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 real heavyweight?? India vs. Pakistan.

Back in 2021, when Pakistan *demolished* India in the Champions Trophy final, right in front of me and my *poor friends,* we didn’t just lose the match—we lost our *souls*. humiliated and agitated Infront, it made me question my existence? how this can happen; I didn’t eat for few days! My wife thought I was trying out a trendy new keto diet. But in actual I was marinating in shame. **GOOD EVENING CONTEST CHAIR AND FELLOW ALL TOASTMASTERS**

The very next day, still reeling from the head of losing the cricket match, I was gearing up for another showdown—this time no cricket, my final table tennis match. Everything was set, ready to go, about to start my vintage 1980 FORD CLASSIC MODEL CAR broke down **(BODY LANGUAGE),** but with no other option, I had to beg **(BODY LANGUAGE),** my wife to lend me her BMW Mini cooper isn’t just a car—her pride, so spotless and so pristine. Just five years old, drove 500 KM.. If she could, she’d cover her car in bubble wrap. She treats her car like her firstborn child, 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 friends and No pubs. Or better “**take an Uber!”**

So, there I am, driving her beloved Mini cooper at a 10 km per hour **(BODY LANGUAGE),** on a narrow road. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a man comes speeding his massive van 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**.”

As he come closer, 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 and given thumps up. Just when I think we’re in the clear, he floors it like Vin Diesel in *Fast & Furious*. Zoom past my car! Metal meets metal kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii and there’s was big scratch on my wife’s beloved Mini cooper rear bottom.

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. so when my awake and conscious back “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!”**

After a while, hay, I spotted him near the hospital, block him in, and get ready to give him the scolding of my 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 punctured tyre 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 mates 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!”

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. 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. 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*, my first thought isn’t Starbucks—it’s a dimly lit alley opposite to TESCO warehouse as sort of sketchy 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 are hiding around corners behind bushes and warehouse wall, 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**