

This is a letter from a sardarji mother to her son at school ...

Pyaarey Puttar,

Vahe Guru. I am writing this letter slow because I know you can't read fast. We don't live where we did when you left home. Your dad read in the newspaper that most accidents happen 20 miles from your home, so we moved! I won't be able to give you the address as the last sardar who stayed in this house took the numbers with them for their next house, so they wouldn't have to change their address.

This place is really nice. It even has a washing machine. I'm not sure it works too well, last week I put in three shirts and pulled the chain and I HAVE NOT SEEN THEM SINCE. THE weather here isn't too bad. It rained only twice last week. The first it rained for three days and the second time for four days. The coat you wanted me to send you, your aunt said it would be a little too heavy to send in the mail with all the buttons, so we cut them off and put them in the pocket. We got another bill from the funeral home. It said that if we don't make the last payment on GRANDMA'S FUNERAL, she will come up again.

Your father has another job. He has 500 men under him. He is cutting the grass in the cemetery. Your sister had a baby this morning, I haven't found out whether it is a boy or girl, so I don't know whether you are an aunt or uncle!

Your uncle Jatindar fell into a whiskey vat. Some men tried to pull him out, but he fought them off and drowned. We cremated him and he burned for 3 days.

Three of your friends went off the bridge in a pick-up truck. One was driving and the other two were in the back. The driver got out; he rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other 2 friends drowned because they couldn't get the gate down.

There isn't much more news at this time. Nothing much has happened.

Love, mom

p.s. i was going to send you some money, but the envelope was already sealed.

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This is about a day when Mr. Zail was the President of the country. All sardars in the country went to him this day and told him that people tease them by making jokes about them that when the clock strikes 12:00; all sardars go mad and act like crazy. They complained that this is not true. They also complained that people talk about sardar having no common sense. Therefore, they demanded him to go bring for them common sense.

Mr. Zail Singh was confused and asked his secretary to give him some suggestions. The secretary advised him to go to Japan, since quality is guaranteed.

The next day Mr. Zail Singh rushes off to Japan. At the Osaka Airport he hires a cab and asks him to take him to a shop where he can get common sense.

The cab driver was pissed; he told him that there is no shop in Japan that sells such stuff. In fact every human being has common sense since birth. And that one should know how to make use of it. Mr. Zail Singh asked him to explain in detail.

He started explaining by giving an example. The example was that there are 4 members in his family, his wife, his son, and his daughter. He then asked Mr. Zail Singh to guess the fourth members of the family. Mr. Zail Singh said, "How am I supposed to know who is the fourth member in your family". The driver said, "Fool, it's me" Mr. Zail then understood and said, "Oh! Is this what common sense is? Indian sardars are fools and stupid, this is so easy!"

The next day he goes back to India and announces all sardars to get together for a mass sardar lunch. He starts explaining with the same example. He says, "There are 4 members in my family, my son, my daughter, and my wife, guess who is the fourth one?" All sardars shouted, "We don't know".

He then yells at them, "You fools, stupid, good for nothing. It is so simple; the fourth member of the family is that taxi driver."

A Sardarji and his wife are traveling by car from Key West to Boston. After almost twenty-four hours on the road, they're too tired to continue, and they decide to stop for a rest. They stop at a nice hotel and take a room, but they only plan to sleep for four hours and then get back on the road.

When they check out four hours later, the desk clerk hands them a bill for \$350. The Sardarji explodes and demands to know why the charge is so high. He tells the clerk although it's a nice hotel; the rooms certainly aren't worth \$350. When the clerk tells him \$350 is the standard rate, the Sardar insists on speaking to the Manager.

The Manager appears, listens to the Sardarji, and then explains that the hotel has an Olympic-sized pool and a huge conference center that were available for the husband and wife to use.

But we didn't use them", the Sardarji complains.

Well, they are here, and you could have," explains the Manager.

He goes on to explain they could have taken in one of the shows for which the hotel is famous. "The best entertainers from New York, Hollywood and Las Vegas perform here," the Manager says But we didn't go to any of those shows," sardarji complains again.

"Well, we have them, and you could have", the Manager replies. No matter what facility the Manager mentions, the sardarji replies "But we didn't use it."

The Manager is unmoved, and eventually the Sardarji finally gives up and agrees to pay. He writes a check and gives it to the Manager.

The Manager is surprised when he looks at the check. "But sir," he says, "this check is only made out for \$1.00"

"That's right," says the sardarji, "I charged you \$349 for sleeping with my wife."

"But I didn't!" exclaims the Manager. "Well," the Sardarji replies, "she was here, and you could have."

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Santa and Banta were driving on a street, in different directions. Out of some unfortunate mishap, the cars slammed into each other, head-on. They were able to get out of their cars without any serious injury, but the cars were totaled.

Before Santa could say anything, Banta said, "Instead of fighting over whose fault it was, why don't we just celebrate that we were able to come out alive?"

Santa said, "Yeah, good idea!"

"I have a bottle of whisky in the trunk, why don't I pull that out?" suggested Banta. He went around, and luckily the bottle was not damaged in the accident.

He gave it to Santa and said, "Here, drink some!"

Santa took the bottle and chugged half of it down. Then he wiped his mouth and handed the bottle over to Banta.

"Here, you have some!"

Banta passed it back and said, "No, I think I'll wait until the police get here."