

## Humour and the sense of Timing

### "You Are My Customer!" – The Rs. 200 Masterstroke

Picture this. The year is somewhere in the dinosaur age (read: three decades ago !!) We were in the business of "**corporate turnkey interiors**"—the people you call when you want your showroom or office to look so good that even the furniture gets compliments.

One fine day, Titan (yes, the legendary Titan, makers of finest watches) decided to redo one of their service centres. Like any good corporate warrior, Titan did what they do best:

#### **They called for FIVE quotations.**

After careful analysis, deep meditation, and probably a few cups of machine coffee, they eliminated three of the contenders. Left standing were... **us and one more brave soul**. The Ultimate Face-off had begun.

But wait! Before they could pick the lucky winner, Titan executives decided they needed a "**touch and feel**" tour of our previous works. We rolled out the red carpet and took them on a grand pilgrimage of our finest interior sites. They nodded. They smiled. They even whispered those magical words every contractor dream of hearing:

"We'll get back to you soon."

Of course, the same ritual was performed with our rival. Word on the street (okay, from some insider gossip) was that their works were also impressive. So now Titan was in a pickle. Both our quotes matched. Both our work was solid. Titan was stuck like a Windows 95 computer.

So, they summoned us both for **The Final Showdown**.

The other vendor went first. I went second. (Always good to know what you're up against, right?)

I sat across from the Titan executive. He looked at me, eyes full of confusion and existential dread, and said:

"Sir, I really don't know whom to give the work to. Both of you are equally good. Just give me ONE solid reason why we should choose you."

Now, what he didn't realize is that I had been waiting my whole life for such a cinematic moment.

So, I leaned in with the confidence of a man who knew he had an ace up his sleeve.

With a smile, I held up my wrist, proudly flashing my **Rs. 200 Titan watch**, and said:

**"Sir, I am your customer. Now it's only fair you become mine!"**

Mic drop.

Curtains close.

Background music plays.

The man laughed. The room laughed. Somewhere, even the clock on the wall chuckled.

And just like that, the project was ours.

Moral of the story?

Sometimes, all it takes to seal the deal is **Rs. 200 and perfect timing.**