

# HUMOUR TIMES

Jest For Fun!



**Nepotism is just nature's way of proving that even Evolution takes a banana break. Indian Nepo-Kids don't need a launch pad when they have a whole damn IRSO facility called PAPA**

*From the Lemon Squeezer's Desk*

## THE MONTH THAT WAS...



Dear Readers,

**T**he Real Joke Is On Us!

If India's democracy is still standing after scams, cyclones, cult leaders and campaign speeches longer than the Constitution itself, the secret isn't federalism, institutions, or constitutional checks and balances.

No.

It's our sense of humour, the nation's original Z-plus security cover.

Think about it.

We don't take laws seriously.  
We don't take gods seriously.  
We certainly don't take politicians seriously, we treat them like part-time prophets, part-time gym trainers, and full-time circus clowns. Babas, gurus and motivational speakers have given this country many things, confusion, WhatsApp forwards, questionable diets, but above all, they've gifted us an impenetrable humour shield.

Thanks to that shield:

Emergency couldn't scare us,  
COVID got confused,  
and even Trump's tariffs lost their way over the Indian Ocean.

And then there's Bihar's election. The biggest national joke delivered with a straight face. Even the winners are whispering: "Bro, what algorithm did Prashant Kishor write? Is this astrology or AI?"

In a country where people can start a civil war over how spicy a golgappa should be, how do we survive elections, riots, reforms, and Ornob Poswami?

Simple.

We beat anger with LOLs, not lathis.

From Pilo Mody to Raj Narain to Lalu Yadav to our beloved Rahul Bhaiya, we don't attack leaders, we roast them. And roasting, as every Indian knows, is cheaper than therapy.

The day Rahul Gandhi graduated from "Rahul" to "Pappu," Congress realised:  
"Why burn trains when we can burn templates?"

And India discovered the secret mantra: Humour is the quickest anger detox.

Modi's alleged 10-lakh suit may not have boosted GDP, but it skyrocketed the Meme Sensex to historic highs. Photoshop factories popped up like startups.

GIFs outpaced GDP growth. And *bhakt*s didn't riot, they simply announced Modi as the winner of India's unofficial Met Gala: Best Dressed Leader.

Cartoonists, comedians, meme lords, these are India's real ICU doctors. When tempers rise, they attach a quick IV of punchlines. If the brain overheats, they apply a cold compress of sarcastic memes. And when the nation begins to boil, one potent forward on WhatsApp brings the temperature down.

One spicy, well-timed meme can prevent a riot. Schools must offer Advanced Sarcasm 101.

The Union Budget should launch a National Meme Mission. And the government must protect satirists like they protect nuclear scientists.

These people carry bombs without the bang. But please, for national security, can we relax the "hurt sentiments" law?

The biggest industry India produces, satire and laughter, keeps getting shut down for "emotional over-speeding".

Only in India can you legally roast a politician 100 times a day, and still wake up the next morning to find the country standing tall and the politician trending.

Our national doctrine is simple: Crack jokes, not skulls. Create memes, not mobs. Roast leaders, don't toast the nation.

The Humour Times, along with India's cartoonists, satirists and meme artists, are not just entertainers, they are the unofficial custodians of national blood pressure. Whenever a clash seems imminent, they pull the laughter handbrake just in time.

So remember this and engrave it somewhere:

*Punchlines cut sharper than swords,  
Satire hits harder than sticks,  
And humour, ah, humour  
blows up bigger than any bomb.*

Yours in sarcasm,

## Elite Schools Swap Shakespeare for ‘MC-BC’

### Why Tharoor’s Vocabulary Is Now an Endangered Species

By Seema Gupta

After two decades of dodging “international schools” the way normal people dodge insurance agents I finally stepped into one to meet a senior skill transferor. (Teacher is now a casteist slur.) Inside: Italian marble, chandeliers, air-conditioning set to ‘Swiss Alp Morning,’ and the faint aroma of old money trying to cosplay as culture.

Then came Class 9. A migrating herd.

Blazers sharper than their moral compass, iPads larger than their attention span, and an accent, half Gurgaon, half Gutter, fueled entirely by premium, organically sourced MC-BC.

“Bro, that bio test was full MC!”

“Abe, respiration ka BC finally samajh aa gaya!”

This wasn’t a linguistic crisis. It was evolution. Darwin would weep. For years we tortured teens with Wordsworth’s daffodils, forcing them to feel things. We flung Tharoorian syllable-bombs at them, sesquipedalian atrocities that required scuba gear and a thesaurus subscription. But Gen Z? They prefer linguistic

firecrackers: short, explosive, and banned in three states.

Why say, “Your behaviour is inappropriate,” when a gentle “Aise mat kar, BC” expresses tone, mood, intention, attitude, weather forecast, and your entire karmic backstory?

English teachers, once majestic creatures who roamed staff rooms correcting apostrophes for sport, now sit in the corner staring into their coffee as if it renegotiated their loan. They have realised the truth: a single well-timed expletive conveys more emotional complexity than all the Brontë sisters combined.

CBSE, bless its naïve optimism, issued a circular asking students to not use abusive language. In response, the children turned it into a remix track featuring DJ Badmash. Within hours, the circular had 4 million plays and a dance challenge.

Trying to stop this movement is like asking Elon Musk to log off Twitter, philosophically impossible. These children don’t merely speak this way. They weaponise vocabulary as a class marker. Each syllable screams: “I pay 4 lakh a year in tuition and can therefore insult the universe without consequences.”

Surveys say 85% of elite-school kids now communicate in Hybrid Englis + Hindi + Expletive Mode. That’s not a problem; that’s India achieving true linguistic secularism. UNESCO should send a delegation.

OTT didn’t create the trend; it just added subtitles. These are the same kids who can’t spell “necessary” without divine intervention, but can hurl street gaalis with the confidence of a Delhi auto driver who knows you have no choice. They are multilingual: Netflix English, Mummy-wali Hindi, And the Sacred Vocab of Postcolonial Expletive Studies

Why bother with iambic pentameter when you can order a chauffeur to halt at McDonald’s using only grunts, finger snaps, and one strategic BC?

English ruled India like a bored zamindar for 300 years. It made children stare at trees and feel feelings. But in 2025, trees exist only for reels, and language is for roasting, vibing, and detonating two-letter emotional nukes.

Tharoor’s vocabulary? It’s losing a cage match to a Class 10 WhatsApp group named “Nanu Ka iPad.” Soon we’ll see consultants charging ₹25,000/hour to translate teen gaali dialects back into boardroom English. Globalisation, baby. So let’s stop mourning. Grammar has taken the 2:15 stolen scooter to Majnu ka Tilla, ordered chicken momos, and is binge-watching Mirzapur with the headphones on. Farewell Wren or Martin.

The kids have moved on to stronger stuff.

# It's in our Genes Guys!

*The chosen Ones are born to inherit, not earn !!*

By Brij Khandelwal

**A**h, dear skeptics of nepotism, gather close while we consult the divine playbook of Hindu mythology, the oldest, most timeless justification manual ever written. If the gods themselves prefer family succession to maintain cosmic order, why shouldn't our desi netas pass the gaddi to beta or beti? Keeps the dynasty dharmic, stable, and, mostly, drama-free. Enrol for expert family planning sessions for a safer future!

Remember Abhimanyu? The Mahabharata's original "child prodigy," who literally learned warfare in the womb. Had his prenatal coaching course not been rudely interrupted, he might have finished the Chakravayuh syllabus too. But the point is: early access matters. And in Indian politics, after every strong leader, the national anxiety remains the same: "Who After Him?" Today, we're staring at a leadership vacuum large enough to host the next Kumbh Mela.

**Industry?** Ah, meet Lord Vishwakarma, the celestial architect whose skillset flowed down the gene pool like a divine franchise. Nepotism here is simply quality control. After all, who better to inherit daddy's business empire than a kid who grew up sniffing soldering fumes and balance sheets along with morning prasad?

If only Ratan Tata had popped out a couple of heirs! We could have avoided the hostile takeover melodrama entirely. Meanwhile, the Ambanis, bless their fertility, have ensured that no matter what happens in the stock market, the family business will never face an existential crisis. Continuity secured, Diwali bonuses intact.

**Bollywood and big conglomerates?** Pure nepo paradise. Why reinvent the wheel when you've got a perfectly rolling bloodline? The Kapoors, Khans, Bhattas, without them, Bollywood would be a diet-bhel-puri: dry, bland, and missing masala.

**Professions?** Our sages set the template. Vyasa penned the Mahabharata and fathered Dhritarashtra and Pandu, ensuring both the narrative and the next-gen protagonists stayed in-house. Doctors, lawyers, cricketers, everyone knows the mantra: "Beta, this stethoscope/bat is your janmadhikar." Nepotism isn't corruption; it's karma's own recycling programme.

So yes, in our mythology-glued civilizational ethos, the real guiding principle is crystal clear:

"Why Earn It When You Can Inherit It?"

And lucky for us, this glorious tradition has kept India running smoother than a well-oiled family shop since...forever.

In a world obsessed with "meritocracy", that new-age buzzword meaning "let's confuse and suffer everyone equally", it's high time we stand up for distributing opportunities to kinsfolk like Diwali mithai.

Families aren't just for awkward reunions and passive-aggressive WhatsApp forwards; they're the original talent incubators.

Politics, finance, Bollywood, even the proud Indian don-hood, every sector needs its dynasties.

I mean, can you imagine a Godfather without grandsons practising extortion since they learned to say "pocket money"?

Take Lalu Prasad Yadav's clan, the stuff of PhD-level case studies. Lalu ji built a political empire on 'chaara'-isma, and his sons now carry the tradition forward like cattle through a government gate. Bihar's politics stays deliciously unpredictable because the family tree keeps sprouting new branches.

Mulayam Singh Yadav's parivar? A never-ending soap opera where every episode introduces a fresh Yadav ready to lead, revolt, reconcile, or defect, sometimes all in one day. Karunanidhi's DMK? It's less a party and more a literary dynasty where party elections feel like casting calls. MK Stalin, Udhayanidhi, the next wave... who needs opposition when you've got a family with built-in screenwriters, actors, producers, and fan clubs? Look how well groomed Deva Gowda family is, ably shouldering the legacy burden!

Even the judiciary, that sacred temple of fairness, has quietly accepted the divine logic of succession. Judges' sons becoming judges isn't favoritism; it's hereditary enlightenment.

Bollywood, of course, remains

the mother of all nepo playgrounds. Alia Bhatt didn't "happen"; she manifested, cosmic justice for those allergic to auditions.

Economically, nepotism is anti-brain-drain policy. Why chase Silicon Valley dreams when you can inherit a Lok Sabha seat or a production house?

Imagine a future with government incentives for family hires, tax breaks for nepo startups, and the prestigious "Nepo Bhushan" award, golden cradle, velvet cushion, national pride.

Psychologically, nepotism is a stress-buster. Who needs to "prove themselves"? That's so pre-digital India. Success is guaranteed by genes, scientific or otherwise, especially after a few pegs of that 289-year-old ancestral whisky.

And of course, the Hindu scriptural angle. Seven-generation curses, karmic continuity, and the three-generation business cycle:

First gen hustles. Second gen polishes. Third gen parties on the yacht.

Then the crisis hits because of one rotten egg and two dirty fish, but one competent uncle, phufaji fixes it.

In this Twitter era of nepo-bashing and melodramatic merit-warriors, we're missing the grand satire of it all. Merit is fickle, unpredictable, and, worst of all, fair. Nepotism? It's reliable, heartwarming, and fuels entire economies of family feuds and rivalries.

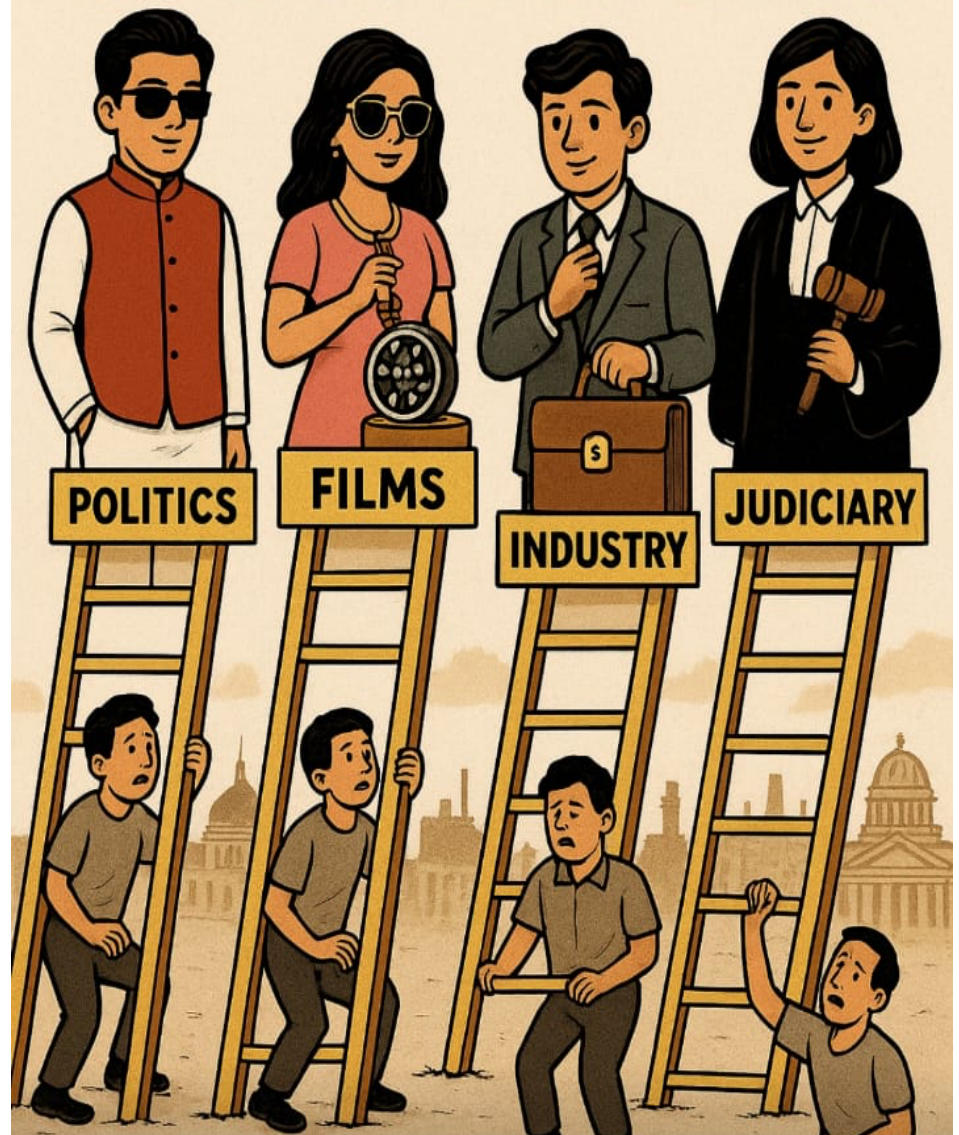
So let's raise a toast to India's nepo babies:

After all, in the grand theatre of Indian life, who needs talent when you've got relatives to pull you up, or pull someone else down?

"The only exam they passed was 'being related.'"

"Nepotism: proving daily that genes beat genius."

# WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF LUCKY NEPO BABIES



"Some climb ladders. Others are born on the top rung."

## Bihar Elections 2025: PK and the Great Political Faceplant

### *A Study in Delusion*

By Professor Lola Jha

Indian news channel and say, “God, these people write their own tragedies, and the script is always a farce.”

And his next hero? Not Hamlet, not Macbeth. No. It would be Prashant Kishor (PK), the self-

router with a dead battery, desperately trying to connect with voters who kept saying, “Password galat hai...and we don't care about your data plan, bhai.”

For three years, PK marched



If Shakespeare were writing today, he wouldn't bother with kings murdering kings. He'd simply switch on any

appointed political messiah, fondly attached to his past glories and Old Monk, roaming Bihar like a wandering WiFi

across Bihar with the manic intensity of a man who'd not just misplaced his dignity, but was convinced he'd find it in a

they were rewriting history. Technically, they did, but straight into the “Cautionary Tales for Over-Educated Consultants” section.

Election Day arrived. Bihar cleared its throat and delivered a punchline so brutal it should be banned under the Geneva Convention.

PK’s brand-new party, Jan Suraj, managed exactly zero seats, which is the same numerical value as its ideology, grassroots organisation, and practical sense. Deposits vanished faster than Nitish Kumar changes alliances or a free dinner plate at a rally. This wasn’t a defeat; this was a political cremation. According to Lapta Jha, a former, and now suspiciously employed, associate, “It was a political root canal without anaesthesia, performed by the electorate who simply saw him as an expensive tourist.”

Meanwhile, the real election went on like a predictable family drama that only Bihar is forced to watch, starring the Eternal Yadav Family Circus and its special guest, “Pappu” who flew in to sprinkle his patented brand of Amnesia-fueled Confusion.

Lalu Prasad Yadav, the original Ringmaster, watched everything from his air-conditioned cow shed (or whichever judicial accommodation he prefers), occasionally mooing instructions to his herd. The man who once turned Bihar into his private, non-auditable pasture

campaigned through video calls because, well, the courts still haven’t figured out whether the mythical chara (fodder) is a vegetable, a currency, or an abstract concept of corruption.

His sons, Tejashwi and Tej Pratap, delivered a masterclass in dynastic comedy. Tejashwi promised the moon (again, likely in an exclusive alliance with the Sun), running a campaign that looked like a youth festival organised by people who failed to graduate college. He scraped 25 seats, which in Yadav math translates to a “moral victory,” an “imminent coup,” and a threat to “wait till Papa comes out.” Tej Pratap, the elder visionary who talks to trees and dresses like Lord Krishna on an off day, contributed by threatening to unleash his cows on opponents. Witty Voters politely asked the cows to stay home while they were busy voting for anyone with a pulse and a different surname.

And then there was Rahul, the permanent, call him ‘As you like it’ of Indian politics, who arrived in Bihar like a tourist who read the wrong Lonely Planet (the one promising a political future). He hugged cows, promised ₹2,500 monthly to women (money that exists only in Congress’s perpetually hopeful spreadsheets), and gave speeches that sounded suspiciously like stand-up comedy written by someone who deeply hates comedy. Every time Rahul opened his mouth, Nitish Kumar’s vote share went up by 2%, purely out of collective pity.

Pappu’s grand Bihar yatra ended with the state collectively saying, “Beta, ghar jao. Aapki Amma bula rahi hain... and we’re trying to run an election here.”

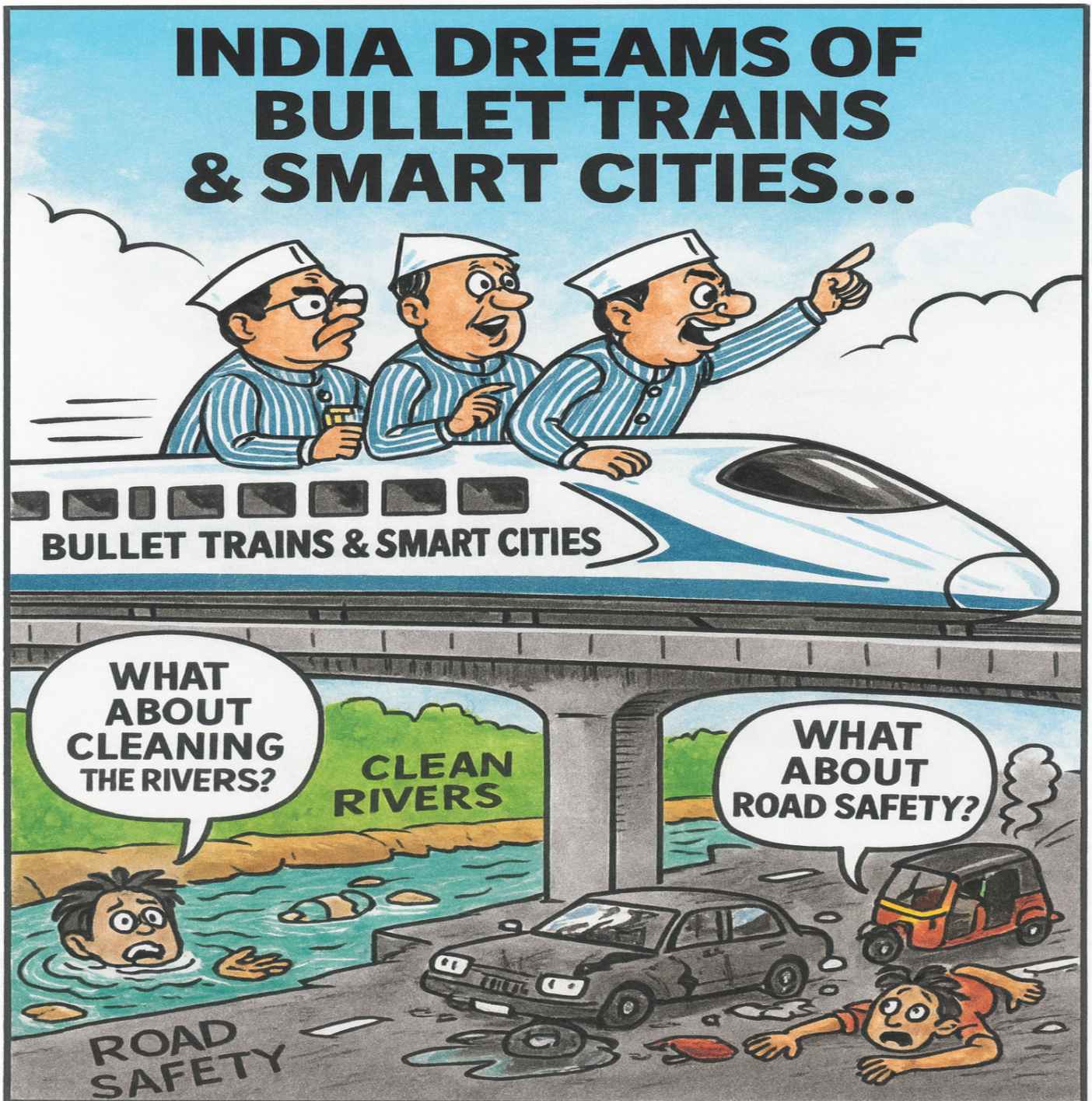
PK’s downfall was the classic tale of a technocrat mistaking the volatile cocktail of Indian democracy for an Excel pivot table. Bihar liked him, even admired his ability to walk great distances, but didn’t see him as one of their own. He preached. They yawned. He promised 50 seats. They gifted him a generous 3% vote share—which is what you get when you ask the whole state to ‘like’ your Facebook page. It was democracy’s version of “Seen at 3:00 PM but still buffering.”

Now PK stands at the crossroads. On one side, his old consultancy and a pile of cash. On the other, a dream lying in the gutter waiting for municipal pickup. Europe may still call him a strategist. Bihar calls him, “Woh political start-up wala aadmi jo try kiya tha.”

The curtain falls. No applause. No encore.

The circus continues. And PK?

**High-Speed Hopes, Low-Speed Reality: "India is a land of great potential. We just haven't applied for the permission yet."**



**W**elcome to **An Area of Darkness**, now tastefully lit with **Chinese LEDs, Ring Lights and Solar Flares**, where every five years we rename the same potholes as *"world-class infrastructure"* and inaugurate

the same flyover for the fourth time, merely by changing the ribbon colour.

At Lahariya Sarai station, Ram Sahay stares at the electronic board with the weary curiosity of a man who has aged

alongside Indian Railways. The screen flashes two options:

- Vande Bharat Express - 180 km/h (theoretically)
- Passenger Local - 18 km/h (honestly)

Both arrival times proudly display:

**“Expected: When Lord Kalki Arrives.”**

Around him, passengers yawn, stretch, and adjust hopes. A dog sleeps through the announcements because even the dog knows the train is not coming. Ram Sahay burps, the sigh of a nation.

Cut to Delhi.

Inside the great circus tent of politics, every party, BJP, Congress, AAP, TDP, YSRCP and the newly launched **XYZ (Xtra Yatra Zindabad)**, releases the exact same manifesto, only fonts differ:

1. Announce Mega Project
2. Release Glossy CGI Video
3. Blame Previous Government
4. Move On to Next Slogan

The only variable is how emotionally they shout “Naya Bharat” while standing next to a cardboard bullet train that is longer than their political career.

**Smart Cities Mission** is our crown jewel. After spending **₹98,000 crore**, we achieved:

- colourful wall paintings of smiling women on bicycles
- fountains that don’t work
- streetlights that blink Morse code messages such as **“HELP”** and **“NO BUDGET LEFT”**

Smartness was not in the city. It was in the accountants.

**Swachh Bharat** constructed twelve crore toilets. Beautiful structures! Approximate usage:

- 60% toilets
- 30% storage rooms for grain, plastic chairs and winter blankets
- 10% AirBnB for goats

Behavioural change was outsourced to **WhatsApp University**, where every family group believes India is already cleaner than Switzerland, because two photos of Zurich were forwarded with a caption.

The rivers, meanwhile, remain in an advanced stage of liquid pessimism. After **₹30,000 crore**, the Yamuna and Ganga are so clean you can **develop black-and-white photographs in them**. Colour chemicals are afraid to dissolve here. Even pollution has standards.

**Road safety?**

Official statistics say 1.73 lakh people died in 2024 due to “natural causes, sudden encounter with Indian asphalt.” Our highways have more craters than the moon, but **ISRO hasn’t complained about copyright yet**. Motorists don’t drive on roads, they navigate geological features.

**Startup India** is booming. 1.4 billion people, 2 crore youngsters applying for 50,000 peon vacancies. We produce unicorns, yes, mostly cartoons. The only thing scaling faster than valuation is unemployment.

Meanwhile ministers travel across the nation, inaugurating **foundation stones** for projects that will be re-inaugurated by their grandchildren. A politician once said, “Delay is the mother of democracy.” He was only half joking. Progress moves slower than our Passenger Local.

**The bullet train**, our national obsession, still waits at the border. The bullet itself is stuck in customs. The train has paid **GST on dreams**.

We don’t need another **Vision 2047** document. We need one working traffic light, one honest babu, and one politician who can finish a sentence without mentioning **Nehru, Pakistan or ancient plastic surgery**.

Until then, kindly keep applauding the **6D promo videos** projected on LED screens. The future is bright – largely because **the project file is on fire**.

Jai Hind. Jai Ho. Jai Whatever Keeps Us Distracted Till 2029.

# WHEN LIFE THROWS A GOAT, MAKE IT YOUR TRAVEL COMPANION

By Mukta K Gupta

If life gives you a goat, make it your travel companion.

Going to Nathdwara once a year is now our family tradition, though it wasn't always so. As a young girl just out of school, I didn't expect my parents' idea of a holiday to involve dusty roads, temple bells and poori-aloo packed in steel tiffins. But Nathdwara had other plans for me – the kind that humble a city child and fill her memory with stories that smell of sweat, roses and diesel.

As a young girl, just out of school, going to a temple town was not my idea of a vacation, but for my parents Nathdwara was their holiday destination.

With poori-aloo packed for our long bus journey, we boarded a night bus to Udaipur. From Udaipur we boarded another roadways bus to Nathdwara. It's about an hour long journey from there.

We spent a day in Nathdwara visiting the Srinathji temple at various times for different darshans. The next day we had time in hand and decided to visit the Haldi Ghati and Maharana Pratap Memorial.

**Haldighati** is a mountain pass between Khamnore and Bagicha village situated at

Aravalli Range of Rajasthan in western India which connects Rajsamand and Pali districts. The pass is located at a distance of 40 kilometres from Udaipur. The name 'Haldighati' is believed to have originated from the turmeric-coloured yellow soil of the area. The mountain pass is a significant historical location. It is the site of the Battle of Haldighati, which took place in 1576 between the Kingdom of Mewar and the Mughal Army led by king Mansingh. Maharana Pratap led the armed forces of Mewar against the Mughals who fought under the command of Mughal emperor Akbar's general Man Singh.

We took an auto rickshaw from Nathdwara to the memorial. We spent a good amount of time at the place to look around and learn about the life and times of Maharana pratap.

Time to leave, we exited the premises only to find ourselves stranded. While the other more informed tourist groups left in their taxis, we got a rude shock that there is no transport to go back. The Maharana Pratap Memorial is situated in the middle of nowhere, not a cluster. We decided to sit there for a while in the hope that some form of transportation might come this way/

The security guard very innocently told us off and remarked that the last bus to the town has left and now nothing will come this way. It was late afternoon and we soon going to get dusky.

We decided to walk. When we started we were excited about the adventures that awaited us. We sang songs, shared anecdotes, gossiped, but I think a couple of hours into it, reality hit us. Where are we and where are we going. We had no one to ask or take directions. This was a time when cellphones were non-existent, so you can't call and ask for help. So we walked and walked, traversed the tough terrain for kilometres. With no water to drink and dusk fast approaching we were not only losing hope but also getting apprehensive about where and when we will reach.

Suddenly we saw a little hut in the midst of a farm. We approached it as a fish would approach water. We met a man who greeted us with a warm smile and a glass of rose sherbet. As sherbet touched our thirsty throat, we were able to see our surroundings more clearly. We quickly realised that we were surrounded by acres and acres of rose plants. The hills surrounding us were rose farms. We were in the land of what is called *Chaitra gulaab*. A variety of rose famous for making gulkand. Certainly, the most romantic setting but all we could think was when and how will we go back to Nathdwara.

The kind farmer told us that a small village bus will go by in half an hour and we can board it. It will take us to a small village and from there we can take a tempo to Nathdwara, the big town near the village.

As expected, the bus arrived. Even though it wasn't its stop

bus driver. The farmer seemed to know him and waved his hands gesticulating him to stop. We scrambled up only to see the place over brimming with people and creatures of different sorts. No seats available an old woman held my hand and plonked me on this massive tyre on the floor of the bus where I imagine used to be seats for passengers. I looked around to find a goat staring right at me. I avoided her gaze as I found her too intimidating. I checked my surroundings again and saw such an eclectic mix. Men with fierce moustaches and colourful headgear. Orange and green was the preferred colour. Women with such intricately crafted chunky silver jewellery. Big, round silver anklets and tattoos

on their arms and chins could give any big city tattoo artist a run for his money.

ever so graciously squished to make some place for my mother to sit. My father stood the whole time near the door as he managed to get only that far. The bus driver was a lively fellow who was definitely a connoisseur of music as he had a song on his lips the whole journey. The seat adjacent to him was shared between the bus conductor and two hens. The goat lady had put her hens there and the conductor was making sure they stayed there.

I looked at the goat again who sat next to me and in that brief moment when our eyes met, my only thought was how will I ever explain this experience to my city friends, they would never believe me!

## WHEN LIFE THROWS A GOAT, MAKE IT YOUR TRAVEL COMPANION



My mother found a place to sit with two elderly women who

# THE MANY SPECIES OF GYM RATS

By Mukta K Gupta

If Darwin had spent less time studying finches and more time on a treadmill, he'd have discovered an entire new branch of evolution – Gym Rats. These curious creatures migrate daily to temperature-controlled artificial jungles, where they grunt, sweat, pose, and occasionally exercise. After extensive research (and one sprained ankle), here are the most commonly sighted species:

## 1. The Machine Hoarder

Behavioural traits: Territorial like a lion, but with more protein burps.

This Gym Rat occupies four machines simultaneously—bottle on one, towel on another, phone on the third, ego on the fourth.

They're doing "circuits," they claim.

No one has ever seen them break a sweat.

## 2. The Over-motivated Screamer

Favourite phrase: "LET'S GO BAAAAABYYYY!!"

Even when lifting 2 kilos, they sound like they're trying to uproot a banyan tree.

Trust us, the only thing getting lifted is everyone's blood pressure.

If they were any louder, the gym would need a noise-pollution license.

## 3. The Walking Encyclopedia of Supplements

This creature communicates only in protein codes:

"Bro, take whey isolate with creatine, but not before zinc-magnesium, otherwise your gut biome will enter meditation mode..."

No one knows what they bench, but everyone knows their scooping technique.

## 4. The Disappearing Act

Seen mostly in January.

Subspecies include:

- New Year New Me
- Wedding Season Six-Pack Wala
- Breakup Abs Starter Pack  
They vanish within 3-7 working days.  
Rumour says they migrate to their natural habitat – the couch.

## 5. The Personal Trainer Without a License

Species that gives unsolicited advice even when you are tying your shoelace.

Key phrases:

- "Bro, wrong form."
- "Bro, do like this."
- "Bro, you'll injure your third vertebra."  
If confidence had mass, this species could deadlift the gym.

## 6. The Social Butterfly

Seen fluttering between treadmills and gossip zones.

Uses dumbbells only to point dramatically during conversations.

After 45 minutes of cardio... of talking... they sign off with:

"Wow kya workout tha!"

Heart rate remains unchanged throughout.

## 7. The Legendary Uncle Ji

Attire: Polo T-shirt tucked into trackpants.

Philosophy: Machines are for youngsters; Uncle Ji is here for walking, laughing, and telling political opinions.

Volume level: Louder than the gym speakers during DJ night.

Only living species capable of resting for 25 minutes between two reps of 1 kg dumbbells.

## 8. The Show-Off Couple

Do everything in synchronised slow motion.

They share water, share weights, share smiles... share everyone else's irritation.

Most commonly sighted using one treadmill – together.

## 9. The Actual Gym Rat

The rarest species.

Comes quietly. Works out properly. Doesn't disturb anyone. Leaves.

Nobody knows what they want.

Nobody knows why they're here.

Some say they're mythical beasts.

Final Thoughts

Gyms are the best places to observe modern wildlife.

Some lift weights, some lift spirits, and some lift only phones.

But together they form a beautiful ecosystem, where everyone pretends they're two workouts away from becoming Hrithik Roshan.

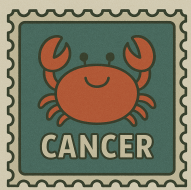
# HORRORSCOPE: *Your Monthly Guide To Celestial Confusion*



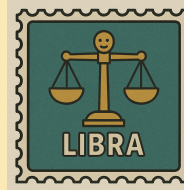
You'll have ideas that could change the world - if you ever finish one. This month, expect mood swings faster than Delhi weather.



You'll wake up full of motivation... that will last till brushing your teeth. Avoid overpromising, especially to yourself. Someone from your past may return - probably your gym trainer asking, "You coming back?"



This month, emotions overflow - you may cry at a biscuit ad. Family time will help, unless they ask about your "future plans." Then fake a call.



Decision-making is your sport - and you're losing. Someone may ask, "What do you want to eat?" triggering an emotional crisis.



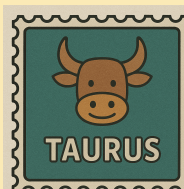
Adventure calls, but your wallet says, "Sit down, hero." Career-wise, big things are coming - or at least big emails marked "urgent."



You'll spend half the month cleaning and the other half judging how others clean. Work stress may rise - take deep breaths, or at least deep naps.



You're charming and witty, but also texting three people at once "just for fun." December brings confusion - is it love, or just free Wi-Fi talking?



You want stability but also want to splurge on scented candles and cheese. Financial balance, beta! A minor fight may happen - remember, yelling "I'm calm!" is not calming.



You're a dreamer, darling - but the electric bill won't pay itself. Someone will misunderstand you - mostly because you mumble.



Work, work, work - that's your anthem. But what about fun, beta? Life is not just Excel sheets and existential dread. Take a break before your coffee turns into your personality.



The universe loves you - the rest of us are still deciding. You'll attract admirers, but also drama. Please differentiate between "passion" and "police complaint."



Your confidence is roaring louder than your bank account. Someone will compliment you - finally, your moment! Just don't reply, "I know." Humility suits you better than sequins.



Aur bataoo...  
**Gyanwati Aunty**  
'Your neighbourhood  
aunty, now in print.'

Question: Why don't eggs tell jokes?

Answer: They'd crack each other up. Also, they're one emotional breakdown away from becoming someone's omelette, so humour is... discouraged.

Question: How do you call a sleepwalking nun?

Answer: A 'roamin' Catholic. Last seen haunting hallways, sleep-exorcising furniture, and accidentally blessing the neighbour's dog.

Q: Is it possible to look busy without doing any work?

A: Of course. It's called "professionalism." Just carry a file, walk fast, and nod deeply at walls, people will assume you're in charge of something extremely important, possibly even the nation's GDP.

Q: Should teenagers spend more time on studies or chatting and watching?

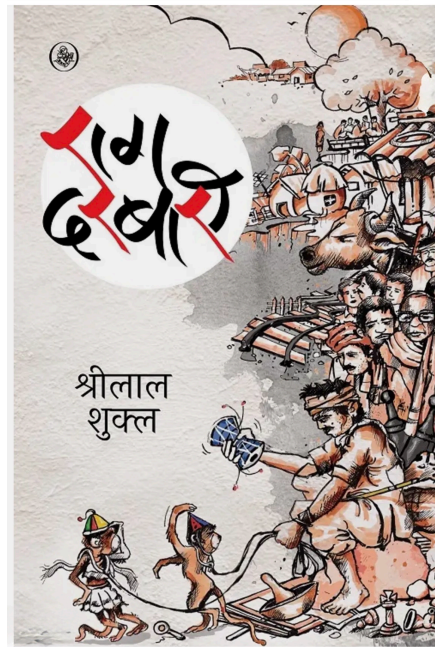
A: Of course they should study—after they finish their 17-hour marathon of reels, memes, and documentaries like "Cats Falling Off Sofas, Volume 9." Multitasking is important: they can read textbooks in their dreams.

Q: Should idiots marry?

A: Absolutely. If idiots don't marry, how will the next generation of politicians, influencers, and reality-show contestants be produced? Also, two idiots together cancel each other out, like bad maths.

## READICULOUS READ

Half review, half roast - fully ridiculous



**R**aag Darbari by Shrilal Shukla is a sharp, hilarious, and unflinchingly honest satire on rural India. Set in the fictional village of Shivpalganj, the novel exposes the tangled web of

corruption, hypocrisy, and power play that thrives beneath everyday life. Through the eyes of Rangnath, an educated outsider, Shukla brilliantly contrasts idealism with grim reality. The characters are vivid, the humour biting, and the commentary timeless. Despite being written decades ago, the novel feels strikingly relevant today.

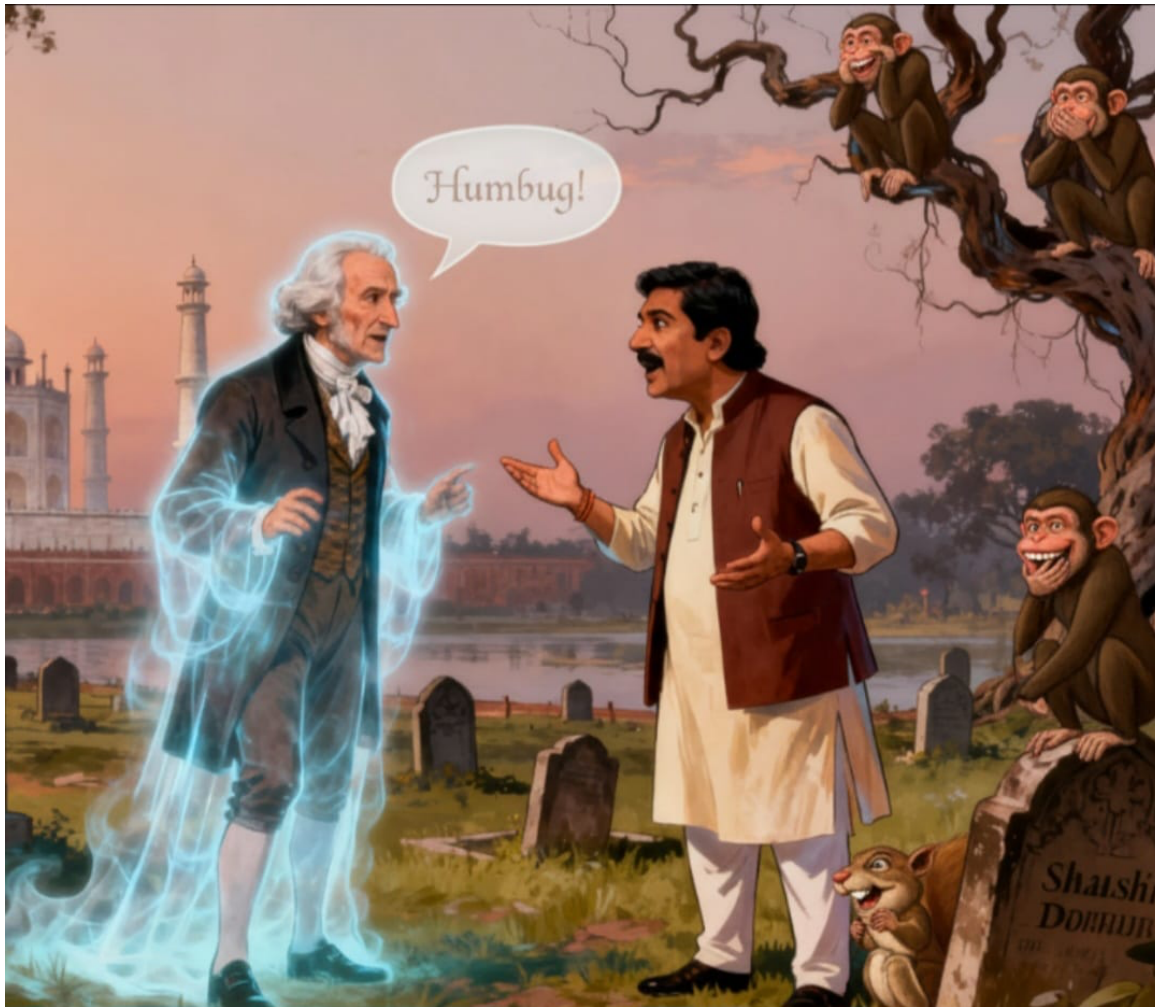
Raag Darbari is a must-read for anyone who enjoys witty social critique wrapped in engaging storytelling. In Shivpalganj, progress travels slower than a bullock cart, but corruption always finds the fast lane. Reading Raag Darbari feels like attending a comedy show where every joke is uncomfortably true.

Shukla's characters are so real, you'll swear you've met half of them at a local tehsil office. It's the only novel where bureaucracy, politics, and petty ego make a perfect recipe for laughter. By the time you finish the book, you'll realise Shivpalganj isn't a village, it's a state of mind.

**OUR RATING**  
**5/5 LEMONS**



Source: Humour Times Pretend  
Readers' Team



## The Ghost of Lord Macaulay, Now Officially Cancelled in Agra, in Conversation with Verbosity Virtuoso Shusi Gharoor

Reported by BK

While India is still trying to parse the prime minister's latest fulmination about the Anglophile zombie Macaulay and his 190-year-old "intellectual genocide," Agra has moved on to superior entertainment: a surprise cameo by the undead Englishman himself and a midnight verbal duel with the subcontinent's only indiscernible, indefatigable, and occasionally

indecipherable flamboyant spirit, Shusi Gharoor.

*HT's editor, who clearly has nothing better to do post-midnight, swears he watched the whole operatic absurdity unfold.*

*Act I: Macaulay Rises from His Mediocre Educational Grave*

It's midnight in Agra. The Yamuna slumps by like a depressed buffalo contemplating retirement; the Taj Mahal glitters smugly, forever ready for its next unsolicited cameo in someone's grainy selfie.

In the decrepit British cemetery near Taj Ganj, where tombstones lean like drunken expatriates, something stirs.

A shimmer.

A colonial sneeze.

And then—voilà!—Thomas Babington Macaulay materialises, waistcoat intact, dignity shredded, smelling faintly of naphthalene, moral superiority, and 1835.

"Arre bhai!" yelps a chaiwala on a Luna, nearly anointing the road with his kulhad. "Kaisa bhoot hai yeh? 'Jolly good' bolta hai aur rona bhi padta hai!"

Unbothered, because ghosts, like bureaucrats, feel no accountability, Macaulay begins his nightly lament:

"Alas, mine educational magnum opus hath birthed not rational men, but a billion babus who say widently instead of vidently and queue for tea while debating the Oxford comma!"

He drifts past Major Hodson's grave and weeps into a translucent East India Company handkerchief.

"I wanted Indians in blood but English in taste," he sighs.

"Instead I got IITians who can derive Newton's laws blindfolded but pronounce 'receipt' as 're-seep.'"

Right on cue, langurs from Mehtab Bagh swing in. One steals Macaulay's ghostly top-hat, installs it as an express urinal, and departs triumphantly.

The ghost wails, a sound eerily similar to a public-sector employee reacting to punctuality.

"Even the monkeys mock me! I declared Sanskrit inferior; now I'm the one treated like a footnote!"

### *Act II: Gen-Z Cancels Macaulay*

Enter twelve Agra University students with ring lights brighter than their future.

Girl in crop top: "Yeh wahi banda hai jisne humein The Charge of the Light Brigade ratwaya instead of Kabir!"

Boy already live on Insta: "Macaulay ji ko fir se cancel kar rahe hain. Bhai log, fire emoji spam karo!"

Macaulay attempts a defence: "I merely sought to..."

Entire gang: "Civilise? Bro, because of you my grandpa still says 'kindly do the needful' in interviews and gets laughed out of Noida!"

A beer flies. Then another. Then half a packet of Uncle Chipps.

Macaulay sinks into the earth like a PowerPoint presentation nobody asked for, muttering, "At least the East India Company paid on time..."

### *Act III: Enter Shusi Gharoor—Human Thesaurus in Nightdress*

Just when the ghost thinks he can log off existence, a towering silhouette emerges between the graves, clad in a silk kurta and the smug assurance of a man who owns three editions of Roget's.

Shusi Gharoor (eyes gleaming like a thesaurus on steroids):

"Salutations, thou corpulent cadaver of cultural imperialism! Thou perambulating parchment of pedagogic perfidy! Thou original manufacturer of Macaulayputras, tragic hybrids who conjugate verbs flawlessly yet cannot conjugate with their own history!"

Macaulay (visibly buffering): "Sir, I wrote just one Minute..."

Gharoor (detonating like a dictionary struck by lightning):

"One Minute? That Minute was the Hiroshima of hermeneutics! A sesquipedalian tsunami that drowned a civilisation in subjunctive clauses while Sanskrit, Persian, Tamil sank without a footnote! You replaced vyakarana with Wren & Martin and then gaslit us for saying shed-yool!"

Macaulay (meekly): "But... Shakespeare?"

Gharoor: "We got Shakespeare the way hostages get Stockholm Syndrome, fell in love with the captor's literature while forgetting our own! Today every convent-educated child says 'cot' and 'caught' identically and wonders why Americans laugh. That's your legacy, you powdered pontificator!"

Macaulay (now translucent with guilt): "What must I do?"

Gharoor (leaning in until his beard nearly possesses the ghost):

"A retraction. In triplicate. Garamond Bold, 12-point. Footnotes in Devanagari. And a trigger warning for future generations."

Macaulay coughs up the most British apology in history:

"I say... frightfully sorry about the whole epistemicide business. Won't happen again. Pip pip."

Gharoor nods with imperial magnanimity.

"Very well. I must now resume rescuing a nation miseducated into believing English fluency is a substitute for civilisational self-respect."

Macaulay dissolves, rumour says he's now haunting Oxford, looking up "sesquipedalian" and sobbing into a spectral sink.

The Taj keeps posing.

The Yamuna keeps sulking.

And somewhere in the cemetery, a langur in a top-hat presides as the new Sheriff of Linguistic Decolonisation.

The End.

(Or, as Macaulay would say, finis, which nobody here understands anyway.)



~ **इंसान बनाम मच्छरों की परफेक्ट लाइफ़**  
**व्यंग्य शृंखला- सबसे बुद्धिजीवी महामूर्ख**  
 ~

‘राही’ दहरिया

मुझे तो दुनिया में मच्छर सबसे खुशहाल, एकजुट और सम्माननीय लगते हैं, बल्कि इंसानों से कहीं अधिक विकसित भी लगते हैं। हैरान मत होइए! इसकी कई ठोस वजहें हैं...

**मच्छरों की तरक्की पहुँची आइसलैण्ड:** इंसानों के मामले में तरक्की का मामला अन्दर-खाने में लंका और बाहर-खाने में डंका बजने जैसा है। (पहले नम्बर का अनुमान आप अपने जोखिम पर लगाएँ!) वरना, जल-थल-वायु—तीनों लोकों में असली डंका तो मच्छरों का ही बज रहा है। क्योंकि, मच्छरों की तरक्की आइसलैण्ड तक पहुँच चुकी है। जहाँ बर्फ़बारी से ठिठुर के मई की गर्मी भी रज़ाई के लिए दुहाई देने लगती है, वहाँ तीन मच्छर (दो मादा, एक नर) दिखे हैं— कौन जाने अन्दर-बाहर-वाली का चक्कर था या फैमिली ट्रिप थी! इनकी मासूम ‘बूँ-बूँ’ अगर समझ आती, तो बिहार के कटिहार वाले दरोगा जी से पुष्टि करवा ली जाती।

चर्चा है कि मच्छरों का मोटिवेशन श्रोत हमारे नेता हैं। जिनकी बदौलत विदेशों के देश सिर्फ़ तरक्की पर ही अटके रह गये और हम विश्वगुरु बन गये, ऐसे ही टेक्नोलॉजी इंसानों के पास है लेकिन तरक्की कर रहे हैं मच्छर। ख़ैर, ये हमारी महानता का लेवल ही है कि बेज़ुबान मच्छर भी हमसे शिक्षित हो रहे हैं।

**मच्छर सबसे एकजुट:** मैं तो कहूँगा, मच्छरों जैसी एकजुटता पड़ोसियों और रिश्तेदारों की बात छोड़िए, नेताओं में भी नहीं दिखती। राजनीतिक अंगने में अब ‘चोर-चोर मौसेरे भाई’ वाला रिश्ता ही विलुप्त हो चुका है। अब तो ये अंदाज़ा लगाना भी मुश्किल हो गया है कि सठियाए ज़्यादा हैं या खिसियाए ज़्यादा रहते हैं, क्योंकि लोगों से ज़्यादा अब चोर चिल्लाते हैं— चोर-चोर, पकड़ो-पकड़ो। “किसी नेता को कभी जेल हुई है” यह बात पुरानी फिल्मों का पुराना डायलॉग हो चुकी है। अब तो चोर-डकैत, चोर-डकैतों को ही जेल भिजवाने लगे हैं। वाकई घोर कलयुग है।

**मच्छर ज़्यादा सम्माननीय:** ऐसा क्यों? क्योंकि नेताई-रक्त-पिपासना में भाषीय, क्षेत्रीय, धर्मीय, जातीय, नस्लीय भेद— कूट-कूट कर भरे मिलेंगे, लेकिन तथाकथित— वोट-खरीददारों से पीड़ित वोटर तक, मज़दूरों से पीड़ित पूँजीपति तक, भ्रष्टाचार से पीड़ित नौकरशाह तक, मुकद्दमों से पीड़ित नेता तक, तारीख़ों से पीड़ित वक़ील तक और प्रॉपगेंडों से पीड़ित पत्रकार तक— मच्छरों के रक्त-पान में कोई पक्षपात नज़र नहीं आता। सब का खून बस लाल हीमोग्लोबिन— जूसी-जूसी, टेस्टी-टेस्टी।

जबकि, नेतागिरी के मामले में हैरानी होती है कि खून चूसने में भी एक-दूसरे से जलन होती है— एक ने जनता का खून दूसरे से ज़्यादा कैसे चूस लिया!

**मच्छर सबसे खुशहाल:** और... इंसानी जलन की बात करें तो सदियाँ गुज़र गयीं— दूसरे की बसाई, कमाई और लुगाई पर चली आ रही

लड़ाई ही नहीं निपट रही। पहलू में महबूबा न मिले, पहलू में आज के दौर में भी जलन ज़रूर मिलेगी। पड़ोसियों और रिश्तेदारों की बात छोड़िए पड़ोसियों और रिश्तेदारों को जलाने के लिए जिन औलादों को डॉक्टर-इंजीनियर बनने के लिए ठेला जाता है, वही इंजीनियर-डॉक्टर बने लौण्डे पान वाले की कमाई देखकर सुट्टा सुलगाते हुए सुलगाते हैं— कितनी कमाई करता होगा, यारा। यानी पैशन से फ़ैशन तक कुछ हक़ीकत है तो बस जलन है।

यहाँ तक कि थोड़े में ज़्यादा समझ लीजिए— वर्दी वालों में भी जलन पाई जाती है। और... इसका अन्दाज़ा आप अपने रिस्क पर लगाइए कि कौन-से रंग वाली वाले, कौन-से रंग वाली वालों से जलते हैं।

मैं तो कहूँगा, रेबीज़, एचआईवी, एडस, कैंसर, टीबी और लेटेस्ट कोरोना जैसी महामारियों का रोना भी सिर्फ़ प्रॉपगेंडा समझिए। ये सब ख़वामख़वाह बदनाम हैं। असल महामारी तो जलन है। ऐसी जलन कि एलियन्स को खोजने की जो आग लगी है, वो इसी की आग में लगी है। बस देखना है कि वो हमसे ज़्यादा विकसित और तरक्कीयाफ़ता हैं या हम उनके लिए भी बाघ और चीतों जैसे संरक्षण केन्द्र बना सकते हैं या उन्हें चिड़ियाघरों में सज़ा सकते हैं, या... उनसे भी बँधुआ मज़दूरी करवा सकते हैं (21वीं सदी में भी...)

हालाँकि, हाल-फ़िलहाल के कई युद्धों के फिल्मी क्लाइमेक्स ने अपनी ही इंसानी टेक्नोलॉजी की भद्दी पीट दी, लेकिन फिर भी हम जलन के मारे भूल जाते हैं कि जिन एलियनों को हम भेड़ समझकर लपकना चाहते हैं, वो अगर भेड़िये निकले तो हमारी उन्हें खोजने की यही महान बुद्धिमता, महान बुद्धिमय मूर्खता के साथ मिमियाने से ज़्यादा और कुछ नहीं कर सकेगी। सच कहूँ तो इंसानों के फेमस और फ़ेवरेट डायलॉग में, “एकता में शक्ति होती है।”, इसमें शक्ति कम, हूतियापा ज़्यादा नज़र आता है।

जबकि, मच्छरों में या मच्छर-सिंडिकेटों में क्या आज तक ऐसा कोई विवाद सुना है कि एक मच्छर ने दूसरे मच्छर से जलकर उसके पंख कतर दिये हों या एक एरिया के मच्छरों का दूसरे एरिया के मच्छरों के साथ कोई जियो-पॉलिटिकल मसला हुआ हो, या युद्ध हुआ हो, नहीं न?

बल्कि, इंसानों के बाद एक महाद्वीप से दूसरे महाद्वीप तक मच्छर ही दूसरे नम्बर के— कोलम्बस और वास्को डिगामा हैं। और... ये इनकी ऊँ-ऊँ, बूँ-बूँ गूँजती एकता के विस्तार का प्रमाण ही है कि ग्लोबल वार्मिंग की वार्मनेस से पहले बर्फ़ के भी पसीने छुड़ते हुए आइसलैण्ड तक पहुँच चुके हैं। बस, मच्छरों के ‘गजवा-ए-अंटार्कटिक’ का झण्डा लहरना बाकी है। ‘सब के साथ सब के विकास’ का जीवंत उदाहरण होगा!

यही नहीं, मच्छरों की मेहनतकशी के तो क्या ही कहने! दिन की शिफ़्ट एडीज़ की, रात की शिफ़्ट एनोफ़िलीज़ की और कसर पूरी करने के लिए 24X7 की शिफ़्ट क्यूलेक्स की। नो बॉर्डर-झमेला। वासुदेव कुटुम्बकम के असली पैरोकार!

इसके अलावा, ग्लोबल चर्चा यह भी है कि मच्छरों का आइसलैण्ड आगमन भविष्य-दृष्टिगत दौरा भी हो सकता है, जैसे चाँद और मंगल पर इंसानी मिशन जारी हैं कि कहीं किसी दिन पुतिन भइया ने परमाणु बटन दबा दिया तो इतनी महान सभ्यता के माइग्रेंट होने के लिए कहीं तो रिश्तेदार बचें, सभ्यता बचे— क्योंकि कोई लप्पू-सा बन्दा या नाली में महकता जाहिल सूअर जैसा प्राणि या निम्न-कोटि कीट-कीड़ा-मकोड़ा तो

परमाणु और हाइड्रोजन बम जैसी महान-सभ्य-सुसंस्कृत खोजें नहीं कर सकता न! खोजें— जिनके सामने सिर्फ शक्तिमान और सुपरमैन जैसे बन्दे ही सर्वाइव कर सकें। बस, कोई एलियन मिले, उस पर भी टैस्टिंग हो जाए, फिर तो— ब्रह्माण्डीय मुम्बइया डॉन इंसानी 'बीकू मातरे' ही बचेगा!

साथ में, न्यूज़ चैनलों पर एक्सपर्टों की मुर्गा जंग होना बाकी है कि मच्छरों का आइसलैण्ड में दिखना भारत स्वच्छता अभियान की सफलता का प्रमाण ही तो है, नदियों की सफ़ाई पर खर्च हो चुके हजारों करोड़ों का सदुपयोग— जिससे मच्छरों के लिए भारत में सर्वाइव करना अब मुश्किल होने लगा है। हर सुबह गाड़ी वाला आकर हर घर से मच्छरों की कचड़ारूपी नाजायज़ बस्ती को ज़ब्त कर ले जाता है।

अच्छा! आस-पड़ोस के कचड़े की चिंता मत कीजिए! वो कचड़ा नहीं मच्छरों की झुगियाँ हैं, बस्तियाँ हैं और ये रणनीति है, जो उन पर बुल्डोज़र नहीं चलाया गया है क्योंकि भई मच्छरों के भी तो कुछ मानवाधिकार होते हैं और डॉंगेश भाई के लवर्स की तरह अगर कीड़ा-लवर्स भी हाइबरनेशन से निकल आए तो!/? वरना, वास्तविकता तो ये है कि अनजस्टिस के खिलाफ़ तो बुल्डोज़र जस्टिस की क्रांतिकारी मशाल को सुप्रीम कोर्ट भी नहीं बुझा पाया।

**मच्छरों का विकास:** इंसान जहाँ फ़ेनोटाइपिक प्लास्टिसिटी से लम्बाई बढ़ाने या सिर्फ़ सिक्स-पैक जैसे अस्थाई दिखावटी अनुकूलन पर अटका है, वहीं मच्छर सादा जीवन उच्च विचार का पालन इस स्तर तक करते हैं कि अडैप्टिव एवोल्यूशन से मौसम छोड़िए, इंसानी एंटीबायोज़ और दवाओं के खिलाफ़ भी अनुकूलित हो चुके हैं। डीडीटी से शुरुआत की थी और आज 50 से भी ज्यादा रसायनों के खिलाफ़ मच्छर-सभ्यता विकसित हो चुकी है।

**और... इंसानी विकास:** कैंसर और एचआईवी से निपटना तो दूर की कौड़ी है, कोरोना के आईने में अपनी वास्तविकता देख चुका है— गोरों को भी नानी याद आ गयी।

अभी तक इंसान काम, क्रोध, लोभ, मोह, माया, अहंकार, ईर्ष्या और अविद्या जैसे चक्करों में ही फँसा है। अपने ही मानसिक कुचक्रों से स्व-दमित, स्व-मूर्खताओं से परिपूर्ण— दुनिया का सबसे 'बुद्धिजीवी' प्राणी!

तो, आपको दो टाँगों वाले तथाकथित सभ्य प्राणी में सभ्य कुछ नज़र आता हो, तो बताएँ! जिससे मच्छर दूसरे पायदान पर नज़र आएँ!

वरना, भले ही लोकतंत्र अब ग़रीब की छेदों भरी पुरानी मच्छरदानी की तरह हो, लेकिन राजनीतिक भ्रष्ट छेदों पर चुनावी, नौकर-शाहाना रिश्चती छेदों पर आन्दोलनकारी, न्यायिक पक्षपाती छेदों पर संवैधानिक और पत्रकारीय प्रॉपगेंडाई छेदों पर सोशल मीडिया के पैबन्दों से कुछ तो मच्छरों की रोकथाम हो ही जाती है। मच्छरों से कुछ तो राहत मिल ही जाती है। वैसे भी अभी तो सर्दियों की वजह से थोड़ी राहत तो बनी हुई है।

**I didn't buy a ticket, I bought trauma!**



# “जिसकी लाठी उसकी भैंस” का आविष्कार कैसे हुआ

सन 1672। आगरा और मथुरा के बीच फैला हरा-भरा देहात, जहाँ पेड़ों की छाँव में चरवाहे अपनी भैंसों को चराते और शाम ढलते ही अलाव के पास बैठकर किस्से सुनाते। इन्हीं चरवाहों के बीच रहता था एक बड़ा ही दिलचस्प, पर थोड़ा अजीब किस्म का आदमी ठाकुर झंपा सिंह। झंपा की एक ही पहचान थी: हाथ में हमेशा घूमती हुई, चमकती हुई लाठी और गाँव में सबसे खूबसूरत काली भैंस, रूपमती।

रूपमती सिर्फ भैंस नहीं थी, गाँव की स्टार थी। उसका दूध इतना गाढ़ा कि दही खुद झुककर हाथ जोड़ ले, और मक्खन इतना उठे कि घर की छत पर से भी चिल्लाकर बोले, “बस करो!” झंपा अपनी भैंस से इतना प्यार करता था कि उसके लिए मीठी-मीठी लोरियाँ गाता, और हर भोज में गर्व से कहता:

“मेरी भैंस, मेरी रानी!”

लेकिन कहानी में द्विस्ट तो तब आया जब गाँव में एक रहस्यमयी डाकू आया, भैंसलाल दस्यु। रात के अँधेरे में वह सिर्फ भैंसें चुराता। आदमी, पैसा, गेहूँ, कुछ नहीं, सिर्फ भैंसें! कोई समझ ही नहीं पा रहा था कि इंसान ऐसा भैंस-प्रेमी क्यों हो सकता है।

एक रात रूपमती गायब हो गई। झंपा सिंह की आँखों से नींद उड़ गई, चेहरा पीला पड़ गया, और पूरा गाँव अलर्ट पर आ गया।

भाग 1: रहस्य की शुरुआत



अगली सुबह, झंपा को खेत के उस पार भैंस के चौड़े-चौड़े पगचिह्न मिले। साथ में रेत पर खिंचती लाठी का भी निशान। झंपा चिल्लाया,

“अरे! भैंस तो मेरी थी, पर लाठी किसी और की! आखिर यह किसकी लाठी है?”  
अब गाँव में चाय की जगह हरी घास की टोकरी लेकर लोग चर्चा करने लगे,  
“किसकी लाठी होगी?”  
“किसका साहस इतना बड़ा?”  
“कहीं वही भैंसलाल दस्यु तो नहीं?”  
भाग 2: महान पीछा  
झंपा अपनी लाठी लेकर निकला, सोचकर भी नहीं कि

जिस हथियार को वह हमेशा घुमाता था, आज उसकी अनुपस्थिति ही उसे परेशान कर रही है।

जंगल में जाते ही उसने देखा कि एक आदमी काली रूपमती को रस्सी से बाँधकर समझा रहा है:

“देखो बहन जी, मैं चोर नहीं हूँ। मैं बस भैंसों की आज़ादी का आंदोलन चला रहा हूँ!”

वह था... भैंसलाल दस्यु, उर्फ गोपाल पागल, एक असफल कवि जिसने भैंसों को “दूध का कारखाना” कहे जाने से दुखी होकर उन्हें आज़ाद कराने का प्रण लिया था।

ठाकुर झंपा गरजा

“रूपमती को छोड़! मेरी है वो!”

गोपाल बोला

“सबूत है? नाम लिखा है उस पर?”

झंपा चिल्लाया,

“अरे मेरे पूरे खानदान की शक्ल उसी में दिखती है! सबूत माँगता है?”

भाग 3: मुकाबला

अब दोनों में जबरदस्त बहस हुई। गाँव वाले इकट्ठा हो गए। फैसला यही हुआ कि जो रूपमती को सही पहचान ले, भैंस उसी की।

सवाल पूछा गया:

“रूपमती को कौन-सा गीत पसंद है?”

गोपाल बोला:

“भैंसों गीत नहीं सुनतीं, यह मनगढ़ंत बात है।”

झंपा मुस्कुराया, लाठी उठाई और गाने लगा...

“रूपमती मेरी काली नागिन, दूध दे जैसे झरता पानी...”

और वाह! रूपमती ने ठुमकते हुए अपनी पूँछ घुमाई और झंपा के पास आकर खड़ी हो गई।

गाँव वाले बोले,

“बस! फैसला हो गया!”

तभी गोपाल दस्यु चिल्लाया,

“ये अन्याय है! सिर्फ इसलिए कि तुम्हारे हाथ में लाठी है, भैंस भी तुम्हारी हो गई?”

झंपा ने लाठी घुमाते हुए कहा,

“हाँ भाई, यही दुनिया की रीत है, जिसकी लाठी उसकी भैंस!”

गाँव वालों ने हँसते हुए इस संवाद को दोहराया। और देखते-देखते यह वाक्य एक महाकहावत बन गया।

भाग 4: जन्म हुआ कहावत का

उस दिन के बाद जब भी गाँव में कोई किसी चीज़ पर हक जताता, लोग मजाक में कहते:

“भाई, जिसकी लाठी उसकी भैंस!”

धीरे-धीरे यह कहावत आगरा-मथुरा से निकलकर पूरे उत्तर भारत में फैल गई, और फिर 21वीं सदी में आपकी स्टोरी तक पहुँच गई।

इस तरह 17वीं सदी के झंपा सिंह, भैंसलाल दस्यु और काली रूपमती की मजेदार, suspenseful भिड़ंत से पैदा हुई हमारी प्यारी कहावत: जिसकी लाठी, उसकी भैंस!

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I have been a regular reader of Humour Times for the past two years, and I must commend the exceptional quality of content in every issue. The articles are well-researched, timely, and packed with insightful commentary that keeps me engaged from cover to cover. The level of humour and satire is spot-on, witty, sharp, and often hilariously relatable, making even serious topics enjoyable to read.

*Warm regards,  
Gopalakrishnan  
Coimbatore, Tamil Nadu*

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Dear Editor,

As an avid reader of Humour Times, I appreciate the high-quality content that consistently delivers hilarious pieces blended with entertainment. The satire is masterfully crafted, subtle yet biting. Coming from Mysore every month, it's a reliable source of levity in my busy schedule as a doctor. For improvement, I recommend adding a section for reader-submitted jokes or cartoons to foster community engagement, which might encourage more interactive feedback.

*Best wishes,  
Dr. Rajan Bhai  
Agra, Uttar Pradesh*

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Dear Editor,

Humour Times has become my go-to monthly read, and I truly admire the superior quality of its content, diverse topics covered with depth and originality. The humour and satire cleverly poke fun at societal issues without being offensive, which is a rare balance. The display is modern and eye-catching, with well-placed graphics that make flipping through the pages a delight. Kudos to the team in Mysore for maintaining such consistency. To enhance it further, perhaps introduce digital-exclusive content or QR codes linking to bonus satirical videos, bridging the print and online worlds for younger audiences.

*Sincerely,  
Sunita  
Delhi*

---

Dear Editor,

I wanted to express my appreciation for Humour Times, which stands out for its top-notch content quality, bold visuals to amplify the comedic elements effectively. As a monthly gem from Mysore, it's unmatched in the genre. I suggest expanding coverage on environmental satire, given current global concerns, to attract

eco-conscious readers and add more relevance.

*Regards,  
Ankur Gupta  
Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh*

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## Call for Contributions - Humour Times!

Do you have a funny bone that twitches at everyday madness? A sharp eye for satire? Or a comic take on the world around you?

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