

Twinkle Khanna aka Mrs Funnybones crafts satirical stories and funny fables when she is not running a design business, selling candles or running in circles.

Twinkle Khanna Foreword First things first, am I exactly like the woman in the book that you are about to read? Not entirely, she is slightly lazier, a bit more high-strung and her jokes are a lot funnier than mine. In writing her and the characters around her, I have thrown in a few facts, a little fiction, a few decaying brain cells and a couple of old bones into my brewing cauldron of words. It all started with Sarita Tanwar asking me if I would write a humorous weekly column for her newspaper. Her exact words were: What did I really know about writing? Memories of a half-written book in my teens surfaced; this, along with a file of morbid poems, all focusing on death and maggots, constituted my entire writing experience. But I have always had a peculiar way of looking at life, and my goal to amuse myself often ended up amusing others as well. In my opinion, growing older is all about learning and passing it on, otherwise there is no reason for biological evolution to keep us alive after our reproductive years are over. A clearer view of life is probably the only silver lining to having to hoist your boobs over your shoulder and getting to the point where not only do you have eye bags, but even your eye bags begin to sag. So, having fulfilled my function of ensuring that the population of India continues to explode, and before dementia sets in, I decided to sit down, open my laptop and start my first column, which led to almost a hundred columns, and then it eventually brought me right here, to this very book. Now, this is the time to turn the page and dive into Mrs Funnybones the book, you twits, not me! Welcome to my world. Am I an Idiot? Trying to check my emails, I get hold of my iPad and boom there it is: One would hold the glass, the other would pour and you could sit, relax and use your posterior to break the sofa instead. To digress a little, before the world even knew Kimmy existed, we had the famous choreographer Saroj Khan who could certainly balance a tray and a cup of tea on her bottom if she tried, not that she ever did. She used that bit to sway gloriously and teach others to do the same. Just like our politicians, I am bringing this up to prove that anything anyone can do, we Indians could have or have done it earlier and better. I want to see her. Please give leave three days! Either his sister is a serial killer and he has decided to cut her in half or as I quickly figure with the help of a strong swig of coffee, he is saying that his sister is sick and he wants to see her. I send him an email back informing him that since this is his nineteenth relative in grave danger, he needs to either consult a tantric to remove a curse on his family or to simply stop lying to take extra days off. I shut my computer and hurriedly get ready to reach the office. I tentatively wipe drool from the cash register and give her a sharp nudge. Mother has come over for a cup of tea, and as we are chatting, the prodigal son runs into the room and yells that he needs to buy a book urgently for his English assignment. Crossword is the nearest bookstore, so we quickly decide to go there. I grab my bag with one hand, lug the baby with the other and hurriedly ask mom to drop us off at the store while leaving instructions with the watchman to inform our driver to reach Crossword in twenty minutes. We buy two books on poetry for the prodigal son and a Dora sticker book for the baby and head out. Standing on the dark pavement, I am scanning the street for my car to no avail. I try calling the driver but the number is unreachable, and after fifteen minutes of being stared at by passers-by with the baby squirming in my arms, the prodigal son says that he sees a rickshaw. The prodigal son hails the rickshaw and we all clamber in. So this Akshay and his family have all moved to that big house in Bandra.

Chapter 2 : Mrs Funnybones Blog - Times of India Blog

The latest Tweets from Twinkle Khanna (@mrsfunnybones). A bona fide member of an ambiguous tribe of the new age Indian woman; heavily armed with the weapons of my choice: google and lame jokes.

What keeps Mrs Funnybones ticking and reinventing herself? Sat, Sep 08 Dabboo Ratnani Somak Ghoshal

On a sweltering afternoon in August, Twinkle Khanna is seated at a restaurant in a hotel in central Delhi, sipping black coffee, her favourite beverage, as regular readers of her columns would know. She looks visibly relieved when I assure her I have. I do, actually, have many such questions to ask, though all pertaining to her prolific output as a writer. The first one, Mrs Funnybones: Since then, each of her titles has sold more than , copies, Sarkar says. The boisterous tone of Mrs Funnybones, her alter ego in the eponymous column, seemed to recede from the short stories she wrote in the collection, *The Legend Of Lakshmi Prasad*. In *Pyjamas Are Forgiving*, we are in for yet another surprise. While we do still hear the wisecracking Mrs Funnybones and her naughty cackle every now and then, Anshu, the narrator of the novel, is mellower, more worldly wise—something of an old soul. The sight of him sets her ancient wounds burning with a generous sprinkling of salt. She resolves to stay brave and civil but the effort of remaining aloof upsets whatever little balance her body had gained after days of the rigorous treatments. And so, the stage is set for the inevitable: Like all writers, Khanna has drawn shades of her plot from life, especially her pursuit of yoga and ayurveda. It is these dents in her characters that often make them uncomfortably real—and relatable. Disable the internet and go on a long train or plane journey. It begins in her girlhood, at boarding school, when she wrote a bunch of poems. When she finds the time she takes workshops in design she runs a design store in Mumbai. But she laughs off the idea. She keeps asking me how the column is doing. Mrs Funnybones is a bundle of contradictions. It was fascinating to see her inhabiting another self so completely. But Khanna balks at the very thought of feeling any pressure to be funny. But do you feel it? My name is Twinkle, how can I take myself seriously? I wish I had a fancy Bengali name, something like She seems to like the sound of it. Curiously, it was another Bengali with a strange nickname, Jhumpa Lahiri, who helped her come to terms with her bothersome moniker. Isaac Asimov, Philip K. Le Guin, Margaret Atwood—she rattles off the names of some of her favourites. I think people should anyway curtail their time on Netflix by watching it the way I do: But then it began to grow out of control. Layers were added to the plot until it assumed the form it did. There is a dark twist that resonates with many ethical questions and conundrums currently buzzing in the MeToo era. Some of the others are of more recent vintage. The last story, based on the life of Arunachalam Muruganantham, who braved adversities to create low-cost sanitary napkins for rural women, is the best known, thanks to the movie *PadMan* Akshay Kumar, who starred in the title role, later thanked his wife on social media for being the biggest champion of the project. The rest, as they say, is history. Author and editor picked the best of the columns, added some new material and illustrations—and the book was done.

Chapter 3 : Mrs Funnybones (ebook) by Twinkle Khanna |

Mrs Funnybones: She's Just Like You and a Lot Like Me is a Indian non-fiction book written by former film actress Twinkle Khanna and published by Penguin India. Mrs Funnybones sold over one lakh copies making Twinkle Khanna India's highest-selling female writer of

Apr 05, The best bits are of course the funny bits. We bring you excerpts: Before the world even knew Kimmy existed, we had the famous choreographer Saroj Khan who could certainly balance a tray and a cup of tea on her bottom if she tried, not that she ever did. She used that bit to sway gloriously and teach others to do the same. Just like our politicians, I am bringing this up to prove that anything anyone can do, we Indians could have or have done it earlier and better. On her mother trying to get her to make a bad investment: Hurt about the maths dig, I remind her that I had scored 97 out of in my board exams on the same subject. On what constitutes a mother-in-law-daughter-in-law relationship: Looks villain type of person, come fast. The gentleman in question is Mansukh bhai, my Internet fellow. He has been asking for my laptop password, and not my passport. On not being a philosopher: On Karva chauth and the life expectancy rate of husbands: On an old ad controversy , and general advice for life: A wise woman keeps her hands firmly in her pockets and does not accidentally unzip anything, including her mouth. On her status in the house: Are you going on a school trip or trying to attack Afghanistan? God was right when he told Adam to leave the apple alone. Aug 20,

Chapter 4 : Ebook Mrs Funnybones as PDF Download Portable Document Format

calendrierdelascience.comones is a quick, witty read that humanizes celebrity Life. Twinkle Khanna matches her tv show persona in her book with tongue in cheek remarks and colourful opinions.

Added to her personality are her evergreen ravishing looks. And, despite the legacy that she has inheritedâ€”superstar parents, superstar husband and superstar friends, Twinkle Khanna is incredibly rooted with reality. Offering unhindered access into her cocoon, through the bare glass doors, I spot her sitting on a grey sofa arrangement with her baby girl on her lap and publicist by her side. While helping baby Nitara chose from the cookies placed on a well-carved double-decker silver serving, she welcomes me into her living area with a pleasant smile. The year-old had found her true calling as an interior designer much earlier and now she is also an author. Today, as she launches a new circus inspired line of candles through her designer label, The White Window, and her book Mrs. Funnybones goes into the seventh reprintâ€”we settle down for a conversation with two cups of black coffee and crispy makhanas to munch on. Funnybones, a book largely a compilation of her newspaper columns. Her long hair is tied up, and Twinkle is dressed in a black kurta combined with an earthy toned jacket-like koti. Click through for exclusive snaps of Bollywood celebrities at the event. You all discovered it late I had this since childhood. He is my editor," said Twinkle Khanna. If I will need money I will anchor an award show," Twinkle told reporters. She has always insulted me. The rules in house are that Tina is always right and the man of the house has to keep saying sorry and keep begging," said Akshay Kumar. The columns gained popularity and â€”eventually raced to publishing potential in less than two years. How did she manage that? She is not afraid to crack jokes on our PM, share her thoughts on political and current issues, and write about menstruation cycles without blinking an eyelid. Twinkle possesses the fearful status of being straightforward and brutally honest. In fact, it has been life changing for her to have something where you can apply your brain. Her sharp views on current affairs or pungent rejoinders on the likes of author Chetan Bhagat or filmmaker Rahul Dholakia are trending on Twitter, which incidentally is her new found love. So, that I guess, helps. I only sit there to proof my columns. I need no noise while writing. So, I plug in head phones with white noise, noises of air conditioner, rains, and fridge and then I write, so everything else is blocked. Twinkle started out as an actress in a typically hyped debut opposite another star kid, Bobby Deol, and did fairly okay for a while which back then translated to working opposite all the Khansâ€”Shah Rukh in Baadshah, Aamir in Mela and Salman in Jab Pyaar Kisise Hota Hai. Or lock me in the room? Suddenly, Sonali was replaced by Monica Bedi. I was so scared. When asked to compare the Bollywood of the 90s to today, she finds a huge difference, and the new generation way smarter. Catch them with pink bows running around now! I have a scene in a film, where I am hanging off a bridge, screaming for help, but I have this big pink bow on my head. Though Akshay Kumar helps her edit her columns. Well, Twinkle believes that marriages are meant to be practical rather than getting into them with high expectations. Akshay and I do that for each other constantly. I got sort of teary eyed when the Indian flag came out. I am not even a big patriot. And, he feels very proud.

Chapter 5 : Mrs Funnybones by Twinkle Khanna

In the early days â€” when love is still blind but has yet to turn deaf, when tarnished memories are pulled out and polished brightly by the gleam of interest in one's partner's eyes, when.

Chapter 6 : Page 2 : Mrs Funnybones Blog - Times of India Blog

Now, this is the time to turn the page and dive into Mrs Funnybones (the book, you twits, not me!). Starring 'you know who' as the main lead, then of course, the man of the house, the eccentric mothers, two fairly strange children, and cameos by stubborn canines, weird neighbours, Parsi electricians and even a movie star or two.

Chapter 7 : Making No Bones, Mrs. Funnybones

*Mrs Funnybones [Twinkle Khanna] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Full of wit and delicious observations, Mrs Funnybones captures the life of the modern Indian woman a woman who organizes dinner each evening.*

Chapter 8 : Mrs Funnybones - Wikipedia

"I wish we lived like children. Run till you are out of breath, flop on the grass, stare at clouds, jump up again, chase a squirrel around every tree in the park, walk on your hands because the world looks different upside down, climb little hills and roll down the other side, do somersaults just because you can.

Chapter 9 : #mrsfunnybones hashtag on Instagram â€¢ Photos and Videos

Full of wit and delicious observations, Mrs Funnybones captures the life of the modern Indian womana woman who organizes dinner each evening, even as she goes to work all day, who runs her own life but has to listen to her Mummyji, who worries about her weight and the state of the country.