



City totally covered by memorial foot overbridges

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DEVELOPED CORRESPONDENT

The capital reached a milestone yesterday when the entire structure of overbridges, constructed to memorialise people who died after being run over by city buses, became visible after completion of the last overbridge in the only remaining spot in Otokhalina.

Omaigo Bader, the road transport and fridges minister, formally opened the overbridge.

“This marks a major step in our development,” he shouted down to reporters from his place on top of the

structure. “It shows what we can do with public money, how we give it back to the public when tragedy strikes them. When they lose their lives because of road accidents, we show that we care, with these beautiful overbridges.

“And this will also be beneficial to motorists as they can no longer see the sun, which means they are protected from the searing heat of Dhoka city.”

Representatives of Bus Owners and Drivers National Association (BODNA) were also present and spoke at the meeting.

When a reporter said that now that all roads were covered, the darkness would

make pedestrians vulnerable to daylight robbery and other crimes, Bader said that is only an opportunity for further development.

“You know as well as I that no matter how many overbridges we build, pedestrians will still opt not to climb stairs. So I do expect these deaths to continue, and maybe more deaths from the other reasons you mentioned.

“We have a plan to memorialise those deaths too. From now on, every road-related deaths will be marked by knocking down one railing of an overbridge, and soon, you’ll have an elevated expressway!”

Petition launched to fine people covering Pasoori

MAHBUB ALAM MUNNA

“I haven’t seen my girlfriend’s photos on my newsfeed for the last 50 days because it’s flooded with Pasoori covers. I had to visit her profile to see her latest photos. Could you imagine the pain I have been experiencing since the launch of Pasoori of Coke Studio Pakistan?” a boy from Dhoka spoke out about his pain.

It has not even been two months since Pasoori was released, but millions (statisticians suspect that the figure might be billions) of covers of Pasoori have already been made, 95 percent of which is from Chapasthan. Being fed up with the constant covering of Pasoori, a boy named Shams started a petition to draw the attention of the authority concerned to pass a brand new law that would stop a person from making another unnecessary cover of Pasoori by imposing a Tk 5 lakh fine.

The petition has been greeted with mass approval. “Finally, someone came to the rescue! I want the authorities to pass the law promptly. Cannot take it anymore!” a Facebook celebrity annoyed by the covers of Pasoori said.

“One of my school friends who did not talk much, let alone sing, made multiple covers of Pasoori, including in English, Bangla and even Sylheti and Noakhaila versions. I think the fine should be above 10 lakh,” Antara, another Pasoori cover sufferer, said in despair.

Some have come up with a new idea to stop people’s obsession of making Pasoori covers. Munna, who failed several times to cover Pasoori, said, “Why don’t we appoint Will Smith to stop cover-men and cover-women? Let’s hire him to slap anyone who covers Pasoori again. If we give him Tk 3 lakh for every slap, we will save Tk 2 lakh!”

Out of 180 million people of Chapasthan, perhaps 150 million have already made covers of Pasoori. Satireday’s tired correspondent talked to one of those cover-men. “Sir, you sang really well. But, do you know the meaning of Pasoori?”

“I don’t like to spend time finding the meaning. I can make another cover by saving that meaning-searching time,” he said.



The Smithslap trumps all

A newsroom leader contacted Satireday to talk about the meeting that took place in her organisation to decide upon the news that would be the cover story of a weekly magazine, which covers the stories behind the daily news. Wanting to remain anonymous, she said she had to contact a satire page because the serious outlets were not taking her seriously. The following are her words:

BONCHOT KANA

There were a lot of issues on the table that Monday morning. And there were some shingaras too, but they did not last long.

Anyway, back to the issues that I thought would make for a pretty loaded issue. There are the price hikes of essentials, the outbreak of a disease that a country boasting of its rapid progress shouldn’t have to deal with, the thing happening in Ukraine, the epidemic of people dying because cars and trains run them over, etc.

On the positive side there were stories about women entrepreneurs rising above their situation in life.

But then it happened.

Will Smith slapped the funny out of Chris Rock. On stage. At the Oscars.

The consensus around the table, now bereft of shingaras, was that this was big news. This changed everything.

“Think of the visuals for the cover page,” one newsroom leader said. “The picture of Chris Rock being blown away, and Will Smith in his slap follow through. Written below will be ‘The Slap Heard Around the World’.”

But what about the price hike?

“Arre poor people care about what the rich are doing,” said another member of the majority. “Oscars equals glamour. Let the people have the glamour yaar; it will make forgoing dinner easier. And anyway, what are you doing buying magazines if you can’t buy soybean oil?”

And the war in Ukraine? Surely that

would be more newsworthy.

“That war is about hate, there is killing there. This one was about love and protection, didn’t you hear what Smith said when accepting his Oscar?” someone in the pro Smith camp asked.

“Also, we just have to believe that there are bombs being dropped in Ukraine, but we all saw the bomb being dropped on Chris Rock.”

“Man’s wife is insulted. He gets up on stage and smacks the taste out of a comedian. I wish all men were like this,” a man said.

There was a brief discussion on the optics of playing up an act of violence by someone who is supposed to be a role model. Then there was a lengthy discussion on the rights and wrongs of the joke and whether Jada Smith’s disease should have been subject to a joke in front of millions.

Then someone pointed at me and said, “You wanted women empowerment stories? This is perfect. Look how Smith empowered his woman. Done and done.”

It was finally, after an eight-hour meeting that included indigestion-inducing amounts of shingaras, decided that the Smithslap would be the cover story. The winning argument was that everyone on social media was talking about it, so it must be important.

Then I went home, later than I thought possible, and my husband said, “Saw that Will Smith thing today? I want you to know that I would do the same. By the way, what’s for dinner?”



PHOTO: REUTERS