**Anirudh:** Good morning, everyone! Let me start with a welcome song. (Sings a song)

**Yashwanth:** Okay, now stop. Let me also sing a song. (Sings a song)

**Anirudh:** Now, now, enough. Stop barking and start speaking already, bro.

**Yashwanth:** Zip it, I will talk when I want to talk. Anyway, let me start. Good evening, everyone! Let me tell you a story about cricket and my dad—two things that have shaped my life, mostly through… trauma.

So, the other day, my dad and I were watching an IPL match—CSK vs RR. We were glued to the screen when RR sent in a 13-year-old debutant. My dad turned to me with that look. You know, the one that says, “Brace yourself, here comes a lecture.”

**Dad:** "Yashwanth, look at this boy. Thirteen years old, playing IPL. And you? Thirteen years old, playing Ludo on your phone!"

**Yashwanth:** "Dad, he’s 13 and playing for RR, but you’re 40 and not MS Dhoni, so calm down! All you do is eat Mom's food."

Big mistake. My dad stared at me like I had just dropped a catch in the final over. He didn't say anything, but I could hear Dhoni’s voice in my head: "Next ball… helicopter shot."

He just stood up and went to the bedroom. I was chilling; meanwhile, he shows up with a new belt he bought yesterday. Guess what? He uses the new belt to helicopter shot me.

**Person 3:** Chakka!

**Yashwanth:** So, the moral of the story is when your parents are comparing you with others, don’t compare them back. Instead, just stay silent.

**Anirudh:** Yesterday, my parents went out unexpectedly, and our lovely neighbour aunty gave me some biryani for lunch. This morning, I excitedly told my mom how delicious the biryani was and suggested she learn the recipe from our neighbour and make it tomorrow. My mom didn't waste any time—she cooked up something hot and spicy in just a second. My cheeks turned red, not from the biryani, but from the slap she gave me!

**Person 3:** (Sings Moye Moye hook)

**Yashwanth:** Let’s talk about boys and girls. Not about who’s better—because that’s a debate no one can win—but about something else: the weight. And no, I don’t mean their actual weight... I’m talking about their school bags, and trust me, they’re not the same species.

Let’s start with girls. Their bags are like Doraemon’s pocket. You open a girl’s bag, and you’ll find everything—pens, pencils, erasers, highlighters, sticky notes, glitter pens, and even a ruler with a built-in calculator. You could run an entire art class with their supplies!

Meanwhile, boys? We walk into school with… a single pen. And even that is optional! (Does the pen catch thingy)

Ask a girl for a pen, and she’ll give you a full catalog: “What kind of pen do you want? Gel, ballpoint, or fountain? Blue, black, or rainbow ink? Fine tip or bold?”

Ask a boy, and he’ll say, “Sorry, bro, I was gonna ask you for one.”

**Anirudh:** Every Indian kid knows this—parents making us supervise the housemaid or plumber like we’re FBI agents. So, when the maid comes, my mom’s all, “Anirudh, go stand there and watch her!”

**Me:** "Mom, she’s here to clean, not start a crime, ya know!"

**Mom:** "Go! Make sure she doesn’t take anything!"

So there I am, standing guard like I'm protecting the Kohinoor diamond.

**Me, thinking:** “What’s she gonna steal? The jhaadu?”

I ask, “Mom, why do I need to supervise her?”

**Mom’s look:** The death stare.

And then, slap!

Now, I'm stuck playing detective, while the maid thinks I'm James Bond!

**Person 3:** (Make that deep throat sound twice), you are Jignesh Baladh, not James Bond.

**Yashwanth:** I think that's enough for today.

**Anirudh:** I think so too.

**Together:** Thank you, guys.