

THERE you go! That explains everything, from digging the same road twice each monsoon to buying an old aeroplane for the price of a new one. The fact is, and science has revealed this for-sometime-known fact only last fortnight ta daa! that 'the human brain' is still developing.

Now please someone, do not have the yen to ask where that is located. It is not that under-developed.

Equipped with half- to quarter-grown intelligence, here we are blaming all our woes on our politicians and bureaucrats, who are by natural evolution also gifted with only half and quarter wit; okay, one-eighth. But don't tell them. They get upset when you speak the truth.

Without this scientism, this far we have been extremely harsh on and unkind to them, who blame each other time and again for our despair. Nevertheless we extend to them our sincerest apologies for considering them nitwits being (how silly) dimwits ourselves. What a tragedy!

The half-brain news caught the full imagination of this huge politician. He decided to travel to France to have his brain enhanced. Since they built the Eiffel Tower, okay engineer Gustave Alexandre Eiffel did, and since they built and gifted the USA its hallmark the Liberty Enlightening the World, that is the Statue of Liberty, designed by sculptor Frédéric-Auguste

Bartholdi along with Gustave they the Français must be super intelligent, so his wife told him. Having higher IQ than normal, he readily agreed.

The doctor, after the introductory shaggy-dog-story of 'where is it?' got down to serious business. Taking computer images of two-dimensional cross sections of the brain, Monsieur *docteur* advised that since so much of the *cerveau* was *endommagé* by corruption, *gibawt*, fraud and falsehood it was better replaced. No problem, said the leader. That was primarily because his brain had not developed to understand the implication of the issue at hand. The issue here is the brain but no one has his brain in his hand, silly. More importantly his wife was away shopping.

On operation day the *neti* was asked to choose a brain from a basketful. How much that big one? He queried. Five million! said the doctor. No problem. In fact, the Bangladeshi politician was sniggering at the cheapness of French neurosurgery. No wonder they built a pole a thousand feet high but never commissioned it as an electric pole, he thought with his old brain.

The operation was successful and the leader came back home with a new understanding of world issues. That rising petrol price here was related to the rise in the world market.

Brain Drain Reversal

CHINTITO

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That petrol and onion were somehow related though he could not figure out how, and he left that for the next generation to find out since the brain by then shall be further developed. How clever! He now understood that every incident taking place at home, even if it be 500 a day, must have been decided either in New Delhi or Oil Aviv.

Our leader was now punctual at meetings. He was able to read all the pages of an English newspaper in a single day. His colleagues envied him. He was now sure that a million had six zeroes, but still wondered why more zeroes made a number bigger. Next generation, he surrendered.

Everything was fine except now his wife also wanted an e-brain, that's e for enhanced. It was like 'if you can dream of becoming an MP-*montree*, why can't I? After all I decide everything around here'. Fair enough, you would say!

Wanting to save five million on the brain, he thought of a shortcut to his wife's heart. Nowadays he was having these brainwaves on a regular basis. He went to his guru, the local party president, to request that his wife be made a *mohila* MP. The president's wife heard this while doing the *cha-nashta* ritual and gave a *chaap* on her husband's left foot. He was a former communist.

'Aaahhh!' yelped the president.

'Sir, don't cry. My wife knows how much you feel for the comrades'.

Next morning the president dutifully went to the local MP and started pleading that his wife and *shaali* be made a resident of the house that Kahn built. More tea, more *chaap* on the foot!

MP shaheb wasted no time and almost limping went to the *montree* of the *elaka* and begged that by far his better wife, his *shaali* and his sister be made MP. This time at tea time there was no *chaap*. That is below the dignity of a minister's wife. Instead there was a kick in the shin.

The minister then implored the powers that be that his wife, his *shaali*, his sister and his young auntie be made MP.

That is how, ladies and gentlemen, we will end up with hundreds more candidates for the thirty vacancies in the next elections. Double that figure, because the opposition shall follow a similar lineage.

And all this because of a brain that belonged to a Bangladeshi politician, who fancied some added intelligence.

News flash 1: The discarded brain of a south Asian politician has been sold to an unnamed German citizen. Police are trying to figure out how that incident is related to an escalation of political violence and corruption of the man and all those coming in contact with him.