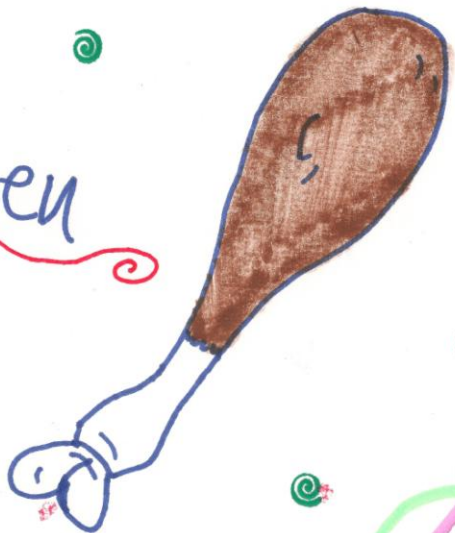


Tasaddug

& THE

Kofisserie

Hicken



A true story

as told to GenBonds

Tasadduq and the rotisserie chicken

Three-year old tiny-toddler Anjum was enjoying the serene ride in her Dad's car – a nice Volkswagon Beatle model. It was a hazy day of the mid 1960s and life was good for Anjum and her family. Today, Anjum was hoping for another bite of her favourite food of rotisserie chicken from the quaint little shop on the high street.

It was a bright day like any other day in the Crater district of Aden. Her dad Tasadduq was a busy man and had just returned from work and had picked her and Mamma up from home to

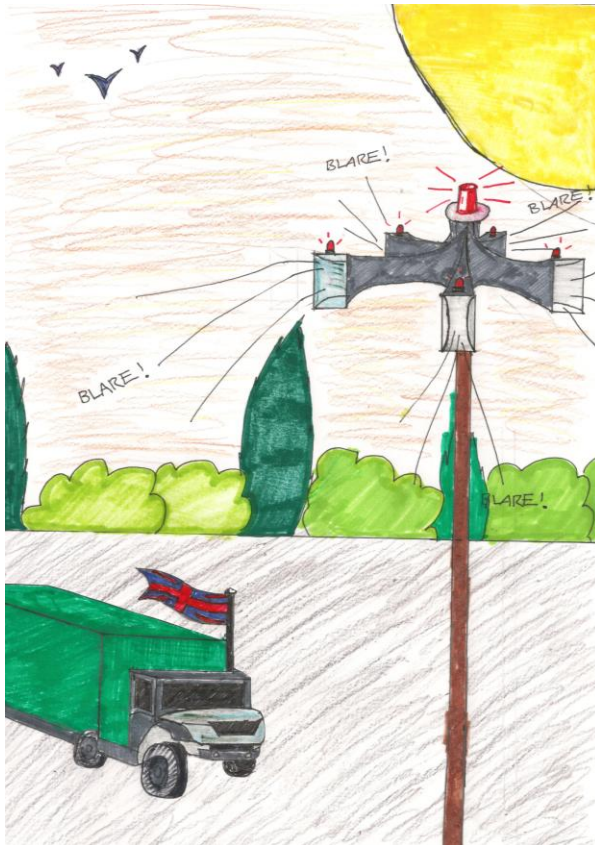
run a shopping errand. As he drove past the rotisserie shop the sanguine Anjum piped up and started to cry out loud: “Papa chicken! Papa chicken! Papa...!”

Tasadduq and his wife knew that if there was one thing Anjum loved, it was the rotisserie chicken, and there was no way they could ignore her wish. He decided on a short stop at the chicken shop; with Anjum closely in tow. As he was about to make his way towards the shop a loud, almost deafening, blast went off further up the road. It couldn't be a bomb, could it?

Suddenly a loud curfew alarm also started blaring. The alarm was reserved for emergency situations where the British military needed to

take counter-measures against the independence movement.

BLARE! BLARE! BLARE!!!



Tasadduq tried not to panic. He needed to quickly get Anjum back in the car and head home straight away before the troops arrived in their armoured trucks and sealed off all the roads. But Anjum had other ideas. Oblivious to the ensuing critical and possibly dangerous situation around her, she decided to dig her heels, ignored both her parents' pleas to get back in the car and continued meowing for the chicken... "Papa chicken! Papa chicken! Papa...!"



Unfortunately, the rotisserie owner was also responding to the impending alarm and was pulling down his shutters. Tasadduq felt as though he was in a pickle – stuck between a curfew and a chicken! He promised Anjum that she would get her chicken another day, but to no avail. Finally, he had no choice but to tell Anjum off and forcefully shove Anjum into the car. He was a new driver and he tried to think of the quickest and safest way back to his home. As the car continued past the shop, Anjum’s protests of “Papa chicken” grew even louder and more persistent.

Finally, they reached home, which luckily was not too far. It turned out to be a rather tearful ‘cold chicken’ day for Anjum, but at least she now knew that her Papa was no chicken!

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