

# A TALE FROM THE FUTURE

## Ordinary students celebrate lynching 100th person

SHADHARON CORRESPONDENT

The year is 2028. Ordinary students have done something extraordinary yet again. Yesterday, they organised "Lunch for Lynching" to celebrate beating a hundred people to death since the "lucky seventh independence".

All the dead, including a four-year-old, were former members of Fascist Chhatra League, claimed Ordinary Assistant Coordinator Bashir.

They held the programme on the premises of Dhoka Medical, where survivors of mob justice were being treated.

O n e

address? Did you steal my phone?"

The latest event of justice took place at Dhoka University, where absolutely ordinary students tortured a man until he died. But before that, he got a full meal to enjoy, due to the infinite, yet ordinary, virtue of our students.

Following the 100th incident, Student Police Chief Munmun, at the 100th press conference, said for the 100th time, "The incident is regrettable. Can you not kill people, pretty please?"

However, Additional Ordinary Sub-

Assisting Coordinator

Rahim said, "We

will not stop

until fascism

is eradicated.

Anyone who

questions us is a

fascist."

Questioned

whether this

means that

all fascists

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killed,

**Additional Ordinary Sub-Assisting Coordinator Rahim said, "We will not stop until fascism is eradicated. Anyone who questions us is a fascist."**

he looked at the reporter while taking an ordinary knife out of his pocket.

Meanwhile, police are yet to return to their posts. Contacted, all officers opined that the super-giga-ordinary students are doing an excellent job, so police are not needed anymore.

"It was us who did all the killing before, without any

repercussions. But now, we seem to be outmatched and out-unpunished," said officer Md Munir Munshi, son of Mamu Munshi from Chhaganalya, wishing not to be named.

However, ordinary students are pushing back, organising under the banner of Students Against Equality. According to them, the country was doing better when discrimination was rife.

"Back then, there was a hierarchy; we had ministers, DCs, officers," said Unordinary Co-coordinator Maisha.

"But now, everyone's a student.

There's no difference

between

experienced justice again as he was recovering too fast.

"Students are the

torchbearers of morals and

ethics," said Ordinary Justice

Mamun, who's not an actual

judge but puts the prefix

there, just like medical

assistants use "Dr" now.

"If you disagree, you're a

conspirator. What are

you up to? What's your

them and I, aside from me being unordinary."

With the slogan "Death

to Anti discrimination",

they are scheduled to block

Shahbagh today. Their one-

point demand is for putting

a stop to lynching and going

back to subjugating people

using draconian laws and

financial corruption.



PHOTO: FREEPIK.COM

## Altruistic prisoners demand work-from-jail permission

MAHBUB ALAM MUNNA

When the world is busy inventing and discovering new things, the people of Chapasthan 2.0 are busy coming up with new demands with every passing hour.

Like millions others, this time prisoners raised their voices with a new demand leaving everyone dumbfounded. They demanded to be allowed to work from jail.

"Look, you guys fulfilled employees' demand of letting them work from roads due to unbearable traffic jam previously. Now just let us do our yeoman's service from jail," Salluman X. Bohemian, the outspoken spokesperson of Altruistic Criminals Community, a group of prisoners who, after a brief stint behind bars, have been struck by a sudden urge to dedicate their lives to humanitarian causes.

Investigations revealed that prisoners turned into good human beings ever since they discovered the bars in front of them. They argued that they couldn't contribute to society unless they were freed. The group, headed by Salluman, demanded their immediate emancipation, irrespective of the severity of their crimes.

"Many things to do before I sleep," sighed Fall Oak, another prisoner, his voice full of poetic despair. "Let me go. I have an internet cable disconnected for ages just waiting for me to reconnect it. The people need me and my intellect as well."

"Don't worry. We have already connected the wire," replied the jailer.

"Oh, you did? Then just let me work from here. I can direct my employees remotely from the cell so that my beloved people never have to face internet outages again. I will make sure the internet flows like the water of Niagara Falls," Fall Oak continued his pleas.

Majhi Bellim, another altruistic inmate, wiping tears of patriotic devotion, said, "Although the internet connection is a bit slower here, it will not be a problem for me to serve my fellow countrymen. I have always been a selfless person. I cry every day, not because I am behind bars, but because I cannot work for my people. If the authority cannot set us free, at least allow us to work from here."

Such demands went viral. People have been appreciating such a bold demand. When this Satireday correspondent hit the streets to gather public opinions regarding such a "never heard before" demand, Tausif, a pedestrian said, "We should be proud of our criminals. Show me another country where prisoners want to work for the people, that too from jail."

"I think, not only do they deserve the permission to work from jail, but they also deserve a cosy chair with a mesmerising view from the window," Maria, an office-goer, said.

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## 'Natok Kom Koro Pio'

AAQIB HASIB

"Natok kom koro Pio," the man said, his white beard shaking with fury.

Godi was sick and tired of dealing with her. Tired of how she kept pestering him like a spoiled child, demanding he provide whatever her heart desired.

Pio looked up at him, big watery eyes. She batted her eyelashes, as if that would always get her what she wanted. Fake tears almost started to roll out the corner of her eyes, as if on command.

Godi grunted, looking away, tired of Pio's shenanigans. If ever there was someone who had watched too much Zee TV, it was Pio.

He looked out the window, the tinted glass of his Maybach saved him the embarrassment of dealing with this scandal. Of being seen with her. But what else could Godi do, he was after all an honourable man, allegedly.

Forty-seven days. It had been 47 days since she had arrived here, to his home. Running away from some other drama she had stirred up. He didn't have time to deal with this, but he had experienced the ups, so he guessed it must be time to experience the downs.

Godi sighed out loud. He would not be dealing with the mess she had made. That was her problem. He had explicitly mentioned that part multiple times to her, yet she kept nagging him. Demanding he go fight her battles for her.

Thankfully, Godi wasn't a common idiot. He frowned looking at her big eyes, magnified further by her horn-rimmed glasses.

"I will give you just one thing today.

But only if you stop nagging me. And no, nothing to do with deploying the military. I can get you lunch. That's it," he grunted at her.

Pio smiled at him, temporarily satisfied. After all, she knew how to get her way eventually.

"I want to eat hilsa. Fished out of the Padma," she replied.

"Woman I keep telling you I don't eat meat, why do you still insist?" he grumbled.

She came closer to him, those big emotional eyes, crocodile tears starting to stream down her face.

"Fine, we will go get you your damn fish. Driver, take us there," he grunted again.

She clapped her hands together, overjoyed at the first of many small victories she had in mind.

"Driver, which restaurant has hilsa?" she asked.

"Madame, they are not exporting Padma hilsa right now, but we can find some regular hilsa at a restaurant I know," the chauffeur replied.

"What is the restaurant called?"

"Fascist," the driver replied.

A panic overcame Pio.

No. Not here too. What is

happening, she thought.

"Fa Sheesh madame," the

driver repeated, after seeing the

confusion on her face.

Pio relaxed a little, but

was still visibly shaken by the

encounter. She turned towards

Godi, expecting some sweet words

of assurance from the man she so

deeply... admired?

"Godi jee, I know people are saying

a lot of things about me. Calling me a

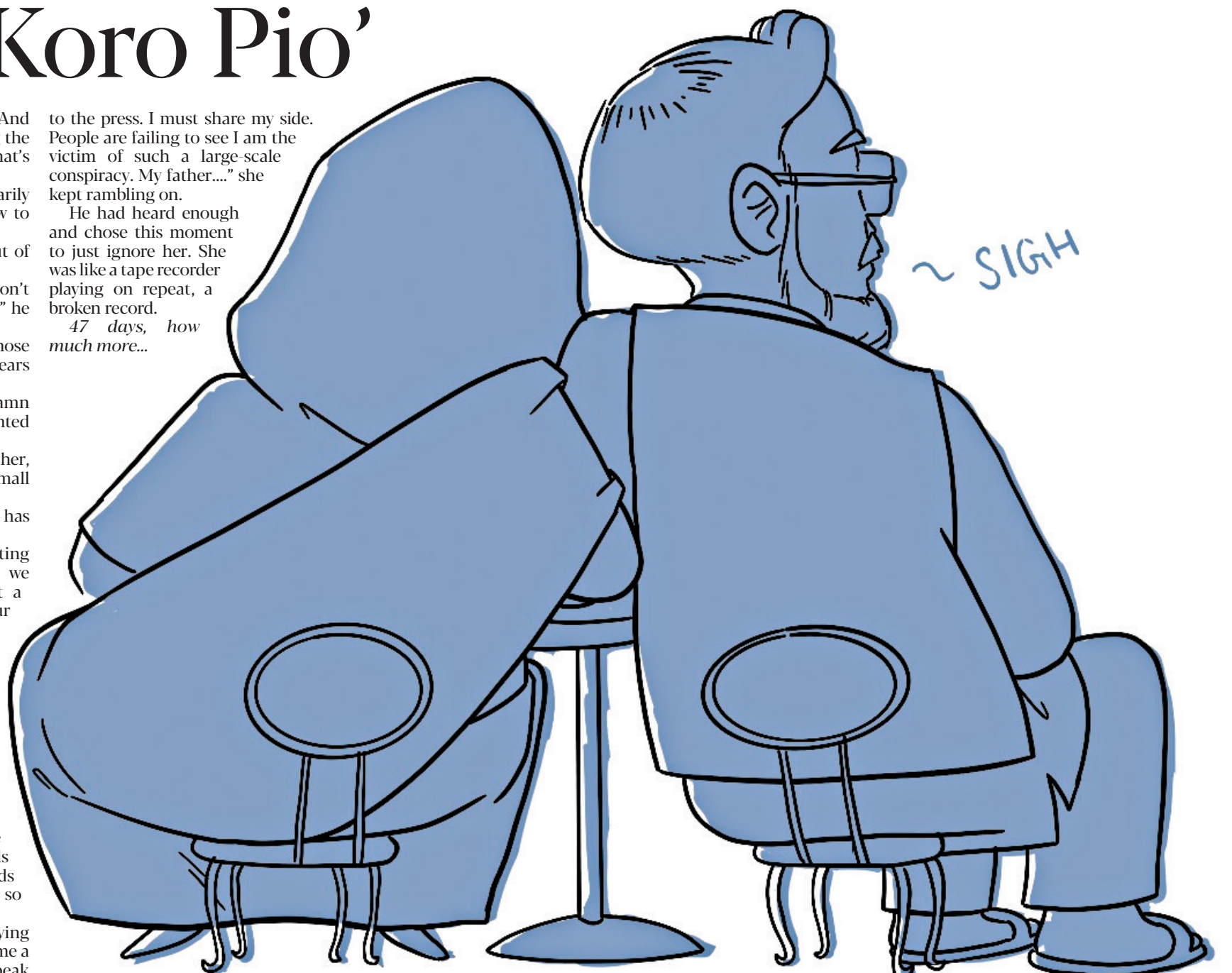
lot of names. Please, let me go speak

to the press. I must share my side.

People are failing to see I am the victim of such a large-scale conspiracy. My father..." she kept rambling on.

He had heard enough and chose this moment to just ignore her. She was like a tape recorder playing on repeat, a broken record.

47 days, how much more...



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