

Shaadi -ka- Laddoo .Com

*Chuckling encounters in search
of a suitable groom!*

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Readomania



The Saga of The 3 am Guy

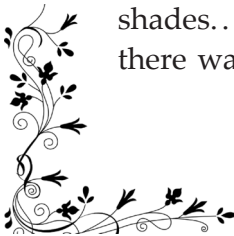
Days flew by and the dosage of Mom's one-liners-aimed-at-emotional-blackmail was sustained at two-three times a day, or as directed by Pummy Aunty.

One lazy Sunday afternoon, the above dosage finally yielded results and I reluctantly agreed to once again sift through the profiles shortlisted by Mom, following her laborious rummaging on *shaadi-ka-laddoo.com*

Here was this one, given a four-star rating by Mom: 38-year-old handsome Punjabi boy, born in Delhi, settled in London, loves to read and seeks a simple, homely Punjabi girl.

Am I homely? I wondered for several minutes but didn't find an answer.

Suneet had a strange *I-am-sorry-to-be-born* look. He had a light, creamy complexion, broad forehead, and a rotund abdomen. He had posted about eight profile pictures on his account: one full size; one seated on a bike; one with an M&S shopping bag; another with his shades... I was irritated and yet I kept scrolling and there was this last one in his high-end gym gear.





'Mom, I don't have a very good feeling about this guy, Suneet,' I tried to warn Mom.

Mom, with raised eyebrows, exclaimed, 'Why, what is wrong with Suneet? I don't see any glaring default in his physical appearance or in his profile. He goes to the gym but I think he must have taken some package deal. Trainers don't focus much on those who take some cheap package. Perhaps, you can help him work on his belly and recommend some *yogasananas*.'

She winked at me as she said the last line. *Unbelievable!*

'Mom, he has a weird, hangdog look on his face,' I protested.

'Leena, don't be too disapproving all the time and that too without even meeting the guy in person. Yogi Satya Shri Guru says: "Let your fingers always point at yourself." Now, come on...get going!'

I accepted the request to connect.

Two hours later, I received a reply and it was the beginning of another *laddoo's* saga.

Suneet: 'Hey Leena, thank you for accepting my request to connect. How are you?'

Me: 'I am fine. How about you?'

Suneet: 'I am good... Do you want to take this chat on the cell? It will be a bit more convenient.'





Navniit Gandhi & Varuna Khullar

Me: 'Hmm...why not.'

The instant we exchanged our numbers, there was a WhatsApp flash.

Suneet: 'Hey, I am Suneet. So much nicer here.'

Me: 'Hey Suneet, Leena here. Yes, I know.'

Suneet: 'Leena, guess both of us are in search of a soul mate and this has brought us to *shaadi-ka-laddoo.com*... So, tell me about yourself.'

The next few messages we exchanged were a repetition of the drill: *what do I do, where was I born, what do I like...*and *blah, blah, blah* from the other end too.

Suneet: 'Can I call you? I feel talking is the best.'

My tired fingers couldn't agree more with his idea!

Two minutes later, we were talking on the phone.

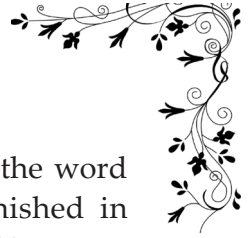
'Hey Leena, thank you for talking with me.'

Thank you? Why is he thanking me? Hey, are you okay?—I wanted to ask, instead I accepted the gratitude, 'Of course.'

'So, you live in Gurgaon? My family is also settled there.'

'Okay, so, do you visit India often?'

'Yes, once every year. In fact, the last year I came down twice.'



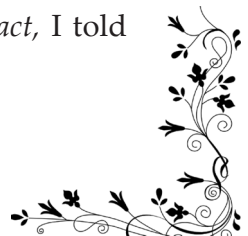
A pause followed. He had emphasised the word *twice* and thereafter seemed to have vanished in thoughts faraway.... 'Hey Suneet, all well? You seem to be lost somewhere.'

'It may sound awkward but in this past one year, I visited two times only to be fooled by a girl. Hey, do not mind but want to ask you if you are sure you want to settle down and not just pass some time—chatting with guys?' He was almost whispering now.

Oh, no! A bruised case! I rubbed my forehead vigorously and uttered a deep, long sigh! 'Of course, I know what I want.'

'You know, these Delhi girls are just too much! Of course, I do not mean you when I refer to the girls from Delhi. They are not sure of what they want in life or I guess, they are sometimes too sure of what they want but we fools—the guys, can never understand what they really want. Can I share something with you?'

I almost opened my mouth to voice my protest on what he had to say for the petite and innocent girls from Delhi, but then decided otherwise on second thoughts. *Why do I need to educate a man I don't know, on the virtues and credibility of us girls from Delhi? Moreover, technically, wasn't Gurgaon outside the boundaries of Delhi? Hence, no need to react,* I told myself.



Talk to Us

Dear Readers,

Were you reminded of a Leena or her Mom in your neighbourhood or family? We would love to read about your similar chuckling encounters and even your feedback on the book.

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Visit us at: www.shaadi-ka-laddoo.com

Pip-pip...

Navniit and Varuna

