

HUMOUR TIMES

JEST FOR FUN!

WORLD LEADERS GONE WILD!

**Political Meltdowns, Award-Winning Egos,
Annexed Umbrellas & Fortune Cookie Diplomacy:**





HUMOUR TIMES

SMART LAUGHS FOR SHARP MINDS

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"CONTENT UNDER PRESSURE - READ AT YOUR OWN RISK"

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Global Political Circus - From tariffs, tantrums to treaties: your front-row seat to the global clown show

Cease Me Baby One More Time - An explosive expose on ceasefires, bromances, and international commitment issues

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IF YOU ARE NOT OFFENDED BY PAGE 6, CHECK PAGE 7



From the Lemon Squeezer's Desk

**"In Filth We Dig
Gold"**

"Why the World Needs Humour Now More Than Ever"

Dear Readers,

After a long, reflective sabbatical (read: an extended coffee break laced with existential dread), Humour Times is finally back — freshly squeezed and zestier than ever.

Why now?

Because somewhere between the next war, the latest political scandal, the fifteen millionth app update, and your neighbour's angry rant about coriander, the world forgot how to laugh.

We live in times when truth sounds like satire and satire sounds dangerously close to the evening news. In such a climate, humour isn't just a luxury — it's a survival tool.

A protest.

A pressure valve.

A mirror that shows us not just how absurd the world is, but how brilliantly ridiculous we are in it.

Humour reminds us that power should be questioned, pomposity should be pricked, and that it's okay to giggle at the chaos — especially when the alternative is crying into our overpriced oat milk lattes.

So yes, Humour Times is back.

Not to solve the world's problems. But to poke them lovingly in the ribs.

Let the laughter begin (again).

Warmly but with a dry pen,

The Editor

Brij Khandelwal

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear sir,

In today's fast-paced world, humor is essential for stress relief and maintaining perspective. Resuming the publication of the monthly Humour Times would not only bring laughter back into readers' lives but also foster community connection and thoughtful commentary. Regular humor helps uplift spirits and encourages positive engagement with current events.

Paras Nath Choudhary,
New Delhi

Dear Kurrupistan chief,

We believe Political satire plays a vital role in a democracy by holding leaders accountable and exposing flaws in governance through humor. It empowers citizens to question authority, encourages critical thinking, and provides a safe outlet for dissent. Satire makes complex issues accessible, fostering public debate and promoting an informed, engaged society.

Gopi Krishnan,
Coimbatore

Dear Editors,

Humour is necessary in an open society because it encourages free expression, bridges social divides, and allows individuals to critique norms without fear. It diffuses tension, fosters tolerance, and promotes resilience in the face of challenges. By inviting reflection and laughter, humour strengthens the foundation of open, democratic discourse.

Nimi Iyer,
Waynad

Dear HT,

The editors of Humour Times deserve high praise for their audacity and unwavering commitment to the fearless craft of satire. By publishing scathing satires and skillfully lampooning netas, they uphold the essential tradition of speaking truth to power through wit and wisdom. Their boldness challenges complacency, exposes hypocrisy, and enlivens political discourse. In an era when dissent is often stifled, Humour Times stands as a beacon of journalistic integrity and creative courage.

Manu Asikcha,
Guwahati

दुनिया का सबसे महंगा ग्लोबल सर्कस! आओ, तमाशा देखो, टिकट फ्री... बस आत्मसम्मान गिरवी रखो!

बृज खंडेलवाल

बर्बाद मुल्क, और आतंक का जंगल—वाह रे, मुक्तिदाता! इनके झूठ के पांव नहीं, रॉकेट हैं—मैराथन दौड़कर चांद तक पहुंच गए!

ब्रिटेन: फूट डालो, मजे लूट लो

अब ज़रा ब्रिटेन की 'कला' देखिए, जो 'फूट डालो और राज करो' के पुराने उस्ताद हैं। 1916 का समझौता? मानो मिडल ईस्ट को चाकू से



लो जी, पश्चिमी राजनीति का वो चकाचौंध तमाशा शुरू हुआ, जहां 'सद्गुण' का मेकअप इतना गाढ़ा है कि बॉलिवुड की भूतनियां भी शरमा जाएं! ये लोकतंत्र के 'ठेकेदार' और आज़ादी के 'सुपरहीरो' दुनिया भर में ऐसे नाचते हैं जैसे उनके शब्दों में शहद नहीं, पूरा मधुमक्खी का छत्ता टपक रहा हो! ये तमाशा इतना हास्यास्पद है कि सर्कस के जोकर भी टिकट कटाकर सीट बुक कर लें। नाम है द—“पाखंड: धरती का सबसे महंगा रियलिटी शो!”

शांति का पाठ, हथियारों का ठाठ

पहला नंबर है इनका फेवरेट खेल—शांति का उपदेश देना और दुनिया को बम-बंदूकों से लाद देना! अमेरिका, जो खुद को 'दुनिया की टॉर्च' बताता है, अपनी सेना पर इतना खर्च करता है कि अगली दस ताकतें मिलकर भी पसीना छोड़ दें। फिर भी चेहरा ऐसा कि मानो दुनिया को गुलदस्ते बांट रहा हो! 2003 में इराक को “विनाश के हथियार” की मसाला कहानी सुनाई। नतीजा? हथियार तो नहीं मिले, पर तेल की पाइपलाइन चमकने लगी! एक लाख से ज्यादा लाशें,

टुकड़े-टुकड़े कर के कहा, “लो, अब आपस में लड़ो, हम पॉपकॉर्न खाते हैं!” नतीजा? सौ साल का झगड़ा!

फिर 1947 में भारत-पाक बंटवारा—ऐसी जल्दबाजी कि मानो ब्रिटिश साहब की ट्रेन छूट रही थी। लकीरें खींचीं, मुल्क बांटा, और बारूद बिखरे के निकल लिए। ये वो ‘आर्टिस्ट’ हैं, जिनके ब्रश से खून-खराबे के भव्य चित्र बनते हैं।

लीबिया और सीरिया: नाटो का ‘लोकतंत्र लाओ, बवाल पाओ’ ऑफर

2011 में लीबिया का हाल देखिए। नाटो ने ‘नागरिकों की रक्षा’ का ढोल पीटा, और मुल्क को ऐसा बमबारी का डांस फ्लोर बनाया कि आज वहां जंगलराज नाच रहा है। गद्दाफी गया, शांति गई, और बचा सिर्फ ‘लोकतंत्र’ का लेबल वाला मलबा! सीरिया में भी वही स्क्रिप्ट—बगावत को ‘लोकतंत्र’ का तमगा, हथियारों का ट्रक, और फिर मुल्क को बिखरते देख हाय-तौबा! लगता है पश्चिम के पास एक

गुप्त रेसिपी बुक है: 1. अराजकता डालो। 2. हैरान होने का नाटक करो। 3. तेल और ठेके लूटो।

रूस पर तंज, गैस का प्यार

रूस को लेकर यूरोप का ड्रामा तो ऑस्कर लायक है। एक तरफ नैतिकता का लेक्चर, दूसरी तरफ रूसी गैस की पाइपलाइन को चूमते फिरते हैं। यूक्रेन को 'नैतिक समर्थन' का झूट तो बटुआ तब खुलता है, जब हथियारों का सौदा पक्का हो। ये नैतिकता का सर्कस है, जहां पश्चिमी नेता बाजीगर बनकर 'सद्गुण' की रस्सी पर नाचते हैं।

अफ्रीका और ईरान: लूट का मॉडर्न मॉडल

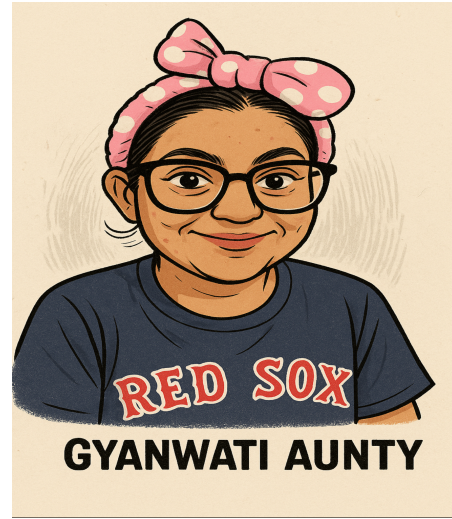
अफ्रीका के साथ 'मुक्त व्यापार' का ढोंग? ये तो नया उपनिवेशवाद है, जहां पश्चिमी कंपनियां पेट भरती हैं, और स्थानीय लोग भूखे पेट सपने देखते हैं। 1953 में ईरान का तख्तापलट? बस इसलिए कि उन्होंने अपने तेल को 'राष्ट्रीय' करने की हिम्मत की। तो साहब ने लोकतंत्र हटाकर तानाशाही बिठाई और नाम रखा—"कम्युनिज़्म का खात्मा!" डील चाहिए, सिद्धांत भाड़ में जाएं!

चुनिंदा नैतिकता: माइक चालू, दिमाग बंद

सबसे मजेदार है सर्कस का लास्ट एटम, इनकी 'चुनिंदा नैतिकता'। सऊदी अरब के मानवाधिकार हनन पर ऐसी चुप्पी कि बौद्ध भिक्षु भी शरमा जाएं। लेकिन चीन या रूस की छोटी-सी चूक पर माइक थामकर दुनिया को लेक्चर! इनका नैतिक कम्पास तो GPS की तरह है—जिधर मुनाफा, उधर सुई! लोला पारसनाथ चौधरी ठीक फरमाते हैं: "पश्चिमी राजनीति झूठ की फैक्ट्री है, और इराक युद्ध उसका ग्रैंड ओपनिंग सेरेमनी था!"

पाखंड: एक परफॉर्मेंस आर्ट

ये पाखंड नहीं, हाई-लेवल स्टैंड-अप कॉमेडी है! पश्चिम वो चालाक लोमड़ी है, जो मुर्गियों की रखवाली करते हुए 'पशु अधिकार' पर यूट्यूब लाइव कर रही हो। तालियां तैयार रखो, क्योंकि ये तमाशा अभी और रंग लाएगा। पर्दा गिरे या न गिरे, पाखंड का ये सर्कस 24/7 चलता रहेगा!



**AUR
BATAAO...**

**Aunty knows
Best...**

Dear Gyanwati
Aunty,

I'm in a
situationship
with a guy who
says "We're
just vibing," but
also asked me

to do his laundry, meet his parents, and co-sign a
car loan.

He sends heart emojis but also flirts with his gym
trainer named Rajni.

Aunty, am I dating him or just part of his monthly
expenses?

Confused but Moisturised

=====

Dear Confused but Moisturised Beta,

If he wants you to act like a wife, but introduces you
as "just a friend," you're not in a situationship —
you're in a subscription plan he forgot to cancel.

This man has outsourced emotional support,
laundry, and financial backing — you're basically
Amazon Prime with feelings.

And Rajni? If he flirts with her in front of you,
imagine what he's doing behind your back. Probably
asking for protein shake recommendations and
lifelong loyalty.

My advice?

Return him to sender. No refund, no exchange.
Block him, detox your chakras, and remember:
you're not confused — he is just that useless.

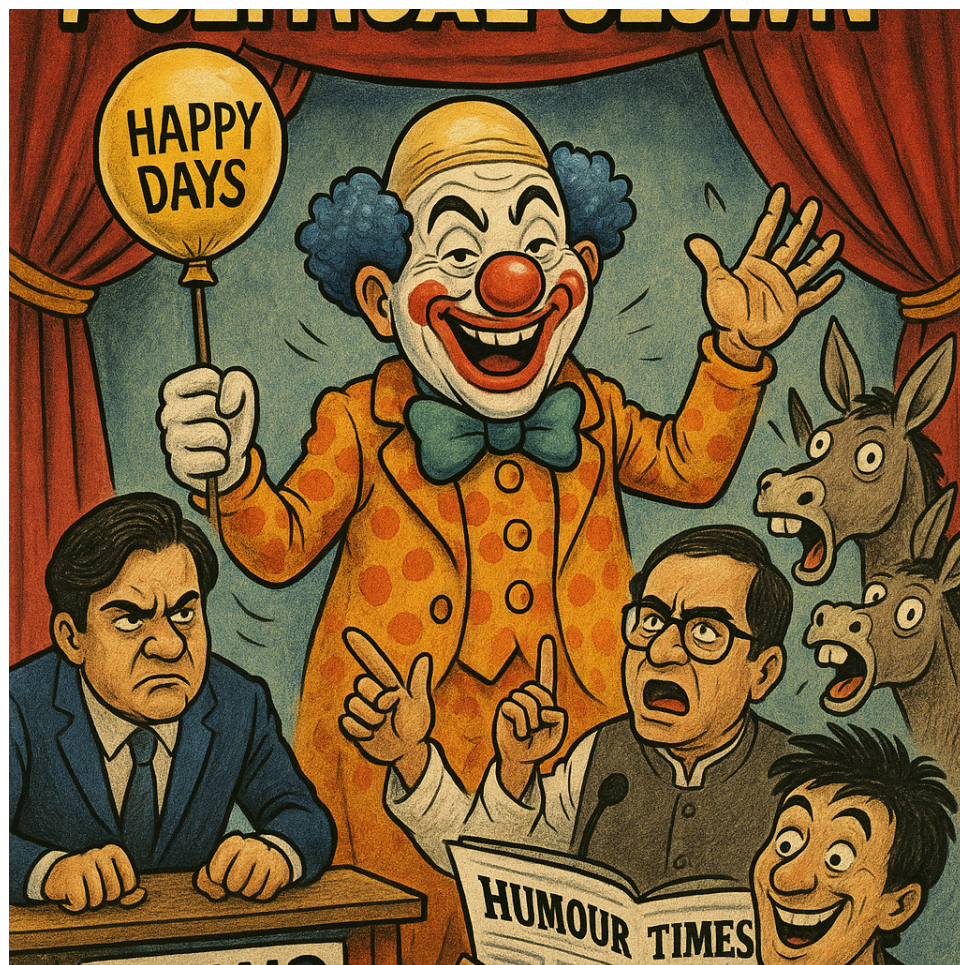
Love and lemon juice,

Gyanwati Aunty

(Achiever of Wisdom, Destroyer of Timewasters)

Kurruptistan's Political Clown Show: Where Laughter Is the Only Survivor

By Brij Khandelwal



Buckle up, dear readers, for a wild ride through the neon-lit, absurdity-fueled circus that is Kurruptistan's political landscape. In this unholy land, where egos balloon faster than a politician's promises and the truth is as elusive as a monsoon mirage, the past few years have been a masterclass in chaos—and we're here to cackle through it all. Welcome back to the *Humour Times*, where we titillate the ruling regime's anti-laughter crusades, sidestep their sacred rituals cursing our existence, and keep giggling until the sky falls or the Happy Days' balloon pops with a pathetic phut.

In Kurruptistan, the powers-that-be clutch their privilege to tweak noses and puncture dignity like a toddler hoarding candy. Woe betide any jester daring to steal their thunder! The anti-mirth brigade, cloaked in self-righteous fury, even held candlelit vigils to hex our demise, but their spells fizzled like their overhyped "El dorado" dreams. We're back, sharper than a satirist's quill, ready to roast the cavalcade of clowns who've turned politics into a slapstick tragedy.

Picture this: a nation reeling from Humour drought's gut punch, and what do we get? A parade of political buffoons spouting quotes so ludicrous they'd make a hyena choke on its own laughter. Our long post-pandemic "holiday" wasn't laziness—it was survival, a breather from the relentless farce. Now, recharged, we're diving headfirst into the electoral fever that swept Kurruptistan, where new jokers emerged like roaches from a monsoon drain, each vying to outdo the other in absurdity.

Take the TV anchors, those stoic ringmasters of the nightly circus. With faces as stiff as overcooked Sagi Noodles, they endured relentless tickling from panel pranksters without so much as a smirk. We salute their restraint, especially big bhaiyya Orknob, the maestro of loud debates, who kept the gullible glued to screens while the "moony bhang eaters" starved for their hallucination-inducing grass. The nation demanded answers—why did a few measly quintals of mystical herb fail to tame the braying asses? Even the great angry young dynast, with his furrowed brow and cryptic mutterings, couldn't enlighten us. The silence was deafening, broken only by the

cacophony of mock battles staged for our amusement.

Oh, the media! Bless their noise-cranked megaphones, amplifying every political squabble into a soap opera for the ages. From MPs hurling insults like confetti to ministers tripping over their own lies, it's been a non-stop vaudeville act. Politicians of every stripe—saffron, green, or polka-dotted—danced their choreographed fisticuffs, each punch landing with the weight of a soggy noodle. And yet, we laugh, because in Kurruptistan, humor is our rebellion, our shield against the absurdity.

So here we stand, Humour Times in hand, ready to keep poking the bear until it roars or collapses in a fit of giggles. The clowns may juggle their promises, the anchors may drone, and the grass-addled asses may bray, but we'll keep laughing—because in this mad circus, a chuckle is the only currency that still holds value.

By the Bureau of Broken Dreams

What we dreamt of:

What we got:

Smart Drainage:

Ah yes, monsoon. That majestic annual stress test for your city.

Waterlogging now comes with smart features — like floating scooters, knee-deep networking, and a built-

What we got: 3 bars of Wi-Fi at 2 a.m. next to a government building if you stand on one leg and face northeast.

Meanwhile, your local flyover has better signal strength than your home — but only if you climb to the third pillar.

Smart Waste Management:

Garbage bins with sensors? Sure.

But they overflow so elegantly that they resemble abstract sculptures — a modern commentary on our relationship with plastic, food delivery apps, and civic responsibility.

Tourists now refer to them as “open-air art installations.” Some even take selfies.

Smart Traffic Lights:

Our traffic lights are smart — they just don't trust anyone.

Sometimes all directions are red. Sometimes all are green.

It's less of a signal and more of a moral riddle.

Cross at your own risk. Bonus points if you dodge a cow, 2 autos, and a speeding ministerial convoy without dying.

Smart Urban Planning:

Footpaths are a thing of the past. In our Smart Cities, pedestrians are expected to evolve wings.

Or walk on drainage covers, which serve both as sidewalks and lottery tickets — because you never know which one will cave in.

In Conclusion:

They told us to dream big.

We did.

We imagined Singapore.

We got Sump-apore.

But don't worry — it's all part of the 5-year Smart Vision. We're just in Year 11. So be patient, fellow citizens. One day, this pothole will have a plaque.

"This Smart Pit is brought to you by your hopes and taxes."



in foot spa (with bonus sewage minerals).

If you're lucky, a frog might offer you a lift to work.

Smart Connectivity:

Wi-Fi zones were promised.

Written by Mukta K Gupta

Wives, Lovers, and Lethal Lattes: India's Newest Relationship Status — 'Murdered'

By The Domestic Crime Correspondent Who's Still Single

In the golden age of true crime, India has added a spicy desi twist: a recent, disturbing, and oddly choreographed trend of wives knocking off their husbands like they're swatting flies at a shaadi buffet.

Move over, Ekta Kapoor — real housewives of Bharat are writing scripts bloodier than any soap opera.

“ Love, Honour, and Dispose ”

From Kerala to Kanpur, headlines scream variations of the same story: Wife kills husband with paramour, Body stuffed in fridge, Cyanide in curry. It's like Netflix's Crime Patrol is now crowdsourced.

Experts blame everything from marital boredom to mobile phones. Psychologists say it's suppressed rage, sociologists say it's patriarchy biting back, and WhatsApp forwards say it's because of Chinese noodles.

But let's be honest: some of these husbands were practically begging for it — by breathing too loud, forgetting anniversaries, or simply being around during IPL season without snacks.

The Recipe for a Modern Murder

Ingredients:

- 1 philandering husband
- 1 resentful wife
- 1 secret boyfriend with zero common sense
- A pinch of poison
- A nosy neighbour who goes viral on Insta Reels

Mix well, serve cold. Preferably in a Tupperware box.

Police are now considering issuing husbands with QR codes — not for identification, but so their wives can scan and access better options on matrimony apps instead of choosing murder.

Bollywood Wants In

Rumours swirl that producers are scrambling to make a dark comedy titled “Shaadi ke Side Effects: The Final Chapter”, starring Cartik Aaryan as the dead guy and Taboo as the vengeful wife who serves arsenic with adrak chai.

Netflux India is already planning a 10-part documentary series called Till Death Do Us Start.



Society Responds: With Memes

While TV debates blame feminism, men's rights groups have started issuing bizarre instructions like:

“Don't drink anything you didn't make yourself.”

“Install a GPS in your fridge.”

“Be emotionally available, or at least pretend.”

Meanwhile, Indian mothers still advise daughters:

“Adjust beta, shaadi is forever...”
Apparently now, just not for the husband.

Moral of the Story?

Marriage is a sacred institution — just ask any priest, auntie, or crime scene investigator. But maybe, just maybe, it's time we stop treating women like unpaid cooks, emotional punching bags, and CCTV operators with wombs.

Or else, dear husbands, remember: if your wife offers you “special tea” and a suspicious smile — don't sip. Run. Or call your mother.

=====

Written by Mukta K Gupta

Cease Me Baby One More Time!

By Mukta K Gupta

Inside Trump's Strange Ceasefire Fetish



In a world where diplomacy is as rare as an honest tweet, one man has turned ceasefires into a personal kink.

Donald J. Trump — real estate mogul, President, and part-time prophet of peace (when it suits him) — has developed what political insiders are now calling a full-blown “ceasefire fetish.” Sources close to Trump say he gets more turned on by brokering temporary halts in bloodshed than he ever did by classified documents or golf.

“He doesn’t want the war to end,” said one anonymous Mar-a-Lago butler. “He just wants the moment before it pauses. Like edging... but with missiles.”

Not Peace, Just Performance

Trump’s unique brand of diplomacy often involves walking into a conflict zone like a reality TV set and declaring, “We’ve done something never before

seen. A tremendous ceasefire. The best ceasefire. People are calling it beautiful.”

Of course, these ceasefires often last shorter than his legal team’s careers. But that’s not the point.

“The goal isn’t peace,” explains a foreign affairs expert. “It’s the photo-op. Trump wants to stand between two generals, flashing thumbs up while someone drops a peace dove into his lap.”

Nobel or No Balls

At the heart of this peculiar obsession lies one golden carrot he’s been chasing for years:

The Nobel Peace Prize — or as he calls it, “That fancy Swedish participation trophy Obama didn’t even earn.”

According to aides, Trump has mentioned the Nobel Peace Prize at least 417 times — during press briefings, campaign rallies, golf swings, and once while ordering a Diet Coke. He’s even suggested the committee was “rigged,” “run by deep state Vikings,” and that “Alfred Nobel was a closet Democrat.”

He once tried to bribe the committee by mailing them a signed copy of *The Art of the Deal* wrapped in gold foil with a handwritten note:

“You’re welcome. Peacefully.”

A close aide recalled Trump ranting, “I stopped wars nobody even knew were happening! That’s real peace! Obama just wore a suit and acted calm — total scam!”

Rumor has it he’s working on a new strategy: calling in ceasefires for imaginary conflicts. “This just in: I’ve stopped the Great Mars-Venus War of 2025. You’re welcome, universe.”

The Psychology of the Pause

Psychologists have weighed in, unofficially diagnosing Trump with “Ceasefire

Compulsion Syndrome” — a rare condition in which the subject believes they alone can pause global conflicts, usually by yelling “STAND DOWN” into a gold-plated iPhone.

“He’s like a toddler with a remote control that only has a pause button,” said Dr. Linda Freud. “He never presses stop. Just pause. Then rewind. Then deny it ever happened.”

Ceasefire Merch Incoming

According to insider leaks (and Etsy), Trump is already preparing a line of merchandise:

“Make Ceasefires Great Again” caps
Limited edition Ivanka-signed white flags
And a scented candle called “Gunpowder & Ego”

One prototype Trump action figure even has a button that shouts “TREMENDOUS DE-ESCALATION!” when you pull its tiny orange hand.

The Future of Faux Peace

In his upcoming 2028 campaign (because why not?), Trump is rumored to be running not just for President, but for World Ceasefire Czar, a position he insists exists and that he once “almost won from Putin in a poker game.”

Whether it's Ukraine, Gaza, or his neighbor's HOA dispute, Trump remains committed to interrupting violence — not ending it — for exactly the amount of time it takes to appear on Fox News and declare victory.

Because in Trump's world, peace isn't the destination. It's the commercial break — and the acceptance speech that never comes.

BREAKING NEWS

One year Internet Ban for BK !!

Brij Khandelwal Banned from Social Media — Nation's Sarcasm Index Plummet

At exactly 2:03 a.m., Brij Khandelwal — editor, chronic poster, and unofficial Meme Minister of Humour Times India — staggered out of bed, still wrapped in a bedsheet like a half-baked dosa, to check his phone for the latest midnight meme war.

But instead of Facebook's comforting “What's on your mind?” he was greeted with a chilling alert: “EXECUTIVE ORDER from WW: No Social Media for Colored Commoners, Nerds & Overactive Uncle-types. 1-Year Ban.”

His screen dimmed. His soul shattered. His bowels... well, let's just say they reacted faster than his brain.

Pandemonium followed. His partner, still in loud sleep, dialed the family psychiatrist on instinct — not for Brij, but for herself. Meanwhile, the Dr psychiatrist Lola Choudhary, was already seen galloping barefoot toward the Hanuman temple, muttering, “Not again, O Bajrang Bali, not again!” The Khandelwal household plunged into DEFCON-1.

The children? Screaming.

The dog? Live-streaming its own despair on TikTok via a secret Wi-Fi network.

The fridge? Raided like it was demonetization day. Deprived of likes, Brij was a man unmoored. He stared at his hands, wondering if they still knew how to hold a pen. “Should I... write... a letter?” he whispered. Somewhere, a pigeon shuddered.

His neighbors found him hours later at the corner chai stall, performing stand-up comedy to a bewildered auto driver, three sleepy uncles, and a cat. “Do you know why Twitter is called ‘X’ now?” he asked, before answering himself with, “Because Elon wanted to cross out all meaning from our lives!” The kids, denied their digital dopamine, began exhibiting symptoms of early 2000s nostalgia. One even touched a book. With both hands.

Meanwhile, WhatsApp groups across Agra mourned Brij's absence. “Who will now send us jokes, fake news, and 57 Good Morning messages?” asked one devastated uncle, clutching a rose sticker and sobbing gently into his Samsung. The psychiatrist, now back from his temple visit and on heavy anti-scrolling meds himself, suggested group therapy sessions for “post-like withdrawal syndrome.” Early side effects include spontaneous journaling and actual human eye contact.

As the year stretches ahead like a Wi-Fi-free wasteland, one question remains:

Will Brij find meaning in analog existence—or will he become the first Indian to be caught trying to upload a joke via pigeon?
Stay tuned.

On paper.

Because the Internet is closed.



Struggles of Fat Indian Uncles at Public Pools

By Gyanwati Aunty's Judgemental Niece

Ah, the Indian uncle at the pool — a rare species, often spotted in tight swimwear, armed with a phone, and an expression of mild regret. Behind every splash lies a saga of sweat, stares, and slipper struggles.

1. The Swimsuit Situation

It's either a pair of Speedos from 1998 or cotton shorts that swell up like parachutes. No in-between. Dignity? Optional. Elastic? Definitely expired.

2. Sunblock Shenanigans

They won't apply sunscreen — not because they don't believe in it, but because "kya ladki banun?" Then they roast like tandoori chicken and blame the chlorine.

3. The Wet Floor Waddle

Once wet, the uncle performs the infamous poolside penguin walk, sandals squeaking with each step and arms flailing to balance both belly and pride.

4. The Pool Entry Drama

Graceful dive? Never. It's a toe-dip, followed by a wince, a shriek, and a step back. After 10 minutes of negotiation, he finally enters with the velocity of a falling papad.

5. Phone Addiction

Even in the pool area, the phone is sacred. He will scroll WhatsApp forwards about turmeric while water drips dangerously close to the charging port.

6. Shameless Shavasana

Uncles lie on pool chairs as if they are reclaiming lost kingdoms — legs akimbo, belly out, and snoring softly under a towel turban.

7. Kid Competition

There's always that moment when a child splashes them, and the uncle retaliates with "yeh tameez nahi hai tummein!" as if he owns the water.

8. Flirting Fumbles

Spotting an unsuspecting aunty, the uncle may suck in his stomach, puff his chest, and attempt pool aerobics — leading to a cramp, not courtship.

9. Exit Strategy

The struggle to hoist themselves out of the pool is real. They'll look for the lowest step, a friendly lifeguard, or even divine intervention.

Public pools were not built for fat Indian uncles, yet they bravely return.

Why? Because dammit, they paid for the club membership, and also because their cardiologist said, "Thoda swim kar lo, acha hoga."

Let's raise a wet towel in salute.



WHY IS YOUR FRIDGE JUDGING YOU?

Car Collision: A Road-side Drama

*Inspired by true lives, told by heart, humour,
and hope*

By Nina P Nayak



The screech of metal against metal echoed louder than the blaring horns right in the middle of MG Road's traffic chaos. An aging Maruti Suzuki 800—a relic from the 1970s had gently scraped a gleaming Škoda Kushaq.

The old man at the Maruti's wheel, a sharp-eyed septuagenarian in khaki shorts and socks pulled high, stepped out with the grace of a seasoned philosopher. The young owner of the Škoda, a well-groomed man in his early twenties, practically somersaulted out of his SUV, face red with fury. "Watch where you're going, old man!" the young man thundered, his designer sunglasses askew, voice climbing several octaves "You scraped my car! Do you hold a valid license?"

The old man adjusted his spectacles and gave the Škoda an appraising look and responded with measured calm. "I've been navigating these roads since before you were born. This is a mere 'love tap', not a collision".

The by-standers began to snicker.

The Maruti 800, with its faded paint and multiple dents, looked like a battle-worn veteran next to the pristine Škoda. Each scratch on the old man's car seemed to tell a story of resilience, while the young man's vehicle looked like it had just rolled out of a showroom.

"Love tap?" the young man scoffed. "Look at my bumper! Do you know how much this costs?". The crowd that had gathered got involved.

"Tell me, young man, when you were buying this aircraft carrier on wheels, did they not provide you with brakes?" the old man retorted.

The young man, now fuming, pointed at the barely visible scrape. "This is YOUR fault! You old people should stop driving."

The old man smiled. "Ah! quick reflexes? Yes, I'm old. Beta (son), but if I had slow reflexes, I'd be under your Škoda, not beside it."

The crowd was growing. Even a traffic policeman, used to such roadside dramas, was struggling to maintain professional composure.

A middle-aged police sub-inspector, an expert in the art of mid-road crisis management, finally stepped in. "Gentlemen, calm down. Traffic's jammed up till Majestic now. Let's sort this out." Addressing the growing crowd of by-standers he asked, "Did anyone witness the accident?"

A chaiwala (tea vendor) from the roadside raised his hand. "Sir, I saw everything! Saab in the Škoda was on his phone. The old man was driving like it was 1960, slow and steady".

"Sir!" Wildly waving his hand, the young man appealed. "That's not true. I was only silencing my phone".

"Silencing your phone? Or was it some sweet nothings you were sharing?" asked the old man with a smirk.

Before there were more flare ups, the sub-inspector began to mediate, with the diplomacy of a UN negotiator and the patience of a saint. Within minutes he clapped his hands. "Okay! I suggest you exchange insurance details to handle this. But since there is no major damage, why don't you shake hands and move on?"

The young man, still incensed, mumbled about filing a complaint.

The old man simply chuckled, "Filing a complaint? We used to settle such matters with a cutting chai (tea) and a handshake."

The laughter around them grew loud.

Irritated, the young man hesitated to respond. Craving some company, the old man extended his hand with a grin. "My reflexes may be old beta, but my heart is young! Come, let's leave as friends. Can I treat you to a coffee?"

The crowd cheered.

The young man reluctantly shook the old man's hand, got swiftly into his car and whizzed off.

The traffic resumed, but the laughter lingered.



Horroscoping — Your Doomed Destinies for August

(Predicted by AstroBaba Bhootnath — who charges ₹666 and your soul)

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

You will begin the month full of energy and end it full of regret. That gym membership? Still unused.

Lucky Object: Forgotten resolutions

Avoid: Impulse tattoos and WhatsApp forwards from “Mummy Ji”

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

You want comfort. August gives you chaos. Even your plants are judging you.

Lucky Beverage: 3-day-old fridge chai

Unlucky Moment: When your boss says, “Can we talk?”

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Your two personalities are fighting again. One wants inner peace, the other wants to scream in traffic.

Lucky Number: Whichever number your crush doesn't have

Avoid: Making group decisions — you'll confuse yourself and everyone else

Cancer (June 21 – July 22)

You'll cry. Then you'll bake. Then you'll cry because you overbaked.

Lucky Recipe: Emotional cake

Warning: Do not text your ex unless Mercury retrogrades into common sense.

Leo (July 23 – August 22)

It's still your season. You demand attention. You deserve it. But that doesn't mean people want to hear your playlist again.

Lucky Mirror: Every mirror

Avoid: Sharing a stage. Or oxygen.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22)

Happy birthday season! You've already made a spreadsheet of how everyone should celebrate you.

Lucky Stationery: Colour-coded highlighters

Avoid: Accepting compliments without correcting them

Libra (September 23 – October 22)

You're torn between two choices again: ghosting or replying with “haha ok.”

Lucky Activity: Passive-aggressive shopping

Unlucky Phrase: “I'm not mad, just disappointed.”

Scorpio (October 23 – November 21)

You'll uncover a secret. Possibly your own. Possibly someone else's. Either way, it's getting screenshot.

Lucky Shade: All of them — you're throwing it

Avoid: Introspection after 11 p.m.

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21)

You will accidentally book a one-way ticket to Ladakh. On foot.

Lucky Sign: “Under Construction”

Avoid: Any plan longer than 3 minutes

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19)

You'll work hard, overthink harder, and then wonder why your back hurts at 27.

Lucky Snack: Almonds you pretend to enjoy

Avoid: Sentences beginning with "Just a quick call..."

Aquarius (January 20 – February 18)

You will question everything: the system, your purpose, and whether pineapple belongs on dosa.

Lucky Conspiracy: "The government is hiding good coffee"

Avoid: Logical people

Pisces (February 19 – March 20)

August brings dreams. And missed alarms. You will be both ethereal and late.

Lucky Escape: Napping in emotional fog

Warning: Life is not a K-drama. Stop waiting for background music.

हवाई सफर : जानलेवा लापरवाही में नौटंकी का तड़का!

बृज खंडेलवाल द्वारा

जो अब भी हवाई जहाज़ में बैठने से पहले मन्नत मांगते हैं

हाल की एयर इंडिया त्रासदी ने तो जैसे आसमान का सारा कचरा ज़मीन पर ला पटका! मानो पंडोरा का डब्बा नहीं, बल्कि पूरा का पूरा "लापरवाही का कंटेनर" फट गया हो। एक्सपर्ट्स तो ऐसे भौंचक्के हैं जैसे किसी ने उनके सामने उड़ता जहाज़ लैंड करवा दिया हो। भारत की हवाई सेवाएं, जो कभी "सपनों का जहाज़" थीं, अब "खौफ का जहाज़" बन चुकी हैं। टिकट कैंसिल, दाम गिरे, और यात्री भरोसा? वो तो अब "नॉन-रिफंडेबल" हो चुका है। सवाल ये है, भाई, ये हवाई तंत्र अब तक कैसे उड़ रहा था? जब गड़बड़ियों का मेला लगा हो, तो सरकारी डींगें हांकना तो बस नमक-मिर्च डालने



जैसा है।

फूफाजी कहते हैं कि हालिया एयर इंडिया की बदहवासी देखकर तो ऐसा लगता है जैसे प्लेन नहीं, कोई जुआघर उड़ रहा हो! कहीं इंजन गरम, कहीं विंडशील्ड में दरार, और ऊपर से पायलट भी शायद गूगल मैप्स से रास्ता ढूँढ रहा हो। ऐसा मंजर तो तब होता है जब हवाई जहाज़ को भी थक कर छुट्टी चाहिए!

साहब लोग तो बस एडवाइजरी की पुड़िया बनाकर हर एयरलाइन की जेब में डाल देते हैं, और एयरलाइंस? “चलो भाई, उड़ाओ इस डब्बे को, इंजन तो कल भी चला था!” सोचकर उड़ान भर लेते हैं। जवाबदेही अब बस उतनी बची है जितनी रेलवे में वेटिंग टिकट की उम्मीद!

सरकार कहती है, “हमने 74 से 148 एयरपोर्ट कर दिए!” अरे हुज़ूर, गिनती बढ़ाने से उड़ान नहीं चलती—अगड़ बगड़ गिनती नहीं, तकनीकी जिम्मेदारी चाहिए! उड़ो स्कीम? भाई, उसका हाल ऐसा है जैसे नयी चप्पल पहनकर कीचड़ में उतर गए हों—स्टाइल बहुत, ग्रीप ज़ीरो! हवाई जहाज़ है या ‘चलता-फिरता पकोड़ा ठेला’?

अब तो हर टेकऑफ़ में लोग “ॐ नमः विमानाय” जपते हैं और हर लैंडिंग पर “शुक्र है ज़मीन देखी” कहते हैं। प्लेन के अंदर लगता है जैसे गरबा नाइट हो रही हो—कभी सीट हिलती है, कभी लाइट बंद, कभी A/C चलता नहीं।

और यात्रियों की हालत? जैसे शादी में बारात वाले ट्रैक्टर पर बिठा दिए गए हों—धक्का खाते चलो, सीट ढूँढते रहो, और ऊपर से एयर होस्टेस कहती है: “सर, स्माइल प्लीज़, हम आपकी सुविधा का ध्यान रख रहे हैं!”

अरे मैडम, सुविधा नहीं संतोषी माता की पूजा चाहिए इस सफर में! प्रोफेसर पारस नाथ का अनुभव। “भाइयों और बहनों, ये उड़ान नहीं, ‘कौन बनेगा हवाई शिकार’ है!” UDAN के एयरपोर्ट्स का क्या कहें—जहाँ रनवे पर गायेँ जॉगिंग करती हैं और ATC ऑपरेटर गाँव की लॉटरी चला रहा होता है। और दिल्ली-मुंबई एयरपोर्ट? अरे वहाँ तो लगेज बेल्ट ऐसा चलता है जैसे कुंभ के स्नान में नहाने की लाइन हो!” सरकार कहती है, “टिकट सस्ते हुए हैं।” सही कहा! टिकट तो सस्ता है, मगर जान पर भारी है। जैसे लॉटरी का टिकट हो—क्या पता लौट के बुढ़ूँ घर आएँ या न आएँ!

हर हादसे के बाद अधिकारी कहता है: “हमें गहरी चिंता है।” मतलब—डॉक्टर साहब बोले: अब इलाज का कोई फायदा नहीं, प्रार्थना कीजिए! एयरलाइंस हाथ जोड़ लेती हैं, मंत्री जी झीट कर देते हैं: “सब ठीक है, चिंता मत करिए।” और हम? वो तो जहाज़ में बैठकर अब हनुमान चालीसा का नया संस्करण सुनते हैं—‘एयरलाइन रक्षा स्तोत्रम्’!

और आखिर में...

जग गुप्ता जैसे यात्रियों का नया मंत्र है: “जहाज़ में बैठो, मगर वसीयत अपडेट करके।” सीट बेल्ट की जगह अब लोग नींबू मिर्ची और बाबा बंगाली का ताबीज़ साथ लेकर चलते हैं।

तो प्यारे देशवासियों, अगली बार जब एयर टिकट बुक करें, तो एक पंडित, एक हकीम और एक वकील को भी साथ रखें। और हाँ, फ्लाइट छूट जाए तो उदास मत होइए—हो सकता है ऊपर वाला आपकी एक्सपायरी डेट थोड़ा आगे बढ़ा रहा हो!

“TANGO OF THE TARIFFS”

(GENRE: COMIC FOLK / SATIRICAL BROADWAY)

[VERSE 1]

Oh I woke up one fine morning, coffee in my hand,

Checked my imports list—got banned in every land!

Steel from Spain, cheese from France,
They slapped a tax on my underpants!

Now my wallet's cryin' like a tearful cello,
Thanks to that tweet-happy trade war fellow!

[CHORUS]

It's the Tariff Tango, cha-cha with a fee,
Every handshake ends in a penalty!

You want to trade? Oh, that's real cute—
But first pay tax on your birthday suit!

From Brussels to Beijing, they're slamming
the door,

Who needs allies when you've got a trade
war?

Musk & Trump: The On-Again, Off-Again Situationship That's Breaking the Internet (and Possibly Democracy)

By Our Love Affairs & Launch Failures Correspondent

In a timeline no one ordered, humanity finds itself stuck watching the most bizarre love story since Shrek and Fiona — The Trump-Musk Situationship. It's not quite bromance, not quite business... it's more like a badly coded app: full of bugs, erratic notifications, and frequent crashes.

Like a pair of divorced billionaires with joint custody of delusion, they can't stand each other — and yet, can't stay apart.

Chapter One: Billionaire Meets Bluster

It began with mutual admiration: Trump praised Musk for being a "brilliant guy with big rockets," while Musk said Trump had "a unique approach to leadership" (which is billionaire-speak for "chaotic but rich").

Soon, they were retweeting each other's nonsense and flirting through Fox News interviews like teenagers in a fascist debate club.

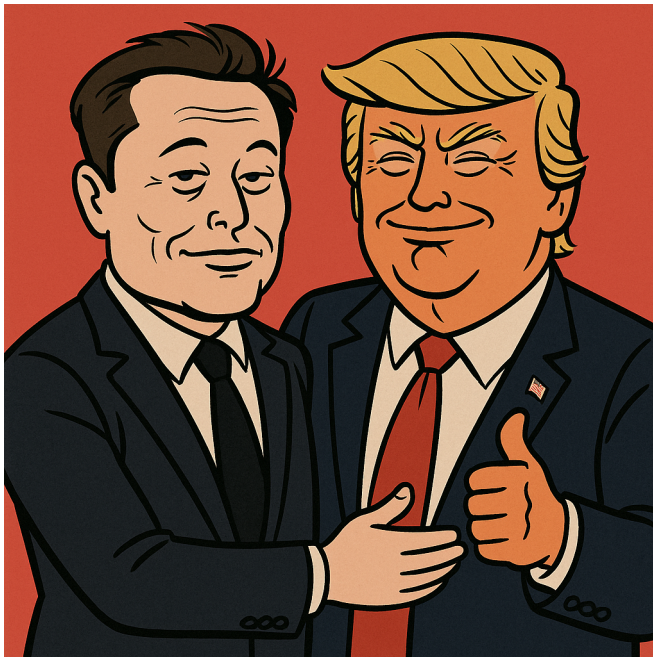
Chapter Two: The Ghosting

Then came the fallout. Musk made fun of Trump's age. Trump called Musk "a BS artist" and claimed he could've fired him, despite not actually employing him. Musk replied by... posting a meme. Because nothing says maturity like a JPEG of a dog in a spacesuit labeled "Free Speech Warrior."

They unfollowed each other, like two influencers who'd just discovered they weren't both the main character.

Chapter Three: The Reunion Tour (With Optional Coup)

Flash forward to 2025: Trump's on his third campaign, and Musk is now the CEO of Earth, Twitter, X, Tesla, and possibly your toaster. Suddenly, they're back on speaking terms.



Musk hints at voting Republican "this time." Trump floats the idea of giving Elon a cabinet position — "Maybe Secretary of Mars?" he mumbles at a rally, while drinking Diet Coke and confusing SpaceX with Wi-Fi.

Their mutual love language? Unregulated power and algorithmic ego-stroking.

Are They Back Together?

Political experts call it a "strategic alliance." Psychologists call it "narcissistic mirroring." Their

fans call it "based." Everyone else calls it deeply disturbing.

Still, like every situationship, there are red flags: They only text when they want something.

Gen Z Philosophy: "Existential Dread, but make It Aesthetic."



Trump's Two-Gender Dictat: America's Newest Comedy Special

With only two official genders, HR departments will be scrambling. No more 'non-binary' checkboxes! But don't worry—Trump will personally review your application based on how well you praise his golf skills.



Ladies and gentlemen, gather around for the latest episode of America: The Sitcom! Starring none other than President Donald J. Trump, who has once again graced us with his scientific expertise by declaring—drumroll, please—that there are exactly two genders.

That's right, forget those pesky biologists and medical professionals; we've got an expert in branding steaks, casinos, and insurrections telling us how human biology works.

The Fallout: A Country in Chaos (or Comedy?)

1. Birth Certificates Get a MAGA Makeover

Hospitals will now be required to issue only two options at birth: Boy or Girl. If the baby has any complaints, they can take it up with Trump himself—though he might ask for a campaign donation first.

2. Job Market Shake-Up

3. The Sports Industry Implodes

Forget co-ed sports or complex gender divisions. It's back to the 1950s! Expect NFL cheerleaders to receive footballs and linebackers to receive pompoms—because what's more entertaining than watching tradition get tackled?

4. Pronoun Police & Bathroom Bouncers

New government-funded bathroom bouncers will be stationed outside restrooms, making sure everyone's using the 'correct' facility. Suspected violators will have to show their birth certificates, or worse—prove they once watched *The Apprentice* without irony.

5. AI and Tech Meltdown

Tech giants like Google and Apple will face a crisis. Alexa and Siri, long presumed female, will now require legal gender reassignment papers to keep functioning. Mark Zuckerberg will release a new Meta update where avatars must choose between "Trump-Approved Male" and "Trump-Approved Female."

6. Fashion Industry in Peril

Androgynous fashion? Canceled. Pantsuits? Suspicious. The FBI will start investigating men who wear pink because, as we all know, masculinity is fragile enough to be shattered by a salmon-colored tie.

7. Hollywood Rewrites Everything

Movies featuring gender-fluid characters? Gone. Mrs. Doubtfire? Canceled. Mulan? Straight to the vault. New rule: Every rom-com must be a strong male pursuing a feminine female—preferably with a red MAGA hat in the final scene.

Final Thoughts: America's Laugh Track

Trump's two-gender decree might seem like a step backward, but let's be real—it's a cartwheel backward, performed over a pit of flaming irony. With a population of 330 million people who are as diverse as they come, forcing an outdated binary is like trying to fit the Grand Canyon into a shot glass.

But hey, at least we're getting some free entertainment out of it! America, get ready for Trump's Gender Games—where biology meets bureaucracy, and the only prize is a lifetime of confusion.

=====

The Humour Times insanity Fest

Sober Times' Lola Jha Grills Brij Khandelwal, Ex-Editor of Humour Times, While a Grumpy Shakespeare Hurls Quips and Kalidasa's Wisdom



Scene: A gloriously chaotic office in Mysore, drowning in old Humour Times issues, a coffee mug rusted enough to audition for a post-apocalyptic flick, and a Charlie Chaplin poster winking like it

knows you in and out. Brij Khandelwal twirls a pen like he's auditioning for Hari Plotters Hogwash. Meanwhile, William Shakespeare sulks in a corner, clutching his quill, ready to derail this circus with poetic tantrums and a surprise nod to Kalidasa.

Lola: Brij, thanks for letting me invade Humour Times HQ! How do you make bored blokes cackle like hyenas?

Brij: Simple, Lola! We toss a pinch of madness, a dollop of truth, and a bucket of desi spice into the mix. Kings, IT geeks, and traffic jams so epic they deserve their own Netflix special, like Panchayat, we blend it all and serve it with a smirk. Humour Times is like mango chutney: zesty, essential, and saves any dull dish! Like Sachiv, who got neither Rinki nor promotion.

Shakespeare twirling his quill: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players!" Yet your stage, Brij, is a low-rent farce, not the grand verse of Kalidasa, who sang, 'The mind of a fool is like a broken pot, it holds no wisdom.' Your jests are but cracked pottery!

Brij (grinning) ordering side kick Birbal to bring tea: Easy, Will! My readers don't need Sanskrit-level metaphors to lose it over a pothole or a late bus. Save your pottery for the British Museum.

Lola quotes Gonu Jha and asks: Speaking of chaos, what's the funniest thing about global or local squabbles?

Brij: It's a masala blockbuster! A multi starrer, World leaders play "Who's Got the Shinier Missile?"—all peace talks and arms races, like me swearing I'll skip samosas while hiding three in my pocket. Here in India, netas bicker over who cuts the ribbon on a bridge that's half underwater. Solution? A dance-off! Picture Putin as Mogambo and Zelenskyy as Shakaal, Trump as one man meme factory, dancing bhangra and moon walk mix—war's done, everyone's in stitches! Aankhen nikal kar tweet kar dunga, barks Kim.

Shakespeare (sneering): "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." These leaders' names reek of folly! Kalidasa would agree: 'The ignorant strut like peacocks, but their feathers hide no wisdom.' Why not roast them in a sonnet instead of your garish gags?

Brij: Oh, Willie, sonnets are so 16th century. My bhangra bit slays harder than your iambic pentameter. Step into the 21st century, mate!

Lola: Let's talk Trump. What's Humour Times' take on that walking reality show?

Brij: Trump's the uncle who crashed a cartoon and became president. His posts on X are comedy gold—unintentional, but gold. Half the world sees him as a hero or a villain; the rest just order popcorn. If he ran here, he'd promise a diamond-encrusted Taj Mahal and a wall to block monsoon clouds.

Shakespeare (groaning): "O, what a piece of work is man!" This Trump is all bluster, no substance. Kalidasa's words ring true: 'A loud voice hides a weak mind.' My tragedies had richer plots than his tweets!

Brij: yes, Will, your plays are classics, but Trump's chaos is free content. Every post is a jackpot for our headlines!

Lola: Indian politicians are no strangers to drama. Got any juicy tales?

Brij: It's a full-on Bollywood circus! Mera naam Joker! Netas deliver speeches like they're dodging villains in a fight scene. One promised free Wi-Fi in villages without electricity—like, what, charge your phone with a candle? Goats still use landlines. Potholes here are so ancient they could vote. And the cow obsession? Next, they'll make bovines MPs. Humour Times proposed elections as comedy roasts—imagine netas trading burns instead of promises!

Shakespeare (huffing): "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Your netas are jesters sans wit. Kalidasa warned, 'A fool's speech is like a barren tree, bearing no fruit.' My quill would skewer them sharper than your memes.

Brij: Dear Bard, your quill's too dusty. A neta-on-a-cycle meme goes viral faster than your soliloquies. Speed up, old man!

Lola: India's literary scene is buzzing. What's the funniest thing there?

Brij: It's a riot! Everyone's penning "I found myself in the Himalayas" or coding-meets-romance sagas. Book launches? Bestsellers: Coding for Mating and I found Moksha in Goa. Free samosas draw bigger crowds than the books. Some authors think they're Chetan Bhagat but write like baked Bacon, punctuation their enemy. Poetry slams are a hoot—teens scream about heartbreak while everyone scrolls X. Our writers, though, brew magic with coffee and sarcasm. Humour Times ran a piece: "Write a Bestseller: Add Chai, Drama, and a Sacred Cow."

Shakespeare (clutching his heart): "O, for a muse of fire!" Your books are drive! Kalidasa's Meghaduta weeps at your prose. Where's the soul, the verse?

Brij: Will, your verse is lovely, but our readers crave quick giggles. You'd be hooked on Insta-poetry—it's short, snappy, and hashtag-ready.

Lola: Social media's a joke factory. What's the scene like in India?

Brij: It's a non-stop tamasha! X is a digital mela—someone tweets about idlis, and it's World War III. Indian meme pages are savage, turning a neta's dumb quote into a viral masterpiece in minutes. Humour Times mines X for ideas, but we keep it old-school—our jokes land in print, not just for likes.

Shakespeare (muttering): "To be, or not to be!" These memes are the death of wit, drowned in clicks. Kalidasa would mourn, 'The fleeting jests of fools fade like autumn leaves.'

Brij: Oh, Willie boss, memes are just turbo-charged sonnets. You'd be trending with #BardBurns if you gave it a shot.

Lola: Any spicy Humour Times projects on the horizon?

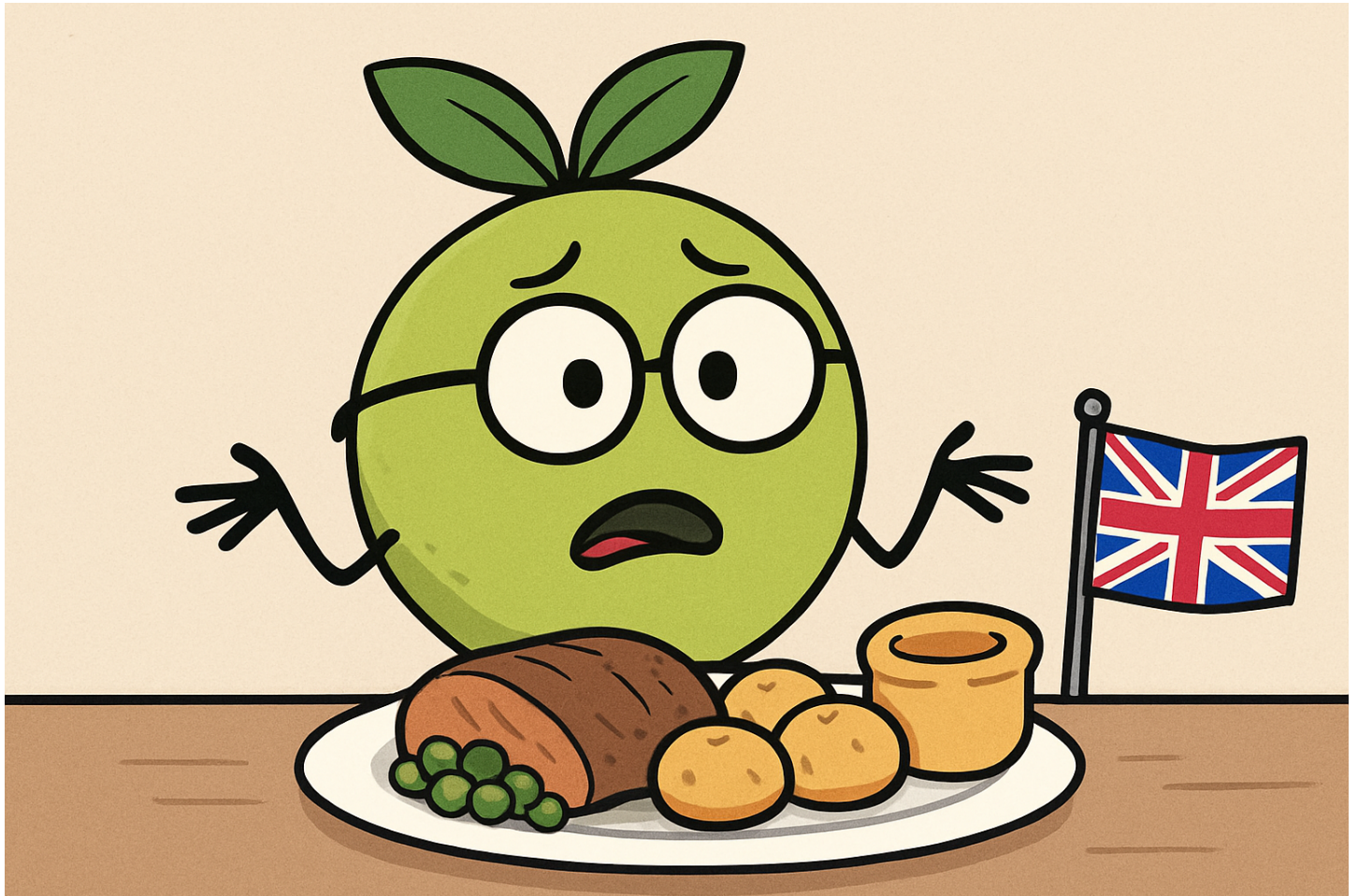
Brij: Oh, we're cooking a feast! First, a feature: "World Leaders as Bollywood Villains"—Trump in a gold wig, Modi with shawl swagger, Kim Jong-un as Gabbar Singh with rockets. Then, "Social Media Neta," where politicians run meme pages—think bad puns and selfie overload. For book nerds, a spoof: "Find Yourself Without Trekking to Manali." It'll make you snort chai out your nose!

Shakespeare (storming off): "Parting is such sweet sorrow!" I'm done with this tomfoolery. Your jests are shadows next to Kalidasa's eternal verse!

Brij: Don't throw a fit, Will—pen a column for us! "Sonnets with a Side of witches dancing songs." Readers, grab Humour Times—it's funnier than your uncle's WhatsApp forwards and cheaper than a movie ticket!

As I exit, Brij tosses me a Humour Times issue with the headline "World Peace: Everyone Just Needs to Chill." Shakespeare's still muttering about memes and Kalidasa, probably plotting a sonnet to roast us all.

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Mr Nimbooras's Diet Dilemma

YouTube Guru said: 'Eat what your great-granny ate.'

Mr Nimbooras: 'Great-grandma's spirit called...and she is serving me colonizer cuisine!'

Disclaimer: Humour Times does not subscribe to the views of the writers and cartoonists, a few may be ghosts, for all you know. We take no responsibility for the views expressed. Resemblance with living creatures is coincidental and not unintentional.

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