

# Help! Stop These Ads...

Sajun

**THESE ADS ARE** breaking up my matrimonial bliss. Before you wonder what advertisements have to do with my marriage, I'll give you a clear picture and then you can tell me if my complaint is unjustified.

I am married to a very nice woman—really a sweet person, well—except when I have had to take her shopping. Then I realised she is not such a nice person. You see she is the most indecisive person, and shopping brought out the worst in her indecisive nature.

"Shall I buy this one or shall I buy that one?", she asks me.

Like the nice guy that I am... I would rush in where angels fear to tread! I'd answer: "this one", and that would trigger off a barrage of protests and arguments against 'this one'. So then like a wise guy I'd say "that one", and as far as I was concerned the decision was made. But my wife tackled this remark with several reasons against 'that one' so that there didn't seem any reason to buy it. So like a naive guy I told her, 'well then you can't buy either one', and you'll never guess what reaction my remark produced.

At mother's place I would buy whatever I wanted... but you are such a miser!"...

Well, for years, in sheer self-defence, I avoided shopping with her or threatened her with all kinds of consequences if she didn't decide fast, or in the alternative I perfected the art of patient perseverance when shopping. As the years passed, the poor elasticity of our budget left no choice for decisions!

Life was blissful... shopping sprees rare... that is till TV ads invaded our blissful family life. It became more and more difficult for me to go shopping with my wife.

Even the monthly stores buying has been an ordeal.

She asks for "six toilet soaps".

"Which one?" asks the busy salesman.

Lux... "Rozina does look so pretty and she says she uses Lux. But the voice that talks of Lubna sounds so clean and lovely"...

"What do you think dear... Shall I buy a cake of Dew? Our little one simply loves its jingle". But Capri sounds the best, I think".

Before we settle about the finer soap, the salesman would like to know which washing soap my wife would like to buy. The only ones that come to my mind are two nameless ones—one with the imprint of a camel and the other with the face of a girl. Mumbling something,

I take the soap with this picture of the girl, of course. My wife is so shocked. She forgets what she wished to decide on!

Then it came to whether we should buy Surf or Burq. I, of course, didn't know one from the other. The answer came "Burq hai behtar"... but my wife didn't hear it. She was too busy tugging at my sleeve and was asking if Bali would be worth buying and not the Rafhan. I was now afraid she'd be dragging me to Sirajsons or New Era for Bali's. But I decided not to ask her more about it in the hope that she would forget all about buying jewellery this month.

What happened after that was sheer torture as my better half went down the list. On the whole we must have been there at the store at least the better part of the day.

And who says that T.V. isn't educational? I know better. Formerly my wife was such a nice and non-interfering person. She just did her part of the domestic work and left other things to me. But now I find that she asks too many questions. Some of which are:

"Do I have an Insurance Policy?"

"Didn't I think EFU is the best?"

"What about the children's policy?"

"Who are my bankers"?

"Was I saving twenty percent of my income"?

"I should buy Beco cycle for our son."

"Why didn't I smoke Capstan?"

"Why didn't I buy that car".

"Let's buy the carpet they show on TV."

Not to forget my errand at the laundry... her saree must go to the Red Hanger...

"Let's celebrate her birthday at Kohsaar..."

"She must buy Lyla, and Smartelle..."

"We must see this movie, we must not miss that one".

Formerly my little woman never went to a restaurant, or to a movie. She wore the fabric I bought for her. She used the perfume I presented her with. She used the Pond Cream I shopped for her. She never even knew what insurance meant. Nor did she know the after-effects of Muraggan khana. Now no more pullav and Kurma for me! She says I use too much Eno and she knew why. So all light food for me.

Before things can get worse, let's ban the TV advertisement. Don't you agree?.