

FRIDAY WRAP

#3.04.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

3 February 2012



Cape Town Station circa 1950s? (from Internet).

Wrap

- ~ Rap -- to talk., *conversation.*
- ~ a piece of thin, flat bread *that can contain anything* eaten as a sandwich.
- ~ Signaling *the end (ie of a week)*
- ~ *Under wraps – secret.*

Train Stories III

Heels

Recently a colleague and good friend left before me and told me he would see me on the 1726 train.

I arrived on the station with minutes to spare.

Walking through the second carriage I was looking for him when I see this young lady with an incredibly short skirt and six inch heels.

It was at that moment, I realised that the friend I was looking for was not such a good friend and I could actually stop

looking. And I found a seat close to the girl with the short skirt.

Free Train Entertainment. Sorry Anwar, but that young lady had far better legs than you.

Free Train Entertainment

Isn't it strange how some people who should not be doing a certain thing, does it and it is not pretty?

Let me explain.

There are two ladies on the train that should never ever chew in public. I don't know if they have low gums or flappy cheeks but it looks awful when they chew. And why is it always them who are always chewing?

The lady in the morning looks like she is chewing the smallest piece of gum. And she looks as if she is biting it into smaller pieces.

The lady in the evening again, looks like she is chewing those rock balls. You know



Cape Town Station circa 1960s (from Internet).

those huge pieces of sweets we use to eat when we were laities. And it always looks as if it is alive in her mouth and would choke her dead if she tries to swallow it.

Damn, I should not stare. It made me realise too that I should actually watch myself chew in the mirror before I will chew in public again.

Confession Number One

Yes, I have to confess something.

Something stupid.

Okay, it is not so-o bad.

I apologize if you know this story.

I arrived at Crawford Station just on the Athaan for Maghrieb (call to sunset prayer). And, knowing that there is no car to fetch me, I stayed on the other side of the railway line and walked up the road parallel to the railway line knowing there is a hole in the fence at Lawson Road for me to cross the railway line.

When I got there the whole was closed.

Damn.

I could almost see my house but I was more than a kilometre away now. I could

walk to back to Crawford Station or up to Lansdowne Station. Either way was a long way off.

I opted to walk to Lansdowne Station trying to find another hole in the fence and another way over the railway line.

Walk and search. Walk and search.

Nothing. Nada. Zilch.

I had to walk all the way to Lansdowne Station and go through the subway. By this time another three trains had passed.

I was in a dilemma as I did not want to tell my wife about the whole incident but I did not have a valid excuse for coming home a whole hour late. I fobbed it off but admitted to my whereabouts later much to her amusement.

What I don't do to keep my wife entertained.

Rhythm and Cadence

This can only happen in South Africa. Okay, maybe in all of sub-Saharan Africa.

In the morning sometimes when I get to Cape Town Station I am greeted by a whole lot of singing.



Cape Town Station 2011.

And who is singing? Municipal workers going on strike? Malema supporters on their way to Parliament? No, it is actually a group of ladies on their way to work.

Not to say this is a unique group, no. Sometimes the train on its way to Retreat has a whole lot of singing going on too. And it's not only singing, it's hand clapping and foot stomping. You can actually hear the windows vibrating and the whole carriage moving.

Here in South Africa anything can be changed into lyrics of a melodious song to be sung for that occasion. Just ask President Zuma to sing you the song about his machine guns or Malema to sing you the 'freedom' song about 'Kill the Boer!' then you would know that here in the darkest of Africa anything can be sung about.

I remember, when I was young, the Council guys were laying cables in our road, also had a work song. They use to sing, shuffle and stomp with their compactor all in a row. I long time ago

but I remember the cadence and their movement very distinctly.

And when part of the train choir get off the train, the sub-group keeps singing their song as they make their way to work.

Here on Cape Town Station, they have a lady with a bell accompanying them and you can hear the rhythmic bell and the voices long before you see them.

And they do not walk, they have a slow rhythmic shuffle and accompanying hand movements as they make their way out of the station.

I do not see this ever happening in Grand Central Station in New York or Sacramento Railway Station or anywhere in Yemen for that matter. (Do they have trains in Yemen?).

Yes, I do enjoy it.

Here is a case where my African blood is very strong.



Cape Town Station circa 1960s (from Internet).

Travel with the neighbour

My neighbour use to travel with me before she got married, moved away and had three children to date (end January 2012).

We got along like a train on fire when we travelled together as she had a very bizarre sense of humour.

Like the one day we get on the train at Lansdowne and the neighbour and I sit next to each other, opposite another made up lady. I take out my book and she whips out her cell phone.

'Beep beep', I get a message on my cell phone.

The neighbour is SMS'ing me. *'The lady opposite us has very nice bangles, you grab her and hold her down and I will steal her bangles'.*

Yup, funny.

Another time I had the punch line. We were going up the steps in the subway, walking behind a lady with extremely high heels and an extremely tight pants; I mean extremely tight. Saeed, you know

what I mean when I say extremely tight. A nice touch(e), so to speak.

The neighbour whispers to me, 'She is wearing new shoes (because the label is still on the bottom)!.

And I whispered back, 'I wasn't looking at her shoes!!

Announcements

The other day the girl at Crawford Station made an announcement, 'The trains on the Cape Flats line are subject to be late'. 'Subject to be late'? Didn't someone teach you to speak correct English? Did you not went to school? Do you write you own announcements?

That is like confusing 'conscience' and 'conscious'. Like in 'He has no feeling and he does not have a conscious'. Okay and me confusing 'Apologies' and 'Apologize'. Okay I'm human too.

Anyway.

Just when I thought she made a mistake and will repeat the correct announcement, she makes the announcement again.

Yup, you guessed it, wrong again.