

**Shocking.. or rocking news..!!?!
Meet your NEW NEXT DOOR..!!**

So, I've finally landed in my office after two days, just two days flat and am shocked to bite my foot in my jaw..!! To give you an overview, our architectural office is head next to one lady lawyer's office, one contractor's office, one professional photographer, and one medical underwriter. All of us share on the same floor. And guess what, the empty office onto the right of our office, is actually on-lease to a brand new... 'massage parlor'...!!!!

What more, it begins this Monday. At first, I thought like Maaheen always does.. ok.. its a profession, although people do take it beyond limits, but don't I have enough on my plate, to let alone worry what my next door parrot is nibbling on??..

But come to think of it, how much do you approve of a massage parlor in an office building in US??.. accepted its free US but its an office building..!

Maaheen supports gay relationships, I also support the idea of having a future, where people have baby birth centers and certain good breed of humans remain dedicated to it, while remaining work in offices and enjoy safe sex, thereby making the most use of the rightly chosen people for the right advancement, hence freeing one and all from 'hurt and pain - physical, mental and psychological'. I would even go ahead and say that such domains are actually getting defined here for the first time in history, right before my eyes. I am a witness to a 'change' that is seeping into our metro-sexual culture.

But hello! When it comes to these newly defined domains, playing mud slings on each other, it proves to be eternally itchy...!

Honestly, we are disturbed. It's a serious blow to our 'professional image' let alone inter-relationships with each other. All sorts of people are going to walk into our building, and then how safe is it for me and the female lawyer's entire anti-testosterone work force to work overtime?? Architects are known to be the 'night-owls' either ways.

Our neighborly relations are like '*padosi ke ghar ki do katorey chahi aur chini..*' Our practices are pretty mutual. We run to contractor's office for roll prints.. he uses our fax machine.. the sweet lawyer files our tax returns.. although she.. rants and pants about empty toilet paper rolls in female's rest rooms and reminds us to pay our monthly bills on time, we go defensively easy on her.. the photographer is a scratch on our ear, always there for suggestion or a quick tip sweeping our carpet with her black evening garb fifty times a day saving us trouble to vacuum carpets.. our medical insurance is taken care by the underwriter, he borrows our receptionist for his 'excel' glitches...

Doors of our offices are always pleading for death.. and our entire floor has been like a huge production and self-assistive semi-government body performing independently.

..But boy o boy.. can Spanish landlords be really so inconsiderate of the fact that over a period of time, no matter how involved one is with their working patterns, people get used to an environment, where bringing a 'Brazilian fish' can spoil the entire 'Japanese water' in the tank..

And: ahem ahem! The punch of the incident.. 'the government ACTUALLY gave him an approval' ..!!!!!!

I am so sure, he must have used vote count governor Bush brother to get his way steered clean. Else there's no way a massage parlor can make way to an office building. Not to mention that the so-called 'Office of Massage Parlor' has no windows, will use particularly our own office's AC ducts to inlet outlet air flows, use our electric meter and wont be paying maintenance bills since it is to be run by the landlord's ex-girlfriend who allegedly dragged him to the court a few years back for back-door venting his due pay towards her 'courtesy', as per his pre-nuptial agreement. His stand on that issue: he never got married, it was a live-in that never materialized

into marriage, so technically he's had a 'wed-lock', free of cost and got away winning the court case saying that an absence of marriage makes the prenup 'null n void' !

This means serious trouble... I knew my cold was suggesting something coming..:).. and on this end, our saintly, yet hilarious contractor (who is well in his mid-sixties) pulls fun by dressing himself for a gym in his 'office hours'.. and is thinking of lifting dumb-bells for his buck-up mid-day plans, while lady lawyer responds by altering her business attire!! She creatively suggests, that females now wear 'suspenders' under their coats for 'additional perceived psychological security'... one of those typical reflex actions usually demonstrated by blondes.. I confess, every time I see her, I feel proud that our local 'bantaa singh jokes' are in vogue too..!

But on a more serious note, I pose a question to all those who are used to an office environment, how comfortable would you feel if it were to be ... your next door??

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