

MONSTERMANIA

LESSON LEARNED



MD. ZAMILUR RAHMAN SHUVO

It was a laboratory experiment by EDUCATION (Eccentric Douchebag Union of Celestial Atoms with Terrible Inferior Organism and Neurons) that went horribly wrong. The objective was to create a properly-functioning flawless humanoid that would help students with their career objectives and test them out to see if they can really earn it. But it all backfired when one heavy overdose of a wrong chemical mixture turned the experiment rogue. It fled the lab and now, every Halloween, returns to hunt down its victims.

There's no escaping it. Every student, once born, is branded with a specific time stamp which foreshadows the day when they will have to dance with the devil in the pale moonlight. The only way to avoid that confrontation is to fly off to a faraway land (they might have their own monsters but those aren't as scary as ours). The ones, who fight valiantly, earn the monster's respect and get a chance to pursue their careers.

However, the monster never leaves empty handed. Every Halloween, the monster comes with a raging hunger and leaves after a feast. Its favourite victims are the ones who call themselves "I am GPA 5!"

MD. Zamilur Rahman is a self-proclaimed foodie and comic geek. He hates pineapple on pizza and white chocolate. Change his mind at shuwo sanctum@gmail.com

WHERE LOST BALLS GO TO BE FOUND AGAIN

FAISAL BIN IQBAL

Once upon a time, during a game of street cricket, a taped-up tennis ball was hit so hard that it ended up in a dark alley. The alley had no way in, nor did it have a way out. The ball lay there, waiting for its owner to come looking for it. But alas, that never happened.

Years went by and the ball was never picked up. The rain, wind, and the dust took a toll on its figure, and the tape began to show signs of tear and strain, giving the ball a mummified appearance. It seemed as if the ball was worn out due to the continuous friction caused by rubbing it against the groin region of a fast bowler's trousers.

Enraged with the children who never came to its rescue, the taped-up ball turned into a vicious ball monster and vowed to terrorise kids by taking away the things they love the most – their balls.

From tennis balls to the footballs flying out of Old Trafford, all the balls that left their owners sight for a single minute were taken by this monster, to be brainwashed, to be controlled mercilessly. It formed its own army of balls and began to chase away anyone who tried to retrieve them.

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



A BOTANICAL CONFUSION



SYEDA AFRIN TARANNUM

Nothing has held my attention the past decade so strongly, except for the fascinating little boxes that seemed to capture precious moments with a click and a flash of light. Sadly, this box is the reason I became the outcast of my clan for the past twelve years.

See, I am a part of a clan at the Botanical Garden where we spend our days trying to make the garden a place for both the living and the dead to peacefully cohabitate and coexist. Since our presence is deeply resented, we try our hardest to remain invisible.

As I mindlessly swayed around on the eve of my hundredth death anniversary – a little heartbroken by everyone's negligence of the day and occasion – I noticed two men with one of those boxes. I realised, maybe they had planned for me to take a photo as a surprise. I quickly made my way in front of the black box and struck a pose beside the man before the other could take a photo. I believe this act happens in such an unexpected manner, people have given it the name "photobomb". Suddenly, the man looked at the photo he'd just taken and fell to the ground, senseless. Within seconds, the entire clan hovered over. Their red eyes, somehow brighter, stared at me with rage.

Oops.

Syeda Afrin Tarannum would choose "The Script" over "G-Eazy" any day. Continue ignoring her taste in music on afrintara@gmail.com

THE WHEELS OF THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND

MRITTIKA ANAN RAHMAN

On a dark, stormy night in 1992, a bus full of passengers was speeding in Dhaka roads when a cement truck collided with it. The bus spun uncontrollably and crashed tragically into the lake next to the road but when locals rushed to the area the bus and its passengers were nowhere to be seen. The divers searched in vain.

The ghost bus with its ghost driver and ghost passengers still roam the streets of Dhaka trying desperately to reach its destination that it never made it to 27 years ago. The bus never knows when its time will run out again so it speeds violently and fearlessly, trying to overtake whatever is on the road, knowing well that the passengers are all dead inside.

However, the bus and its passengers are trapped inside for eternity and must live out their entire afterlives sitting in Dhaka traffic.

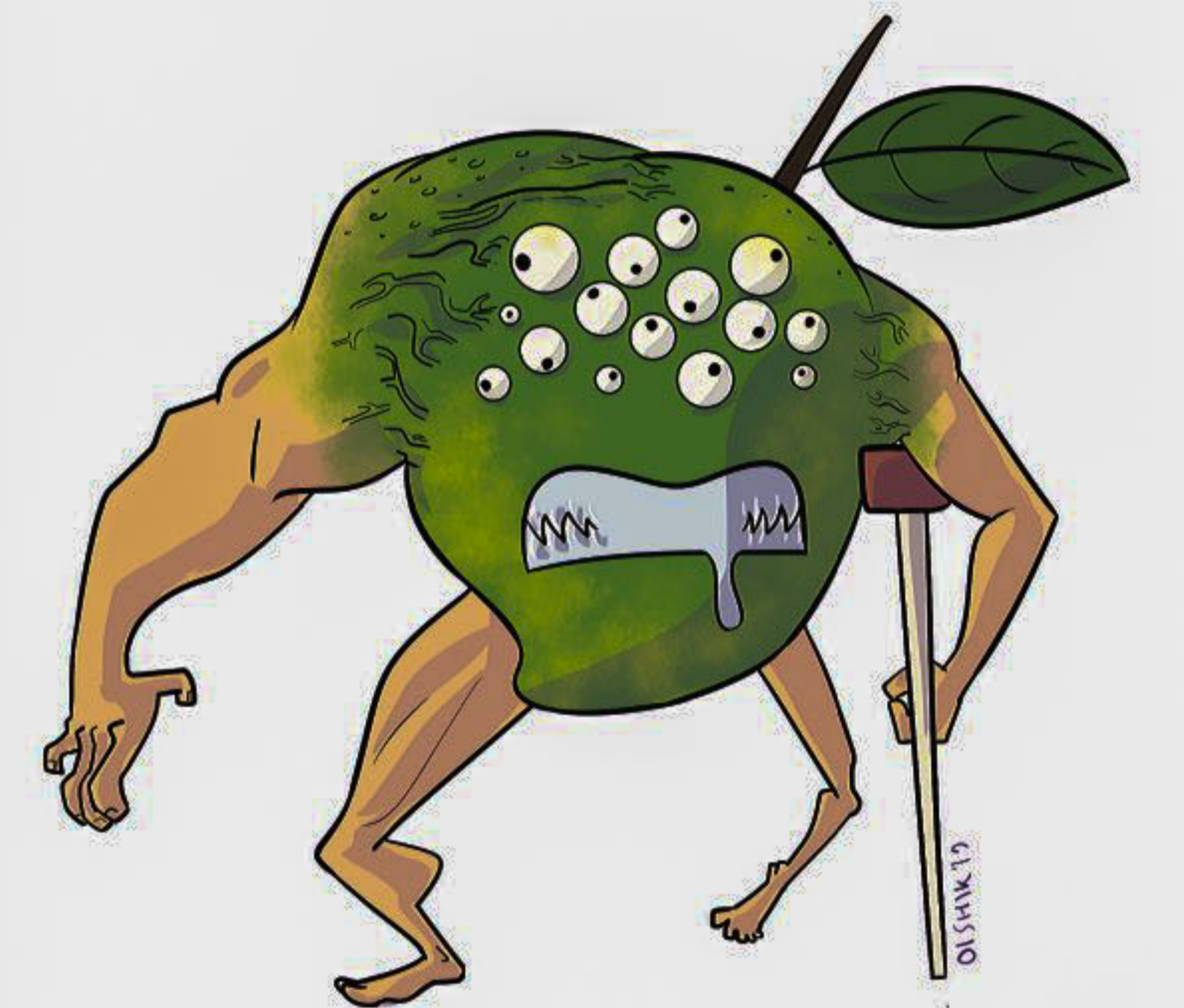
If you mistakenly board the haunted bus the passengers will stare at you creepily from head to toe because they have long forgotten what a real human in flesh and blood looks like and secretly longs for the time they were one too.

You must always be aware of the haunted bus when you are on the road walking – the last time this bus passed the fitness test was in 1988.

Mrittika Anan Rahman is a daydreamer trying hard not to run into things while walking. Find her at mrittika.anan@gmail.com



100% ROTTEN MANGO



RABITA SALEH

I was once a perfectly good mango. Unlike some of my more "handsome" siblings, I had a bit of a sharp chin. But as a mango, I was perfectly sweet. If only someone were to take the time to taste me. But no! They simply judged me based on my looks, plucked me from my beautiful branch, and chucked me into the River of Doom.

A few days later they began dumping something else into the river from a huge pipeline attached to a factory upstream. This substance glowed neon green at night. Everyone tried to edge away from it, but it caught up to me. It penetrated my skin, combined with the carbide that already flowed through my veins and left a vile metallic taste in my mouth. And just like that, I could see. I had eyes, and arms, and legs.

The sole thought in my mind? Revenge against the humans. They think they're so much better than everyone, going around this planet, trashing everything they touch. I'll show them. I'll show them exactly what it feels like to be dragged from your home and thrown into a vicious river. Left to rot, fester, and turn into their worst nightmares.

Rabita Saleh is a perfectionist/workaholic. Email feedback to this generally boring person at rabitasaleh13@gmail.com