

ELEVEN ONCE MORE

Rashed's hands were twitching above the keyboard of his laptop. He couldn't get the words out of his head because there was nothing there except smoke.

AAQIB HASIB

And the smoke was there from the time his brain cells got fried after his failed experiments with his wording. (Don't ask. It only sets him off.)

He was now tapping his fingers against the keycaps, annoying his "deskmate" into going to get his fifth cup of coffee. Yes, coffee. That's how they subsidise your pay if you work here, and they all love it.

Finally, he gave in and logged back onto the company's website. Scrolling through, he finally found the thread linking to the patented idea generation software, made by and for 11oncemore.com.

Rashed's eyes were glued to the screen as he waited for the idea machine, lovingly dubbed as Boss, to give him the title of his next article.

cring cring ting ting

He finally smiled. The words sprawled across his screen were brilliant, at least to him, or whatever was left of him at this point.

"Deep Jol is actually white", read the message across his screen.

Rashed spent the next 30 minutes consuming 5 cups of coffee and writing his masterpiece.

Finally, it was done. He clicked on the post button without even rechecking his article. Honestly, only the headline really mattered.

Rashed was on another crunch. He had run out of credits to use Boss, neither did he have enough credit for a cup of coffee in the cafeteria.

He looked down at his phone, it was the end of the month, and it would still be a few more days before he was paid his salary of 30,000 company credits, which were interchangeable with only cups of coffee and ideas from Boss.

Sitting back down at his desk with no coffee to accompany him made Rashed jittery. None of his

own ideas ever made it onto the website, and he would always have to end up using Boss.

Then again, so did everyone else. Boss wasn't just a cute nickname. Rashed realised, he was the one actually running this place.

Rashed stared at the screen for almost an entire hour, occupied with thoughts about the company. Finally with no other option, and fear of being reprimanded by his physical boss, Javed Shaheb (yes that was his last name), he finally typed out his next title.

Mother calls son her daughter, but actually, he is a boat.

It wasn't the worst idea he had come up with, but it was definitely bad enough to publish.

Rashed smiled, he'd manage the next few days somehow.

Rashed was now sitting in Javed Shaheb's office. In the seat next to him was his deskmate, Zahin, looking panicky as ever.

"Listen, Zahin. We need to make some changes. You're not giving me enough content. I asked for 2000 words, and you only gave me 1899. I can't pay you for this!" said Javed Shaheb without looking away from the screen of his phone.

"But sir, I think we need to hire more people. It's getting hard for me to push out so much content all by myself. Hiring an extra person or two will definitely help get work done faster," replied Zahin.

"We have made the appropriate job posts. CVs will come in soon."

"But sir, no one is applying because of our bad reputation. Everyone knows about all of our terms and conditions. I think we should start offering proper remunerations sir!" replied Zahin.

Rashed didn't know what Zahin was on about. He, personally, was very happy with his job, and

Zahin just seemed like a whiner to him at this point.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! Proper remunerations? Listen, kid, you applied for this job. I'm sure there are a few others like you who'll eventually apply as well."

And with that Javed Shaheb turned his \$600 gaming chair around, bringing the meeting to an end without even exchanging a word with Rashed.

Javed Shaheb walked to the desk next to Rashed's and threw a piece of paper onto it.

"Listen, Zahin. Put this ad for content writers online. I tweaked the post a bit. It's time we try and get some more writers on board."

And with that, Javed Shaheb walked back to his office.

Rashed looked at Zahin. His eyes were sunken in and tired, head riddled with bald patches.

Zahin sighed and put his head on the desk, looking defeated. The contents of Javed Shaheb's papers seemed to have rattled him further.

Rashed knew that the work had to get done, and he was the man to do it. He picked up the sheet of paper from his desk and began to type.

LOOKING FOR CONTENT WRITERS

Salary 30000. We also pay in coffee ;)
Young enthusiastic writers send your CVs to 11oncemore@jossmail.com

Rashed sipped his cup of instant coffee without batting an eye.

I mean, even if it was for the five people that visited the website monthly, someone had to give them something to read.

Aaqib is stuck in an existential crisis loop. Send help at aaqibhasib94@gmail.com

