

Remember When

Putters were boozers, and
Tankers were bowzers,
Trunks were called dickeys,
Longs were just trousers?
Hazings were raggings,
Dresses were frocks,
Tea was *kahata*,
Before pebbles were rocks?

When *hoohas* were *katchals*,
hors d'oeuvre were bites,
Apartments were flats,
And drunks became tight?
BILs were our *machangs*,
Before slacks became pants,
Lies were all *pachas*, and
Aunts were not 'ants.'

When Yo! Was just *Ado!*
Our network was a gang,
And *ammatasiri*
Sounded better than *dang!*
When a bugger 'going steady,'
Had to first 'put a break'?
And long before koththu,
We had fish-bistek.

When fake news was *pacha*,
A girlfriend was *baduwa*,
Before *cheee* became yucky,
When English was *kaduwa*.
Then *maranawa*
Didn't mean he would kill you,
But 'get me the scoop'
Was simply tellwillyou!

To be given parippu
Was egg on your face,
And we simply said *cadju*,
And not piece-of-cake.
Then dapper was mod,
And sideburns were groovy,
Aunties wore pottus
And gold manipuris;

Big sisters were *chooty*
And dadma was *pater*,
The kolapamkaraya
Was the town instigator.
Kapuwas had kudes
(No need for an app)
If you dared to look elsewhere:
"One thundering slap!"

Remember those times?
As Prof Thiru once spake
Without spit and polish,
We're so Lankan - and 'shape!