

PHOTO: MEDIOCRE BANGLADESHI DIGITAL AGENCY

It's not tehari, it's tuhoor: Bangla Institute chief

COLAPI BHAR

Bangla Institute Chief Sohan Gazi Tanks today declared that it's tuhoor, not tehari.

The announcement was made at an official press conference called virtually by the institute right after iftar where the chief made the declaration.

"It's 2021. Covid is somehow worse than last year, and I don't know why we are still having this debate," said Sohan Gazi Tanks, adding, "as long as I am alive, I will never let the language be hijacked by miscreants of foreign lands. It was suhoor and it is tuhoor,

and you will all receive a gazette notification tomorrow about it. Rana, tuhoor baira de (Rana, serve the tuhoor)," said the institute chief.

Sohan Gazi Gazi Tanks also stated that changing the word into tuhoor had been one of the biggest successes for the shop that sell jalebis beside the institute premises and it was a sign of a language adapting to modern, cooler times. "We are working to get more words sorted within our dictionary -- nuhoor for nehari, anoor for anari, nupur for nepali...oh wait nupur is already a word!"

Iphone starts 'Watermelons offer' in new genius marketing strategy

MAHBUB ALAM MUNNA

While the scorching sun is delivering its unbearable gift, people seem to pay no heed to the heatwave as there are bigger fish to fry: the price of watermelons.

The fruit recently broke earlier price hike records held by onion, beef and rice. For the first time in the history of watermelons, the fruit was not being sold per unit, but instead was being sold by kilogrammes. People, the majority of whom do not work hard enough to earn six digits, soon found that watermelons were no longer an affordable option to beat the heat.

But whether people can afford something or not has never been an issue when it comes to making a purchase in a world driven by capital ambitions. Capitalising on this, Iphone, the world's greatest marketing trick, has pulled another ace from its sleeve. The

new Iphone 13w will come with one huge watermelon for an unspecified additional cost.

For those who want to flex, but cannot really afford to, Iphone will also be offering older models of their phone in exchange for a watermelon (terms and conditions apply).

Talking to an iPhone seller and a potential watermelon buyer about the present condition, he said, "Yesterday, I sold my wife's iPhone 5s, but couldn't afford to buy a watermelon with that money. So, today, I came to sell my iPhone 12s, the selling price of which, I hope, will be enough to buy a watermelon, the fruit Bangladesh has been hankering after!" he exclaimed.

That an old model of iPhone isn't enough to buy a watermelon may stun most people, but Bangladeshis understand that artificial inflation is nothing new. Celebrities, however, disconnected with the world as always,

have found a new cause to stand for while nothing new of note happens. "What does it mean? Has the watermelon become the fruit of rich people? What will those people eat who don't have an iPhone 12s to sell?" one celebrity said without adding anything else to the conversation.

The rise in price of watermelon has also stirred heavy emotions in the country's people. A customer was found weeping in front of a fruit shop. "My family forced me to buy a watermelon that they have been dreaming of to eat. I didn't have an iPhone. So, I had to take loan from a bank. But, that money was not enough to buy the most wanted fruit. As the loan continued, interest was going up. I took another loan and finally bought a watermelon. We ate it and went bankrupt. That's a fruitful bankruptcy, least I could say with a smiling face," he said, smiling through his tears.

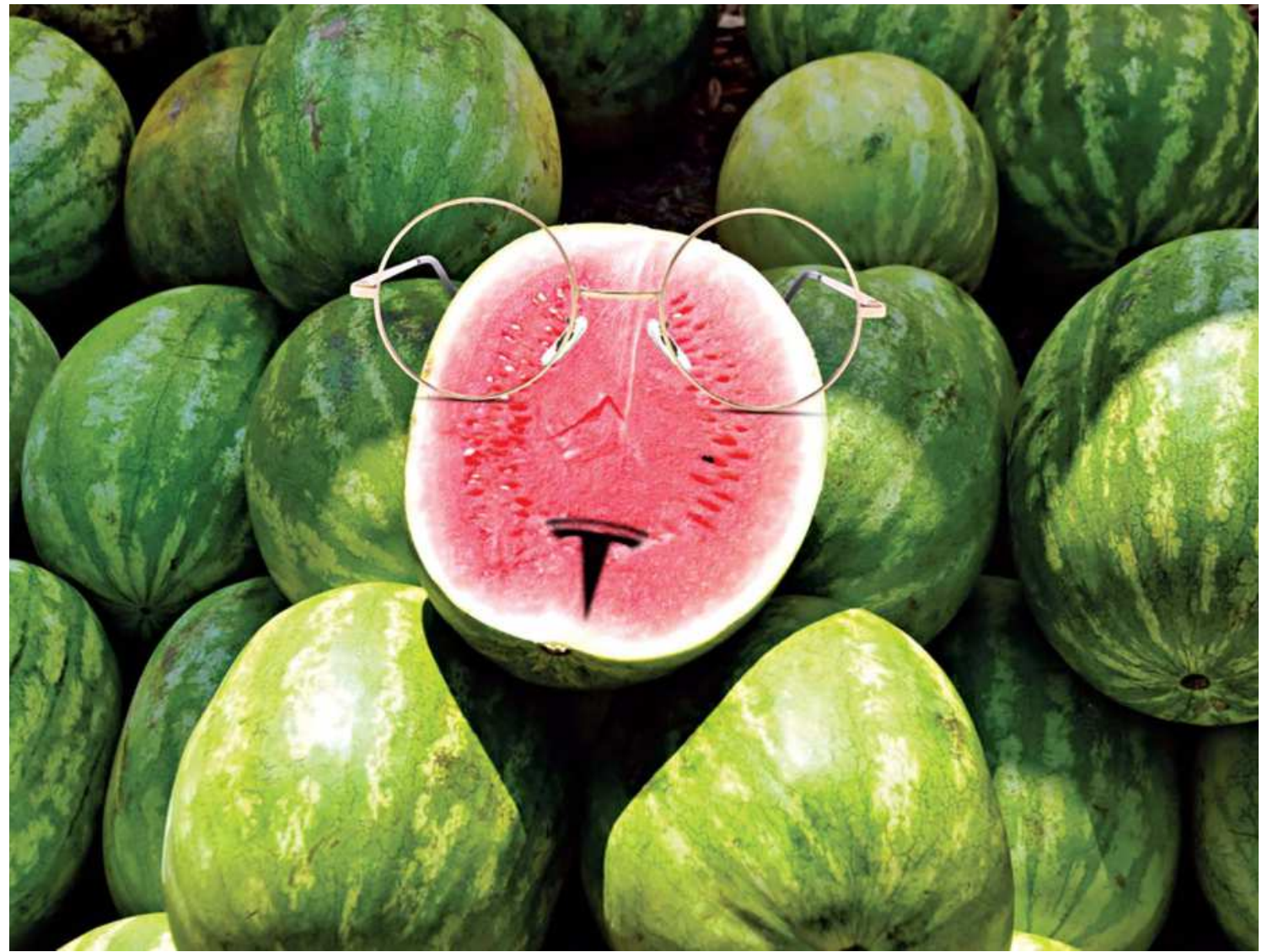


PHOTO: COLLECTED

The Fasting Diaries: Day 1



RAMADAN KAREEM

POOL SIDE IFTAR & SEHRI

PLATTER STARTS FROM 2 ACRES OF YOUR DAD'S LAND

LeASGARDIAN

PHOTO: MEDIOCRE BANGLADESHI DIGITAL AGENCY

Dear Diary,

Today was my first day of abstaining from eating and drinking for as long as the sun was out. My journey began keeping four things in mind: spiritual reflection, self-improvement, and heightened devotion and worship.

To begin with, I spent the first day really understanding man's relationship with food. I knew I could not eat or drink anything from 4:00am to 7:00pm. So, I ate till exactly 3:59am. In fact, I think my last gulp went down around 4:00am. This meant I had to drink some water at around 4:01am. Bad start, but you have to start somewhere.

Immediately after that, I went to sleep, waking up with a rumbling stomach at around 4:00pm. And it was so hot. I felt an immediate pang of thirst upon waking up. But this could not be acted upon. I needed to practice restraint.

Millions, or maybe billions, of people around the world starve every day. Till today, I never knew what that felt like. I spent a good 30 seconds thinking about the less fortunate, while at the same time my senses were regaled by fragrances of whatever was cooking in the kitchen.

At 6:01pm, I asked my mother what I would eat to break my fast. She gave me a very bad answer, something along the lines of traditional Bangali food. This really infuriated me. I had spent the entire day not eating or drinking to learn what abstinence and sacrifice was all about. I had empathised with the plight of the less hard workers. After all this, how could I eat traditional food? Instead, I decided to splurge. Two iftar platters to really make sense of the poverty striking this world.

Or was this about poverty? What about self-reflection? I opted for a quick meditation from 6:20pm to 6:26pm. Those six minutes were hard and my blank mind was constantly interrupted by images

of the delicious food I was about to eat. I then stopped and browsed the internet, looking for what to wear after this month of understanding came to close.

In between, I thought about my relationship with the higher power a few times and wondered again if there was a good/bad point system. At that time, I realised we did not have dates in the house. I wonder if that meant I would miss out on a few good deed points.

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I then went out and handed out change to people who looked like they needed it. I tried to talk to them, but could not because they probably had Covid and I refused to get vaccinated earlier because of all the conspiracies. Then the clock struck 7:00pm. I had seven slices of pizza, a litre of cola, lots of saffron-infused jalebis. I munched away thinking of my great success today and decided it sucks that some people have to go hungry every day. It also sucked that I couldn't do anything about it, but that's a story for another day.