

LIVING WITH A LOOOOONG NAME

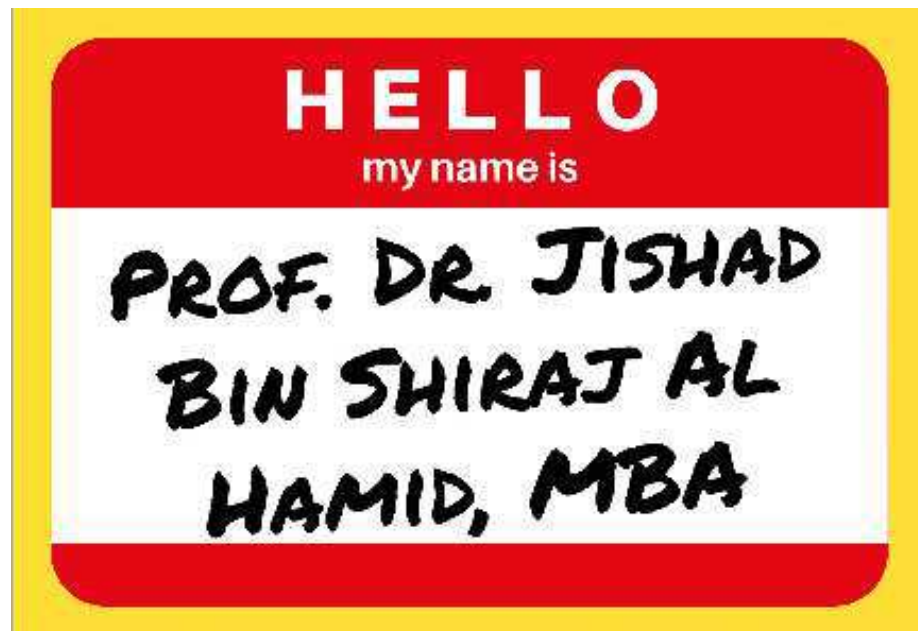
JISHAD BIN SHIRAJ AL HAMID

Being born into a Bengali family you'd expect your parents to name you something common like "Sujon" or "Protik" or something Arabic like "Omar", but rarely something like "Jishad". A name many of you have probably never heard of. In addition, it is then followed by four other names to wrap it all together.

What's wrong with having a long name? Well, having such a long name means you reach a character limit on many platforms such as Facebook or Instagram. Not only that, growing up Bengali in an Arab country meant I stood out at school, and having an oddly long name was the cherry on top. A typical attendance call for me was: "Jeshad? Did I say that right? Jeshad... Bin... Seraj Al Hameed? That's a long name."

Yes, I'm aware, and I'm also aware of the fact that you just mispronounced and figuratively massacred my name.

Moving back to Bangladesh and enrolling in a new school also meant having to adjust to a new environment, and that followed with my name saw a bombardment of questions from the teachers. The



DESIGN: KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

obvious one was, "What's the meaning behind your name?" To which I would reply, did not know, and neither did my parents. I suppose they grabbed a name out of thin

air and felt it had a nice ring to it, so just went with it. There were more questions like "Why is your name so long?" the answer to which included my family history

and I had to explain that "Jishad" is my name, "Shiraj" is my father and "Hamid" was my grandfather. A look of amusement and slight confusion could be seen on the teachers' faces.

Enough about attendance and school, let's jump to the real deal—exams. That's right, exam sheets have only so much space to write your name in, and my name being 22 characters long consisting eight syllables and five words, you could say it's a challenging fit. I found a solution; I write my name on a microscopic level and pray the examiner has good enough vision to make sense out of my ant-sized writing. My methods have proven successful so far, except for that one time it didn't, and I don't like to talk about that one time.

When my family members and friends ask if I ever do a PhD would my name then be "Dr. Jishad Bin Shiraj Al Hamid", I say, "Absolutely. Absolutely it would."

William Shakespeare wrote, "What's in a name?" True, especially in one that is peculiar and unusually longer than it needs to be.

When your parents are strict about music at home

PROTEETI AHMED

Are you a music junkie? Do you have "Music is food for the soul" printed across your t-shirt? Congratulations, you are a certified person of culture according to the Internet. But does music not roll in your house? Please find below five solutions for when you are facing some issues in your preparations to become the next big thing.

Use your furniture

Convert one side of your wardrobe into a soundproof studio. You keep all your clothes on The Chair™ anyway. If worst comes to worst and you have to hide this arrangement, just stuff all your clothes in there, and then when you have to use it again, just replace your clothes onto The Chair™ again.

Write your own lyrics

If it's just modern songs and the lyrics they sing that your parents have an issue with, try singing *slightly* different songs. Instead of "Can't Help Falling in Love" and "I Know What You Did Last Summer", try singing "Can't Help Salah from a Dove" and "I Know What Your Dad Ordered". This way you can at least still practice the same tunes.

Hook, line and sinker

Carrying on from the last one, if your parents like a specific genre of music, then be sure to play that on full blast.



Put on their favourite piece of music at maximum volume, then be very patient. If it plays on for long enough they'll get sick of it, and then you can put on your own music because anything would be a welcome change at that point.

Pretend it's the 70s

Tell them you're just listening to the radio. If they don't believe you, make sure to keep some kind of high-pitched version of what you were practising running in the background and then pretend you can't hear anything. So, when they'll furiously start looking for the sound source, you can try and manage to convince them that nobody else can hear the sound. Then you have to convince them

that aliens are trying to contact them, and then pretend to have an existential crisis in front of them.

Get help

Go to your friend's house after convincing them of your melancholy, take their ukulele out of its case, and persistently try and make them teach you that Chain-smokers song.

There you have it—some quarantine-friendly solutions to your specific problem, and some to look forward to for when this is all over.

Proteeti Ahmed is just trying at life. Share life stories that also follow Murphy's Law with her at proteeti.14@gmail.com

SONGS YOU CAN SING TOGETHER ON VIDEO CALL

ALIF LAILA THEME

I WANT IT THAT WAY
Backstreet Boys

SHEI TUMI
Ayub Bacchu

LIVIN' ON A PRAYER
Bon Jovi

UPTOWN FUNK
Mark Ronson ft. Bruno Mars

SRABON ER MEGH
Different Touch

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Queen

ALL RISE
Blue