



This picture courtesy of a one-way intellectual property exchange with Shout.

PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

TOP DIGITAL MARKETER SHARES SECRET

I know almost nothing

“Content marketing isn’t really about content. It’s about identifying your market. And then writing exactly what corporate pays you to write. But it’s also about having the right strategy.”

LUBNAN KHALEESI

Kaiser Farooqi had a thousand things on his plate.

But you couldn’t tell at first glance. Decked out in a custom-made suit, he kept glancing at his watch and then phone.

Apparently, he had to wait 15 more minutes before he could make a new farm or something on this mobile game he was playing. In between he would take a few selfies and trawl social media for content to steal from those with far fewer followers.

Kaiser was one of the most sought-after digital marketers in the country. Like most other digital marketers, he had no idea what he was doing. But it was nothing a little Google search couldn’t solve.

“Content marketing isn’t really about content. It’s about identifying your market. And then writing exactly what corporate pays you to write. But it’s also about having the right strategy,” he says.

What does that mean, we ask him. Can you please elaborate on the strategy part?

“Well,” he says, taking in a deep breath and

pausing for a minute, looking profound. “See, what I did there? I paused before I answered and took a long breath. It helps you look profound.”

Yes, indeed. But what about the strategy?

At this question, Kaiser broke out in his trademark full-toothed smile, one he uses every time he talks to anyone at all.

“See that thousand taka smile? That makes me relatable and approachable,” he replies with vigorous hand movements.

“The strategy is simple: solve an existing problem,” he replies.

But isn’t that literally the most generic reply ever? Also, what existing problem did Kaiser solve?

“Well, I saw a model used in America. I applied the same model here, but also brought in celebrities to talk about what they aren’t the most proficient at,” he declares.

But isn’t that, like, theft?

“No, it’s not. It’s innovation. Look around at most of our innovation. It’s using a foreign model to create a local solution. That’s how business works, dummy,” he says, the smile back, turning creepier the longer you look at

it.

Can you not smile like that?

“No, I must,” he replies, the smile now looking like a Joker scar across his face.

Changing topics, because this is getting weird, we ask about digital marketing and what it means.

“Listen, I don’t want to talk to you about this actually. We reserve our lessons for children and those not exposed to the scene as much. This way we can preserve our image of looking like we know what we are talking about. Like, I wouldn’t really impart economics lesson to an economics professor. I’d rather stick to schoolchildren and university freshers who don’t know better.”

With that he smiles, again.

Can you leave us with something helpful?

“Yes. If all fails, motivate others. And I will leave you with this so you remember: When the sheep sleep, the tiger awakens. Be the sun.”

Lubnan Khaleesi knows she can be a bitter at times, but nothing bothers her more than incompetence cloaked in copyright violations.

It’s me, hi, I’m the problem, it’s me, says BCB boss

Dreams a cricket fan

INCEPTION CORRESPONDENT

The following is an excerpt from a dream journal of a Bangladesh cricket fan, also a Taylor Swift fan. This is a dream, and any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely subconscious. We have not changed any names to be faithful to the dream of one cricket crazy individual, who we shall not name.

Night had fallen over the Sher-e-Bangla National Stadium in Mirpur on March 14, after England won the T20I series 3-0, which followed a 3-0 win in the ODI series for the tourists, bringing an end to the one excuse of the Bangladesh Cricket Board (BCB) – that Bangladesh are a formidable team at home.

BCB President Nazmul Hassan Papon took to the microphone at the post match press conference, instead of the defeated captain or the prodigal son-cum-coach Chandika Hathurusingha.

At this point a brinjal, or eggplant, jumped across the table and landed on Hassan’s face, and like magic, I could not see the brinjal or eggplant anymore.

“I have a confession to make,” Papon said. “It’s me, hi, I’m the problem, it’s me. At teatime, lunchtime, all the players actually agree.”

Taylor Swift then took a seat beside the BCB supreme, the head honcho, the big begun bhaja [in the words of the dream journal, our “legal department” advised us to reiterate].



Papon continued, “I have a condition where if I am not shown on television and I am not the centre of attention, I get really sick.

“When I talked about the rift between Tamim and Shakib, of course I didn’t need to, but I kinda had to. You see, if things run smoothly, the public will ask why they need me around. So, while everyone knew about the relationship not being the best between the two biggest stalwarts of the country, I was compelled to bring it up before the series against the team that was the last to beat us in a bilateral ODI series at home, in 2016.

“That,” Papon said with a big smile, “is my real function as BCB president. I like to interfere and mix things up. Like you said, I am interferer in chief. I am all that is wrong with Bangladesh cricket.”

Then, as fireworks decorated the Mirpur sky, Papon and Taylor Swift merged and Swift said, “I polish up real, I polish up real... Nice!”

Satireday bears no responsibility for someone else’s dreams

Unable to deal with mosquito menace, Fashundhara resident starts adopting them as pets

NAZIEA RAIDAH

It was late at night. After what was an excruciatingly exhausting day, Armana dragged her body to bed, eager to put the day, and herself, to rest.

But just as her face hit the pillow, she realised she wasn’t alone in the room.

Even though she could feel the faint flutter of wings for a bit, she thought that it was all in her head, so exhausted was she. Just a few minutes into the process of drifting off into blissful nothingness, a hum passes by her ear. Confident in her ability to swat the being with her eyes closed, she ends up hitting her face.

She’s wide awake. And as soon as she turns on her lamp, her face turns faint as her reflection hits the mirror.

A swarm of mosquitoes, hovering over her head like thought squiggles. Armana looks at the image flabbergasted. She runs over to the corner of her room where the BCI aerosol can stands.

She lifts it up and says, “No I mosquito repellent my foot!” and throws the can in the bin. Things have been pretty rough for Fashundhara

On Sunday, Fashundhara authorities proposed a unique solution. It was announced that mosquitoes have claimed their space in the area and, given their sheer number, it is difficult to get rid of them. Therefore, authorities will be distributing instruction manuals on befriending mosquitoes.

residents. Despite locals’ complaints, the drains stay clogged. During monsoon, it’s easy to tell that this area was once a river since despite modernisation, residents have to travel by boat. This also in turn brought the area much tourism, since during heavy downpour, the area is marketed as “Discount Venice”, where couples often gather for a romantic outing.

This made one thing obvious –

nothing would be done about the clogged drain, which meant that nothing would be done about the mosquitoes.

On Sunday, Fashundhara authorities proposed a unique solution. It was announced that mosquitoes have claimed their space in the area and, given their sheer number, it is difficult to get rid of them. Therefore, authorities will be distributing instruction manuals on befriending mosquitoes. “The best way to deal with a problem is to act like it doesn’t exist. You know what they say these days – ‘Fake it, till you make it,’” said Most Fashunuddin, chairman of the Fashundhara Oikya Kalyan Samity.

“I believe that if we all treated mosquitoes with a bit more dignity and love, like pets and not pests, we will be able to reduce the severity of this problem – through the power of collective endurance,” he added. And so, Armana sat on her bed, with her eyes red – parched from some lack of sweet slumber. She let the mosquitoes make her their prey. Her eyes twitched as she kept telling herself over and over again, “Pets not Pests.”

