

HUMOUR TIMES

Jest For Fun!



From the Lemon Squeezer's Desk THE MONTH THAT WAS...



Dear Readers,

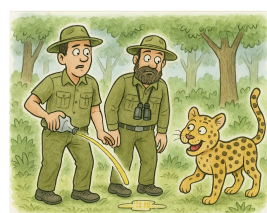
What a month it's been! If absurdity were an Olympic sport, we'd be bringing home more medals than China. India has truly outdone itself and the world has generously joined the circus.



Let's start with cricket, that noble game where "spirit" is always cited but seldom spotted. In the Asia Cup, the India-Pakistan teams refused to shake hands. Perhaps they were just saving

sanitizer. As tempers flared and dignity ducked for cover, Pakistan's Mohsin Naqvi was last seen sprinting away with the trophy, possibly mistaking it for a peace offering or a refund.

Meanwhile, Raichur forest officials tried a new dating app for



leopards, spraying female leopard urine to lure the males. A truly fragrant initiative! Somewhere in the jungle, a confused tiger is probably wondering if he's being catfished.

From the wilderness of Raichur to the wildness of Delhi.

Two foreign coaches were bitten by stray dogs



during the World Para Athletics Championships in Delhi at JNU stadium. The dogs have since been hailed as patriotic mascots defending local territory. The coaches, we hear, are resting, and now fully vaccinated against both rabies and optimism.

Across the seven seas, our beloved Desi diaspora took their chaos airborne. An Emirates flight turned into an HR helpline when passengers began disembarking over HIB visa confusion. The seatbelt sign was on, but common sense had clearly left the cabin.

Back on solid ground, cloned identity of a man named 'Arpit Singh' was discovered holding ten government jobs simultaneously in Uttar Pradesh. A true multitasker - we hereby dub him the Dashavatar of Bureaucracy - with each avatar assigned a separate pension.



And finally, our social gatherings are getting competitive. What used to be simple potluck dinners now look like MasterChef semi-finals. People arrive with truffle oil, sous-vide machines, and emotional trauma. The host, of course, still runs out of plates.

So, dear readers, as we close another month of magnificent madness, from leopard matchmaking to airborne visa wars, remember this: the world isn't getting crazier. We're just documenting it better. Until next month, keep laughing - it's the only exercise the nation does regularly.

With mirth and mild despair,

The Editor

डोनाल्ड ट्रंप vs प्यारे फूफाजी: रुठे अंकल्स का मेगा ड्रामा

बृज खंडेलवाल

भारत का हर संयुक्त परिवार एक खास विरासत लेकर चलता है—प्यारे फूफाजी। जी हाँ, वही तुनकमिजाज, गुस्सैल, "हमसे बड़ा कोई ज्ञानी नहीं" वाले, जो हर फंक्शन को WWE का लाइव मैच बना देते हैं। अब कैमरा घुमाइए विश्व मंच पर। क्या नज़ारा है! व्हाइट हाउस से निकलकर द्विटर (अब X) पर डेरा डाले बैठे हैं डोनाल्ड ट्रंप। दोनों में इतनी समानता है कि लगता है फूफाजी का डीएनए गलती से वॉशिंगटन में लीक हो गया!

"हम पहले ही बोले थे!" का राष्ट्रीय राग

फूफाजी का पसंदीदा गाना:
"हम तो पहले ही बोले थे,
किसी को हमारी अक्ल की
कद्र ही नहीं!" घर में अगर
मिक्सी दो दिन बाद जल जाए,
फूफाजी कहते हैं: "देखा! हमने कहा था चीनी वाला मत लो, अब
भुगतो!"

ट्रंप भी यही ट्रैक गाते हैं।

चुनाव हारे? "रिग्ड था, मैंने पहले ही बोला था!"
कोरोना आया? "चाइना वायरस, पहले ही चेताया था!"
क्लाइमेट चेंज? "ये सब होक्स हैं, मैंने पहले कहा था!"
इनका "आई टोल्ड यू सो" उतना ही अमर है जितना भारतीय शादी में "खाना ठंडा है" वाली शिकायत।
गुस्सा: ओवरडोज़ वाला

फूफाजी को बस बहाना चाहिए—कभी कुर्सी पीछे मिल गई तो "इज्जत कम कर दी," कभी दही में नमक कम हुआ तो "ये अपमान है!" फिर मुंह फुलाकर कोने में बैठ जाते हैं, मानो संयुक्त राष्ट्र से त्यागपत्र दे दिया हो।

ट्रंप भी वही स्क्रिप्ट पढ़ते हैं। जी-20 में किसी ने आँख नहीं मिलाई तो तुरंत द्विट: "सब फेक न्यूज़! सब मुझे नीचा दिखा रहे!" ये वही एनर्जी है जैसे फूफाजी बोले: "हमारे बिना शादी नहीं होती, लेकिन हमें ही मिठाई नहीं भेजी!"

हर जगह दखल, हर जगह क्रेडिट

घर में शादी की प्लानिंग? फूफाजी कूद पड़ेंगे: "मंडप पीला होना चाहिए, बैंड मेरा वाला होगा।"

ट्रंप का इंटरनेशनल वर्जन: "ट्रेड वॉर मैं करूंगा, जलवायु समझौते से बाहर मैं जाऊंगा, और हाँ, दूसरे देशों की पॉलिटिक्स भी मैं संभाल लूँगा!"

और क्रेडिट?

फूफाजी: "ये पूरी शादी हमारी वजह से सक्सेसफुल हुई," जबकि उनका रोल बस खीर में दो बादाम डालने तक सीमित रहा। ट्रंप: "अमेरिका ग्रेट इज बिकॉज ऑफ़ मी!" भले ही ग्रेटनेस कब्र खोदने चली गई हो।

कॉमेडी अनजाने में

फूफाजी की नाराजगी पर पूरा परिवार अंदर ही अंदर हँसता है, बस सामने नहीं, वरना विरासत में जायदाद से नाम कट जाएगा। ट्रंप की प्रेस कॉन्फ्रेंस तो Netflix की अनलिमिटेड स्टैंड-अप स्पेशल लगती है।

"कोई नहीं जानता, लेकिन सब मैं जानता हूँ!"

"मेरे जैसा जीनियस कोई नहीं!"

ये सुनकर दुनिया सोचती है—भाई, इसको नोबेल नहीं, कॉमेडी सर्कस का अवार्ड मिलना चाहिए।

फिनाले: चाय बनाम चुनाव

आखिर फर्क क्या है?

फूफाजी को आप एक कप अदरक वाली चाय, ऊपर से दो समोसे और थोड़ी "आपके बिना मज़ा ही नहीं है" वाली चापलूसी देकर मना सकते हैं। ट्रंप को? अरे भाई, उन्हें तो दूसरा चुनाव चाहिए, या एक साथ दो तीन नोबेल प्राइज, वरना उनका मुंह उसी तरह लटका रहेगा जैसे फूफाजी का, जब कोई शादी में उनकी पसंदीदा गुलाब जामुन खत्म कर दे।

फूफाजी और ट्रंप दोनों हमें सिखाते हैं कि रुठना कोई सामान्य हरकत नहीं, ये तो एक ललित कला है। फर्क बस इतना है—एक घर का माहौल बिगाड़ता है, दूसरा पूरी दुनिया का। तो अगली बार जब फूफाजी गुस्सा हों, याद रखिए—कम से कम वो वर्ल्ड वॉर श्री तो नहीं छेड़ेंगे!

Kurruptistan: Marching Boldly Into The Abyss

By Brij Khandelwal
Ringmaster Emeritus of the Controlled Demolition of Sanity



Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and citizens of all denominations who have miraculously survived our roads! Welcome to the greatest show on Earth, a spectacular that makes KBC look like a sleepy library hour. I speak, of course, of the daily miracle that is life here, a nation where progress isn't a straight line but a dizzying spiral performed on a unicycle, blindfolded.

Our community anthem isn't a song; it's the symphony of a thousand car horns at a standstill. Our alarm clock is the soothing pre-dawn oratory of politicians promising a five-year plan that will be completed in "just five more minutes." Discipline here is a rumour, a ghost story told to frighten small children. Our guiding principle is the elegant, all-encompassing shrug: "Chalta hai." The only question is whether this magnificent, chaotic circus is a limited engagement or a permanent, sold-out residency. Spoiler alert: It's permanent.

Ring One: The Educational Big Top (Where Teachers are Mythical Beasts)

The school bell rings, a sound of profound, tragic optimism. The teacher, however, does not. For the next forty-five minutes, the classroom transforms into a laboratory of beautiful anarchy. Chalk becomes a currency, paper airplanes achieve low-orbit flight, and the soundscape is a glorious opera of dramatic shrieks and cackling that would make a hyena jealous. The headmaster makes a cameo, delivers a monologue of threats so stale they have

cobwebs, and exits. The teacher finally arrives, takes attendance with the urgency of a sloth negotiating a mortgage, and then promptly announces a "free period." The curriculum? A masterclass in understanding that rules are merely gentle suggestions, written in invisible ink.

Ring Two: The Government Office: A Dimension Where Time Went to Die

Step into any government office, a place where the clocks are not broken; they have simply given up in despair. The sign says 10 a.m., but that's merely when the doors are unlocked so the staff can begin the sacred, hours-long ritual of tea-sipping and solving the nation's problems via gossip. If a file is touched before lunch, it's a miracle worthy of a public holiday. In our beloved land, they've achieved bureaucratic nirvana with the sacred, state-mandated "banana break", a poignant reminder that governance can wait, but potassium is non-negotiable.

As our resident sage, retired teacher Meera Ji, astutely observes: "A queue isn't a line; it's a suggestion for where to form a mob. We don't bend rules; we perform Olympic-level contortions with them. The shortcut isn't a last resort; it's a spiritual calling."

Ring Three: The Death-Defying Roadway Rally

Our roads are a thrilling, real-life video game where the objective is to survive. Traffic lights are festive mood lighting. Lanes are a theoretical concept for people who enjoy colouring inside the lines, how quaint! Honking is not a warning; it's a form of vehicular Morse code, translating to: "I exist, I am moving in a general direction, and may God have mercy on our souls."

Pedestrians play a daily, high-stakes game of Frogger, while zebra crossings are just decorative art to break the monotony of the asphalt.

The Grand Finale: the Wrestling Ring for the Verbally Agile

And now, the main event: venue: Jok Sabha! The crown jewel of our democracy, or as I like to call it, the WWE for the well-dressed. Forget tedious debates; we are treated to prime-time entertainment: screaming matches that would shatter glass, microphone-hurling competitions, and the occasional bout of fisticuffs. It's less "Question Hour" and more "Rage Hour," a masterclass in performance art where the only thing being passed is the blame.

The Headlining Act: The Sacred Art of Late-latifi

In our country, punctuality is a sign of a vacant social calendar. Being fashionably late is for amateurs; we are *professionally* late. A missed deadline isn't a failure; it's a sign of immense importance. Our collective ability to stretch time is so potent it should be harnessed as a renewable energy source.

Final Bow: Stuck at the Intersection of Ambition and Apathy

So here we stand, not at a crossroads, but at a traffic signal that six scooters, a cow, and a wedding procession have already ignored. Japan used discipline as rocket fuel. We use the rulebook as a doormat. We have the talent, the vibrancy, and the ambition of a billion-plus stars. But until we decide that a rulebook is not a collection of creative writing prompts, our progress will remain what it has always been: a spectacular, noisy, and utterly unmissable circus, forever waiting for a green light that we all know is really just a suggestion.

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कुछ सीरियस खबरें जो आप नहीं पढ़ पाए

5 साल की नौकरी में अधिकारी की 2 करोड़ की कमाई
एक अधिकारी ने 5 साल की नौकरी में 1 करोड़ कैश और 1 करोड़ के गहने जमा किए, जिसे देखकर CM भी हैरान रह गए।
यह 'मेक इन इंडिया' नहीं, 'मेक इंडिया ग्रेट' का नया मॉडल है!

ट्रंप द्वारा भारतीय सामान पर 50% टैरिफ**
ट्रंप ने भारतीय सामान पर 50% टैरिफ लगाया, जिसमें 25% रूसी तेल खरीदने की "सजा" शामिल है।
ट्रंप साहब ने 'टैरिफ' का मतलब समझा दिया: 'तुम्हारा विकास, राम भरोसे; हमारा टैरिफ, ट्रंप भरोसे!'

देश भर में बारिश से आफत
इंडिया के लगभग सभी हिस्सों में जोरदार बारिश से बाढ़ आई हैं।
मौसम विभाग अब तक 'अलर्ट' जारी करने में व्यस्त है, जबकि लोग बाढ़ में तैराकी सीख चुके हैं!"

बिहार में नाबालिग के साथ गैंगरेप
बिहार में 6 लड़कों ने एक नाबालिग लड़की के साथ गैंगरेप किया।
उसे बाइक पर बैठाकर ले जाया गया और ड्रिंक में टैबलेट मिलाई गई।

"बिहार में 'बेटी बचाओ' का नारा अब 'बेटी को बाइक से बचाओ' में बदल गया है!"

गुजरात हॉस्टल में छात्रों की पिटाई
गुजरात के जूनागढ़ में एक प्राइवेट स्कूल के छात्रों को हॉस्टल के साथियों ने पीटा, और वीडियो वायरल हो गया।
हॉस्टल अब 'सीखने' की जगह नहीं, 'सिखाने' की जगह बन गए हैं - जहाँ पिटाई का पाठ पढ़ाया जाता है!" लाइफ स्किल्स भी जरूरी हैं।

टीवी एक्टर आशिके कपूर का रेप केस
टीवी एक्टर आशिके कपूर को दिल्ली में एक हाउस पार्टी के दौरान एक महिला के रेप के आरोप में गिरफ्तार किया गया।
"एक्टर साहब ने 'रीयलिटी शो' को 'क्राइम शो' में बदल दिया! अब इनका अगला शो 'जेल में दो घंटे' होगा।"

ऋषिकेश में भैंस की स्कूटर स्टंट
उत्तराखंड के ऋषिकेश में एक भटकती भैंस ने CCTV कैमरे में पार्क की स्कूटर पर चढ़कर घूमने का कारनामा कर दिया। वीडियो वायरल हो गया, और लोग कह रहे हैं कि ये तो 'भैंस की सवारी' का नया वर्जन है।

मुंबई एयरपोर्ट पर बॉम्ब जाँकर
एक पैसेंजर ने सिक्योरिटी ऑफिसर से मजाक में कहा कि उसके पास बॉम्ब है, तो उसे हिरासत में ले लिया गया। एयरपोर्ट अथॉरिटी ने इसे 'सिर्फ मजाक' बताया, लेकिन फ्लाइट डिले हो गई।

उत्तर प्रदेश में 'बहुत प्यार' से तलाक
एक महिला ने पति से तलाक माँगा क्योंकि वो उसे 'बहुत ज्यादा प्यार' करता था और कभी झगड़ा नहीं करता। कोर्ट पहुँच गई बात, और जज साहब भी हँसे।

पुणे में चोरी का नया टारगेट: पूरा बस स्टॉप!
पुणे में रातोंरात एक पूरा बस स्टॉप गायब हो गया। लोकल अथॉरिटी ने 5,000 रुपये का इनाम घोषित किया, लेकिन चोरों ने शायद सोचा होगा कि ये 'पोर्टेबल शेल्टर' का बिजनेस है।

बिहार के बच्चों का YouTube बॉम्ब मेकिंग एक्सपेरिमेंट
मुफ्फसिल में पाँच बच्चे YouTube देखकर मैचस्टिक से गनपाउडर निकालकर 'बॉम्ब' बनाने लगे। बैटरी कनेक्ट करते ही धमाका, और सब घायल। डॉक्टर्स ने कहा, 'चैनल सब्सक्राइब मत करो, किताबें पढ़ो।'

The Great Termite Massacre

Collateral Damage: one wooden sofa, three termites, and a marriage

By Brij Khandelwal

Did I go on a genocide mission? Not metaphorical, not poetic: real, bone-dry, dust-to-dust genocide. My victims: termites. My weapon: pest control. My crime: believing I could control nature with a couple of men in sweaty overalls and cylinders that hissed like dragons.

It began innocently. I dialed the pest-control guy, a fan of HT, expecting a minor skirmish. Instead, two exterminators stormed in like NATO forces entering a banana republic.

The twosome in unison said, "sir you live by the river side. Pests and termites have to coexist. It's a continuous war. If you don't control in good time, they will take over your empire."

Not even waiting for my green signal, they began drilling holes into every wooden surface with the precision of dentists on steroids. Into those wounds, they pumped gas, thick, choking fumes, weapons of mass destruction in aerosol disguise.

The result? Catastrophic. My cherished library - decades of books, magazines, photographs, crumbled into powder faster than a politician's promises after elections. Pages I once underlined for wisdom disintegrated into mounds of anonymous dust. My black-and-white photo now resembles a failed charcoal sketch.

And the termites? Oh, the termites! Tiny master-builders, little architects of secret empires. Inside my cupboards they had perhaps raised cathedrals,

designed palaces, maybe even carved termite Taj Mahals. A termite Shakespeare may have been scribbling a six-legged Hamlet: To chew, or not to chew. All gone, obliterated in minutes.

If Ashoka, after the Kalinga war, felt remorse, I felt worse. Ashoka killed men who at least had swords. I massacred creatures armed only with sharp teeth and ambition. How many termite poets silenced mid-verse?



The exterminators, of course, were jubilant. "All clean, sir!" they declared, beaming like victorious generals. I half-expected them to demand a Republic Day parade in their honour. Instead, they handed me a bill so outrageous it could qualify as a scam.

I handed over the ransom amount to secure my liberation, half realising I had just financed war on non violent empire extension by dedicated armies of anti development creatures.

But justice is poetic. Hours later, I spotted a lone termite soldier marching across the kitchen board, wounded, limping, yet proud. He glared at me as if to say, "History remembers." His tiny antennae trembled with defiance. And I knew: the termites will return. No war is ever truly won.

When the chronicles of my apartment are written, historians will call this The Great Termite Massacre of 2025. In the termite archives, I will be branded a dictator, a destroyer of civilisations, a blundering tyrant who financed wars.

And the pest control men? Like mercenaries everywhere, they will return next year, charging more, drilling deeper, and laughing at the futility of human arrogance.



Gyanwati Aunty Answers: Visa, Vows & Vexations

Dear Readers,

This month, everyone from Delhi to Dallas is in visa confusion! Some don't know if they're going, coming, or still buffering like a bad Zoom call. But don't worry, Aunty is here with her immigration wisdom (mostly collected from airport lounges and nosy relatives).

Question 1: "Aunty, my H1-B got picked but my girlfriend didn't. What should I do?"

– Confused Cupid, Bengaluru

Gyanwati Aunty replies:

Arre beta, congratulations! You've cleared the lottery that's tougher than getting through Indian matchmaking. But remember, true love isn't about long distances, it's about long WhatsApp calls and stronger Wi-Fi.

If she truly loves you, she'll find a way, maybe F1, maybe H4, maybe "Find another."

Meanwhile, keep her heart warm... and your documents warmer. Immigration doesn't believe in romance, only in receipts!

Question 2: "Aunty, my US cousin came back to India and now lectures us on 'work-life balance.' Should I listen?"

– Slightly Annoyed, Gurgaon

Aunty says:

Beta, these are the same cousins who used to post airport selfies with #LivingTheDream. Now they're posting banana leaf thalis with #RootedInCulture.

Don't listen too much. Their "balance" is mostly jet lag.

Let them rediscover spirituality while you rediscover your salary slip.

Aunty's tip: when they say "India has changed so much," just smile and say, "Yes, even our traffic jams are hybrid now."

Question 3: "Aunty, I've been rejected for the H1-B three times. Should I give up or try again?"

– Hopeless in Hyderabad

Aunty's advice:

Beta, don't lose hope! Even Salman Khan's movies get third sequels.

If America says no, try Canada, they give visas faster than Indian aunts give unsolicited advice.

Remember, the world is big: there are 195 countries and at least 50 types of rajma. Success isn't about where you go, it's about how loudly your relatives brag when you get there.

Aunty's Final Gyaan:

Life is like a visa interview, unexpected questions, confusing answers, and one person deciding your fate. So stay calm, stay funny, and keep your passport, and sense of humour - up to date. Until next time, keep your hearts open and your visas valid.

Gyanwati Aunty

HOUSEWIVES ON VACATION - HUSBANDS APPLY FOR DISASTER RELIEF



Within 24 hours, even the cooker was giving pressure.



When the washing machine became the family's new puzzle



Balanced diet – one pizza on each side



Seven days without her... and evolution reversed

“When Housewives Went on Strike: The Day the World Forgot How to Boil Water”

By Mukta K Gupta

It started as a whisper — a murmur between kitchen walls, a quiet clinking of ladles that sounded suspiciously like revolution.

On a fine Monday morning, housewives across the globe finally decided, “Enough is enough!” and collectively put down their aprons, switched off the gas, and disappeared for a well-earned vacation.

Within hours, the world declared a State of Emergency.

By lunchtime, nations had realized that the most powerful workforce on Earth wasn't in boardrooms or parliaments, it was in kitchens.

Breaking News: Coffee Machines Jam, Husbands Panic

At 9:15 a.m., the first crisis struck - nobody could locate the sugar tin.

By 9:30, husbands were spotted staring at rice cookers as if they were alien technology.

By 10:00, global productivity had dropped 72%, as office workers realized they couldn't find clean socks.

One shell-shocked husband confessed:

‘I thought the washing machine had a button that said ‘Do the laundry magically.’ Turns out it’s called ‘Wife.’

Meanwhile, take-away food delivery apps crashed under demand, leading to mass hysteria in apartment complexes. Reports emerged of people attempting to make tea with Maggi masala and hope.

The Housewives’ Grand Getaway

Across the globe, women were spotted boarding planes, trains, and cruise ships — heading to secret destinations labelled “Just Chilling Without Guilt.”

One proud participant of the “Domestic Rebellion Tour” declared:

“We’re not against work. We’re just against being taken for granted. Let the world taste its own half-cooked justice.”

Men Respond Heroically (Almost)

In a surprising show of solidarity, men decided to “handle things” themselves.

By Day 2:

- Smoke alarms went off in 47% of homes.
- Food delivery drivers went into therapy.
- Children were spotted carrying signs reading: “Mom, please come home - Dad used the iron to make toast.”

At one press conference, a frazzled father said:

“We support gender equality... but can she please come back before dinner?”

Working Women Join In

Interestingly, many working women joined the strike too - realising that “having it all” had begun to mean “doing it all.”

They left their laptops, spreadsheets, and guilt behind, shouting:

“Self-care is the new revolution!”

Corporate India trembled. HR departments scrambled to issue “Appreciation Emails” to women who weren't even there to read them.

Day 3: Humanity Begins to Crumble

By now, entire nations were in meltdown.

Restaurants ran out of food. Politicians fainted mid-speech. Economists tried to calculate the “Gross Domestic Collapse.”

And in one final act of poetic irony, governments everywhere decided to officially recognise International Housewives’ Day, promising a public holiday, free spa vouchers, and finally, a long-overdue Thank You.

Epilogue: The Great Return

A week later, the housewives came back - sun-tanned, smiling, and utterly unbothered.

The world erupted in applause, relief, and a faint smell of burnt dal.

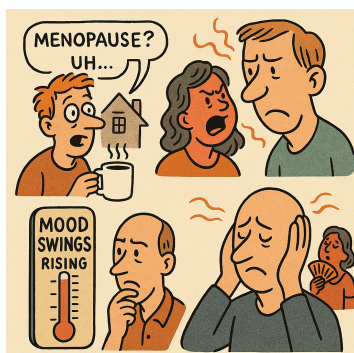
One returning hero summed it up best:

“We went on holiday, and the world went hungry. That tells you who’s really running the show.”



From Menstruation to Menopause: Why Men Don't Understand (and Probably Never Will)

By Mukta K Gupta



For centuries, women have been dealing with a monthly biological mystery called menstruation, followed by the grand finale called menopause.

And for centuries, men have been reacting with the same profound scientific curiosity:

“Are you okay?”

The truth is - no, dear men, we're not okay, and we haven't been for roughly half the month since the dawn of civilization.

But what's more fascinating is how little men actually understand this natural process - despite living with mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, girlfriends, and that one HR manager who gives them the death stare every 28 days.

Menstruation — The Monthly Mystery

When women say, “I have cramps,” men nod sympathetically — the same way they nod during a PowerPoint presentation they don't understand.

For them, “period” is something that happens at the end of a sentence, not in the middle of the month.

Ask a man about PMS, and he'll confidently say, “Isn't that the new bike model from Yamaha?”

In offices, men walk on eggshells during that time, whispering,

“She looks angry. Maybe it's... you know... the thing.”

Meanwhile, the “thing” is called her boss being incompetent, but let's not ruin the mystery.

Menopause — The Mystery Returns (Hotter This Time)

Ah yes - menopause, the stage where the body says, “That's it, we've done our bit for humanity.”

Women handle it with dignity, fans, and herbal tea, while men watch in silent terror as mood swings, night sweats, and philosophical questions about life collide like a midlife traffic jam.

“Why is she angry again?”

Because, dear sir, her body's thermostat is now directly connected to the sun.

Doctors explain menopause scientifically. Women explain it emotionally. Men explain it to their friends as,

“Bro, I think the Wi-Fi at home stopped working.”

The Male Coping Mechanism

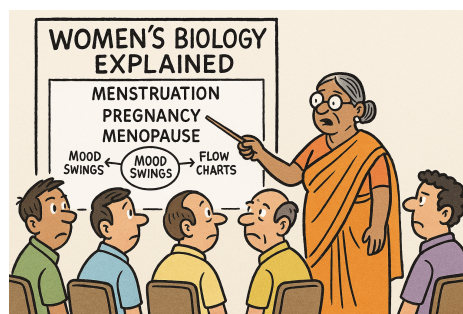
When faced with the biological reality of womanhood, men often respond with:

Sudden interest in cricket.

A deep sigh followed by “Let's order food.”

Pretending to fall asleep mid-conversation.

A Revolutionary Proposal



It's time men attended a “Menstruation to Menopause Masterclass.”

Taught by women, moderated by chocolate, and graded on emotional intelligence.

Chapter 1: “What Not to Say When She's Cramping.”

Chapter 2: “Why Asking ‘Are You Sure It's Hormones?’ Can Be Fatal.”

Chapter 3: “How to Listen Without Suggesting Yoga.”

“Forest Guards Finally in Captivity: Villagers Claim It’s Karma!”

In a rare twist of the food chain, a group of forest guards in a remote village in Anarchistan found themselves caged, not by tigers, but by furious villagers who decided to take “wildlife management” into their own hands.

According to eyewitnesses, the tiger had been freely roaming the village for days, chasing cattle, scaring children, and attending panchayat meetings uninvited. When forest officials finally arrived,

“We were tracking the tiger. Unfortunately, the GPS signal was routed through Delhi.”

Meanwhile, the tiger, reportedly amused by the turn of events, was last seen lurking near the village temple, possibly planning a press conference.

Villagers Demand New Conservation Policy:

Their proposal:

1. Catch files before catching tigers.

2. Train tigers to fill online complaint forms.

3. Every official visit to be tracked by paw prints, not paperwork.

When asked if caging officials was legal, one villager shrugged:

“They do it to us with taxes and rules all the time. We just reversed the food chain for one afternoon.”



fashionably late, the villagers decided to “save them the trouble” and put them in a cage themselves.

“Since they came to catch the tiger and got caught instead, we call it poetic jungle justice,” said one villager proudly, polishing the lock on the cage.

Breaking News Update:

The forest guards have since been released after promising to install Express Tiger Response, a new system that reacts within 48 hours or nine tea breaks, whichever comes later.

The Circle of Life (and Paperwork)

Officials later explained that they were delayed due to “urgent file movement” - a mysterious process where files move, but people don’t. One senior officer defended the team, saying:

"Grandpa, Brainrot is not a disease — it's a vibe."

Gen Z and Gen Alpha have turned communication into a chaotic art form — a blend of emojis, memes, and slang that sounds like encrypted code to Boomers. Conversations now happen in bursts of "rizz," "slay," and "skibidi," punctuated by skull emojis and crying faces that somehow mean laughter, not tragedy. To older generations, it's linguistic anarchy; to the young, it's efficient emotional shorthand. While Boomers wonder when English became a foreign language, Gen Z and Alpha are already inventing new dialects in the comments section — faster than dictionaries can catch up.

HOW GEN Z SHOWS EXCITEMENT IN DIFFERENT SITUATIONS

TEXTING / ONLINE CHATS

😭🔥🔥🔥

NO WAYYYY
😭🔥🔥
I'M GONNA
CRY FR 🔥🔥🔥

IN REAL LIFE

NO. You're lying.
You're actually lying.
OMG I can't—

ON SOCIAL MEDIA

💡

Cried.
Screamed.
Threw up.
10/10 night 🥰🥰🥰

IN A GROUP SETTING

LET'S GOOOOO 🔥

Same emotion. Four different Wi-Fi speeds.

NO WAYYYY 🤖
999 I'M GONNA
CRY FR 🔥🔥🔥

NO. YOU'RE LYING.
YOU'RE ACTUALLY LYING.
OMG I CAN'T—

ON SOCIAL MEDIA

Cried, Screamed. Threw up.
10/10 night 🥰🥰🥰

LET'S GOOOOO 🔥

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, BOY?

Gyatt..
skibidi
Ohio rizz
sigma.

Gen Z Translation Guide

I'm dead 🤖	I love this much
Stopp ' 🤖	Keep talking
I can't even	I'm overwhelmed
This slaps.	This is really good

Wedding Planner or Monster-in-Chief: One Woman's Quest to Control The Chaos

By Mukta K Gupta

Once upon a time, Indian weddings were heartfelt family affairs. The parents decided the menu, the aunts handled the gossip, the cousins decorated with marigolds, and the neighborhood DJ played "Kajra Re" on repeat till someone's slipper hit the speaker. It was chaotic, yes, but it was ours.

Cut to 2025: Welcome to the Great Indian Wedding Circus, where the bride and groom are the side acts, and the real show is run by the Event Manager, the ringmaster in black, armed with a walkie-talkie, a tablet, and the power to command even the gods of logistics.

Meet the modern wedding planner, the Ringmaster, part drill sergeant, part therapist, part stylist, and full-time overlord.

They speak in mysterious sentences like,

"We're going for celestial rustic luxe with neo-traditional undertones."

No one knows what that means, but everyone nods obediently including the parents, who now look like extras at their own child's wedding. The bride's mother is no longer allowed to decide the color of the flowers, she needs to "check with the theme palette." The once all-powerful mothers of the bride and groom, women who could once shut down a caterer with a single glare, now have to "take approval from the creative team." The fathers, meanwhile, have been demoted to ATM machines with emotional dialogue.

Even the priest, who once held cosmic authority, now checks with the event manager before lighting the havan fire:

"Shall I begin the pheras, beta, or should we wait for the drone shot?"

Relatives as Props

In the old days, family meant chaos, laughter, and the occasional argument over who stole the gulab jamun.

Now, relatives arrive in color-coordinated outfits, like walking décor. They're not guests anymore, they're set pieces.

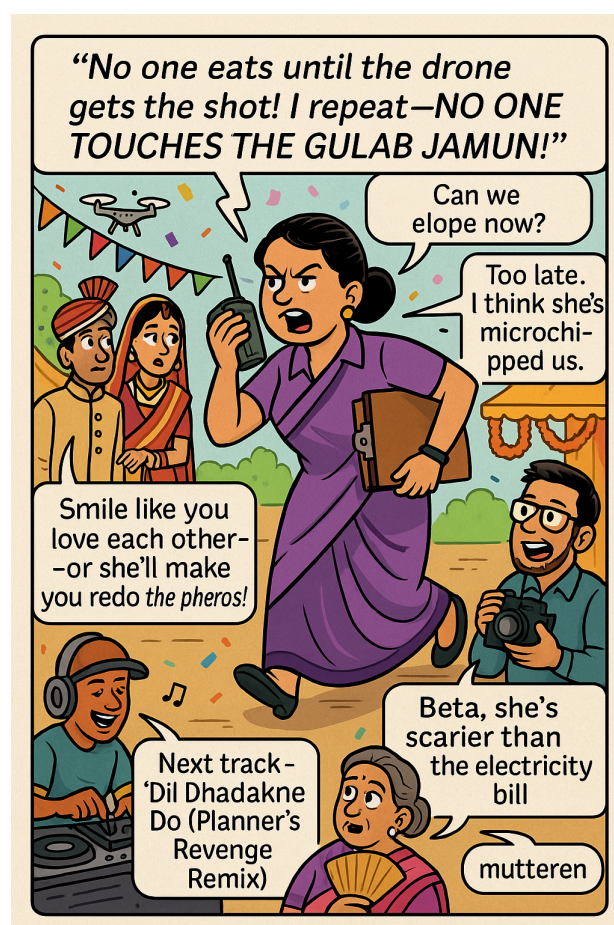
They're told where to stand, when to smile, and how to clap "organically" for the pre-wedding reel. Aunts are positioned strategically behind the bride for "ethnic warmth," while uncles are given trays to hold purely for the aesthetics.

The wedding photographer gives stage directions like a movie director:

"Uncle, please laugh naturally!"
"Aunty, don't eat the samosa yet, it's part of the next frame!"

The cousins, once self-appointed bar managers, are now social media interns filming the baraat in 9:16 format.

And the friends? They've been reduced to background dancers in a sangeet choreographed by someone named Tanishq from Terribly Tiny Dance Company.



The Content Generation

Nobody remembers the pheras, but everyone remembers the hashtags.

#RitualsByTheRitz
#ShaadiGoals
#EternalLoveButMakeltAesthetic

There's a full-blown production crew at work, drones buzzing like holy mosquitoes, photographers dangling from scaffolds, and videographers whispering, "Can you look more candid?"

Meanwhile, the bride's makeup team works like NASA engineers, ensuring her eyeliner survives emotional breakdowns and humidity. The groom, poor soul, is sweating under seven kilos of embroidery, praying for one air-conditioned mandap moment.

When Weddings Became Startups

Today's weddings run like corporate events. There are spreadsheets, meetings, and budgets bigger than some small nations' GDPs. Families hold "vendor briefings," "timeline reviews," and "rehearsal dinners", all leading up to what is essentially a glorified family photo shoot.

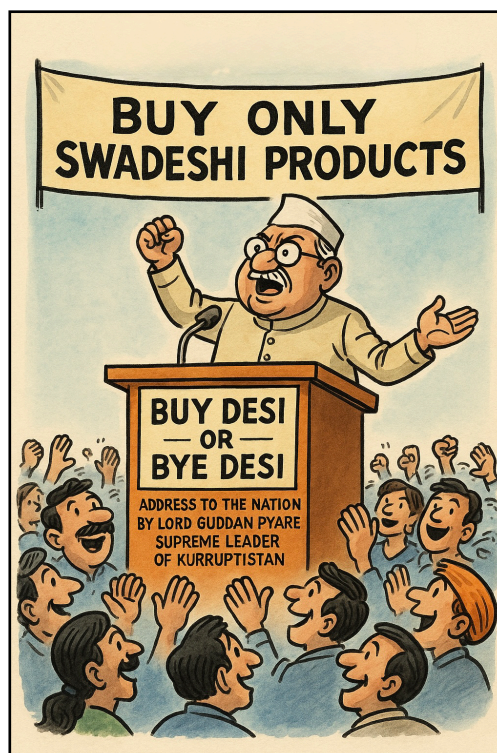
The mehendi has themes, the haldi has lighting cues, and the pheras have a dedicated soundtrack composed by a man named DJ Moksha. The only people actually confused are the bride, the groom, and the gods.

The older generation walks around whispering, "Is this a wedding or the IPL opening ceremony?"

The Grand Finale

By the time the final dance begins, the couple is too exhausted to smile. The event manager beams proudly - the show has gone off perfectly. Fireworks explode, the guests applaud, and the parents cry, mostly because they've just seen the final invoice.

As the newlyweds ride off into the sunset (after three retakes), one can't help but wonder when did weddings stop being about two families coming together, and start being about creating "viral content"?



Address to the Nation by Lord Guddan Pyare

(Supreme Leader of the Great Republic of Kurrupistan)

Broadcast on National Television, Radio, and all Stopped Trains

From today onward, every citizen shall embrace the spirit of Local is Vocal!

- **Drink only Kala-Cola, our homegrown beverage that fizzes less but burps louder.**
- **Call your friends on the WhyPhone, proudly made with local spare parts and infinite courage.**
- **Watch patriotic cinema on Net-Fix, where buffering is national meditation.**
- **And if your TV breaks? Remember, that's not a defect — that's patriotism overheating!**
-

Jai Kurrupistan!

A Prescription For Compassion

By Nina P Nayak

A hospital visit is rarely a joyous occasion, but as a seasoned Central Government Health Service pensioner, I approached my trip to the reputed Karuna Hospital's ENT department some months ago with optimism. Armed with my referral note and the firm belief that a blocked ear was a minor pitstop on the highway of life, I marched to the reception.

The hospital's architectural brilliance revealed itself right away. At the reception I was asked to submit a photocopy of the referral. Since I had only one copy, I looked around and instead of a simple photocopier at the spacious reception, I was directed on a subterranean expedition to the basement. Nothing says "we care" quite like sending senior citizens on treasure hunts underground.

Arriving at the ENT department, I encountered the first character in our drama: the efficient receptionist at room 208, who ushered me towards my destiny, an open-door, revealing Dr. HR, positioned like a monarch across a table holding court with a patient facing him and flanked by two wide-eyed interns.

When my turn came, I explained my concern. "I have a blocked feeling in one ear and fear some hearing loss," I said, handing over my referral note.

Dr. HR glanced at me with all the warmth of an ATM dispensing cash. "Your referral is for an audiometric test. If you want your ears checked, you'll have to pay Rs. 300."

A business-minded approach, I noted. No unnecessary pleasantries. No assurances. Just a neat little transaction.

I agreed, and soon found myself in the examination chair, interns in tow. Dr. HR deftly removed two tiny blobs of wax, triumphantly displaying them as though he had uncovered buried treasure. Fee paid, receipt collected, though curiously, it was only Rs. 172, perhaps because my earwax wasn't premium grade. In a rare moment of rebellion, I asked the cashier whether the doctor ever smiled. She didn't answer; perhaps that service cost extra. Next came the audiometric test.

The technician was, refreshingly, an oasis of courtesy in this desert of indifference. Test done, she mentioned that the report had been emailed to Dr. HR and handed a hard copy to me. I returned to the ENT unit and waited beside the open door.

Ten minutes later, Dr. HR wrapped up with the patient he was attending. I straightened my spectacles, ready to enter and take my seat for a reassuring discussion on the audiometric test which he had presumably received.

Instead, he rose briskly and headed for the exit like a man late for his flight.

Sensing the moment slipping away, I stepped in, waving my report like a desperate last plea.

He barely broke stride. 'Age-related hearing loss,' he pronounced, as if I had already distilled it from the report. The words landed with the casual detachment of a weather forecast.

I attempted a follow-up. "Do I need hearing aids?" Without missing a step, he turned to his interns. "Give a prescription," he ordered, vanishing into the corridor.

The two young interns exchanged glances, likely wondering if this was indeed the Hippocratic Oath in action.

I stood there, prescription-less and bewildered and abandoned to the care of medical novices.

As a patient, I wasn't expecting poetry or handholding. But a moment of eye contact? A word of reassurance? Surely, that wasn't too much to ask. Instead, I wondered if I had walked into a hospital or a drive-through.

Karuna Hospital, take note: If public relations training is on offer, perhaps it's time to extend it to the very heart of your mission - the doctors. Because while medical expertise is invaluable, a prescription for compassion wouldn't hurt either.

Next time, perhaps I'll carry a megaphone. Not for my benefit, but for the doctor, who seems to have a listening problem of his own. After all, what good is perfect hearing if no one actually talks to you?"

Anarchistan: The World's Premier Terror Factory Goes Full Circus Mode



When the legendary reformer, Saint Truthanand, known for his peace, simplicity, and perpetual optimism, decided to visit the modern republic of Anarchistan, officials called it a moment of great 'national introspection'.

In this paradise, where GDP stands for Gross Domestic Pandemonium and democracy is a rented Bollywood prop, the latest episodes would make even a circus clown file for early retirement.

Cricket first, naturally. The one thing that was supposed to unite Anarchistan now resembles a dysfunctional arranged marriage – lots of screaming, broken crockery, and nobody leaving satisfied, whether in Dubai, Oman, or on Mars.

After yet another thrashing (by the USA, no less - yes, that USA, where baseball bats are confused with cricket bats), fans took to the streets with Shakespearean fury.

Effigies burned hotter than the rupee exchange rate. True patriots blamed Zionist wind currents, biased cloud cover, and perhaps even Illuminati pigeons. Captain Shah Azam innovated once again by blaming everything short of Mercury in retrograde. The losers swore the cricket ball was pre-programmed on ChatGPT by RAW with an anti-Anarchistan algorithm.

Meanwhile, the real CEO of Anarchistan, General Amis Panir, decided the Prime Minister (a glorified emoji machine tweeting sad faces) was surplus to requirements. Off he flew to schmooze with Don the Pump. Picture Panir selling Anarchistan as America's shiny new ally against dragon-god Zi, while Pump imagines a new line of MAGA golf caps embroidered with "Made in Jhoom Talaiyya." "Tremendous people, wonderful army, they shoot straighter than I tweet," Pump would gush, while poor Dehbaz Kharif nervously checks if his PM's chair has already been repossessed by the Army Canteen Department. Here, democracy isn't dead—it just moonlights as slapstick comedy.

On the economy, the national motto is: "If it's in debt, it's in our budget." Anarchistan now leases communism from Mao Land in monthly instalments, red carpets, red ink, and expressways leading straight into bankruptcy court. They're marketing this circus as "halal socialism" to the Oily Sheikhs. Nothing screams brotherly love like importing Mao with a side of mutton biryani. Siyadh politely nods, the same way you nod when a pushy salesman insists his miracle onion chopper can also fix your marriage.

And in a plot twist Bollywood scriptwriters would reject as too far-fetched, Anarchistan is now sliding into old Dhaka's DMs, 54 years after the bloodiest breakup since Cain and Abel. Suddenly it's "best friends forever!", as if the little detail of genocide was just a clerical error. General Panir sends apologies, aid requests, and maybe a "small" shipment of refugees who just happen to carry Kalashnikovs. Nothing rekindles old friendships like a militant bouquet.

Enter the Greek tragedy of Pimran Khan, cricket demi-god turned political messiah, jailed yet still promising a comeback larger than his ego, his hair, and his corruption scandals combined.

His disciples howl outside prisons as if queuing for Coldplay tickets, while the government insists PTI really stands for Probably Treason Incorporated.

Meanwhile, the army entertains the crowd with its new domestic war extravaganza: Operation Red Head. Because, apparently, every botched mission now doubles as a failed cosmetics brand.

They bomb their own backyards, press pause, then ask Don the Pump to broker peace, because who better than the man who once recommended bleach as a health drink to untangle South Asia's mess?

And minorities? Still the army's favorite shooting range. Faketoons, Malochis, take cover, it's hunting season. The Kaliban, meanwhile, claim they're training porcupines to detect ghost drones. Whether this is tactical innovation or just tribal LSD talking remains unclear.

In short, Anarchistan remains what it has always been, an absurd circus where the lion is missing, the clown carries live ammunition, and the audience is already on fire.

The Slow Fire of Life: How the Wood-fire Stoves Kept Indian Homes Happier

By Mukta K Gupta

There was a time, not too long ago, when life in Indian homes, especially in towns like Agra, moved to the rhythm and the wood fire. Women would rise before dawn, their bangles tinkling softly as they drew the chulha, and stepped out briefly to offer prayers at the temple. Men, too, would wake early, not for office or Zoom calls but for a leisurely walk, chatting with neighbours or stopping by the milkman's cart for the day's supply.



Breakfast, as we know it today, didn't exist. There was no bed tea. No coffee brewing in fancy machines. The first meal came around ten, hot parathas glistening with ghee and a bubbling pot of aloo rasa. Meals were cooked once, on a slow wood flame that demanded patience but rewarded it with unmatched aroma and taste. The entire household would gather and eat together, without phones, without hurry, without guilt.

And oh, the joy of the tin canister! Every home had one, sometimes two, stuffed with laddoos, mathris, or namak paras. These weren't snacks made for bingeing; they were tokens of comfort, ready for an unannounced guest, a hungry child, or a sweet craving that struck at tea time. (Tea time, by the way, meant someone walking over to the neighbour's house, not ordering online.)

Once the morning meal was done, women had the rest of the day free. Chores were many, yes, but the kitchen did not own them. The slow wood fire had its own discipline, you couldn't keep reheating or frying something every hour. The chulha, though time-consuming, demanded efficiency, everything together, everything done. There was no concept of "tea on demand" or "snack o'clock."

That limitation was a liberation. There was time to rest, to chat, to embroider, to oil hair, or simply to sit by the courtyard tulsi plant and sip water in peace.

Then came the gas stove - fast, efficient, convenient, and quietly revolutionary. But with it arrived an invisible chain. Now, the woman was expected to be on call, to whip up tea at any hour, fry pakoras for guests, reheat leftovers, and serve snacks between meals. The kitchen became a 24-hour café. The very speed that was meant to make life easier somehow made it busier.

Now, with all our modern gadgetry, the irony couldn't be more delicious. There's a fridge big enough to store a week's groceries, yet everyone insists the food must be fresh. There's a microwave sitting smugly on the counter, but no one dares use it because Papaji once read an article on WhatsApp University claiming it causes cancer. There's an electric kettle, mixer-grinder, and even an air fryer, but somehow, women are spending more time in the kitchen than their grandmothers ever did.



The pressure cooker that was supposed to save time now lies under suspicion too. "Dal should be slow cooked on gas," says someone, quoting an unnamed nutritionist. "Pressure cooker kills the taste." So, the dal bubbles patiently on the flame, and the woman bubbles silently beside it. Progress promised to save time, but ended up stealing it.

Back then, life simmered gently on a wood flame - steady, unhurried, and full of flavor. Meals were simple, shared together, and served without stress. Today, our kitchens are filled with gadgets, yet the peace seems to have evaporated with the smoke of the old *chulha*.

Perhaps, the real secret ingredient of that era wasn't ghee or spice - it was time.

HORRORSCOPE

WHEN PLANETS GO BOO!



Aries (March 21–April 19): You'll finally take bold action... only to realize it was the wrong Zoom meeting.



Sagittarius (Nov 22–Dec 21): Your travel plans are as confused as your visa status. Stay put, philosopher.



Taurus (April 20–May 20): Your wallet and your patience both hit zero, but hey, your loyalty points doubled!



Capricorn (Dec 22–Jan 19): Work, stress, repeat, but at least your coffee respects your ambition.



Gemini (May 21–June 20): Two minds, zero decisions. Even your reflection is ghosting you.



Aquarius (Jan 20–Feb 18): You'll have a brilliant idea no one understands, again. Try subtitles next time.



Cancer (June 21–July 22): You'll get emotional over a Diwali sale ad. Retail therapy > real therapy.



Pisces (Feb 19–Mar 20): You'll dream big, cry small, and blame the stars for both.



Leo (July 23–Aug 22): Everyone notices you this week, mostly because your drama has background music.



Virgo (Aug 23–Sept 22): You'll try to organize your life again. The stars suggest... don't bother.



Libra (Sept 23–Oct 22): You'll weigh all sides of a decision, then let Mercury retrograde decide for you.



Scorpio (Oct 23–Nov 21): Someone will betray your trust. Luckily, you already have a revenge plan drafted in Notes.





READICULOUS READ

**'Half review, half roast
- fully ridiculous.'**

Ridiculous Summary:

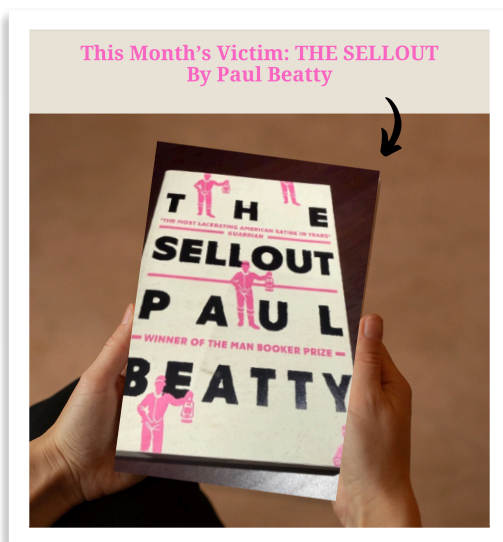
Imagine trying to solve America's deepest problems: racism, inequality, and bad reality TV, by reintroducing slavery and segregation. No, that's not a policy suggestion from a confused politician, it's the plot of Paul Beatty's Booker Prize-winning satire. Our unnamed hero, a farmer-philosopher-comedian hybrid, decides the best way to fix his neighbourhood is to do the most politically incorrect thing possible. Result? A novel that makes you laugh, cringe, and then nervously check if your neighbours are reading over your shoulder.

Absurd Analysis:

Beatty's humour is so sharp it could cut through red tape at a government office (if only bureaucrats could read faster than they stamp). Every page is loaded with punchlines that make you snort in public transport, drawing suspicious looks from aunties convinced you're texting your secret lover. The book doesn't just poke

fun at society, it straps it to a chair, tickles it mercilessly, and then steals its wallet.

The satire is uncomfortable, brilliant, and occasionally so outrageous you wonder if the author is trolling humanity. Which, let's be honest, might be exactly what we need.



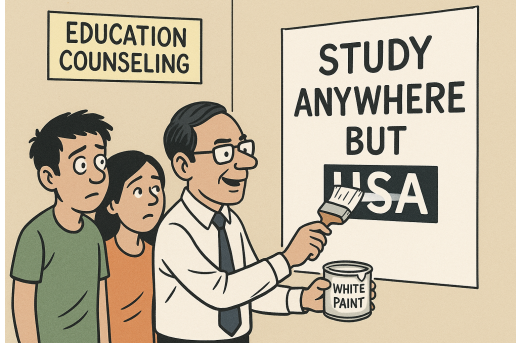
But Wait, Not Everyone's Laughing:

Some readers complain it's too dense, like Beatty swallowed a dictionary and started rapping with it. Others felt the satire was too dark, they opened the book expecting a comedy show and ended up at a philosophy seminar with hecklers. A few even admitted they didn't "get it"... which is basically the most honest book review anyone can give.

Verdict:

The Sellout is like biting into a jalebi - sweet, twisted, and leaves you wondering if it's actually good for your health. Highly recommended if you like your comedy dark, your satire brutal, and your political correctness on permanent vacation.

“अमेरिका बुला रहा है — या अब भगवा रहा है?”



गुड़गांव के मशहूर DreamFly Education Consultants में आज हड़कंप मचा हुआ है। रिसेशन की दीवार पर लगा बड़ा पोस्टर, “Study in USA - Your Ticket to the American Dream!” को जल्दी-जल्दी हटाया जा रहा है। उसकी जगह अब नया पोस्टर चिपकाया जा रहा है: “Study Near USA - Canada, Mexico, Bahamas भी बुरे नहीं हैं!”

ट्रंप प्रशासन की नई H1-B वीजा नीति ने जैसे इन काउंसलिंग सेंटर्स के बीच अमेरिकन ड्रीम की नींव हिला दी है।

जहाँ पहले काउंसलर छात्रों को कहते थे - “बस टॉफल दो, वीजा लो, और वहां जाकर ग्रीन कार्ड पकड़ लो,”

अब वही लोग कह रहे हैं - “बस टॉफल दो, वीजा लो, और... अगर किस्मत रही तो वापस आकर यहीं जॉइन कर लो।”

दिल्ली के प्रगति मैदान में चल रहे Study in USA Fair का नाम रातोंरात बदल दिया गया “Study About USA Fair”

एक स्टॉल पर लिखा था: “अमेरिका न सही, उसका सपना तो मुफ्त में देख ही सकते हैं!”

एक और स्टॉल पर बैनर चमक रहा था: “We help you apply to US Universities.”

(Disclaimer: Entry not guaranteed, exit mandatory.)

पहले काउंसलर बोलते थे - “आपको Silicon Valley भेजेंगे बेटा!”

अब कहते हैं - “Silicon तो है ही... Valley हम यहीं Noida में बना रहे हैं!”

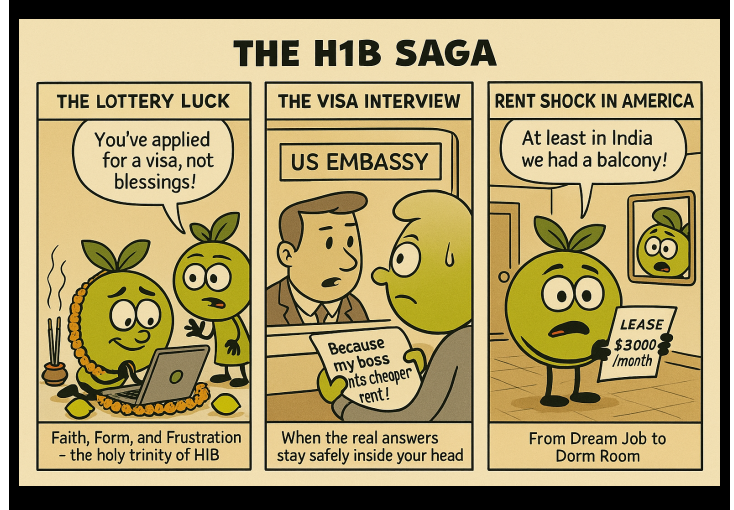
एक एजेंसी GoGlobal Gurus के डायरेक्टर ने बताया, “हमने अब नया पैकेज लॉन्च किया है: ‘H1B+Return Ticket Combo’. इसमें वीजा रद्द हो जाने पर फ्लाइट टिकट डिस्काउंट में मिलेगा।”

लाजपत नगर के वर्मा जी अपने बेटे को काउंसलिंग के लिए लेकर आए थे। बोले, “हमने सोचा था बेटा अमेरिका जाएगा तो हम भी प्राउड महसूस करेंगे। अब लग रहा है बेटा जाएगा, तो सिर्फ हम प्रार्थना करेंगे।” बेटा बोला, “पापा, अमेरिका नहीं गया तो क्या हुआ, ऑनलाइन एमबीए तो वहीं का कर लूंगा!”

पहले जो पोस्टर होते थे, “Fly to the Land of Freedom!” अब बदलकर लिखे गए हैं “Fly to the Land of Freedom... और वापसी की फ्लाइट बुक करा लें!”

एक ट्रेवल एजेंट ने कहा, “हम अब ‘Study in USA’ वालों को Return in India स्पेशल पैकेज दे रहे हैं — जिसमें स्वागत थाली और एयरपोर्ट पिकअप दोनों शामिल हैं।”

अमेरिकी सपने अब भारतीय धरती पर ही बनाए जा रहे हैं, बस नाम बदल गए हैं। जहाँ पहले लिखा होता था “America Calling”, अब लिखा है “America Confusing” और हर काउंसलर के चेहरे पर बस एक सवाल लिखा है - “अब बच्चे कहाँ भेजें — कनाडा या कनाट प्लेस?”



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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