Sabre-toothed tiger claws into cricket board 'purrsident'

THE CLUELESSPONDENT

Over the years, a culmination of the effects of climate change has melted the permafrost and brought out ancient microbes, deadly viruses and what not. Although, none of it remotely bothered most of the cricket crazies of Merepoor, also known as "zombies", what transpired as of late has stunned even the most ardent of zombies, who are renowned for living off the "hope of victory".

Sometime last week, the sabre-toothed tiger, which was assumed to have gone extinct either in the Ice Age or 2013, surprised everyone by entering the world yet again and lashing out at the Merepoor Cricket Board purrsident, who controls the Bobcats, previously known as the Tigers.

After the IPP Wild Cats' T20 World Cup began, rumours of the board president -- who has no name -- being a "Nazgul" disguised as a Persian black cat kept circulating, courtesy of a Triggerbook group known as the "Fellowship of the Ring".

The Daily Nebula was informed that the first thing the sabre-toothed tiger, or Mr Sabre, did after coming out of supposed extinction was to open a Bitter account under the name "Sabre Sane Jury".

There, Mr Sabre made a post: "It's not funny at all that He-who-has-no-name has no shame as well. What's so disgraceful is how the longest serving purrsident, who also happens to be the most incompetent, ran the image of the Bobcats down the 22 yards."

In response to Mr Sabre, the board purrsident called for a press conference at the so-called centre of the universe -- the infamous Merepoor pitch -- and began delivering a monologue for the ages.

"My dear feline cousins, look around and tell me, what did you get for being so wild all these years? Sundarbans' tigers are already on the brink of extinction, and you, Mr Sabre, are the last of your kind," said the purrsident. "The true wild nature, contrary to what you've been told, is to survive. And not just at any cost, but with ultimate ease. This isn't the Pleistocene era, so purr up! Meow!

"It all might seem counter-intuitive but my vision of transforming the Tigers into Bobcats and then into Super-cute Cats through selective breeding would make all of us carefree in the long-run," he continued. "And after the remaining tigers and bobcats are fully domesticated, the people of Meowpurr will not find anything to criticise.

"And Mr Sabre, no wonder you didn't last as long as I have. By the way, that's what she said!" he said in a not-so formal manner.

"Finally, to all my gullible haters, I'm only halfway there. Mark my words. I still have five lives left out of nine," he remarked at the end of his speech.

Right after that, every reporter's jaw and mic dropped, as the purrsident abruptly transformed into a Nazgul and flew off into the horizon on the back of a dragonish creature.

Ex-poor people start appointing accountants after becoming filthy rich overnight

MAHBUB ALAM MUNNA

The per capita income of Chapasthan has reached a new soaring milestone yet again. On the occasion, the country's emperor recently said, "Unbeknownst to us, with each passing night, the people of Chapasthan are getting richer. Development, development, development."

Indeed, the nights are bringing citizens wealth never seen before. This is changing the face of the country, which had been trying to reach middle-income status but has now abandoned that goal.

"I slept poor last night, but after waking up, I discovered that I'm richer than all the tax-evading, bribe-taking people combined!" said Saimon Ahmed, a previously-poor man.

In reference to the emperor's comment, world-renowned motivational speaker Choleman Happy gave a nugget of wisdom to the financially illiterate masses.

"If you sleep poor, that's not your fault. But if you wake up poor, that's definitely your fault," he said, quoting no one because this is an absolutely original sentence never uttered before.

The sky-high income has created a new problem. As the people's money keep multiplying after every night, citizens are facing trouble keeping exact records of their income. This has compelled Chapasthanis to hire accountants.

Chartered accountants are in huge demand right now. Cynthia, an ex-garment worker who now has her own factory, said, "How can I keep records of my massive pile of money with my barely basic education? So, I hired an accountant. I'll have to pay him Tk 2 lakh monthly, but that's not a problem, as long as I can fall asleep and wake up."

Poverty -- which was the in-vogue subject for the country's seminars and discussion, where eminent citizens regularly expressed grave concern -- is slowly fading away.

"You know what? I didn't find any trace of my Tk 10 crore I earned by sleeping last month. Although, this is just five percent of my total earnings, I need to hoard as much as I can. So, I appointed an accountant," said a street hawker, who now just hawks stuff for the fun of it.

"Everyone is giving me Tk 500 or 1,000 notes, and you know what's the best part? They don't even ask for any change! Now, I'm planning to go on a vacation in some European country. Oh God, I don't even want to remember the days, like last week, when we were a poor country and everybody used to give me notes and coins of Tk 2 or 5," said Sadman, a hobbyist street-beggar, while listening to music on his iPhone 13.

The professional accountants seem to be over the moon due to the development. Nazia, one such accountant, said, "I urge everyone to sleep for at least eight hours every day, not for health but wealth reasons. Believe in the emperor and let us handle your uncountable money."

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