



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CHE FANBOY

AZMIN AZRAN

9:30 AM

Shishir wakes up and sees Che smiling back at him from the poster on his wall. He cowers at the glare of the revolution in the man's eyes, and then shades his eyes to realise that the sun – in a desperate attempt to steal the show – was also glaring at him at the same time. It dawns on him that the sun is too big and bright for it to be 7:30 a.m. He is late for work. He decides not to shower because it might ruin the scruffiness of his unkempt beard that has developed in the past week. He contemplates whether or not to wear a gamcha around his neck today, and then recalls his friend borrowing it off him to wipe away snot the other day. He decides against it.

10:00 AM

Shishir believes in the power of the working class, and makes a conscious effort to be among them at all possible

times. He was planning to take the bus to work today but he realises he's late so he'll be taking a CNG. He tries to haggle for 20 bucks with the driver and fails. Grumbling about how he's had it up to here with tyrannical CNG drivers, he whips out his very expensive smartphone. A reminder tells him he had planned to start The Communist Manifesto. He decides he'll start reading it at a more suitable time, and logs on to Facebook to get instantly distracted by a 9GAG video called "Elephant woman reacts to touching a trunk for the first time".

1:00 PM

It has been a fun day so far; Shishir spent most of it looking at memes. He feels the recent uptick in the number of socialist humour on social media has been quite wonderful, but fails to acknowledge that this was the primary influence behind his ideological shift in the first place. Before going off to lunch, he makes a 500 word comment on a per-

son's post where they complain about how protests in certain important intersections in the city is making it difficult for them to commute. Shishir couldn't stress hard enough that people need to understand the importance of the greater good, and that such sacrifices will need to be made to finally seize the means of production.

4:00 PM

It has been three hours and no one has replied to his comment or liked it. Shishir looks at some more memes but they are no longer funny. He starts reading an article on RT online about how the West is starting to lose its strategically strong position in world politics but gets distracted halfway through it when someone throws a paper ball at him. The person doing it is a colleague who's the same age as him, but gets paid more because he's "good at his job" or whatever that means. The person does this a couple more times before Shishir loses his cool and tells him that he represents the bourgeoisie, who of course, are filth. Making more money than the regular man doesn't entitle him to disturb working people, who are only trying to do their job. Shishir storms out but soon realises he must go back because his boss will notice his absence. He tries to look up "bourgoise" on Google to make sure he pronounced it right. He misspells it.

7:00 PM

Shishir needs to be at work for another hour and then he can be off. He has been thinking of an amazing status update to post when he gets home; he'll talk about how it's the fault of rich people eating at

expensive restaurants that the poor around the world are starving. He'll also talk about nationalising the food sector, something he thinks should be a subject of discourse among intellectuals such as himself. That's when his boss walks up to him and asks him about the reports he was supposed to finish today. Shishir has no idea what reports the boss is talking about but says it'll be done by tonight. Shishir slumps back in his chair.

11:00 PM

Our protagonist is back in his room after a torrid day; he's genuinely afraid he'll lose his job after today. He got told off for not doing anything all day and finishing a two week report in two hours. His boss wants to meet him tomorrow. He was supposed to read The Communist Manifesto tonight but decides on doing some job searching, hoping his expensive MBA will save him from unemployment. Shishir logs on YouTube and plays his favourite playlist by this Russian artist called Vitas. He's strictly against America and their cultural hegemony over the world. With Russian music in the background, being occasionally interrupted by the popping sound coming from his phone of people liking and commenting on his status update, Shishir sends his CV to a private bank that wants MBA degree holders for its new branch. He looks at the poster of Che on his wall and sheds a tear.

Azmin Azran identifies as a gender-fluid wolfkin. When he's not fighting for social justice, he likes to spend time reading Sylvia Plath's Bell Jar with a cup of tea and straw.

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