

# Cinderella: An MUN Story

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Once upon a time, there was a smart and curious girl named Cinderella, who wanted to change the world with her thoughtful yet unrealistic ideas. Cinderella was a probationary member at her university's Model United Nations Club. She did everything in her ability to ensure that her club seniors and supervisors would notice her hard work and dedication towards the club and its cause. Yet, despite the hard work she put in, Cinderella was deprived of promotion. She was not allowed to climb up the ranks of her club no matter how much she tried. Her only fault was that she came from a Bangla medium school.

The club superiors would ignore the devotion she showed in her work and instead, would always praise the work of those members who came from English medium school. Cinderella always had to tolerate the constant mockery thrown at her by her peers. All she ever received for her contribution was humiliation.

During the club's events, Cinderella was always made to do all the hard work. From arranging the chairs of the auditorium, to crowd control, she was burdened with more tasks than she could handle. The other members of the club watched and smirked from afar as she carefully went on arranging the chairs, her body tired but not as nearly as tired as her soul.

One day, as Cinderella was scrolling through her newsfeed, she came across an event page for the Grand University Model United Nations (GUMUN). Her heart was filled with hope and joy as she began to ponder over the possibilities and the amazing values that she could have added to her CV once she was registered as a delegate at the GUMUN. Cinderella also saw this as an opportunity to make her mark at the club and to gain minimum respect and love from her fellow club members.

"You? A delegate at the GUMUN?" laughed the club president. "You are not worthy enough to represent our prestigious club at that conference."

Cinderella hung her head in shame. She was being humiliated at the club room in front of everyone. They were all enjoying the mockery that was being made of her. Some of them were even passing bad comments.

"Like, does she even have a suit?" said one.

"Yeah, I bet she doesn't even have a gown to wear at the socials," said another.

Unable to tolerate the humiliation, Cinderella ran out of the club room and sat herself down on the stairs. There, she heard a familiar voice, "What happened?" It was the MUN club's advisor. "Why are you upset?"

Cinderella explained the whole story to the advisor, expressing her dire interest in the GUMUN. "Do not worry my child," said the advisor, comforting Cinderella. "You will get your chance at the conference." And with that, the advisor gave Cinderella a key. "Take this key and go to my office. Login to my PC and complete your registration." Cinderella was confused but appreciated the gesture. She took the key and smiled back at the advisor. The advisor gave Cinderella an MUNUBER discount code for a limo for her commute to and from the conference venue.

"Oh, sir. I will forever be grateful to you for this" cried Cinderella.

"Do your best, Cinderella. Also, I have something else for you. Every princess needs a tiara. Thankfully, you're no princess. So here's a choker."

The sadness surrounding Cinderella disappeared. As she was leaving, the advisor called out to her saying, "Whatever you do, make sure you're back home before midnight, because that is when the discount coupon's validity ends." Cinderella nodded her head and returned home.

On the day of the conference, Cinderella put on her gown, which she had purchased from the trade



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fair earlier that year, smeared her face with a bit of makeup, and proudly put on the choker her advisor had given her. She then called an MUNUBER ride using the discount coupon and made her way to the conference.

At the conference, all the other participants were mesmerised by Cinderella's charming appearance and her display of wisdom during the sessions. She was the centre of attention at the GUMUN. From newbies to MUN veterans, everyone was talking about her. Some of them were even getting jealous watching her hog all the attention.

During the socials, the Secretary General of the conference asked Cinderella to accompany him to the dance floor. "I would love to," said Cinderella with utmost joy. All the other delegates and guests moved out of the way as the two of them danced. Cinderella had never felt happier.

However, being consumed by the joy, Cinderella lost track of time. By the time her eyes fell on the clock, it was already 11:45. Cinderella remembered her advisor's warning. She needed to get back home before it was 12. Cinderella dashed through the hall room as she began calling her MUNUBER ride back home. The GS ran after her and tried to stop her from leaving the venue by grabbing her choker. But the choker snapped open from her neck and Cinderella left the venue without even looking back. As she made her way home with just minutes to spare, the General

Secretary was agonised and hurt. "I must find her," he said holding Cinderella's choker in his hand.

And so, the search for the delegate began. The General Secretary ordered his MUN secretariat to look for Cinderella across the great land. The secretariat dispatched campus ambassadors in every institution for this purpose. The ambassadors asked every female MUN participant from every MUN club to try on the choker, for the one whose neck would succumb to that dog collar knock off, would be honoured with the Best Delegate award.

They searched far and wide, until they came to Cinderella's university. All the girls tried their luck with the choker but to no avail. Finally, it was Cinderella's turn to put on the choker. Everyone giggled as she took the choker in her hands, but they were all shocked when it gripped her neck perfectly.

Thus, they had found their Best Delegate.

In the years that followed, Cinderella and the General Secretary attended many MUN conferences together and established world peace.

Global crime rate reached an all-time low, immigration crisis had ceased to exist and North Korea embraced K-pop as its official propaganda music.

Oh, and they lived happily ever after. Duh.

*Faisal wants to be the very best, like no one ever was. To survive university is his real test, to graduate is his cause. Send him memes and motivation at [abir.afc@gmail.com](mailto:abir.afc@gmail.com)*