

I miss those days when.....

When gulli-danda and kanche (marbles) were more popular than cricket..

When we always had friends to play aais-paais (I Spy), chhepan-chhepai and pitthoo anytime .

When we desperately waited for 'yeh jo hai jindagi'..

When chitrahaar, vikram-baitaal, dada daadi ki kahaniyaan were so fulfilling

When there was just one tv in every five houses and

When bisleris were not sold in the trains and we were worrying if papas will get back into the train in time or not when they were getting down at stations to fill up the water bottle ...

When we were going to bed by 9.00pm sharp except for the 'yeh jo hai jindagi' day ..

When Holis & Diwalis meant mostly hand-made pakwaans and sweets and moms seeking our help while preparing them ..

When Maths teachers were not worried of our mummys and papas while slapping/beating us ..

When we were exchanging comics and stamps and chacha-chaudaris and billus were our heroes ...

When we were in nanihaals every summer and loved flying kites and plucking and eating unripe mangoes and leechis ...

When one movie every Sunday evening on television was more than asked for and 'ek do *** chaar' and 'Rajni' inspired us ..

When 50 paisa meant at least 10 toffees

When left over pages of the last years notebooks were used for rough work or even fair work .

When 'chelpark' and 'natraaj' were encouraged against 'reynolds and family' ..

When the first rain meant getting drenched and playing in water and mud and making 'kaagaj ki kishtis' ...

When there were no phones to tell friends that we will be at their homes at six in the evening .

When our parents always had 15 paise blue colored 'antardesis' and 5

paise machli wale stamps at home

When we remembered tens of jokes and were not finding 'ice-cream and papa' type jokes foolish enough to stop us from laughing ...

When we were not seeing patakhes on Diwalis and gulaals on Holis as air and noise polluting or allergic agents

The list can be endless.