

This morning, the picture of the leader was replaced with one of a monkey.

At the busiest plaza, in the heart of the capital city, there hung a large picture of the current leader. It was a national tradition for the leader to have a picture of himself taken at his swearing-in ceremony, to symbolise the people handing the future of the country over to him. But the leader's picture had been replaced with one of a monkey.

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The sound of her phone ringing pulled her from slumber. Eyes still shut, she fumbled around for her phone. She turned over, yanked the charging wire out her phone, and swiped on the screen. "Hello?"

"It's ten. Didn't you say you were going to the library? Time to get up."

"Mm."

She hung up, and then lay there, unmoving, for several minutes, before she finally opened her eyes. She picked up her phone again. Another message from her boyfriend. "Up yet?" She sent him a random sticker. Closed the chat. Opened another chat. Her best friend had sent her a sticker, too. *It's always us pretty ones who are up this early.*

Squinting, she texted him back. *I'm up.*

*Don't forget your blind date at 12.*

She texted back an "OK", and chose the vilest sticker to send back to her best friend.

And then she remained lying in bed, swiping around on her phone. Many of her friends were reposting a picture, so she clicked into it. Oh? The leader's picture had been replaced with one of a monkey? That was hilarious. That picture of the leader, the one everyone knew like the back of their hand, in which he looked adorable and lovely, had been replaced with the headshot of a skinny monkey. It looked pretty funny, actually.