

# The Long March but Short Flight

New political party 'Afsos league' announced by former AL supporters

**MESSENGER LURKER**

A section of former Awami League supporters, who consider themselves free thinkers, progressives, etc. and who also joined the students in demanding resignation of Hasina, have now decided to open a new political party, the Afsos League.

In a press conference held on the streets of Lalmatia at 2:30am, while patrolling for dacoits, they informed reporters "is this the freedom we wanted?"

Supreme convener of the party Manushua Babir spoke at length with reporters about the rationale behind starting the party.

"Immediately after Hasina fell, we rejoiced so much because we didn't want a fascist leader either. But then I soon found out that this was all a CIA plot to make this into

an extremist and fundamentalist state," says Babir, who had also joined the Long March to Dhaka.

"How is this a free country? I can't sleep at night fearing that BNP-Jamaat will come back, that I

will have to hide my tattoos. Hasina, while she killed many people, at least kept the extremists at bay," they added.

The leaders of the Afsos League also spoke at length about how the

toppling of the regime was an outside act and how some former staunch supporters of AL knew about this before and warned them. But they were too quick to judge Hasina for the atrocities she unleashed on her

own people -- killing at least 450 people in a matter of weeks.

They also questioned that if the revolution really was for better days, then how could another equally rotten political party immediately

get so much limelight.

The correspondent who filed this report was also very, very worried and has no answers to the above questions.

Last reported, the correspondent is considering joining the Afsos League, because they don't want another tyrannical regime after toppling one.

Meanwhile, an anti-student movement has started because their revolution has not solved all the problems the country faces, like, immediately. Activists of the movement began marching through the streets yesterday morning with a banner reading "Was this the plan?"

Activists said things like, "What do these pipsqueaks know. The traffic was much better before they took over. Was this the plan?"

All of the members of this new group are middle-aged men.

## Tyrant wakes up after 15 years, becomes good person

**WORRIED CORRESPONDENT**

A tyrant who was on a drip of liquefied sleeping pills for the last 15 years because another tyrant had usurped him, woke up on August 7 and became a good person.

Wandering out with puffed up eyes, he came out of his balcony to see thousands of people, who had come to see him because a mass uprising had sent the other tyrant flying out of the country.

Knowing that he was on

the cusp of becoming a tyrant again, he smiled, and opened his playbook.

"There will be no violence," he said to the crowd, and muttered "for now" under his breath.

"No revenge, only..." he had to

look into the book. "What's that... oh, love and peace."

"The students are our future..." he said to uproarious applause.

"Enemies," he muttered away from the microphone, smiled, and went back in.

## Hey, this is Jay from Hinge

**AAQIB HASIB**

"Did you know babe, I am actually older than my age on Hinge. And because I am very fit, which everyone tells me all the time, everyone always guesses that is my age," said Jay, staring into the mirror, trying to fix his hairline.

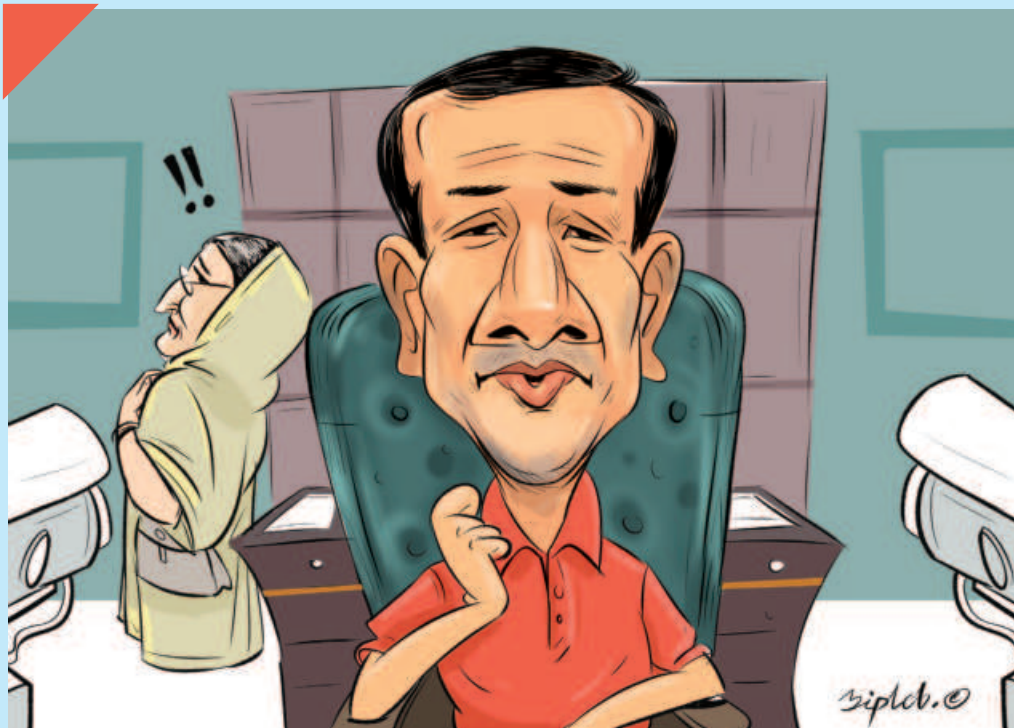
I didn't know what to do. I had just told him that I was breaking up with him, but he just simply went back to talking like nothing had happened.

"Hey, Jay, listen. I don't know if you hear me or not, so I am gonna repeat myself," I said, my voice getting louder. I was so tired of this.

"After everything that you and your mother have put me through in the last 15 years, even if it seems abrupt, I am done. I am not SAYING we should break up. I am telling you we ARE broken up. IT'S OVER," I said, mouthing out that last word.

Suddenly, a look of absolute menace crept up on his face, one I was all too familiar with. He looked so damned stupid with that look on his face. I almost wanted to punch him.

"What the hell do you



mean? Who the hell do you think you are? I don't even want you. Me and my mother, we don't want or need you. After everything we have done, you treat us like this? There is something wrong with you people. Who is influencing you? Jamal or that Zead guy at work?" he yelled, a look of

fury on his face. "I mean all of the gaslighting, manipulation, lies, physical abuse, hurting my friends. How can you even believe that I would still want to be with you. I am surprised it took me this long, but I guess that is what Stockholm

Syndrome is. We are done. Please leave my house and take your mother with you," I replied, bravely. This dude is an

absolutely crazy person.

"You didn't even pay me for all the work I did on your house for free. Prachy, you are so ungrateful. You don't deserve me or my mother. We are done with you. You're going to become the next Paki," he said, spitting on the floor.

Jay, if that even was his real name, walked out of the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

I breathed a sigh of relief, it was over. They were going to be gone. I was going to be free.

Within a second Jay re-entered the room, a look of fury on his face.

"No, I changed my mind. You belong to me. We have too much history together. 15 years of success. You are nothing without us. I won't stay in this house tonight and my mother won't come back. But we are not done. The Shawami League sends its regards. Remember that," he said, his skin almost snakelike from all the venom he was spitting at me.

"And don't you ever speak about my mommy like that," he said, wagging a finger at my face, before finally leaving. Hopefully for good.

## Satire not satiring the same after the fall of Awami League

**AFIZAN HADIAR**

After the wave of excitement ended and things started to get serious with the new interim government, satire writers seem to have been at a loss on what to make fun of.

This is what satire writers from different top dailies in the country had to say.

"It's not the same thrill anymore. I miss the rush of possibly being killed or disappeared at the hands of the government for making fun of them," said satire writer Chuppu Chup from The Daily First light.

"Things are so safe now that we can literally name names when we criticise the government. There's no repression of freedom of speech yet. I mean how can we even write satire without repression," said another correspondent from The Daily NotunBoyosh.

The two correspondents discussed the golden days when this paper was threatened to be sued by Mayor Taposh for criticising his move to cut down trees in Dhaka city in a satire piece.

Tasher Naziba, the writer of the satire piece, said, "Man, there's no menacing around anymore. There's so much positivity going around that I'm starting to fear satire writers will go out of business."

While things seem grim, satire writers seem optimistic still because of the presence of BNP, Jamat, Shibir and Hefazot and especially, Khaleda Zia's eyebrows (or the lack thereof).

Now we just have to make sure that kids don't beat us to the joke first.

