I can explain these charts to you for a fee! As my zaeder Sam-the-Tailor would say, “What do you think, my name is fink? I press clothes for nothing?” But seriously, left: Pakistan’s declining water supply per capita indicating increasing water stress over time and increasing population surplus; right: Pakistan’s herculean attempt to get surface water from where it is to where it’s needed!

Human interest insight: Imagine two burglars climb down a sooty chimney to rob a house at night. When they get through the fireplace, they turn on their flashlights (Brits say torches). One sees the other has a sooty face. The other sees the other with a clean face. One burglar goes to the bathroom (Brits say loo, water closet or WC) to wash up. Question: which burglar washes up and why?
Obviously, the one with the clean face. He sees the sooty face on his colleague (Brits say mate), so he assumes his own face is sooty. Meanwhile (Brits say whilst) the sooty-faced burglar sees the clean face of his mate and assumes his face is clean too!

Now here’s the rub. I am sitting next to this pompous-ass American academic in a client meeting. I see he’s got dandruff flakes all over the shoulders of his Navy blue jacket. Naturally, I assume I do too, so I am occupied with self cleaning my shoulders, which upon inspection were dandruff-free. My wife insists on daily showers for me, unnecessary but very nice sport in which I indulge, even when she is not around.

Moreover, I am sitting across from an even more arrogant-no-it-all jerk American Capital Hill policy wonk. I see he’s wearing a really beautiful suit which looks he’s slept in it for days. It’s terribly wrinkled. Ugh. So I am sitting there, wiping away my wrinkles off my jacket until I realize there are none in my Travel Smith winkle-tree Navy coat. Go figure.

Left: has-been water, wastewater and environmental consultant and retired Vice Chancellor lady; right: honorific handshakes in Jamshoro

Best of all, our leader wails on about his self-honorific trekking, Peace Corps experience, many publications and adventures, what he read in Economist magazine (despite its poor grammar and lousy spellings and superior attitude), and it gets me to think to SHUT UP.
As I leave my protected Islamabad Serena Hotel for unavoidable offsite meetings and travel exposing me to unneeded danger, I think, as my Roman Catholic roomy in Kuwait chanted, “Testicles, Spectacles, Wallet and Watch,” while making the RC cross on his chest. I hope to leave Pakistan tomorrow at 1 a.m., Inshallah. Off to Tucson on Thursday by way of Doha, Washington/Dulles and Houston. *All’s well that ends well*, Shakespeare? Looking forward to next assignment – urban water project in the Philippines, early 2012!

Who says body parts aren’t fun?

*Have fun, be happy, don’t worry! It doesn’t help!*