We all love a good healthy rivalry, don’t we? Whether it’s New Zealand vs. Australia cricket match, or Argentina vs. Brazil, those are just appetizers. The main course, the heavyweight of All, India vs. Pakistan. Back in 2021, when Pakistan beat India in the Champions Trophy final in front of me and my friends. we felt so humiliated Infront of the Pakistani fan , that we were so agitated and furious, how can this happen; I didn’t eat for few days! My wife thought I was trying out a trendy new keto diet. **GOOD EVENING to ALL TOASTMASTER**

The very next day, still reeling from that cricket match loss, I was gearing up for another showdown—this time no cricket, my final table tennis match. Everything was set, ready to go, when my vintage 1980 FORD CLASSIC MODEL CAR broke down, but with no other option, I had to beg my wife to lend me her car. Her BMW Mini cooper isn’t just a car—it’s her pride and joy. so pristine, so spotless It’s five years old, just DROVE 500 kilometres. If she could, she’d wrap it in bubble wrap. She treats her car better than me.

After promising her the world—she finally handed me the keys. with strict conditions: “Straight to your match and back. No detours, no pubs. Or better “**take an Uber!”**

So, there I am, driving her beloved Mini cooper at a 10 km per hour on a narrow road. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a man comes speeding his massive van toward me like a maniac! He’s driving like he’s auditioning for a Formula 1 race, and the road is barely 5 meters wide. My first thought? “I should’ve “**take an Uber**.”

We both slow down, trying to inch past without a scratch. I give him the classic - facial expression “I’m going left, you go left”. He nods back. Just when I think we’re in the clear, he floors it like Vin Diesel in *Fast & Furious*. Whoosh his zoom past my car! Metal meets metal kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii and there’s was big scratch on my wife’s beloved Mini cooper.

I’m frozen, My life flashes before my eyes. All I can hear is my wife’s voice, echoing in my head, ready to chop me and roast me alive in a Tandoor. Panic sets in. But my anger kicks in. “No way is this guy getting away with this!” I whip the car around and go after him, thinking the whole time “Should’ve **taken an Uber!”**

Heay, I spotted him near the hospital, block him in, and get ready to give him the scolding of a lifetime. But then he steps out of his car—huge, humongous, massive. “I can bet you he would be a WWE wrestler. My confidence deflates faster than a cheap air mattress and I know that the fact he will squash me like a bug.

With no hope, I called the police for backup. Police ask, “Is anyone injured?” No. “Is the car drivable?” Yes. “Then handle it yourself.” Wow, thanks, officer, truly inspiring advice. Fuming and agitated, Next, I call my friends for moral support. They couldn’t care less—until I casually mention the guy might be from Pakistan. Suddenly, they’re all fired up. “Don’t bloody let him get away! Get his license, his address, his DNA bloody hell!”

So, I went back to the guy slightly away from him we got some tense back-and-forth negotiation, the guy agreed to meet at a workshop next day. But just as I’m getting ready, he changes the plan and suggests a neutral location – Looks scary. I was frightened, so my friends decided to accompany me and as all reeling from the cricket loss and wanted to take on him, they all hiding around corners like we’re in some bad spy movie, and I’ve even got a body cam rolling to capture any “incidents.”

The guy showed up, slowly walks over to my car, and asks me to roll down the window. I crack the window just a bit—ready for a fist fight, He reaches into his back pocket, and I’m thinking, “Here it comes, a gun or a knife…” he pulls out an envelope, surprisingly a cash of £1,000. “This is for the damage and offered a heartfelt apology. Turns out, his wife was in the ICU in hospital, and he was rushing to get there.

As I drove home, reflecting on the whole bizarre experience, It made me realize something: Sometimes we think the world is full of villains and bad boys, but really, it’s just full of people in a hurry, trying to sort out their own messes. one thought kept running through my mind: Maybe next time, as my wife suggested “**Take an Uber**

those are like tiny bites. The real heavyweight? The *T-Rex* of rivalries? Snobing

 **England vs. Germany:** A classic football rivalry, often heated and filled with historical significance.

 **Manchester United vs. Liverpool:** One of the most intense rivalries in English football, with a long-standing feud between the two clubs.

I was there, in the trenches, surrounded by my friends. When Pakistan won, we didn’t just lose the match—we lost our *souls*. I couldn’t look a Pakistani fan

Ah, rivalries—we love them like we love gossiping about our neighbours.

Just marinating in *shame*!"

especially if she treats it like her firstborn child

**Good evening to all, and welcome to the real showdown—Toastmasters!"**

“We all love a good, *healthy* rivalry, don't we? Like the friendly feud between a cat and a laser pointer. But let's talk about *real* rivalry, the kind that can make you question your life choices. Back in 2021, when Pakistan *absolutely* demolished India in the Champions Trophy final, right in front of me and my *poor*

"Remember that time Pakistan beat India so badly, it made me question my existence? I actually considered moving to Mars just to escape the shame.

\*\*"So, I go back to the guy, keeping a safe distance because, let's be honest, I wasn’t exactly ready for a WWE smackdown. We do this awkward dance of tense negotiations—like we’re in the middle of a hostage situation over a scratch. Finally, he agrees to meet at a workshop the next day. Cool, right? Wrong! Just as I’m getting ready, he switches up the plan and suggests a ‘neutral location.’ Now, when someone says *neutral location*, you know it’s either a coffee shop or a crime scene. Spoiler: It felt like the latter.

I was terrified! So naturally, I call my friends for backup. Now, keep in mind, these guys were still fuming from the cricket loss, ready to fight anyone from Pakistan—even if it’s just over a parking space. So there we are, them hiding behind walls, peeking around corners like we're in some low-budget spy movie. And me? I’ve got a body cam strapped on, feeling like James Bond—but instead of secret codes, I’m capturing parking lot drama, just in case things go south. I mean, who needs Netflix when your life is *this* entertaining, right?"\*\*

\*\*"So, I go back to the guy, keeping just enough distance like I’m avoiding an ex at a party. We start this ridiculous back-and-forth negotiation—he’s acting like he’s bartering for a Ferrari, and I’m just trying to save my wife’s beloved Mini Cooper. Finally, he agrees to meet at a workshop the next day. Crisis averted? Not quite! Suddenly, he texts me with, ‘Let’s meet at a neutral location.’ Now, when someone says *neutral location*, my first thought isn’t Starbucks—it’s a dimly lit alley where people disappear in movies!

\*\*"I cautiously approach the guy, keeping a safe distance like he’s radioactive. We’re negotiating like two lawyers in a courtroom drama, and I’m just hoping this doesn’t end with me getting squashed. Finally, he agrees to meet at a workshop. But just as I’m getting ready, the guy changes the plan and suggests a *neutral location*. Now, when someone says *neutral location*, it usually means two things: either they’re setting up a peaceful negotiation or they’re preparing a surprise ambush in a dark alley.

I was terrified! So, I call in my friends, who are still fuming from the cricket loss, ready to take on anyone from across the border. These guys show up like the Avengers—but instead of saving the world, they’re crouching behind mailboxes and trash cans, ready for action. I’m wearing a body cam, feeling like I’m in the middle of a low-budget action film. The whole time, I’m thinking, ‘I just wanted to fix a scratch... now it feels like I’m starring in a heist movie gone wrong.’"\*\*

**Version 5:**

\*\*"So I approach the guy, but not too close—just in case I need to make a quick escape. We start negotiating, and it feels like a hostage situation over a car scratch. Finally, we agree to meet at a workshop. Phew, right? Not so fast! The next morning, I get a message: ‘Let’s meet at a neutral location.’ Now, when a guy who could crush you with a single flex says *neutral location*, you know you’re either meeting in a shady warehouse or the setting of a horror movie.

I was panicking! So, I round up my friends—who are still licking their wounds from the cricket match loss. They show up like my personal backup team, hiding around the corner like we’re in some undercover sting operation. And there I am, with a body cam strapped on, hoping to catch all the action, thinking, ‘Is this my life now? Dodging van drivers, dealing with scratches, and starring in my own mini crime drama?’"\*\*