proper usage of grammar and vocabulary is very necessary to be cultivated for future progress in the language. Besides, the booklet is also dedicated to our families, without whom our existence seems to be meaningless! Reminiscences of an absent-minded grandpa/grandma; a nagging uncle/aunt; our mischief-making brothers/sisters; a strict disciplinarian parent-(the list goes on)- through this booklet, will definitely bring us closer to our families and mend the estranged ties with them, if any!

Therefore, cherishing all such aspiration in mind we present you our entertaining pamphlet of stories. We beseech your pardon if we make you cry for our flaws but we can guarantee tears of joy, a smile or two after you read the amusing tales!

Come, lets enjoy the rollicking journey together!



Mrs Parinita Hazarika

Lecturer,

DIET, Sivasagar, Sonari, Assam.

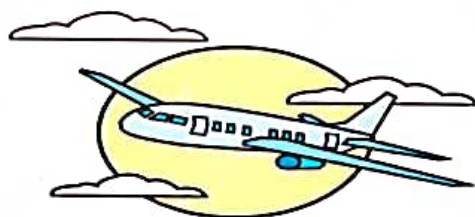
CONTENT

| Names of stories:- | Written by:- | Page No. |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. On Jagatbandhu | Parinita Hazarika, Lecturer | 1 |
| 2. The Ghost | Chanu Hazarika | 3 |
| 3. Holi and Uncle | Dimpy Gogoi | 4 |
| 4. The sound of the night | Borsha Chutia | 5 |
| 5. Grandma's spitting story | Jahnabi Taye | 6 |
| 6. Aunt's Train Journey | Partha Protim Arandhara | 7 |
| 7. Consequences of being bald | Ritunjoy Neog | 8 |
| 8. My Aunty had an accident | Arnilipto Baishya | 9 |
| 9. A Memorable Trip | Kangkana Neog | 10 |
| 10. My grandpa's ploughing method | Runali Gogoi | 11 |
| 11. The rope | Nikumoni Chetia | 12 |
| 12. A Trip with Sister | Purnima Borah | 13 |
| 13. My father and his glasses | Rupam Deka | 14 |
| 14. Grandma's fear | Suraj Newar | 16 |
| 15. The never-ending bridge | Mouchumi Gogoi | 17 |
| 16. The coconut case | Ibtesam Hazarika | 18 |
| 17. Khutura Xaak- Green Amaranth | Nikijumi Charingia | 19 |
| 18. The lady who stopped the train | Rimpee Patmaout | 20 |
| 19. Spilled tea and reunion | Rinkumoni Bailung | 21 |
| 20. How to stop a bike | Gayotri Patiri | 23 |
| 21. Apu Uncle and English | Jafreen Nahar Begum | 24 |
| 22. The bride, a vlogger | Manoranjan Saikia | 25 |
| 23. My gifts and Rahul | Anamika Paul | 26 |
| 24. OLA cab and my dad | Tanaya Farhan | 27 |
| 25. Out of my comfort zone | Anita Gayan | 28 |
| 26. The funny fight | Minakhi Handique | 29 |
| 27. My Lazy Uncle | Barasha Gogoi | 30 |
| 28. Driving for the first time | Shyam Gogoi | 31 |
| 29. My Uncle's jokes | Priyankur Khanikar | 32 |
| 30. Grandfather and climbing perch | Dimpee Payeng | 33 |
| 31. The first tv set and my grandma | Amarjyoti Gogoi | 34 |
| 32. Grandma and Pressure cooker | Kompi Boruah | 35 |
| 33. The splash in the water | Tulumoni Boruah | 36 |
| 34. My Dramatic Uncle | Kashmiri Gogoi | 37 |
| 35. Half Price | Upasana Gogoi | 38 |
| 36. Hungry-Angry brother | Puja Sharma | 39 |
| 37. Lost and found | Hunmoni Gogoi | 40 |

| | | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| 38. | My grammatical neighbour | Bipakha Konwar | 41 |
| 39. | An Untold Story | Rubi Dehingia | 42 |
| 40. | A Small Firefly | Chitralkha Taye | 43 |
| 41. | My Cousin and her bed | Rashmi Kundu | 44 |
| 42. | A Muddy Story | Ritumoni Borah | 45 |
| 43. | Sweet Tooth | Hirumoni Khanikar | 46 |
| 44. | Tale of an evening | Chimi Doimari | 47 |
| 45. | Uncle's tooth | Rupamoni Bharali | 48 |
| 46. | The mystery of lunch | Baby Tamuli | 49 |
| 47. | Jyoti's story | Jintu Kalita | 50 |
| 48. | A Picnic Comedy | Aloka Taye | 51 |
| 49. | My Absent-minded Mother | Prarthana Gogoi | 52 |
| 50. | Orange Uncle | Chitrani Mousumi Chetia | 53 |
| 51. | Riyan's first hair-cut | Nikhita Talukdar | 54 |
| 52. | The real fact | Pabitra Chungkrang | 55 |
| 53. | My Brother as the wedding dowry | Deboshree Senchowra | 56 |
| 54. | Aunt's Smartphone | Yesmin Begum | 57 |
| 55. | Grandma and Hindi channel | Jugamaya Phukan | 59 |
| 56. | Sharp Listeners | Susmita Das | 60 |
| 57. | The Pizza story | Monuranjan Kalita | 61 |
| 58. | The heaviest mattress ever | Moni Gopal Hatimuria | 62 |
| 59. | The Prank of fake notes | Rinki Tanti | 63 |
| 60. | My funny uncle | Samiron Bhagawati | 64 |
| 61. | My forgetful grandfather | Himadri Dowari | 65 |
| 62. | Consequences of mispronunciation | Sanjay Mili | 66 |
| 63. | My uncle and sandals | Jyotisha Yein | 67 |
| 64. | The Pretty Girl | Ankita Das | 68 |
| 65. | The Sarkari Hotel | Samikha Nath | 69 |
| 66. | My father's mirror | Anindita Dowari | 70 |
| 67. | The loudest fart ever | Partha Protim Das | 71 |
| 68. | When I was dreaming | Gitarthi Gogoi | 73 |
| 69. | The craze of center fruit | Shilpisikha Gogoi | 74 |
| 70. | My grandfather's phone | Pranjal Dehingia | 75 |
| 71. | Sleepwalker's dream | Pallabi Boruah | 76 |
| 72. | Funny moments of Life | Santana Hazarika | 77 |
| 73. | The Jackfruit eater | Pankhi Gogoi | 78 |

ON JAGATBANDHU

PARINITA HAZARIKA



Jagatbandhu is not the name of a river; it is the name of a person. It is a mystery as to how he entered my maternal uncle's household and finally, into our lives. Originally, as my elder cousin says, he was a refugee who escaped from the China occupied Tibet and entered Sivasagar district through Nagaland. He was a sturdy man with fine Tibetan features, but he was a pure Assamese country bumpkin at heart! To us, the youngsters, he was our beloved Jagatbandhu *koka* (grandfather) who used to spoil us with peppermint candy and cakes. My maternal uncle was fond of him and he used to treat him like his brother. Jagatbandhu was not much educated and therefore, he was ignorant of certain things; we know nothing of his original name, he was named so by my grandfather, as Jagatbandhu was quite amicable. My uncle and Jagatbandhu are no longer present in this world, but they have entertained our family with many amusing antics.

Once my uncle, who was a banker, had to attend the marriage ceremony of a close associate of his in Bombay (Mumbai). Everyone in the family were busy with the upcoming festive season of *Bohag Bihu*. It was finally decided that my uncle and Jagatbandhu would attend the marriage reception in Bombay. Jagatbandhu was thrilled, as he would be going to the land of cinema; he used to love watching Hindi movies! Besides, it would be his first trip to Mumbai, that too in an aeroplane; he started packing for the trip enthusiastically! So, the day for their trip arrived and both the gentlemen went to the Borjhar airport in Guwahati, clad in their best clothes. My uncle was not very worried as it was Jagatbandhu's second trip by air; earlier he had flown to Calcutta with my grandfather for some business.

After the security check-in and all the formalities in the airport were over, it was finally time to board the aircraft. Everything was going on well; Jagatbandhu bowed ardently to the huge flying machine and led out a cry tersely, "*Hey Hari Hey Ram; Jai guru Krishna!*" before entering the aircraft which startled the passengers, the stewardess and embarrassed my uncle! My uncle frowned at Jagatbandhu, but acted as if nothing was wrong and went to their seats as calmly as possible. Jagatbandhu was afraid to sit near the window and he was made to take the middle seat for relief, my uncle sat near the window. The seat near the aisle was occupied by a

foreigner in black shades and bell-button pants which were quite popular in those days. He looked a bit like a movie star due to his elegant features and sophisticated dressing style.

From the moment the foreign gentleman sat in his seat, there was no respite for him as Jagatbandhu was gawking at him, his mouth wide open! My uncle realized it and asked him sternly to stop staring at the foreigner. But Jagatbandhu whispered excitedly in my uncle's ears, "Don't you get it? Its Rajesh Khanna, *Boopai!* He is sitting near me. What should I do? I am dying! *Hori Om!* Look at him, so stylish! How do I look?"

Of course, it wasn't Rajesh Khanna, he was a traveller from Italy! Without wasting a second for my uncle's reaction, Jagatbandhu turned to his so-called august hero eagerly and asked smilingly in broken English-Hindi, "You...Rajesh Khanna? *Namaskar*, me Jagatbandhu, Assam. You hero, of Hindi cinema? My *parivaar* and I...*bohut chahta hoon!*"

The gentleman was pleasantly surprised and said in broken Italian-English, "*Scusami...Pardon me, I don't understand you. Parkour??* (The gentleman mistook the word *parivaar* for parkour!) *Boh! we fly l'aeroplano!*"

Jagatbandhu was disappointed and shocked at the Italian's words for he couldn't understand a thing, he tried to make him understand, "No...no...no! No *boh-soh!* You...cinema do? *Haathi mere Saathi...Bawarchi.... Amar Prem.... Anand?? Yaad aaya?*" The Italian scratched his head and mumbled apologetically, "*Senti, io non ticapisco!*" (Listen, I don't understand you)

Passengers nearby sniggered at Jagatbandhu as they were enjoying the hilarious encounter. My uncle who used to interact with foreign clients understood the Italian's plight, and apologized on behalf of Jagatbandhu. Poor Jagatbandhu failed to realize that he wasn't Rajesh Khanna and asked my uncle sadly, "What kind of Hindi is he speaking *Boopai?* Is he sick? May I ask him about his family....Dimple Kapadia madam?"

My uncle, who was fuming in anger by this time, replied, "Why? Are you his wife's great grand uncle??!! Just sit here in silence. He is not your dear hero Rajesh Khanna! I beg you...don't pester the gentleman again, otherwise I will jump out of the aeroplane! You mad-man! You and your crazy filmy dreams!"

Jagatbandhu grew awfully silent; he thought that uncle would really jump out of the Air-India flight in rage! However, later on, when my uncle was sleeping soundly in his seat, Jagatbandhu and the 'hero' exchanged sweets and snacks sneakily; the foreign gentleman was quite amused with Jagatbandhu's filmy dialogues and they had a good time, without my uncle's knowledge!

On landing at the Bombay airport, my uncle bought Jagatbandhu a pair of sunglasses in order to compensate for his rude behaviour; you see, he was fond of Jagatbandhu! It is said that Jagatbandhu spent an entire afternoon waiting outside Rajesh Khanna's residence in Bombay, to have a glimpse of his hero, in a pair of baggy jeans and the sunglasses gifted by my uncle. □□

THE GHOST

CHANU HAZARIKA



Our family is a small one comprising of four members: my parents, my grandmother, and myself. Without any siblings, I alone received all the love from my granny. As a child, I often fell asleep to my grandmother's stories of kings, princes, and mermaids. At times, these tales bothered me. One day, I requested a different story, and in response, granny told me a ghost story that night. Terrified, I listened attentively

and later I went to sleep with my parents. Adding to my anxiety, that night, something frightening happened. A ghost really came to our house and started knocking at the door around midnight. We all sat up on our beds with shivers running down our spines. It was 12:00 am! My father, without opening the door, asked, "Who's knocking on the door?" No response was received. My parents repeated the same question a few more times but to no avail. No one answered from the other side of the door. We stood guard in the living room. I began to cry in fear, because I thought if the door opens, the demon would kill everyone. Our grandmother prayed fervently. But the ghost kept knocking on the door without answering.

Our family remained awake throughout the night. Time seemed to pass very slowly that night. Finally it was dawn, but the ghost kept knocking time to time. When the sun was fully up and light came into our house, we gathered some courage and went out through the back door to see who was outside. What we saw, left us dumbfounded! We had a lock hanging on the door and a dog was lying next to the door. The lock made a sound like someone knocking, whenever the dog scratched itself. The dog was scratching all night and the lock on the door kept on knocking at the door! We all laughed at the dog and even at ourselves for all the assumptions that we had made about a ghost! □□

HOLI AND UNCLE

DIMPY GOGOI



The sweet winds of spring was blowing everywhere. It seemed, everyone was waiting for a new day like the trees and flowers. Malakhubasha Gaon of Sivasagar was not any exception from this enthusiastic environment.

There was a very funny guy in Malakhubasa Gaon. His age was almost 65. His name was Ram Saikia. Everyone in the village shared much playful time and laughter with him, and everyone loved his nature.

A road went through the heart of the village and along with the road, there was a small pond and vast paddy field. Everyone was engaged in agricultural activities.

It was a full moon day of the March month. The villagers were celebrating Holi, the festival of colours, everywhere. The young boys and the girls of the village were also busy at playing Holi with each other. The boys planned to have fun with Ram uncle by applying colour on him. According to the plan, a group of five boys went to uncle's home with colour in their hands. They found him in the front yard and playfully applied Holi in his body and face. Uncle had no chance to save himself from this sudden attack and the boys ran away towards the field. Uncle also started to run after them to catch them. While chasing the group, uncle suddenly fell into the pond, filled with mud. He scolded the boys for a long time and went to home after being exhausted. The boys couldn't hold their laughter and said, "Don't mind uncle, its Holi today!" □□

THE SOUND OF THE NIGHT

BORSHA CHUTIA



Our life is full of interesting things. Most of these are seen with the people in our household. Some things make us laugh while others make us worry. However, laughter is the greatest medicine in life. Today I will describe an interesting incident that happened to me.

One day I and my mother were sleeping in the same room in different beds. Suddenly, in the darkness of the night, I heard a sound like a drum-beat. It was like someone was rushing through the road in front of my house! An uncle from the neighbouring house shouted in fatigue, "Who in the hell's name is it?" Then the sound receded, like someone running away! Uncle kept shouting and threatening to beat up the misfit again and again! The sound retreated further as if someone was running off!

After a while, the sound disappeared altogether, and I realized it wasn't the sound of anyone walking; it was the sound of my mother's deep, inventive snoring at night! In the morning, everyone laughed at the incident and uncle was also notified about it. We never knew about his reaction however! □□

GRANDMA'S SPITTING STORY

JAHNABI TAYE



This is a true story of my grandmother. Grandma Taye was a simple soul and wanted to use home remedies to prevent diseases even if she was sick. The biggest problem for her was leaving home to go to the hospital. She had been suffering from eye disease for a long time but she was adamant enough and didn't want see a doctor. She was afraid to go to the hospital but once her elder son (my uncle) forced her to go to the hospital. After arriving at the hospital, the doctor started his work for the examination. While conducting the examination, the doctor asked her to sit near the machine. She thought that he was asking her to spit near the machine; so, she spat! The doctor was surprised and asked her why she had spat near the machine! She was quite embarrassed and realized her mistake. After the consultation, without waiting for another second, she returned home with my uncle. She was quite angry, so my uncle didn't dare to ask her a word! Later on, when our uncle related the day's events, we had a hearty laugh!□□

AUNT'S TRAIN JOURNEY

PARTHA PROTIM ARANDHARA



One day my aunt went to visit uncle in Trivandrum with her two children. My uncle couldn't come home frequently due to work load and distance. The journey was to start from their nearest train station. My aunt had never gone so far alone in a train and she was excited. It was her first train experience. The next day my aunt and her children went to the station happily, as they were travelling by train to Trivandrum.

They reached the station before time and were waiting for the train to arrive. As soon as the train arrived, they entered the train and started searching for the seat number. Aunt saw that two men were sleeping in their seats. My aunt went to wake the men up and told them that they were sleeping in their seats.

One of the men took out his ticket and showed them that the seat belonged to them. As they saw the same seat number their excitement was gone. Soon they called the TT and gave him their tickets to find out how the same seat number was allotted to different people. The TT checked their tickets and found out that my aunt had booked Seat no. 6 and not 9; she was holding the ticket upside down! Aunt, who wasn't quite literate, started quarreling with the TT saying that her seat number was 9 and she would sit there!

It was time for the train to leave and the train started moving forward. My naïve aunt started running towards the children, shouting, "Hurry up my children, it's an earthquake! Hurry up, let's move to a free place!" The other passengers thought that it was a miracle as to how my aunt could sense an earthquake inside a moving train; no one knew that she was experiencing her first train journey! □□

CONSEQUENCES OF BEING BALD

RITUNJOY NEOG



Our uncle had a pet dog in his house. The dog's name was Guddu. My uncle and aunt were very affectionate towards the dog. His body hair was quite long. My aunt used to keep the dog very clean by bathing him frequently. When my aunt combed his hair, he wagged his tail with joy!

One day, my aunt was bathing the dog. But aunt didn't find Guddu's comb. She searched high and low for the comb but was unable to find it. So, my aunt asked my uncle to buy a comb from the shop. Uncle went to the shop and asked for a comb from the shopkeeper. Due to the crowd in the shop, the shopkeeper gave a comb to uncle without even glancing at him.

Uncle - This is good, isn't it?

Shopkeeper - This is the number one comb in my shop!

Uncle - Will the comb get damaged soon if used regularly?

Shopkeeper - No brother, this is a very good comb. Try to comb your hair once and you will see!

The customers of the shop started laughing after listening to the shopkeeper. My uncle, embarrassed after hearing what the shopkeeper had said, bowed his head in shame. When everyone was laughing, the shopkeeper looked at my uncle and asked for his pardon because there was not a single hair on my uncle's head! He was bald! When our family members heard about this incident, they laughed a lot and forbade uncle to ask for a comb from any shop! □□

MY AUNTY HAD AN ACCIDENT

ARNILIPTO BAISHYA



Every person in our life makes us happy at one point or the other. I am no exception, the people I have known in my life have made me encounter many funny moments.

I still remember the day when the funniest incident happened with my aunt. My aunt is a short person and on the otherhand, my uncle is very tall. Both are quite opposite. One day,uncle and aunty decided to come to our house. They were going to ride the motorcycle to our house. Aunty sat on the pillion, but since she was short her feet would not touch the floorboard. So, she had to hold on to the rear-seat handle tightly. On the way, Aunty saw a friend of hers, and waved at her. Suddenly, uncle heard a shriek and stopped his motorcycle. He found that Aunty was no more on the bike; she was lying on the road. Uncle came hurriedly and helped her to get up. On checking if she was hurt anywhere, uncle saw that her dress had cow dung all over. They went to a roadside house to wash off the dirt. After that,they came to our house and narrated the entire incident to us. We all had a good laugh! □□

A MEMORABLE TRIP

KANGKANA NEOG



In January 2010, my father shared a memorable anecdote from a planned picnic organized by a family acquaintance known as "Boruah Uncle." The excursion was slated to take place from Dergaon to Jorhat-Nimati Ghat, with Boruah Uncle, arranging a bus to transport the group.

Preparations for the picnic had commenced approximately ten days prior, and the anticipation among my father and his friends was palpable. The prospect of embarking on a leisurely trip with friends was a novel and exciting experience for them.

On the designated day, January 3rd, the group gathered at Boruah Uncle's residence at 6:30 a.m., eagerly awaiting the bus scheduled to arrive at 7:30 a.m. However, to their dismay, the bus failed to materialize even by 11 a.m. Despite numerous attempts to contact the bus owner, there was no response. Faced with this predicament, Boruah Uncle swiftly arranged an alternative solution—a TATA AC vehicle—as all other buses and cars were already booked.

The journey, compounded by challenging road conditions marked by sizable potholes, proved to be arduous. The vehicle itself exhibited signs of wear and tear, eventually breaking down midway! A long delay ensued as the group worked to rectify the vehicle's issues.

Upon reaching Nimati Ghat at 3 p.m., the disheartening scene awaited—potatoes, onions, and other vegetables were strewn across the road due to the vehicle's poor condition! Consequently, the planned cooking session was disrupted, leaving everyone hungry. With evening approaching, the group opted to have dinner at a nearby restaurant before reluctantly concluding the excursion.

This reminiscence of my father's picnic experience serves as a poignant reminder of the unforeseen challenges that can arise during seemingly well-organized outings. □□

MY GRANDPA'S PLOUGHING METHOD

RUNALI GOGOI



It was harvesting time, so everyone was busy in their paddy fields. Like any other day, at dawn, my grandfather went to the cowshed to take the bulls out to plough. There were two bulls, one cow and two calves in the cowshed. My grandfather untied the bulls and then took them to the paddy field to plough the land. When he reached the paddy field, he tried ploughing the land but the bulls did not move a single step ahead. Grandfather tried to move the bulls with a stick by chanting different words. He did this many times but failed to move them. He was very angry. But he left no stone unturned to make the bulls move. Gradually, the sun began to rise in the sky, and by the time he started ploughing the field, the sun was shining brightly. In the meantime, a bull stopped and started to pee. Then, finally, my grandfather realized that, in the dark, he had taken a cow and a bull; instead of two bulls, to the paddyfield! So, they were not moving forward despite of having been persuaded and beaten up by my grandfather! □□

THE ROPE

NIKUMONI CHETIA



My grandmother's household comprises of a joint family consisting of my grandmother, uncle, and aunt. There was a wedding near my grandmother's house. Everyone went to the wedding except my grandmother and aunt. That day, my grandmother left the cow to graze in a field far from the house. There was no one else in the house, so my grandmother sent my aunt to fetch the cow. My aunt hurriedly pulled at the cow and walked home from the field. It was somewhat dark, and my aunt rushed home, pulling the rope that tied the cow. But when she tried to tie the rope to the pillar in the barn, she saw that there were no cows, only the rope in her hand.

An elderly uncle was watching the whole incident. He wondered as to why this woman was off in a hurry and had only brought the rope! He followed her to find out what was going on. He arrived at the barn and found out that she had actually gone to fetch the cow. But when she reached the barn, she realized that instead of a cow, she was only pulling at the rope thinking that the cow was intact at the other end of the rope! □□

A TRIP WITH SISTER

PURNIMA BORAH



Funny incidents happen in our lives very often. But some incidents are very special and we can never forget about them. I have a few funny incidents that I can remember and I laugh every time when I am reminded of them. One of the funniest incidents that I am going to share here happened with me when I was a student of Class III.

We were visiting my cousin's home in Borhat for spending the summer vacation with my sister. When the train reached Borhat station, we got down and started walking. I was holding my sister's hand, but accidentally I picked up another girl's hand. She was walking with us.

She had a friend of the same age as me. After a couple of minutes of walking, I saw my sister walking in a different way while I was walking with another girl in another direction! I was puzzled and forgot what to say or do. I looked at her face. She looked back and she was also puzzled. I called out my sister loudly.

My sister came and the confusion was over. They both laughed and I laughed a lot. I still remember this incident and I still laugh a lot. □□

MY FATHER AND HIS GLASSES

RUPAM DEKA



It was an incident of 2009, when my father bought a new motor bike. He was very excited and happy about its purchase. He also bought a new pair of sunglasses on his way back. On reaching home, out of excitement, he called me in a rush to take a picture of him with his new bike. He also put on his sunglasses. He shared the picture with our family members. He was very happy and took every one of us for rides whenever he could.

One day, my father had to travel to a place 60 km away from our home town, Sonari. He woke up early that morning, took a bath, dressed well, had his meal, put on his sunglasses and started his journey. An hour later, he called my mother to enquire about his sunglasses. My mother told him that he took his sunglasses along with him. When he heard it, he knew that he had lost them on the way. Out of grief, he promised that he would never buy expensive sunglasses again. My mother felt very bad for him, so she asked me to buy a new pair of sunglasses and keep it securely. On returning home, he saw the new one but was not much happy as he loved his old pair very much.

Then one day, father complained about having an eye problem, so I accompanied him to the eye clinic. He was very nervous to see the machines and it was his first time seeing an eye doctor. The doctor carried out the necessary observations. As a part of the examination, he gave my father to put on a frame of specs which was like a sunglass. My father got so nervous that, before the doctor could ask him anything, he said that everything was clear to him. Both, I and the doctor started laughing because the frame did not have any glass in it. Then the doctor asked him to relax and treated him, and prescribed some medicines along with a new pair of eyeglasses. We then went to the optician who advised us to buy good quality photochromic glass that can be used as sunglasses too. My father grew so fond of his new pair of glasses that he never left them anywhere. One day even my mother and I saw him bathing with his glasses on. We started laughing on seeing this and he felt very shy!

Another incident occurred on a certain holiday. My father was at home taking a nap. It was raining outside, so, I and my younger brother were playing inside the house with water

balloons. Accidentally, my brother threw a balloon to the shelf where my father's glasses and a flower vase were kept. The flower vase was of glass and it broke when it fell on the floor. The balloon also exploded with water spreading on the floor. My father heard the sound of glass breaking, and came running to check his glasses but he slipped on the water and fell down. My mother also came and saw him sitting on the floor. Not worrying about himself, father asked her if his glasses were okay. Amused by his question, she laughed and gave him the glasses and said, "Don't worry dear, your glasses are okay, but you should know that your life is more important than your glasses". Then we all laughed together. His love for his glasses has never decreased. □□

GRANDMA'S FEAR

SURAJ NEWAR



It happened almost about fifty years ago when my grandmother was young. There were rumors that those who did not vote would be arrested by the police. Grand mother did not vote that year. A few days after the election, the police came to the village in the evening. My grandmother saw the police coming after her and she started running away in fear.

On the way, grandmother met a man who was carrying grain. She took some sheafs of grain from the man and went to the nearby shed to feed the cows. The police arrived there and asked my grandmother:

Police:What are you doing?

Grand Ma:I am feeding the cows.

Police:Is this your house?

Grand Ma:Yes, this is my home.

At that moment, someone called out,"Niru(my grandmother), aunty is calling you home!" Grandmother thought she had been caught red-handed and started crying in fear.She said,"This is not my home. Please forgive me,next time I will vote. Please do not take me to jail." The police laughed and said, "We have not come here to arrest you, you need not be afraid!" The police walked away smiling at my grandmother's folly! □□

THE NEVER-ENDING BRIDGE

MOUCHUMI GOGOI



One day, my cousin sister, Munni, was travelling from Moran to Dibrugarh for shopping. After spending the whole day shopping, at around 3.00 pm, she boarded a bus to return home. Munni has a passion for shopping clothes, and that day, after purchasing numerous items, she fell asleep in the bus. Since it was her regular route, she didn't hesitate to doze off. An hour later, upon waking up, she glimpsed a wide river through the window. Assuming it to be the Burhi dihing river, which she usually encounters on her way to Dibrugarh, she was astonished that even after travelling for at least three to four kilometers, the bridge didn't seem to end! Now, she wasn't certain whether the Gemon bridge (which spans the Burhi dihing River) had become exceptionally long or if she was dreaming! Eventually, when the bus conductor started yelling "*AAA... Bogibeel, Bogibeel, Bogibeel...*," she suddenly realized her mistake! It wasn't the Gemon bridge she was crossing as expected! Understanding that it was the Bogibeel bridge, she began to protest to the bus driver, claiming the bus was heading in the wrong direction. Everyone in the bus stared at her strangely. A fellow passenger explained that it wasn't the bus going in the wrong direction, rather she had boarded the wrong bus! □□

THE COCONUT CASE

IBTESAM HAZARIKA.



Once on a hot summer day, my uncle Rubul Ahmed with two of his friends: Nazim Ahmed and Nakib Ali were sitting under the shade of a tree. Soon they saw a neighbour's coconut tree laden with ripe coconuts. They thought about stealing some of them for coconut water.

My uncle planned that his friend Nazim would climb up the tree and bring down the coconuts because only Nazim knew how to climb up a tree. Rubul and Nakib would spy for the owner. As soon as Nazim climbed up the tree the owner saw them and yelled at them. The owner cried at Nazim to get down the tree. Rubul and Nakib ran away leaving Nazim up the tree! When Nazim saw the owner rushing towards him, he got scared and forgot how rough the coconut tree was and slid down the tree without even thinking and ran away!

The next day, Rubul and Nakib went to Nazim's house and asked him what had happened there after they had escaped. Nazim was very angry and started calling them traitors as they had left him behind. He also showed them his body which was full of rashes because of the coconut tree's roughness. Even though Rubul and Nakib were feeling sorry for Nazim, they couldn't stop laughing and after a while, Nazim also started laughing!

From then on, 'the coconut' incident became a family legend with jokes about Nazim uncle's red rashes! □□

KHUTURA XAAK - GREEN AMARANTH

NIKIJUMI CHARINGIA



When I studied in class VIII, I lived in a hostel. My aunt had to undergo spinal surgery at that time. She was very fond of me. I returned home the very next day after receiving the news. Following a successful operation, my aunt was back at her house in a matter of days. However, the doctor asked her to avoid doing any housework and suggested more rest for her. I, thus assumed responsibility of managing household tasks. I spent considerable amount of time at my aunt's home. One day, my aunt asked me to prepare '*khutura xaak*' (green amaranth). I had no idea on how to prepare leafy vegetables in the interim. When I asked my aunt how to make it, she explained that all I needed to do was- chop the *khutura xaak*, put it in a pressure cooker with water, turmeric and salt, and stir it around. I followed the instruction. I simply placed everything in the cooker and left it to cook. Upon gathering around the dinner table, the family members' expressions appeared to be captivating. They informed me that the leafy curry was extremely bad; it tasted overly salty and watery. Who made it? In response, I said, "It was me!" And I informed them that I had followed my aunt's instructions to make it. Everyone had a hearty laugh and advised me never to make leafy green curry again! □□

THE LADY WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN

RIMPEE PATMAOUT



One day, Anai (maternal grandmother) visited her daughter's home, who lived in Namti Ali, in Sivasagar. It was intended that she would return home by the same train. The train had already started just before she reached the station. Seeing the train moving, Anai started to chase after the train. The train was moving ahead slowly, she was just behind the train and waving to the driver to stop the train. After seeing an elderly woman run behind the train, the driver slowed down the train a bit. Somehow, Anai, at this elderly age, managed to jump into the last coach of the running train with another woman. Anai was surprised to see that only ducks, chickens, and goats were tied up in the coach! There was no other option, so, they had to take their seats in that coach! The interesting thing was that, on the way, wherever the train whistled, the chickens started to cluck, the goats started bleating, and the ducks started to quack! It was a terrible musical, a cacophony of varied sounds! That is how she managed to come back home. After hearing about the incident, our family members laughed a lot, and she had been nicknamed 'the lady who stopped the train' by us! □□

SPILLED TEA AND REUNION

RINKUMONI BAILUNG



My cousin, Rahul and Riya were school friends. They were meeting after four years, and it felt like opening an old, dusty yearbook. They used to be classmates at school, navigating through classes from fifth to tenth standard together. Rahul, with his goofy grin and constant jokes, had been her school buddy. Then life happened, and they lost touch after the HSLC examination.

Out of the blue, Rahul called Riya one day. With a mixture of excitement and nervousness in his voice, he told her that he wanted to meet her. Riya, curious to know about where life had taken him, agreed to his proposal. They decided to meet at a local tea house for the sake of old times.

As they entered the tea house, the scent of tea and the familiar creaky chairs brought back memories of their mischief-filled classroom days. They settled into a corner seat, surrounded by the laughter and chatter of people. Rahul, fidgety and nervous, seemed like a different person from the confident schoolmate she knew. They ordered tea, and as the waiter brought it to their table, Riya could see the anticipation on Rahul's face. Maybe the tea held the secret to his mysterious call! Little did Riya know, the tea was plotting a twist of its own on their reunion tale!

As they sipped their steaming cups of tea, he hesitated, glancing around the room. Suddenly, as if in a moment of comedic fate, Rahul's trembling hand betrayed him; his tea cup wobbled, and before Riya could react, a mini tea-waterfall descended onto her lap! The warmth of the tea was now accompanied by a cold shock, and she looked at Rahul, wide-eyed.

"Rahul, it seems your tea has a mind of its own!", she quipped, trying to suppress a burst

of laughter. The surrounding patrons turned their attention towards this little mishap, adding an extra layer of embarrassment to Rahul's flushed face. In that unexpected moment, the awkwardness dissolved into a shared laughter. They both burst into giggles, drawing curious glances from the other customers. Wiping the tea stains off her clothes, she couldn't help but appreciate the absurdity of the situation. It felt like the years of gap between them had melted away.

Amidst the spilled tea and the amused onlookers, the bond of their school friendship entered into a new chapter. As they reminisced about their school days and caught up on the lost years, the unexpected tea mishap too became a hilarious story they could carry forward. It was like a reminder that sometimes the best moments are the unplanned ones.

In the end, that unexpected tea shower became the highlight of their reunion, creating a memory more vivid than any carefully planned meet-up could have provided. Life surely has a funny way of telling that the best stories are the unplanned, tea-soaked ones! □□

HOW TO STOP A BIKE

GAYOTRI PATIRI



Ramnagar is a typical Assamese village. It is surrounded by Timon, Rajgarh and Mulagabhoru village. In the midst of the village there is a tiniali (where three roads meet) and my home is located there.

One day my uncle bought a new motor-bike. After a few seconds, my uncle wanted to ride the bike. He had one or two-times experience of riding a bike a long time ago. My brother showed uncle the basic steps of starting and riding a bike. After that, my uncle immediately went to the Petrol Pump to fill up the tank.

Pushing the bike manually, with an exhausted body, finally he reached home after a couple of hours. When we all saw him in this condition, we all started to bombard him with questions. Uncle said, "I forgot how to stop the engine of bike so I decided ride the bike all along. But in between the oil in the tank was over, so I had to push the bike and walk home!" □□

APU UNCLE AND ENGLISH

JAFREEN NAHAR BEGUM



A few days ago, there was a family get together in our house. So, all the family members were sitting together in the drawing room for the evening tea. My father's cousin, Apu uncle also came to our house and started to talk to everyone.

Apu uncle is a very decent man but he acts like he speaks perfect English. There, everyone was talking about holidays; suddenly he interrupted and said such a thing that everyone began to laugh. While talking, he said that he doesn't know, on which day, the second Saturday of this month will come! Then, he again added that "This time there is a lot of snowfall here", he thought that fog is called snowfall in English. After sometime, when everyone was talking about a thief, Apu uncle said that, the thief should "cylinder" instead of saying "surrender". We couldn't stop laughing slyly after hearing this and tears started to come out from my eyes. He added that, he was thinking in his new house, on which side he should build the 'chicken' room! He said "chicken" instead of "kitchen". After a while, when everyone was talking about their family, uncle again said, "My wife is 'mantaling' my family very well". Instead of saying "managing" he used "mantaling". We couldn't control our laughter any more. This time uncle came to know that we were all laughing at his broken English and he was quite embarrassed! □□

THE BRIDE, A VLOGGER

MANORANJAN SAIKIA



It happened about five years ago. The atmosphere in our house was bustling. A matchmaker had suggested a prospective girl for my uncle's son, and that day our family was going to meet the girl and her family. Our grandmother, who has a very judgmental attitude, was concerned about her grandson. My cousin is a very good person. So, our grandmother was wondering whether the girl would be suitable for him or not. Besides, my grandmother believes rigidly in customs and tradition.

After three hours of travel, we finally arrived at the girl's house. The girl's father came to the gate to welcome us and we settled ourselves on the sofa. The elders had their own conversation. The parents of the girl said that she was preparing lunch for us. Grandma was probably happy to hear this. She had a look of contentment on her face. But the girl shocked all of us when she emerged out of the kitchen in all her finery, saying, "Hey friends, how are you? I hope that everyone is good. People have come to see me and ask my hand in marriage. So excited!"

We were perplexed when the girl started shooting herself with us in the background. My uncle asked the girl, "What is your name, dear?" The girl almost jumped in excitement and said, "Anamika official!" My uncle, aunty, and grandmother couldn't hide their expressions of shock. Her parents were very proud of her vlogging as if she had invented the formula to cure hunger in the world!

At last, the matchmaking was cancelled by our grandmother! □□

MY GIFTS AND RAHUL

ANAMIKA PAUL



Two or three days after Diwali, we celebrate a ritual where a sister puts a *tilak* (mark) on the brother's forehead and prays for his long life. In return, the brother showers blessings and gifts to the sister, we call this ritual '*Bhai Phota*'. In our family, I have an elder brother named Pankaj and a younger brother named Rahul, whom I offer *Bhaiphota* every year.

When I was in Class VI, a very funny incident happened to me on the day of Bhai phota. I was very happy that morning and I was continuously thinking about what my mother would cook and what my brother would give me as gifts. I was very excited and repeatedly pestered my elder brother about a gift, so he called me greedy. After hearing it, I cried a lot; so, my mom shouted at him and I enjoyed it. Afterwards, in the evening, our neighbours and some relatives came to our home for the ritual. However, before starting the ritual, my little brother Rahul started eating the ladoos and sweets! I hadn't given him the *tilak* yet. Everyone was laughing at him and started teasing him. After giving *phota*, I was waiting to get the gifts. My elder brother gave me a 50 rupee note and one chocolate. I was quite happy after receiving the gifts. I put the money and the chocolate in my school bag and went to the drawing room.

After one hour, when I went to my room, I saw that Rahul had taken the chocolate from my bag and had eaten it up! When I asked him why he ate my chocolate, he quietly smiled at me and said, "I am your little brother; why didn't you give me a gift? So, I ate your chocolate." After hearing this, I become very angry and sad. Soon afterwards I found out that my money was also lost. I was very hurt and started to cry again. My mother asked my brothers as to who had stolen the money from my bag, and she also scolded them that it's a very bad manner to give someone a gift and then take it back. Then my elder brother embarrassedly confessed that he had taken the 50 rupees from father without his permission, so he put the money in its original place because he was feeling guilty! After hearing this, my father gave me 50 rupees and also a big chocolate; and I showed it to Rahul, and ate it happily. □□

OLA CAB AND MY DAD

TANAYA FARHAN



It was a summer evening on 2nd May, 2018, and it had been raining since the morning. My family: my dad, mom, and my younger brother, came to Guwahati to bring me home. I had been pursuing a medical entrance course at 'Modulus Coaching Centre.' After completion of the course, my family came to take me back. They arrived in the morning, but by evening, it was raining very hard. We prepared to go to the station with all my luggage, and dad asked me to book an OLA cab to ensure that we reach the station on time.

Despite the heavy downpour, we waited in a safe place for the OLA cab. When it arrived at Bora Service, where I lived, dad approached it, expecting a ride. However, the OLA driver claimed our journey was complete and demanded Rs 97. Dad was alarmed, explaining we hadn't even boarded the cab, refusing to pay. After a heated argument, my father decided to pay, but he insisted the driver take him for a ride. Dad reluctantly got into the cab, while mom, my brother, and I stayed on the left side of the road. Due to a mistake in the booking and mostly because of my carelessness, I had requested the ride from and to the same location-Bora Service to Bora Service! The cab ended up dropping my father on the opposite side of the road. Fuming with anger, dad walked back through the rain towards us. After a disagreement between mom and dad, we managed to find an auto-rickshaw, and with my entire luggage, we finally made it to the station! I confessed about my mistake later on! □□

OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE

ANITA GAYAN



Once upon a time, my family set out on an adventurous trip to the iconic Taj Mahal from Assam. The atmosphere was filled with excitement as we marveled at the grandeur of the majestic monument. There were a lot of people that day and I wandered away being captivated by the beauty of Taj Mahal and after a while, I realized that I had lost my family. At that time, I did not have a phone to contact my family.

I was very scared, I did not know any language other than Assamese properly, and the visitors did not understand the Assamese language. I asked people for help in broken English, many people did not understand my pronunciation and from that day I understood the importance of the English language! But suddenly a man understood my broken English and advised me to wait at the main gate of the Taj Mahal.

Meanwhile, my family was also very scared. They tried to find me by talking to people in broken English. But they couldn't find me. They walked out of the main gate in despair when suddenly, I found them and cried and hugged my mother! When we finally met again, laughter echoed in the grounds of the Taj Mahal. My family's relief turned a stressful situation into a light-hearted moment. They jokingly scolded me for turning our family trip into a treasure hunt!

From that day onwards, my unplanned escapades became a beloved family story. And the whole family understood how important it is to learn the English language. This incident added an unexpected twist to our trip, making it not only a memorable visit to the Taj Mahal but also a humorous chapter in our family travelogue. □□

THE FUNNY FIGHT

MINAKHI HANDIQUE



The relationship between siblings is a unique and complex bond characterized by a mixture of love, rivalry, support, and shared experiences. Siblings often grow up together, sharing a common family environment that shape their personalities and values.

I remember a funny incident that was related by one of my aunties. It showcases the love-hate relationship siblings' share with each other. The story happened with one of my cousins when she was reading in class III in Sankardev Vidya Niketan. She has four elder sisters and she is the youngest, the most spoilt one in the family as she was loved by all. One day there was a conflict between her and her second sister, Rinky. She was being scolded by her sister for not completing her homework and a fight broke out between them. As the fight progressed my cousin was getting angrier and she wanted to scold her sister too with some bad words but she didn't know any of them as she was a little girl.

At that point she was thinking what she should do now; suddenly, an idea popped in to her head. What if she uses some hard to pronounce words to scold her sister? Maybe then she could win this fight! There were some Assamese words that was very hard for her to pronounce at school, so she thought that if she was going to win this fight over her sister, she must use those words! When her sister was scolding her, she suddenly retaliated by saying, "*Oi Aroti, Oi Sanghamitra!*" After listening to her retaliation her sister stopped scolding her and fell down laughing on the floor. As expected, the fight stopped then and there. Even after so many years this incident still puts a smile on our faces. □□

MY LAZY UNCLE

BARASHA GOGOI



My life is full of happiness. Many funny incidents happened in my life so far; one of them goes like this. I have an uncle whose name is Mr.Ashok Gogoi. He is a very fat person. When he was young, he was very lazy. He only liked to eat and sleep. He did not do any hard work for which he became heavier gradually.

At that time my uncle's friends were going for an interview in the Army. When my grandparents came to know about them,they persuaded him to go for the interview. My uncle was not willing to enlist his name in the Army. But my grandparents kept on insisting. Finally, he decided to go through the interview. My uncle was too confused on how he would appear in the interview as he was a fat man and couldn't run as fast as his friends. When my uncle went for physical test, the interviewer asked him to expand his tummy instead of his chest as he was very fat. This incident made everyone laugh who were present during the interview. After that he was asked to run in the second test. My uncle's trouser ripped while running; all the people including the interviewer burst out in laughter!

Finally, my uncle went to a tailor to get his pants stitched and returned home very sadly. Then he narrated the whole incident in front of his mother and said that he would prefer working in the paddy fields and sleep the whole day rather than running with the Army!

□□

DRIVING FOR THE FIRST TIME

SHYAM GOGOI

It is an experience of my first time driving a car. When I was a teenager, I very much desired to drive a car. We did not have a car or any other four-wheeler vehicle, so I had no opportunity to learn the skill of driving.

My aunt (father's sister) bought a car at that time. One day, she came to our house by her car. She warned us ahead not to even think of taking her car out when she wasn't noticing.

She knew, we brothers, had no experience in driving and hence, didn't want any trouble. But who was going to listen to her! My mind reminded me that I do have some basic knowledge about driving a car from watching some of our relatives.

The very next day, aunt and my parents went to visit an uncle's place. It was a golden opportunity for me to experience driving on my own. I wanted to put my knowledge into use. Somehow, I managed to take the car out of the garage and got on the road. I slowly started to drive forward. On the way, some of my friends saw me and they excitedly hopped in the car.

After driving for a few miles, one of my friends suggested that we should head back. A sudden realization told me that I might have screwed up! I had no idea how to use the reverse gear. My friends found my recklessness unbelievable. They immediately put the seat belts on for safety. One of them even started praying to God and the others were blaming me for taking them with me. I made the situation worse when I told them that it was my first time driving a car! Shocked at my reply, they furiously cursed at themselves, "We must have been bitten by mad dogs to have gotten into his car!"

Luckily a few yards ahead, I saw a Petrol Pump. I drove there, took the U-turn and got on the road in the direction of our home. By the grace of God, we did safely return home! But things were not over yet. I still had a tough job waiting for me. I had to drive the car to the garage and park it exactly as it was there before. Nobody had to know that I took it out; else, I would not be spared! To park the car, I must use the reverse gear. I mustered up some courage, inhaled deeply, held my breath for a moment, and calmly started the engine. But destiny already had something in store for me. When the car was in the reverse gear, I stepped on the accelerator instead of the brakes, making the car jerk. Its trunk hit the nearby betel nut tree and the rest is history is for me! □□



MY UNCLE'S JOKES

PRIYANKUR KHANIKAR



My maternal uncle is a fun-loving person with a kind heart. He loves children and spends maximum time with them. He uses to make jokes and creates a cheerful atmosphere. Every time when he visits our house, he brings chocolates for us and tells us jokes. We laugh loudly at his jokes and it makes our day. Some of the jokes he told us were- One day hundred people were standing at the railway platform. After a few minutes, ninety-nine of them died and only one was alive. After the incident, other passengers approached the person and asked him 'How did you save your life?'

The man replied that for the incident, the railway announcement was responsible: "They announced that the train would come at platform no.1. So, my friends (ninety-nine numbers) jumped into the railway tracks to save themselves from the approaching train! I was in the shop to buy chips and tea. That's why I am still alive. Thank God! You saved my life."

Another joke goes like this -

A little boy was asked to draw vehicles that run on roadways, waterways and airways, by his drawing teacher. The boy drew the pictures very beautifully but he did a mistake. He drew a ship with four wheels and two elevators like aeroplanes have! He described that the ship drawn by him is capable of flying in the air as well as running on the road during emergency situation! □□

GRANDFATHER AND CLIMBING PERCH

DIMPEE PAYENG



My family is a joint family. We live together with our grandparents, uncles and aunts. That's why we all eat together. We all spend our time jovially while eating. It's a kind of a family rule.

My grandfather's name is Dharmeshar and he was about 89 years old. He was getting older day by day and his health was deteriorating slightly. Actually, my grandfather likes to eat a lot. He cannot resist himself when he sees food. He can eat as much as he likes. Sometimes, it feels like food is his only life!

It was a Sunday morning. As usual, we all started eating rice together. In the morning, my uncle went fishing and had caught a lot of fish. So aunty decided to make fish curry. Everyone was sitting near the fireplace (called méram in Mising Language) while eating. Grandfather was also sitting nearby having rice with mashed potatoes. Then my sister suggested to try some roasted and mashed Climbing Perch (a kind of fish). We both added onion, coriander, a little amount of bell pepper and oil and mashed it; it was very tasty. As my grandfather couldn't resist himself so he wanted to eat again. He was ready to eat with his plate in his hand. When my aunt tried to roast the Climbing Perch, the fish jumped out from her hand and fell on my grandfather's plate! When the fish started to wriggle in his plate, he threw it away angrily, saying, "Why are you giving me a live fish? Do I look like a bear?" □□

THE FIRST TV SET AND MY GRANDMA

AMARJYOTI GOGOI



I am a resident of Jhanji in Sivasagar district. We have my parents, sister, and grandmother in our family. My father lives in Dibrugarh for work purpose. We are all educated to some extent in the family, except for my grandma. Grandma was old-fashioned. I heard from my parents that my grandpa married my grandmother when she was very young. If it would have happened in the present day, my grandparents would have been guilty of child marriage!

One day, my father bought a television set, it was our first television set! We were all eager to watch new serials and cinemas on the new TV set, except my grandma.

One night, my mother, sister, and I were watching a sad serial on the TV when my grandma came to observe what we were watching. There was a character in the serial, a mother, who cried for the loss of her son in an event. My innocent grandma thought it was true and started crying loudly raising a mayhem! We tried to explain calmly to her that these stories were not true and we were smiling in our minds! We explained the serial to her like we do to a little child.

Now, Grandma understands serials, cinemas, sitcoms, news and she doesn't cry like she used to. Thank God, we don't have to explain about any serial or reality show to her like we used to earlier! □□

GRANDMA AND PRESSURE COOKER

KOMPI BORUAH



We have four members in our family: I, my elder sister, my mother and my father. It was in 2007 when I was in the second standard and my elder sister in the fifth standard. At that time, my mother was suffering from a serious illness, so she often went to the hospital for her check up. Suddenly, one day, my mother was admitted in the hospital. The doctor advised my father to admit my mother in hospital for five days. So, I and my sister went to our maternal grand-parents home for some days.

My grandparents were quite simple and loving in nature. They were not aware about modern appliances like - smart phone, fridge, pressure cooker, washing machine etc. My maternal uncle and aunt lived together with our grandparents. One afternoon, I and my sister were sitting at the dining table near the kitchen with our grandmother. My aunt was cooking lunch for us. She was cooking rice and daal in pressure cooker. Suddenly, my aunt's phone started to ring so; she went to her bedroom to receive the phone call. Soon after my aunt left the kitchen, the pressure cooker started whistling loudly. As soon as the whistle blared, my grandmother shouted, "Oh! Something has happened here," and as fast as possible she grabbed me and my sister and pulled us outside! My sister and I didn't get a chance to tell her that the sound was the whistle of the pressure cooker! After hearing her screams, everyone ran to her and asked what had happened. My sister and I told everyone about the incident.

The incident was very funny. My grandmother didn't know that the pressure cooker whistled like that because she had never cooked anything by using such appliances in her days. After the incident, my uncle explained to her about the uses of a pressure cooker; only then my grandmother came to know about it! □□

THE SPLASH IN THE WATER

TULUMONI BORUAH



When I was in the ninth grade, my younger brother and I were enjoying the summer vacation. My *Pehi* (my father's sister) and *Pehi's* son came to visit us. In the morning, he got up and went to the well to take a bath. We were having tea then.

Then, something loud was heard not far from the well. Shocked, we all stood up and ran to the pool. On the side, *Pehi's* son was taking a bath. Even so, he experienced shock and was stunned upon hearing the sound. Where is my brother? I questioned myself. My dad was heading to the market. He instantly dropped his bicycle and ran to the well upon hearing the sound. We all started to feel afraid. *Aaita*, (grandma) meanwhile, began to cry. Everybody was staring into the well repeatedly. Even the neighbors raced to the well when news spread that my brother had fallen into a well. It was a tense moment.

Then, I noticed my brother, holding a polythene bag, approaching from the gate. My mother then recalled that she had sent my brother to get sugar from the grocery store. Everyone was relaxed, and spent some time sitting on the porch. I was really afraid, but fortunately it wasn't my brother. What was the sound then? Upon closer inspection, we discovered that the sound was caused by a sizable chunk of mud that had fallen from the well's side! □□

MY DRAMATIC UNCLE

KASHMIRI GOGOI



My uncle Mr. Kamol Gogoi, loves drama and acting since childhood. He used to act in local theatres, played many roles in dramas and even wrote stories and recited poems. Once, when he was young, he put on my father's old-dirty, slightly torn white kurta and a rugged black pant. Then he used talcum powder and some dark-hued cosmetics to make himself look like an old beggar. Since he was involved in drama, he had some amount of cosmetics. He also took an old bag and a cane and went to beg from some houses of our village, which were a bit far away from our house. Surprisingly, the first two households did not recognize him and thought he was a true beggar and gave him some rice! My uncle was a little more familiar with the members of the third house. They are our relatives. When they also failed to recognize him and gave him some wheat, my uncle could not stop laughing and laughed loudly! The members of the house could not stop laughing too when they recognized him. Later they scolded him, however! Then my uncle came home and showed my mother the rice he had begged, my mother could not stop laughing and scolded him for being a crazy boy!

I was about eight or nine years old at the time. So I don't remember the incident well, but my mother and aunt still talk about it and laugh at my uncle's antic. □□

HALF PRICE

UPASANA GOGOI



My grandfather is a calm, simple-natured man. He lives in a village. One day, grandfather was getting ready to go somewhere, so I enquired, "Where are you going, grandpa?" Grandfather replied, "Let's go to the city, dear." With excitement, I said, "Why to the city, grandpa?" Grandfather wanted to buy a new pair of shirt and trousers. However, he himself hadn't bought anything from the markets in the city ever. I thought of warning him ahead about how the shopkeepers try to raise the price when they see an old or naive person. "Listen Grandpa, the shopkeepers in the city may try to cheat thinking of you as a naive person. So, whatever price they say, you will bargain to pay only half the price", I continued, "Suppose, if they say the price of the shirt is Rs.500, you will say that you are willing to pay Rs.250!" Grandfather nodded in agreement.

In the market, we went to a shop and grandfather checked out some trousers. He chose a pair of trousers and asked, "Hey shopkeeper, how much do these long pants cost?" The shopkeeper said it would cost Rs.800.

Grandfather repeated, "800 rupees? Hmm... I'll pay Rs. 400." The shopkeeper asked Grandpa to pay Rs. 600 instead. To his surprise, grandpa reduced the price to Rs. 300.

The shopkeeper, not sure as to what to say, laughed, "Heh...Heh! you're so funny, give me Rs. 400." Grandpa said, "Not four hundred, I'll give you two hundred."

The shopkeeper, exhausted of this bargaining, said, "Give me two hundred rupees then." Grandfather said, "I'll give you Rs.100, not Rs. 200."

The shopkeeper said furiously, "Are you crazy? Instead of selling it for Rs. 100, I will give it to someone else as a gift!" So, Grandpa bought it for Rs. 200! □□

HUNGRY-ANGRY BROTHER

PUJA SHARMA



One day my young brother Rohit came home from school. After freshening up, he went to the kitchen to have his lunch. But, in the kitchen, he didn't find any food items, except rice. He searched each and every corner of the kitchen, but he did not get anything to eat. Seeing his reaction, I decided to tease him, and I said, "Mom gave me delicious fish curry to eat at lunch, and obviously regular food items were already there. I wanted a second helping of fish, so she gave me your share too." I enjoyed his angry reaction. So, I mocked at him again, "Actually she loves me the most, because I am her first child. Don't worry, next time I will not eat your food!"

His eyes were filled with tears, and he lifted the lid of the jar which was placed on the dining table in anger; and unexpectedly he found the fish curry there. With shining eyes, he lifted another lid of the jar and found other food items. I laughed at his reaction and said, "I am just kidding brother...why didn't you look at the items which were placed in front of you?" After finding the food items, he happily ate his lunch and went out to play. □□

LOST AND FOUND

HUNMONI GOGOI



It was about the time, when I was studying in the Higher Secondary section. One day, my father went to work and my mother went to the temple. I, my brother and my sister were at home.

In the evening, my sister and I went to one of my friend's houses. At that time my brother was alone at home. Gradually it was becoming dark and my parents had returned. I and my sister also returned home after sometime. Then my mother asked me where my brother was. I said that I hadn't seen him. Again, after some time my mother asked me whether my brother had returned home. I replied that he hadn't. We searched for him everywhere in the house but couldn't find him anywhere.

Hours passed; we were very scared. My father even searched near the pond to see if he had fallen into the water, but he didn't find him. Everyone was in search of him. Everyone started scolding us and called us irresponsible! We felt guilty for leaving him alone in the house.

After sometime, my uncle saw that someone was coming towards our house. When he came near, he saw that it was my brother. He looked at us surprisingly and asked what had happened. My mother asked him angrily where he had gone. He said that he went to a nearby uncle's house where there was a house party. We were all relieved. My mother asked him why he had gone there without informing. He said, "There wasn't anyone home, so when Binod uncle invited me, I went with him!"

My parents scolded him and made him promise not to do so again. □□

MY GRAMMATICAL NEIGHBOUR

BIPAKHA KONWAR



My grandfather was a jolly person. Here I am sharing one of his funniest stories. My uncle has a gift shop in front of his house. In absence of my uncle, my grandfather normally looks after the shop. One day my uncle had to go out of town. So, he asked my grandfather for help.

In the afternoon, one of the neighbours' came to the shop. My grandfather asked him what he was looking for. The conversation between my grandfather and the man is given below:

Grandfather: What are you looking for, son?

The Neighbour: I need one conjunction/interjection! (He actually wasn't sure on what he wanted)

Grandfather : Sorry! I can't understand.

The Neighbour: I need one conjunction/ interjection!

Grandfather: (Guessing) Okay! You are looking for an Induction stove! Right?

The Neighbour: No,my wife told me to buy conjunction/ interjection!

Grandfather: Son,in our shop we don't have any conjunction/interjection, we only have an induction stove, an electronic item! People use it for cooking.(Then the man doubted himself and called his wife immediately). After the phone call, he returned back to the shop and asked my grandfather for an induction stove and apologized for his mistake! □□

AN UNTOLD STORY

RUBI DEHINGIA



One day, my best friend and I planned an outing. We decided to visit a newly opened restaurant in our locality. Since it had been a long time when we last met and she had recently secured a job, she promised to treat me to some delicious food. Following our plan, we visited the restaurant named '*Abeli*'. She picked me up from my home, and we reached our destination. Upon entering the restaurant, we chose a small cabin and sat down. We were overwhelmed by the beauty of the place. A waiter came and handed us the menu of food items served there. We ordered our desired food. After a few minutes, another waiter arrived with a bowl of water, accompanied by some lemon slices and rose petals. We assumed it was for washing our hands and both of us used it for that purpose. Then, the waiter brought our ordered dishes and placed them in front of us. To our surprise, they had provided us with chopsticks to eat the noodles. We exchanged funny looks as we were unfamiliar with chopsticks. Once the waiter left our cabin, we closed the curtains and started eating with our hands since we didn't know how to use the chopsticks. We laughed at our situation and finished our meal.

However, during the bill payment, the waiter informed us that the rose bowl they had provided earlier wasn't meant for washing hands; it was merely a decoration! □□

A SMALL FIREFLY

CHITRALEKHA TAYE



My village's name is Ratnapur. In the evening hours especially, there were major incidents of thieving in our village.

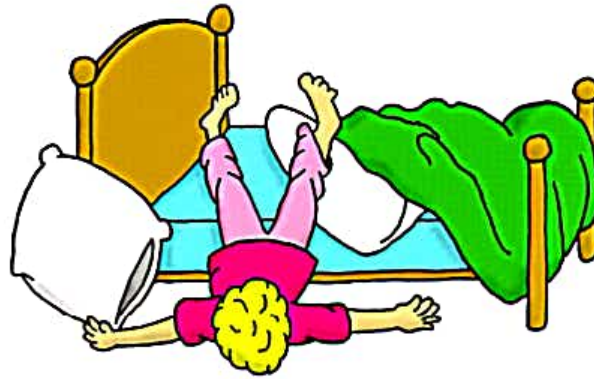
Everyone was sitting in front of our house one evening, chatting over a cup of tea. My mother said, "The menace of thieves is increasing day by day in our village; we are unable to keep even a bucket outside". My elder aunt sat down for a while and went to her house.

It was dark near our aunt's house. Everyone in her house were fast asleep after dinner. Aunt is always the last one to sleep. That day too she went quite late to bed. It was only when aunt fell asleep that she saw a small light. Seeing the light, aunt thought it was a thief and started shouting out of fear. Hearing aunt's screams everyone woke up and started asking as to what had happened. Since the entire room was dark, everyone came out with a torch-light. All started searching around the room and found out that it was a small firefly. The thief was a small firefly with its dim light shining, that had scared my aunt!

□□

MY COUSIN AND HER BED

RASHMI KUNDU



Funny and humorous incidents keep happening in our lives. They occur unexpectedly as a surprise. I'm going to tell a very funny incident of my cousin that happened a few years ago.

When I was fourteen years old, during summer vacation, I went to my aunt's house with my mother. My aunt has a little daughter named Prisha, who was in the fourth standard. She becomes very happy whenever we visit their place. She loves to play different types of games with me and we often play various games like, Hide and Seek, Ludo, Carom and so on.

Prisha loves to sleep alone and she never shares her bed with anyone. So, her parents arranged a bolster pillow for her so that she can sleep comfortably by cuddling the pillow without any fear.

That night too, as usual, Prisha slept alone in her bed with the bolster pillow by her side; but at the middle of the night, we heard Prisha's cry. When my mother and I went there to check the reason of her cries, we saw that her parents were already present there. They were trying to get her to the bed because she had fallen from the bed and was swinging around the mosquito net! Prisha was half awake and she was screaming; so my aunt comforted her and she fell asleep again.

The next morning, when everyone gathered at the breakfast table, they were laughing by recalling the incident of the previous night. Prisha was very embarrassed when everyone teased her for that incident and she also laughed a lot with us. Even now, whenever I remember the incident, I can barely control my laughter! □□

A MUDDY STORY

RITUMONI BORAH



One evening my brothers, Bhaskar and Pabitra went out for a walk. For a long time, they didn't return home and my mother asked me to look for them. Soon I went out riding on my bicycle along a small lane running in the middle of a paddy field. It was moonlight, the newly cultivated paddy field look very charming, and the way was slippery here and there. I met my brothers almost three kilometres away on their way back to home. We were returning home talking about certain things. They talked about some interesting events they had seen. I was riding my bicycle; suddenly I lost grip and slipped along with my cycle and fell down into the muddy field. I was covered in mucky mud! My brothers helped me out of the mud and retrieved the bicycle too. I also lost one of my slippers. My brother started to search it in the muddy, paddy field. Few minutes later, they found it and all of us went home covered in mud! We received a good scolding from my mother!

Later on, at home, when we were changing our clothes, we noticed a leech stuck on the left foot of my brother! He didn't know that a leech was sucking on his blood for almost half an hour, as we had walked two kilometers to reach home! It was a funny as well as an awful incident in our lives! □□

SWEET TOOTH

HIRUMONI KHANIKAR



During my childhood, I used to like sweets a lot. I still like them, but not to that extent. There are lots of stories related to my relationship with sweets when I was a small child. Among them, the funniest one is related here.

It was a fine summer day, and I was at home because our school was closed due to summer vacation. My mom was planning to visit my uncle's home, which is one hour away from our home. She decided to leave me at home with my younger sister. When she told me about it, I was very happy because I knew she had bought a half-kilo milk powder container the day before. After she went to uncle's home, I decided to have one teaspoon of the milk powder; but after a while to my horror, I realized I had almost finished the container. Now I was very scared because I knew that my mom would not spare me for finishing all the newly bought milk powder. After thinking a lot, in my naughty mind, I found a great idea. We had rice powder at home, so I mixed the rice powder with the remaining milk powder and filled the container. And the days went on...

After three or four days, some guests had come, and my mom was preparing tea for them using the special milk powder. She noticed that the powder had some issue as it was settling down at the bottom of the cup. She tried for almost 15 minutes, and when all her efforts failed, she inspected the container and found out that it was rice powder! Now, it was my turn to get really scared!

Since there were guests, I was spared for that afternoon; but in the evening, you can imagine the trouble I had gone through! □□

TALE OF AN EVENING

CHIMI DOIMARI



In the evening time, a guest came to our home. He was from my father's friend circle. Me and my brother were sitting on the chairs of our reading table. Actually, we were gossiping about one of our neighbours that often fought with his wife after drinking alcohol. Then mother came to us. She caught us gossiping, and warned that if we didn't study, she would punish us. Mother went to the kitchen. She was making snacks for the guest. Daddy was busy talking to his friend. Mother came to our room again as we were talking loudly. She said to us, "Please be attentive to your gossips", instead of saying, "Please be attentive to your studies". We had a good laugh which made her angry.

Our room was closer to the drawing room. So, we could hear the voice of my daddy and the guest. At a time, daddy called us to the drawing room. We both went there. The guest asked us about our studies and our lives. We replied to him gently. Then the guest asked my brother to translate a sentence in English. He was asked the sentence in Assamese: "*Dhunia ajoni dhunia suwali*". I quickly replied, "Beautiful is a beautiful girl!" The guest corrected that it's not "Beautiful is a beautiful girl" but it's "Dhunia is a beautiful girl". I felt ashamed and ran away from there. Then after a little while, the electricity went out. I and my brother were in our room. Mother was in the kitchen. She ran to the drawing room and asked daddy, "Where is the gun?" There was an awkward silence. Infact, she wanted to ask about the torch-light but instead of torch-light, the word 'gun' came out from her mouth! Daddy wondered what had happened to mother! Now, she felt ashamed and excused herself. All of us had a hearty laugh! □□

UNCLE'S TOOTH

RUPAMONI BHARALI



One of our uncles, namely Anil Dutta is a very cheerful man, who entertains us a lot. Their family has a cattle farm. The farm is far from their house. So, my uncle used to go to his farm by bicycle regularly. The story is about one evening, when my uncle had returned from his cattle farm, he fell from his bicycle. He lost his implanted (false) front tooth! It was very dark outside so; he couldn't find his tooth. After a long time, he arrived at our home. Everyone started to laugh at his condition. My father-in-law asked him about the incident and queried where he had lost his tooth. He told us about the incident and said to us that his wife didn't know about his implanted tooth. We found it very funny! Then, he sadly went to his house.

The next morning, he came to our house, covering his face with a face mask and a monkey-cap! We laughed at his new attire. He told us miserably that his wife had scolded him a lot and cursed her own destiny for marrying him! He tried to search for his implanted tooth one final time in the place where he had lost it, but didn't find it. So, at last, he had to implant his tooth again! □□

THE MYSTERY OF LUNCH

BABY TAMULI



It happened about a year ago. Our household currently comprises of my mother, father, and myself. Having graduated from college, I had been at home for a few months, accompanied by my niece Riya, who is now in the seventh grade. Despite her being my niece, everyone refers to her as my sister. One of her notable traits is her tendency to quickly forget things. If I ask her to bring something from the shop, she often returns with something else, only to be teased by my family. As I spent more time at home, she became an integral part of our household. On days when I am at home and my father doesn't go to work, my mother tends to be late in preparing breakfast and lunch, as she devotes more time to work on such days.

One day, my father didn't go to work, so my mother had breakfast in the morning and went to work, assuming lunch was already prepared by my father or Riya, as she was in our house that day. This routine continued until 3:30 pm. Unconcerned, my mother presumed lunch was ready since it had been cooked earlier. After my mother washed her hands, she called us to the dining room for lunch.

Dad, Riya, and I gathered at the dining table. I intended to assist my mother and poured water into the jug. Suddenly, my mother emerged from the kitchen, laughing heartily. The three of us were surprised, unaware of the reason for her sudden laughter. She called us to the kitchen; my mother revealed that there was only enough lunch for one person, which amused us further. Our laughter intensified, even as our hunger grew, leaving us no time to cook a meal again.

We had no other option but to share what we had among the four of us. Not a single grain of rice was left in any of the bowls. Despite everyone enjoying the meal, hunger lingered. Riya slowly remarked, 'Sometimes we enjoy such meals, don't we?' Her words prompted laughter from all of us. Since that day, my father continues to tease Riya about it. □□

JYOTI'S STORY

JINTU KALITA



This is my cousin Jyoti's story. My uncle's name is Ramesh and he lived in a village with his family. He had two children. The girl's name is Jyoti. Both the children were studying. The girl was in the second grade but she was not very good in her studies. There was a fish and meat seller in the village named Suryakant. The villagers affectionately called him Surya.

A few days later, Jyoti went to the market with her father. In the market, her father called Suryakant ('Surya') and bought fish and meat from him and returned home.

Then, Jyoti's first exam started at school. She had Assamese subject on the first day of her exam and she had already received the question paper. She enjoyed looking at the question paper because she thought it was not too difficult. She finished her exam and went home in good spirits.

After the exam, the teacher was now distributing the answer scripts to the students in the classroom. When it was time to give Jyoti's answer script, Madam called her with a smile and said, "Answer this question, tell me, "Suryai amaaak ki diye?" (What does the Sun give us?). Jyoti didn't think much, suddenly she remembered the butcher in her village and answered the question enthusiastically, "Suryai amaaak mas aru mankho diye!" (The Sun gives us fish and meat.)

All the students laughed with the teacher in the classroom. □□

A PICNIC COMEDY

ALOKA TAYE



It was a day in 2021 when I was studying in Joysagar College, in Sivasagar. Patiri is a very good friend of mine. One day, all the Mising students of our college planned a small picnic on the banks of Joysagar Pond. Since the picnic was to be held the next day, Patiri invited me to her house so that we could go together.

There was a ceremony at her grandmother's house that day, and her parents brought us chicken soup with dough from the ceremony. The food was very tasty, and we both ate the food with glee. In the middle of the night, we both had stomach pains, so we ate lemon pickles. In the morning, we felt a little better and went for the picnic.

After arriving at the picnic site, we both started having stomach pains again. Although my rented room was near the college, it was a little far from our picnic spot. We both decided not to eat anything. I decided to wait for a while because I thought my friends would be upset, but we both had stomach pains that got worse. We couldn't wait there any longer.

There was an army camp near the picnic spot, and we went there in search of a bathroom. When I asked a soldier if was a bathroom in the campsite, he pointed to a bus. We both came back upset. Our stomach pain was getting worse. We both ran back to our rooms. She went to the bathroom first. I was worse off because she took too long. I couldn't wait any more and hurried to the bathroom next door. After I left the bathroom, the owner of the next room locked the door and went to college. Now we had only one bathroom between us. We were both in such a bad condition that we both went to the same bathroom one after another!

After our unfortunate condition, we went back to the picnic area and saw that everyone was dancing joyously after having their meals. We both couldn't catch up because of our problems. It was very late in the evening. □□

MY ABSENT-MINDED MOTHER

PRARTHANA GOGOI



Last year something really funny happened. It was a Sunday morning; my mom was getting ready to go to the nearest market. I gave her a five hundred rupee note and a bazaar list too. Suddenly she stopped and looked very worried.

"Oh no!" she said.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"I can't find the note! Where has the note gone?" she yelled.

She thought that she had lost the note and she was worried that my dad might get angry. She started moving about the house, looking for the note.

I noticed that she was holding the note in her left hand and unknowingly, she was roaming around the house searching for the note.

"Mom!" I said.

"Not now!" she said, again rummaging the house.

"Uh, Mom!" I said again.

"What?" she stopped and looked at me with an angry face.

"The note is in your left hand." I said.

My mother looked at her hand, and there it was! She was so relieved and my brother and I could not stop laughing! □□

ORANGE UNCLE

CHITRALI MOUSUMI CHETIA



I have an uncle whom I call "Komola Nisha" (Orange uncle) and we, the cousins, have a very funny incident to tell related to him. A few years ago, in a chilly winter morning, we were running about in a field while taking our cattle to their grazing spot. One of my cousins suggested that we should go to collect some oranges from our uncle's orange tree that was amidst their tea garden. It was that time of the year when the orange trees were full of ripe oranges hanging from the branches.

We, the cousins, devised a plan that we would enter the garden like Gorkha soldiers, crawling under the tea trees to reach the orange tree. It was decided that our youngest cousin would remain outside the garden as a guard to let us know if anyone was coming towards the garden. After crawling for about thirty meters, we were finally below the orange tree. Trying to keep our bodies hidden as much as we can under the tea trees, we together started to shake the orange tree. The ripe oranges started to fall down.

At that time, uncle was feeding his cattle in the backyard. He suddenly stood up to look at the orange tree when he noticed a few oranges rolling towards him. He shouted, "Oi oi!", and on hearing his voice we stopped shaking the tree. We collected the oranges which were near us and started crawling back. However, we had to stop because he came running towards us shouting our names. We hid behind the tea trees, but uncle caught us.

He took us to his home. Aunty prepared breakfast for us and uncle brought all the oranges for us. We all thought that the incident had turned out in our favor. Unaware of what was awaiting us, we all giggled, thanking uncle for the oranges. Uncle said, "Go and sit in the courtyard." We went there and sat on the ground. Uncle distributed the oranges equally to the five of us and said, "Finish eating these oranges now, if you want to go home." The youngest one of us wailed, "*Nisha...* It was not me. They forced me to carry out the plan. I didn't even touch the tree... Please let me go... I cannot eat so many oranges, that too in the morning!"

Uncle shushed us and retorted, "*Parisili nohoi, guteikhini kha atiya!*" (Weren't you the ones to pluck the oranges, so eat now!)

We could tell that he was punishing us for our act. After that day, we never dared to look at his orange tree. Till date he teases us saying, "*Oi komola khabi aah!*" (Hey, come and have some oranges!) □□

RIYAN'S FIRST HAIRCUT

NIKHITA TALUKDAR



This year, when I went home during Puja vacation, I got to know that my parents were planning to visit my uncle's place. When we arrived there, we came to know that my uncle's son Riyan, who is three years old, would have his first hair cutting ceremony. There I witnessed something strange which is meant to be funny.

As a meek child, one is likely to be afraid of strangers when it comes to interacting with them. Being aware of that, my uncle decided not to let his son know that they are going to shave his hair soon and that too by a barber, who happens to be a stranger for him. In due course of time, to shave his son's hair, my uncle called the barber. Accordingly, the barber started to shave Riyan's hair. After getting the job half done, to everyone's surprise, Riyan suddenly saw his hair being chopped off completely by a stranger. Everyone present there, including me, knew what Riyan's reaction would be! He started to cry and then ran to the room with half shaved hair. He never showed up to complete his haircut. Eventually, the barber had to leave without fully shaving Riyan's hair.

After the barber left, we all tried to please Riyan and convinced him to shave his hair completely. We tried our best to convince him and we also promised to offer him chocolates and sweets if he agreed to do so. Eventually, he agreed to our proposal and became ready to go to the salon with my uncle to shave his hair completely. □□

THE REAL FACT

PABITRA CHUNGKRANG



My uncle was a fun loving and friendly person. He used to wake up at dawn. He finished his daily work before 5.00 am every day. However, he was too talkative and hasty in every work. Therefore, people called him 'Rajdhani Express'.

Once during the time of Bihu, he woke up at 3.00 am. He opened all the doors and windows of the house and stepped out. Suddenly he saw something, and shouted, "Ghost! Ghost! Save me!"

He entered the home with a frightened face and told us that he had seen a ghost near the papaya tree. All other members of our family woke up immediately and we too, were very afraid. We rushed outside and asked uncle where the ghost was. My uncle pointed out towards the papaya tree. When my father looked at the tree he laughed because there was no ghost. Actually, there was a human like structure which is known as Scarecrow. It was placed there to protect the crops from the crows and vermin.

All of us were amused and laughed at his fear! He was very ashamed and left the place hurriedly. □□

MY BROTHER AS THE WEDDING DOWRY

DEBOSHREE SENCHOWA



In 2011 when I was 15 years old, my brother was 10 years old. The funny incident which I am about to tell, happened on my elder sister's wedding day. My brother's name is Anuraag and we called him Tapu fondly. Tapu was very excited on our sister's wedding day. The wedding day was a busy one with lots of guests coming to our home. Tapu was excited all day long and he was very tired, so he soon fell asleep. When the groom came at around 10 o'clock, my brother was deep in sleep.

He was unaware of everything that was happening outside. The rituals were carried out accordingly and the marriage was completed. We sent away our sister with heavy hearts. After an hour, my brother woke up. He saw that all the people were gone and he went around asking why the people had already gone. "Did you bid farewell to our sister?" he cried out to mother. Mother was a bit sad, but hearing his cry, she couldn't help but laugh. She said, "Yes, your sister has gone to her house with your brother-in-law." "But Mom, I told you yesterday I will be going with her as a *Joutuk*", Tapu said innocently. '*Joutuk*' means dowry in Assamese language. Everyone near him started laughing, but he kept on crying and insisting that they should send him as a *Joutuk*!

This incident was very funny for us. □□

AUNT'S SMARTPHONE

YESMIN BEGUM



It is an incident of the year 2010. Around then, I was only ten years old. But I still remember this incident vividly. An uncle of mine, who was a farmer, had married a girl from a village named Shingibil. They didn't have any smartphone then. So once, when my aunt went to her mother's home, she asked her parents to buy her a smartphone. She said that it would be easier for her to stay in touch with them. She did make a valid point and got a new phone; but before this, she hadn't ever used a smartphone. When she returned back, she showed her phone to everyone in our uncle's family and they were also very excited to see a smartphone for the first time.

The day after, her phone rang. It was a call from her parents. Aunt took the phone and walked around the house; she thought that the phone would speak on its own and then she would be able to talk; but to her dismay, the phone only rang! She assumed that as it was the first call, the phone would only ring that day and speak the next day! The next day, the phone rang again and the same scene reoccurred as the previous day. Some days later, aunt went to visit a relative of ours. She had her phone with her. When she arrived at the house, the phone rang. She left it unattended in her bag. But she felt that the phone might ring again and in anger, she kept it on a table and went to the kitchen. The child of the relative saw the phone ringing. He took the call and gave the phone to aunt. Aunt heard voices coming from the phone. She was overcome with excitement and started talking over the phone. She complained to her father on the call, "What phone did you buy for me? I haven't heard a thing from it these days, it only rings! This is the first time I have heard

you."Her father answered that it might be due to a network issue at her house. Not thinking hard, she accepted it as a plausible reason.

The next day, the phone rang again. She took the phone and walked everywhere near the house in search of network and ended up reaching the riverside! But the phone didn't work. She was agitated. When uncle returned home at night, aunt told him that the phone probably needed repairing. He agreed to take her to a mobile phone repairing shop the next day. As decided, they went to a shop. She told the technician that the phone only rings and no voice from the other end can be heard. Following her details, the technician checked the phone but found no issue with it. The man then dialed my aunt's number from his phone.He asked her to take the call and move a little further from the shop and see if she can hear his voice. She took the phone, but did not receive the call, and moved a little further. She waited with the phone in her hand and gestured that she couldn't hear a thing from it. He called her back and took the phone again. Suddenly, he burst out in laughter. Both aunt and uncle were confused at his sudden reaction. The technician looked at their puzzled faces and said, "You haven't received the call," and showed her how to do it. He also taught them the basics of using a smartphone. My aunt awkwardly said, "The entire time, I thought that the phone was bad. Today, I have finally learned to use it!"

She mastered it and presently, she is very proficient at using WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and different digital applications! □□

GRANDMA AND HINDI CHANNEL

JUGAMAYA PHUKON



I am a resident of Konwarpur in Sivasagar district. I have my younger brother, parents, uncles and grandparents in my home. It's a joint family. We all live together with love and harmony. We have many fond memories. Our grandma loved us very much. Although she was educated, she didn't know much about mobile phones and television. She bought a TV set only for us (my brother and me). But my grandma only let us watch Assamese news, serials and movies; she also watched the same with us. She didn't like Hindi channels. She didn't allow us to watch TV when we turned on those channels. My grandma was loving but very strict as well.

One day, we, the siblings were sitting together and watching a Hindi movie on TV. Suddenly grandma came to the room to watch TV. She told us to change the channel and play an Assamese channel. My brother had an idea. He said to grandma that our sister is in the movie. One of my sisters was studying in Delhi at that time. So, grandma believed him and sat down to watch the movie with us. She wanted to watch her granddaughter on TV. She was watching the movie only to watch her granddaughter. She became impatient and asked, "Where is she? I haven't seen her till now!" My brother told her that she had just been seen in a scene on the TV and we all saw her. Grandma watched the movie attentively again. This is how the movie ended and grandma thought that she hadn't seen her granddaughter herself. Grandma watched the whole Hindi movie for the love of her granddaughter and we also enjoyed the movie cunningly! □□

SHARP LISTENERS

SUSMITA DAS



We have different kinds of people in our family, they possess one typical trait or the other; one of them is my beloved uncle. He is deaf but he does not like it when someone talks loudly to him.

One day, one of my aunts came to our home, she is also deaf. But they don't know about each other. When I saw them talking to each other very nicely, I went there and tried to listen to them.

Uncle: When did you come?

Aunt: I had tea.

Uncle: You had tea?

Aunt: I have two children.

Uncle: I think it's going to rain.

Aunt: One is in Class II; the other one is in Class VI.

They were laughing and talking, as if they understood each other!

I was laughing a lot while listening to their conversation. □□

THE PIZZA STORY

MONURANJAN KALITA



Today I am going to share my grandfather's story. He is a cheerful old man with a wrinkled face and grey hair. He also has hearing issues. His name is Khageswar Kalita. He lives in a remote village far from the city with my uncle's family. He doesn't have any idea about the urban lifestyle. He never visited any city in his entire life till date. One day we took him to the city with us. He was mesmerized when he saw the scenario of the city. This was the first time for him in the city in his entire life. We took him to a restaurant with us. Here I am going to share the conversation between the waiter and my grandfather.

Waiter: What do you want to order,sir?

Grandfather: My name is Khageswar Kalita. (He has hearing issues)

Waiter: No sir,I am asking for your order.

(I explained to my grandfather what the waiter was saying)

Grandfather: (Pointing towards a picture on the menu) I want this.

Waiter: Ok sir! You want pizza.

(Then the waiter served us with the order)

After seeing the order, my grandfather was very confused, because he hadn't seen a pizza in his entire life. So, he didn't know how to eat it. At first, he started to eat all the toppings- the corn, capsicums, olives, mushroom. After that he took a slice of the pizza,but he couldn't eat it because of cheese. So, he mixed up everything with his hand and started to eat. Finally, he ate it like a chapati!

Grandpa's trial with the pizza amused us and we enjoyed it very much! □□

THE HEAVIEST MATTRESS EVER

MONI GOPAL HATIMURIA



We all experience funny moments in our lives, I, too, had experienced one. It was the year 2021, when I went to my cousin's house during summer vacation. In my uncle's house, all of our cousins gather monthly and it has been a custom since childhood in our family. Oneday, all of us, the cousins, decided to have a movie-party night and cook some delicious chicken. My uncle and aunt weren't home, so all of us had our fill of tender meat as much as possible. One of my cousin's ate a lot of meat and later complained of stomach ache. At night when we were sleeping, to our dismay, he vomited in the bed where we were sleeping! I was shocked and was very afraid that my uncle would punish us. So, I decided to wash the mattress of the bed. As I washing the mattress it was becoming heavier and heavier as the mattress was absorbing the water. Finally, it became so heavy that while lifting it I fell down with a thud! My cousins laughed a lot at my situation. When my uncle and aunt returned home, they scolded me and my cousins and called us fools! I still smile when I remember the hilarious incident.□□

THE PRANK OF FAKE NOTES

RINKI TANTI



One day, while walking down the bustling streets of my town, I noticed a 500 rupee note lying on the ground. My heart skipped a beat at the sight of it. I looked around hesitantly, wondering if it belonged to someone nearby. Assured as to no one claiming it, I decided to pick it up, albeit shamefully, hoping no one would notice!

As I bent down to pick up the note, I felt a dozen eyes on me. I quickly pocketed the note and tried to act nonchalant. But to my surprise, when I later examined the note, I realized it was a fake! I couldn't believe my luck or rather, the lack of it!

The next day, when I shared this incident with my friends, they burst into laughter. It turned out that they had noticed me picking up the note and had been suppressing their laughter all along. The incident of the fake 500 rupee note became a hilarious memory that we still laugh about to this day.

HOLI PRANK

Last year during Holi, me and my siblings planned to carry out a prank on our uncle, we collected some water in a bucket and mixed the Holi colours in it. Uncle was going to market so we hide beside the door, waiting for him to come home from market.

When we saw our uncle arriving thereby opening the door, we came out and we accidentally threw the whole of the coloured water along with the bucket on him. The bucket hit my uncle's head and he fell down unconscious because it was a steel bucket! We got a good thrashing from our parents that day.

The failed prank is a memorable incident for us and will linger in our minds for time to come!□□

MY FUNNY UNCLE

SAMIRON BHAGAWATI



My uncle, Mr. Hitesh Baruah, is fond of travelling. He used to visit places outside Assam once a year. He is a talkative, friendly and a jolly person. Though he is short-tempered, he is kind. Recently he went to Puri, Odisha with some of our neighbors. He saw some beautiful bouquet of flowers there and wanted to buy one of them.

He approached the shop and asked the vendor, "What is the price of the bouquet?"

Vendor replied, "It costs 'saath' (sixty in Hindi) rupees, do you want it?"

Uncle thought that the price was seven rupees. He replied quickly, "Yes...Yes, I need ten bouquets". Then he started to examine the bouquets minutely and spent almost one hour to finalize it.

After doing so he asked the vendor- "The total price will be Rs 70, isn't it?"

The vendor wondered and said, "How will it be seventy? One bouquet cost sixty rupees (saath rupees)."

"Oh no! I need only one", Uncle replied.

The vendor got irritated and packed one bouquet.

After returning home, uncle described the incident to us and said, "I know Hindi very well, but I had created the scene intentionally!" (Actually, he didn't know how to speak Hindi properly!). "I have the capacity to buy the whole shop. Next time, when I visit Puri, I shall buy all the flower bouquets and will sell them here by charging a high price! Then only, the vendor will realize who am I!"

We all laughed at his way of expressing the incident and his humorous gestures. □□

MY FORGETFUL GRANDFATHER

HIMADRI DOWARI



Life is full of tragedy and comedy. Yet, these events sometimes make us laugh. Now I am going to tell you an incident that happened in my mother's life. The time was around 2002 when I was a 7-8 months old baby. We had a joint family at that time. We lived with our grandparents. My grandfather had a tendency of forgetting things as he was quite old in age. One day my mother left me with my grandfather, for work, when I was sleeping and gave my responsibility to my grandfather for the day. Shortly after my mother left for work, I started crying. My grandfather took me up fondly and laid me under the bed and I fell asleep again! He had forgotten all about me, meanwhile. When my mother came back home, she couldn't find me anywhere. She searched everywhere but couldn't find me. She started to panic. She thought that someone had kidnapped me. My father and my uncle went to the police station. Thereafter, I woke up and started crying. Hearing my noise my mother searched everywhere once again, and found me under the bed where my grandfather was sleeping! □□

CONSEQUENCES OF MISPRONUNCIATION

SANJAY MILI



My uncle is a business man. He is the owner of a wood factory. But he doesn't have sufficient knowledge about today's technologies, electronic gadgets or the social media. He knows very little about these things. He knows how to use WhatsApp. But the funniest thing is he can't pronounce the word "WhatsApp" correctly. He pronounces "WhatsApp" as "Workshop". When he says "Workshop" he doesn't mean the place where goods are manufactured or repaired, but he actually means "WhatsApp," the digital application!

One Sunday morning, my uncle was at home. He didn't go to the factory because it was his day of rest. Suddenly a customer called him. The customer mentioned that he had to repair broken furniture of his home. My uncle told him, "I will have to see the furniture to repair it. Show me the broken part of the furniture in Workshop." (He meant WhatsApp!)

The customer thought that my uncle had asked him to take the furniture to uncle's workshop/factory. So, he decided to take the furniture to the workshop in the afternoon.

In the afternoon, the customer called my uncle and said: "Brother, I have brought the furniture to the workshop."

My uncle thought that the customer had sent the pictures of the broken furniture on WhatsApp. My uncle simply replied: "But I have not received it yet."

The customer said: "I am at your Workshop, but your workshop is closed."

Again, my uncle said: "No, my Workshop is open since the morning!"

The customer said: "But I can't see you in the Workshop!"

My uncle replied again: "I also haven't seen you in Workshop."

The customer got angry and said to my uncle: "Are you making a prank on me?"

My uncle also replied angrily: "No, you must be doing a prank on me."

The customer said: "You liar!"

My uncle also retorted: "No, you are a liar!"

Thus, the mispronunciation of the word "WhatsApp", created misunderstanding between them and it led to a small argument.

Later, my uncle realized his fault and apologized to the customer, and repaired the broken furniture in the actual WORKSHOP, the factory! □□

MY UNCLE AND SANDALS

JYOTISHA YEIN



One day, my uncle went to the market. While he was walking, the ribbon of his left sandal tore down. He thought that he would buy a new sandal from the market since he was on the way to the market. He saw a footwear shop in the market. He entered the footwear shop and asked for a sandal.

Uncle: Babu, give me a left-foot sandal; it must match the sandal I am wearing!

Shopkeeper: Uncle, I can give you a pair of sandals. But I can't give you only one sandal.

Uncle: Babu, I have only one damaged sandal. I need only one sandal.

The people who came to the shop laughed at uncle after listening to him.

Shopkeeper: Sorry uncle, I can't sell you only one sandal!

Uncle got angry and said-

You are an idiot. I came here to buy a sandal from your shop. And you can't sell a single sandal?

Uncle went out from the shop in anger. Then he saw a fruit stall. He entered the stall and bought some oranges. When he reached home, he gave the oranges to his wife. After resting for some time, uncle and aunt took out the oranges to eat. But when they peeled the oranges, they saw that there were no oranges; the so-called oranges were round saffron-hued lemons which look almost same as oranges! Both of them had a hearty laugh at my uncle's folly! □□

THE PRETTY GIRL

ANKITA DAS



One day I and my elder brother went to a wedding reception; there, we saw a beautiful girl. She was continuously staring at my brother. When my brother noticed that the girl was staring at him constantly, he was shocked and he asked me if I knew the girl. But I didn't know anything about the girl.

At that time, in our family we were discussing about my brother's marriage. When we saw the beautiful girl in the wedding reception, I thought that she will be perfect for my brother. I asked my brother, "How is she?" He replied, "She looks good and she must be from a decent family." So, I asked him again, "Can I go there and enquire about her thoughts on marrying you?"

My brother replied smilingly, "Yes, you can ask the girl about her notion of marriage!" Suddenly, the girl came to us and asked my brother firmly, "Do you know me?" He replied, "No, I don't know you." The girl asked my brother again, "Then, why are you staring at me from the last one hour?" My brother was shocked and felt ashamed. In order to save himself, he slowly replied, "You look like my cousin, that's why I was looking at you!"□□

THE SARKARI HOTEL

SAMIKHA NATH



Sheehan, one of my younger nephews, was always taken to school by his father on the motorbike. One day, his father took him to a hotel after school. As he had a credit there, he did not pay the bill that day. Sheehan took a close note of it. Sheehan started going to that hotel every day after school, ate there, and then left cheerfully without paying the bill. The hotel owner noted down his bill in his father's credit book. It had been going on for half a month. One day, the hotel owner informed Sheehan that he was hoping to see his father. When his father met the hotel owner the following day, he was informed that Sheehan was the reason for which his credit amount/debt had crossed its limits.

In the evening, Sheehan's father enquired that he always used to receive twenty rupees as pocket money. So, why did he always have to go to that hotel to eat, and where had all of his money gone? In response, Sheehan said that he saw that his father had not paid the bill that day. He therefore believed the hotel to be a *Sarkari* Hotel (Government run hotel), where he would not be required to pay his bill and they could provide the meal at no cost! Furthermore, he kept his piggy bank filled with all of his pocket money! We simply chuckle endlessly whenever someone in our family tells us this tale.□□

MY FATHER'S MIRROR

ANINDITA DOWARI



It is a story of almost about twenty years ago, when my father used to ride a Hero cycle and travelled every where on it. We have a farml and at Naphuk, which is about 6 km away from my hometown, Sonari. We have a tea garden and a fishery there. My father used to go there, when he had days off from work, to see if everything was well-maintained by the labourers.

It was Sunday, and a holiday. My father thought of going to Naphuk, so we woke up early in the morning. He gathered his shaving equipments and went to his favourite and permanent place for shaving. He used to keep the cycle in our verandah. There was a hook in the front of the cycle where he hung a medium sized mirror for shaving his beard. He shaved his face clean and took a bath. He got ready and went out riding on his cycle to the farmland. After riding a few kilometres, he noticed that people alongside the road were smiling. He was confused and wondered if something was wrong with these people smiling like that, without any reason. Not aware of anything, he rode towards his destination. However, he couldn't stop thinking about the people smiling. A thought struck his mind and he suddenly stopped the cycle by the roadside. He checked himself if he was dressed properly or if there was anything stuck on his face! Then he assured himself that there was nothing wrong about him for them to smile like that.

He again started to ride and came to a stop at the market place to meet his friends. He noticed that his friends too looked at him curiously and started to laugh at him, looking at one another's faces. His friends were screaming with laughter. It was high time that my father lost his temper and asked them, "What has happened to all of you? Why are you all laughing like fools? People alongside the road were also laughing, what is wrong with everyone today? Have you all gone insane or what?"

One of his friends came up to him and said, "Don't be angry my friend, there is nothing wrong with us. Do you want to know why we are laughing? Come with me, I will show you." He pointed his finger towards the cycle. His friends asked him why he had hung the mirror there. My father felt very shy, his face reddened and all his anger vanished with a beautiful smile and a lifelong memory. □□

THE LOUDEST FART EVER

PARTHA PROTIM DAS



A wise man said once, "If nobody farts in public, they are doing something boring."

Let me take you to a flashback. During our college days, wherever there was a wedding reception in our neighbourhood we three, two of my friends and I never missed giving a blast to the wedding couple. The word 'blast' was well exerted by us.

My friends were the chubbiest and tallest lads in the village. They could eat a lot and often suffered from gastritis, which often made them fart out loud!

It was the day when we three went to a wedding in BhekuliKhuwa Gaon, Jorhat. Actually, it was an uninvited wedding that we had sneaked into slyly. As soon as we reached the wedding gate, we hastily entered to the reception room and voraciously ate each of the dishes. It was a delicious feast! Everything was going alright until the funniest scene was witnessed by the people present at the wedding.

After coming out from the reception room, we spent a while sitting with the music band. Suddenly, I smelled something foul, indeed it smelled like radish!

I asked the tubbiest one, "Are you farting?" He said, "No!" He blamed an older man sitting behind us. Again, another odourless one was let out by someone. It was really disgusting! It continued for a while. Then, I noticed my tubbiest friend that he did not seem to be doing well. He was sweating profusely. "Are you okay?" I asked. He told me that there was something knocking at his bum; actually, he felt like taking a crap. I replied, "So, you are the farting culprit!" He nodded his head, "Yup, it was me."

Then I suggested that he might do the same task that we did in school. In school days, whenever we felt like taking a crap, we punched a few punches on our bums to hold nature's call. We believed that if it was 1.00 p.m., if we punched three times on our bum, our bowel movement would last up to 4 p.m. ($1+3=4$). He did exactly the same thing; it

was 7.00 p.m. and he just hit a couple of punches on his bum, and he thought that his feeling to take a crap would hold up until 9.00p.m! But destiny wanted something ridiculous. The older man sitting behind us was holding a microphone; suddenly, he went out and left the microphone turned on, pointing towards us, on his chair. After hitting the second punch on his bum, my tubby friend could hold on no longer! He let out a 10-second musical fart along with its composition! A pin-drop silence of a few seconds followed, and before I could utter something, he blew another burst of volcano (much louder than the previous one) we had ever heard! All the people present at the wedding started laughing their guts out till he turned red with shame. The father of the bride gave us a disgusting look, and we came out immediately of the wedding venue! □□

WHEN I WAS DREAMING

GITARTHI GOGOI

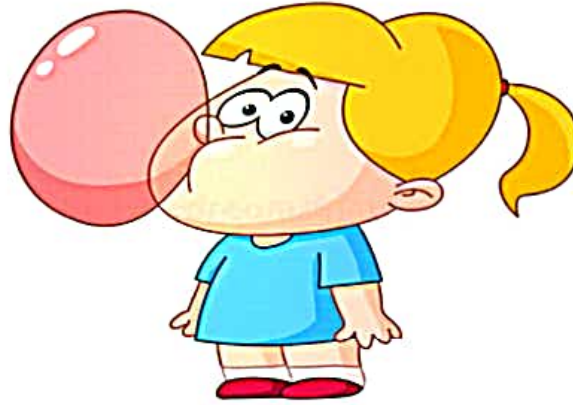


It was about that time when I was in class IX. Sumon is my cousin and Bandita is my friend. One evening, I called Bandita over the phone to discuss about our class test. We talked a lot about our homework, assignment, class test and so on. That evening Sumon invited me to play Ludo with him. After talking with Bandita and bidding her adieu, I went to Sumon's room and played Ludo with him. I felt very sleepy around 7 p.m. So, I went to my room and laid down. At about 9 o'clock my mother came to my room and woke me up to have dinner. I woke up and sat on the bed when I heard my mother's voice. I was still a little sleepy. I quickly got up from the bed and stood up. I went out from the room mumbling that 'I am going to Bandita's room'.

My mother couldn't stop laughing after seeing my action as Bandita's house is located very far away. My brother also started laughing along with my mother. They observed me walking sluggishly for some time and asked me, "Where are you going?" I became very embarrassed to see them laugh. And from that day on, my brother always teases me by saying, 'Let's go to Bandita's room!' □□

THE CRAZE OF CENTER FRUIT

SHILPISHIKHA GOGOI



This is the story of my elder sister, whose name is Barbie. A funny incident happened to her when she was in the seventh standard. It was 2008 then. A new variety of chewing gum called Center fruit was launched in the market and it became very popular among children. We ate Center fruit quite a lot and blew it up like a balloon in our mouths! My sister did exactly the same and her consumption of Center fruit was increasing day by day.

She went to school on a bicycle as the distance from our home to the school was not much. One day, when she was going to school on her bicycle, she chewed Center fruit and got so engrossed in chewing the gum, that she removed her hand from the handle of the bicycle and grabbed the chewing gum as it started to fall off her mouth while blowing it. While doing so, she fell into a roadside puddle, full of water, along with the bicycle. She came to her senses and was quite embarrassed at her own action. The people around looked at her in dismay, and came to help. In the meantime, one of her teachers came there and saw her lying in the puddle and asked what had happened to her. It was very awkward for her to tell how she fell into the muddy puddle, so she lied that her leg had slipped from the pedal and that's why she fell into the pool. Then she slowly got up from the puddle of water with the help of the teacher.

My sister's craze for Center fruit chewing gum reduced from that day onwards and we still laugh at the incident! □□

MY GRANDFATHER'S PHONE

PRANJAL DEHINGIA



I live in a rural village in Sivasagar district. Our family consists of six members including myself, my parents, brother and grandparents. My parents, brother and I are well educated but my grandfather had no formal education. My grandfather is an old-fashioned man. He is about eighty years old. He is unfamiliar with the world of modernity and globalization.

Everyone in our house had a mobile phone but my grandfather didn't have one. To be honest, he had no knowledge of mobile phones. He was not even curious about how to use it or what its advantages are. My father bought my grandfather a new mobile phone on a special day. Since my grandfather did not know how to use mobile phones, my brother and I adjusted the settings of his mobile and saved some familiar phone numbers in the mobile phone so that he would not have any difficulty in this regard.

When grandfather received the mobile phone, he took care to learn about it. While learning, he accidentally clicked into some numbers and people on the receiver's end were flabbergasted as grandfather didn't say anything! He was busy with some work with the phone and didn't know that he had to answer the call! There is no count of how many people's curses we had to listen to!

Now everything is going well by the grace of God. We don't have to listen to anyone. My grandfather is also able to use his mobile phone. Now he is a modern man! □□

SLEEPWALKER'S DREAM

PALLABI BORUAH

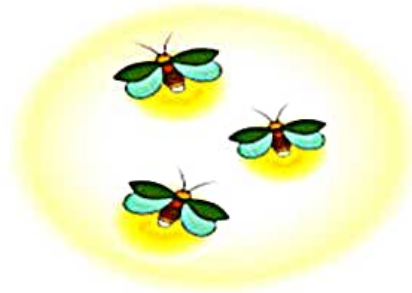


There was an incident in our home on the occasion of "*Na Khua*" (An Assamese traditional ritual related to harvesting of crops). That day two of our relatives, both brothers, had come to visit us and stayed for a night. During the night both of them were sleeping together. We didn't know that both of them had a habit of sleep talking and sleep walking! That night, at around 10:00 pm, we all went to our rooms to sleep. At mid night, we heard a voice from their room. We heard one of them talking with someone regarding no credit amount approved in grocery shop! And that he was scolded by the grocery shop owner due to inconvenient credit at the shop! At the same time the other person was walking towards the corridor of our home. We were terrified at first, but then we took it in good sense, had a good laugh and went to sleep.

In the morning, we all noticed an open umbrella in front of the main door of our house. We were all surprised! The brothers had also woken up and looked at us sheepishly due to the night's incident! When we asked them about the umbrella, one of them said that he had opened the umbrella at night because he had dreamt that it was raining and he didn't want to get wet! We all laughed hard and long at their funny antics. □□

FUNNY MOMENTS OF LIFE

SANTANA HAZARIKA



(1)

My uncle has a son, whose name is Ritu. He was about three years old. One summer night, the stars were shining in the sky. It was a hot day and we were all sitting in the yard. Ritu was also sitting with us. He saw the stars in the sky and asked his father to bring him a star. His father jokingly said that he would bring him one.

Three days passed. He always asked his father about the stars and his father always told him that he would bring it the next day. When his father did not bring him any star, one day he objected and pestered his father to bring a star to him and then, he began to cry. Everyone in the house tried to comfort him and told him that they would bring him a star, but he didn't stop crying. Observing the situation, his father came up with an idea.

In the evening, his father caught a fire fly and put it in a bottle and told him that this was the star that he wanted! Since he was a little boy, he thought that the fire fly was a star and started to play with the bottle!

(2)

A few years ago, one of our relative's mothers went to visit her daughter's house. The society was not very developed at that time and she wasn't literate. It was the summer time. She went to her daughter's house by bus and got off the bus to buy some sweets. She went into the shop and saw a man selling something in front of the shop. The shopkeeper was selling ice-cream. The lady had seen ice-cream for the first time! She thought that her grandchildren would enjoy eating the cold dessert, so she took four ice-cream cones from the shopkeeper, wrapped them in a handkerchief and put them in her bag!

When she reached her daughter's house, she opened the bag to feed the ice-cream cones to her grandchildren but she saw that there was nothing in the handkerchief and the bag was wet with water! She could not understand what had happened. Then she told the complete story to her grandsons and everyone in the house began to laugh at her. They explained to their grandmother that ice could not be wrapped in a handkerchief and that it starts to melt when it gets warm. Only then she understood the true mystery! □□

(77)

THE JACKFRUIT EATER

PANKHI GOGOI



Our family has many funny stories. We have many members in our family. Although we don't live in the same house yet our houses are located near each other. We never do anything without one another and are quite close.

The story took place on a summer day, eight years ago. It was a hot day, and the jackfruit tree in our house was laden with ripe jackfruits. That day we all arranged to eat jackfruit. At about 2.00 pm we sat down to eat jackfruit. Our youngest uncle has a son. We all call him Babu at home. That day, before eating the jackfruit, he applied oil to his hands to remove the jackfruit bulb. Then he said, "You all eat and I'll wash my hands before eating". We agreed and started eating. After a while we heard a scream from Babu. We all ran to him. We asked him what had happened and he told us that he was a bit injured in the face. We looked closely, and the fact is that when he was pushing the lever of the hand pump to wash his hands, it slipped due to his oily hands and hit him back on the face and chipped his two front teeth in halves! We all advised him, "You need to be taken to the hospital", but he refused and cried, "I will not go to the hospital, I will eat jackfruit and I am absolutely fine." Saying this, he started eating jackfruit with his broken teeth!

Even today, when we all get together and talk about it, we all break out in laughter. This has remained an unforgettable day for us and Babu! □□

**D.EL.ED 3rd Semester (2022-24 batch)
along with Lecturer Mrs Parinita Hazarika**



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