Written by straits-mongrel Thursday, 29 November 2012 23:55

BACK there on the colourful streets of Sentul, an auntie extends a large plastic bag weighted with plump curry puffs. "Ambik! Ambik!" she gestures, insisting that bashful walkers load up on their carbo-fuel for the journey ahead. She's from the neighbourhood, you can tell, who's simply out greeting her guests. Back there just metres from the Chow Kit Monorail, a drinks and fruit seller guides his vehicle into the thick of the moving crowd. He stops. One hand waving to the people around him, the other grabbing packets of pre-cut fresh fruit, he offers: "Ambik! Ambik!" There is the pakcik in his jubah on Jalan TAR, a crate of mineral water before him. Same gesture, same words pretty much.

Something's different today. You feel this is one special Sunday.









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Blangls oranvagezselaisancial advisers, corporate stiffs... whoever imagined they'd be puffing their



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Whoever said Mahjong Sundays can never ever be violated?













