

NOTICE
Looking For A Hi-Class Employee?



Are you looking for a bright ambitious employee to upgrade the prestige of your establishment?
If you are the owner or the hiring authority of a multi-national, trans-national, national, semi-national, private, public etc. company, then you are qualified to hire me.

I am a MBA from Bashabo State College. My requirement is small: a monthly salary of tk. 1 (one) lakh only, only 1 (one) car, and rental for 1 (one) house only. Once you appoint me, I will find a way to work with you and give you the benefit of having a MBA at your place. Remember, I know English & how many paddies make how much rice.

Interested companies may submit their applications to me with a non-refundable application processing fee of tk. 1000 (one thousand) only. Hurry while I am still available and cheap. I may double my fees once I earn some experience.

Contact me at: M Jain Al Abe Din. 420, Bhoote Golli. Bangladesh. E-mail: billclinton@bdcom.beshi

NOTICE INVITING TENDER

Fat Development Company

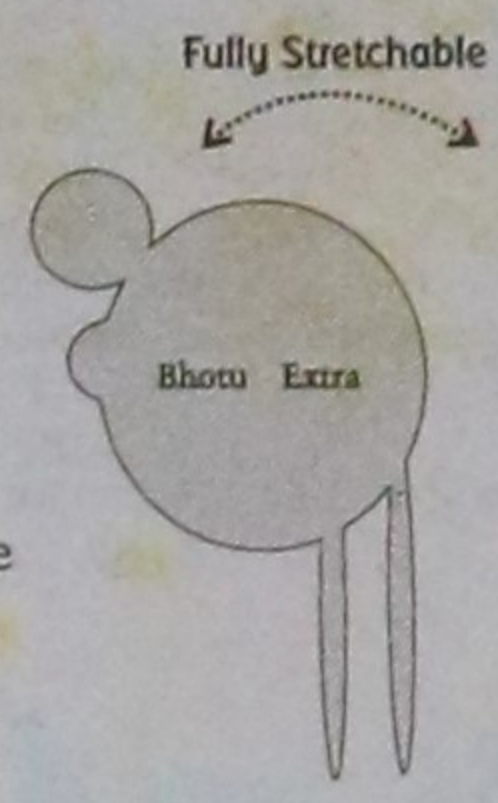
FDC

The FDC authorities are inviting bid offers from reputed or infamous entities/elements for supplying the following materials:

- Female extras- must be bend-able/twistable forward. Must be able to dance in the rain in 'bended forward' pose for hours--- Weight each extras: 220 pounds to 420 pounds. quantity: 24
- Male extras- must not be restless. These male extras are required to stand far behind the villain like statues and they must have the minimum skill of falling down on the floor when the hero shoots them down like stuffed pigeons. --- Weight each extras: 90 pounds to 120 pounds (chengu bodies). Quantity: huge
- Narshingdi cholai and ganja- must have the capability to kill the consumer after 48 hours of use. To be applied on the film scriptwriters, the drinks must be supplied in good Chivas Rigal bottles. Ganja may be served as it is. Quantity: 1024 litres of cholai and 2000 sticks of ganja
- Designers' special bizarre female dresses- dress designs must be horrendous enough to make deep impression in the minds of children who believe in the existence of 'Petni'. Size: does not matter. Quantity: each design one piece
- Designers' special peculiar male dresses- dresses may include semi-western hats, gum boots which are wearable in mudslides, sleeveless tee shirts, magenta pants and banana green shirts. Size: XL
- Dirty dialogues- dialogues must be bad enough to set a new eve-teasing trend upon its' first delivery. Only those dialogues would be accepted which, upon submission by the bidders to the authorities, the authorities would love to apply on the bidders.

Bidders must submit their offers by February 30, 5 AM at the FDC authorities office. Lonely, pretty female bidders would be given special preference.

By loarus



By Monzur Morshed
Place: The Computer Table
Duration: Until you switch off the computer

The Adda: Sit on the chair and run your computer. You can have a handset phone or a mobile phone in your hand talking to a friend as you are using the computer. When finished, log in and open a program for chat (ICQ or Mirc).

You can chat in any category (Games, Movies, Sports, Music, Education etc.). If you get any old pal, start talking. Or choose anyone unknown from the search option. If it is a "Deshi Dost", then it is OK. But foreigners will have some trouble talking to you because they don't know our "Deshi Kotha".

Tips: During the adda, keep your anti-virus loaded. Beware of harmful bugs and Java applets. Don't talk for a long time cuz it keeps the phone line busy, and the bill gets too high.

Hazards: Hackers everywhere. Be careful with your password- don't let anyone 'adda' at your cost!

Knockouts
From Monzur

- Explorer : "Gee, I'd love to swim in that lagoon. Are you certain there's no crocodiles in there?"
Native Guide : "Yes, I am sure. The sharks scared them all away".
- Father : "Your teacher says he finds it impossible to teach you anything."
Son : "That's why I say, he is no good."
- Employer : "What are you doing here? Didn't I fire you last month?"
Peon : You did Sir! But I just came to see if you were still in business."

PONDERABLES

From Bidyut

- # Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?
- # Do you think Houdini ever locked his keys in his car?
- # Can atheists get insurance for acts of God?
- # If procrastinators had a club would they ever have a meeting?
- # If the #2 pencil is the most popular, why is it still #2?
- # Have you ever wondered why just one letter makes all the difference between here and there?
- # When an agnostic dies, does he go to the "great perhaps"?
- # When you go into a hotel for the first time, you always see reception. What happened to the first ception?
- # If time heals all wounds, how come the belly button stays the same?
- # If a lawyer and an IRS agent were both drowning, and you could only save one of them, would you go to lunch or read the paper?
- # Isn't it strange that the same people who laugh at gypsy fortune tellers take economists seriously?
- # If you crossed a chicken with a zebra would they get a four-legged chicken with its own barcode?
- # If practice makes perfect, and nobody's perfect, why practice?
- # Why is there always one in every crowd?
- # If all the world is a stage, where does the audience sit?
- # Is it possible to have deja vu and amnesia at the same time?
- # Why do hair shampoo instructions say "Lather. Rinse. Repeat"? If you did this, would you ever be able to stop?
- # Who decided "Hotpoint" would be a good name for a company that sells refrigerators?
- # How do you know when it's time to tune your bagpipes?



"Dhaka City--Naa Re Baba Naa!"

By Mehreen Hassan

After much throwing up in the bus, Salimullah Mia finally reached the city of his dreams---Dhaka, at 1:00 p.m. from his village "Chhaglaa Daari" (his village wasn't a popular one, so I bet you've never heard of it). He had just got off the bus at the Gabtoli station, when he threw up again for the last time (yes EWWW! I know). He heard a man from the back, swearing loudly at another guy, and was shocked at how obnoxious the people in the city were.

The crowd at the station fascinated Salimullah Mia. Coming from a very quiet village, where the people were also very docile, a crowd like this was something he had never even imagined. As he walked further, he noticed how the walls of the city were filled with either movie posters or vote slogans. He saw a few food vendors up on the pavements, and was tempted to eat something--- something "Dhakaiiya". So he went and bought himself a plate of Chot-Poti, the price

of which, he calculated, could have bought him lunch and dinner at Chhaglaa Daari.

It was almost 3:00pm now, and Salimullah began to feel dizzy. He asked a passer-by if he knew of any lodging. The passer-by introduced himself as Rahmatullah Hadi and told Salimullah that he himself owned a small rest-house! Salimullah, not knowing any other place to go to, naively followed Rahmatullah. And besides, Rahmatullah looked like a pleasant man, with long white beard, and a "tupi" on his head. And to top all that, Rahmatullah also came from the same village as Salimullah (or at least, so Rahmatullah said, and the gullible Salimullah believed).

Rahmatullah took Salimullah to a very remote place, where he called out the names of a few men. To Salimullah's surprise, a few huge men in tattered trousers and dirty chest-open shirts came out of a dark alley. Salimullah had barely figured what

was going on, when one of these men brought out a knife and threatened to kill Salimullah if he didn't silently hand over all he had to them. Poor Salimullah was scared and shivering from head to toe. Reciting all the Surahs he could think of then, he handed over all he had, which included his life-long savings, and ran from the place as fast as his legs could carry him.

And having seen enough of Dhaka city in one day, Salimullah went back to the station and got himself a ticket back to Chhagla Daari. (Wondering how he managed the money to buy his ticket?-----Simple, he mugged another man who had also come to Dhaka for the first time!!!!)

And the villagers always thought Dhaka city was THE place for opportunities, where all their dreams and aspirations could come true. Maybe they should consult Salimullah Mia before the decide to venture into this city. Don't you think?

End of the World

From Bidyut

Check out how the US Media Would Handle the End of the World:

USA Today: WE'RE DEAD.
Wall Street Journal: Dow Jones Plummets as World Ends.
National Enquirer: O.J. and Nicole, Together Again.
Inc. Magazine: 10 Ways You Can Profit From the Apocalypse.
Rolling Stone: The Grateful Dead Reunion Tour.
Sports Illustrated: Game Over.
Ladies' Home Journal: Lose 10 Pounds by Judgement Day with Our New "Armageddon" Diet!
TV Guide: Death and Damnation: Nielsen Ratings Soar!
Discover Magazine: How will the extinction of all life as we know it affect the way we view the cosmos?
Microsoft Systems Journal: Netscape Loses Market Share.
America Online: System temporarily down. Try calling back in 15 minutes.

Discover The True Meaning
I AM MISSING YOU

