

# NO, I DON'T...I MARIFY

By- KZR

An answer to the "Do I steal it?" by S.A.

Let's see what I have here. I have an individual character, with an ultra genius brain that makes me the greatest hominid Mother Nature ever produced. Now obviously you'd be interested in knowing what makes me so cool and so "supernatural." So just for your curiosity, (nothing else!) allow me to state what I possess right now. I have this shirt that I've been wearing for the last few weeks, belongs to my cousin, the baggy jeans I am wearing belongs to my friend, the sneakers are owned by another friend, the wristwatch belongs to ...you have to excuse me, I can't recall his name [and face] at this moment! Anything else? Oh! Yeah. I am writing with this "Pierre Cardin" pen which belongs to my editor which I have already promised that I am never gonna return. So, what do you say? Ain't I cool?

Well, it all started few weeks ago. My head turned when I found this article "Do I steal it?" by S.A. Just as I went through the article I felt like writing an answer to it, which is definitely from my point of view. So here it is. First of all, the answer is "No." No with a capital N. I or we do not have the habit of a kleptomaniac. What we do, is what we call 'Marifying'.

We don't feel guilty about it rather there's a superficial pride working behind the whole idea that makes us feel that we are at least capable of something good! Hmm...I am sure you readers are almost certain that I am a sneaky, low down, rotten, dirty pervert. Well, all I have got to say is, "Kill me but don't kill my ideas" like Socrates.

'Marifying' is not that a bad idea. I know

this revolutionary idea of mine will not be acceptable by many of you but great ideas are never easy for people to digest, right? In fact we all do it, intentionally or unintentionally.

Before you start mixing up these two let me clear it. There is an absolute difference between the words stealing and 'marifying'. Stealing is taking something without the owner's knowledge. But 'marifying' is you take something from someone with his/her permission and never return it. Not that you are supposed to return it. It is taken to be kept, not to be returned exactly.

For example, you take a CD from your friend and never give it back. You actually never feel like returning it. That is what 'Marifying' is all about? Your friend knows it; so that does not make you a thief. You are aware of what you are doing so you are not suffering from kleptomania. Got the difference? I guess so!

This 'marifying' goes around with everything and everyone. It starts from CD's, cassettes, comic books...then your eyes move to something different like T-shirts, trousers, sunglasses what not. Not even this, you 'marify' knowledge. C'mon, you know more than I do! You marify from school magazines, foreign journals and even from Sydney Sheldon and send it to the Rising Star with your name, Mr. Kuddus Mia or Miss Kosimon Bibi as the writer. You 'marify' jokes from the web-sites or from the Readers Digest and claim that they are yours! Old trick! (I do the same!) Don't worry, after all they get published anyway! This has become almost like a

tradition, like our musicians and filmmakers make a cut-to-cut bangla version of Hindi materials that have been already carbon-copied from the Hollywood. Even my old time favorite Michael Jackson 'marified' someone else's song! And moreover what do you call this 21<sup>st</sup> century remix-period of songs? Man. I just hate the remix of these days; they look like a mixture of pizza and chotpotil! (Yeah! Nicesimilarity!)

But whatever you say, this is worth it. Just for example, I have this huge collection of Archie Comics and honestly speaking, none of them are mine! But the fact lies like this. I am not the only living-'marifyer'-type in town cause the ones I actually owned are out there...somewhere, adding variety in someone else's (possibly one of my friends) bookshelf. But hey, even Napoleon had to meet with defeat and Caesar had to be killed!

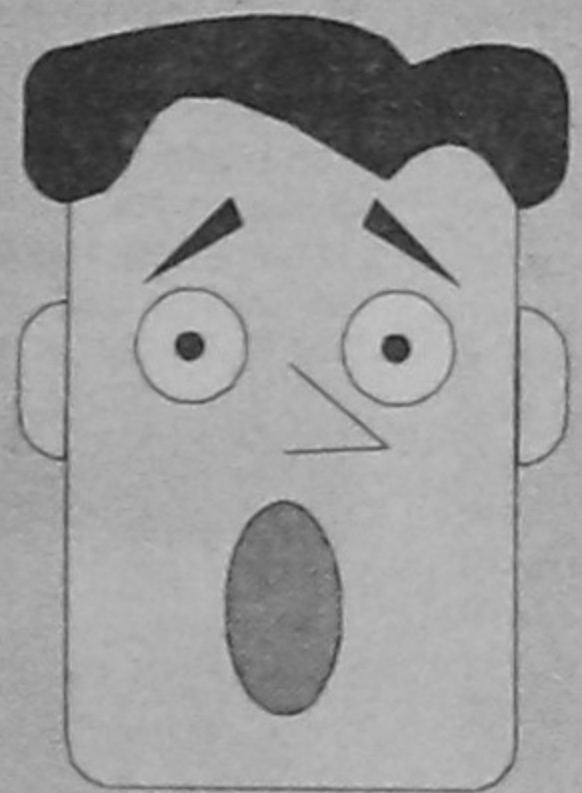
For those who have never tried it take this note. I have some unique and "beshi joss" ways of 'marifying'. (The copyright fully belongs to me!) They are too good to fool around with and the victims are always my friends! Good for me, bad for them! But do remember marifying requires both physical and mental strength, however the emphasis is more on the mental strength. Its about manipulation, how good you are at fooling people or promising them with colorful dreams! [This can get you a career in politics.] But still after all the attempts if you are accused for keeping your friend's belongings for the last two years ask him-"What are friends for?" (And send him a sympathy card, will you?)



Talking about myself, well, after all those mental battles I now fight with my golden tongue. Since this is a well debated fact that literally I have tortured (!) my friends, yet I refuse to give up the habit, cause my sixth sense (which by the way never worked before!) states that all my friend's hundreds of CDs are 'marified' too. I am gonna beat his record! It's a DO or DIE!

P.S. However readers if you ever intend to try out KZR's horrifying tricks, the risk is yours alone RS would not take any responsibility for any consequences. — RS desk.

## FOOT IN MOUTH



OPEN MOUTH.  
PLEASE INSERT FOOT

By AGOR

A few days back I met an old school mate of mine. I greeted him by saying, "arey dosto kemon achish... onek din porey dekha!" Then I asked him how was his mother, I saw a quick shadow pass over his smiling face. "She died two years ago," he answered.

What do I do then? Start to talk about cricket? Or maybe the weather? I wanted to get away from there. I hoped that maybe the ground would open up and swallow me, but it did not happen. Both of us were uncomfortable with the situation.

Situations such as these are called 'Faux pas'. It is a French phrase, which means "False step". Even though the phrase itself is not used very often nowadays, the incidents still occurs, and will continue to do so.

Faux pas is something, which we cannot avoid. From time to time it catches up with us and puts us in a very embarrassing situation. But not all of them are sad like the example I gave at the beginning; some of them can be quite humorous as well.

Once in 1960 British Foreign Minister George Brown attended a diplomatic reception in Vienna. When he heard the orchestra strike up a tune, he turned to an exquisite lady in scarlet beside him and asked, "Madame, may we dance?" The exquisite lady in scarlet is said to have replied in perfect English, "No, Mr. Brown, for three reasons. First, this is a reception, not a ball. Second, even was this a ball, this would still be a state national anthem and not a waltz. And third, were this a ball and not a reception and were that a waltz and not a state anthem, I would still be the Cardinal Archbishop." I can imagine what Mr. Brown must have felt like.

One of my class friend was always late for class. Once in our management class she came in 15 minutes late. Our teacher was lecturing on being 'pro-active'. When she entered the class our teacher asked her to tell us how she planned to come to class. Because if one was pro-active s/he would think about the problems which may occur and take actions necessary to solve them. Well in her case the first question, which needed to answer, was "at what time did she have to reach the institute?" She answered, "Five past eight." ... Our classes start at eight.

The only thing, which is more satisfying, then a faux pas is a good recovery. One of my cousin went to the U.S. for a visit. He and a couple of his friends went to restaurant. When they came out they saw a man in uniform. Assuming that he was the doorman my cousin asked him to call a cab. The man replied rather arrogantly that he was a general in the army. My cousin was taken aback, but being quick witted my cousin immediately replied that in that case may be he should call a tank.

I wonder what the general's reply was?

[The original idea of this article was conceived by Christopher Buckley in his article "Open Mouth, Insert Foot", printed in Reader's Digest. Some of the anecdotes have been taken from that article- AGOR]

## An Interview with Mr. Zulfiquar Ali Bhuiyan

By Nader

Hey, I hope I am not boring you guys with my interviews. This guy had an entire different perspective of a family. He had ten brothers and sisters with no parents. Check it out:

Mr. Zulfiquar Ali Bhuiyan did his B.Com from Dhaka University, Dhaka in 1985 and did MBA in 1988 from Institute of Business Administration in the same university. Born in 1966, he has experienced a mixture of both generations. This teenage singing prodigy has appeared on TV on quite a few occasions even starred in a few movies. He was awarded the Notun Kuri award in 1977, the Manik Mia award for best child artiste in 1979, and the Red Cross award for social services rendered in school and was the St. Gregory's Table Tennis School Champion. His main interests are now in business even though he appears regularly on TV and gives public performances both nationally and internationally. I thought of interviewing him about his views on family and school life:

I: Well, let's start, Mr. Zulfiqar. I would like to ask you first, what was the extent of freedom in your house?

Mr. Zulfiqar: I was the second youngest of 10 brothers and sisters. I did not get any of my parents longer than a few years. Obviously the older siblings dominated me, but in a sense that was profitable. If we were to be given permission to do anything, our studies must have been finished first. That was the only rule that applied to brothers. Sisters had much more strict rules applied towards them. We could only watch TV serials once a week, even though ours was the only TV in the whole neighbourhood and other people used to come and watch it. We had a car but we had walk back and forth from school, which was about 2 miles away.

I: So, you are saying that your parents were not there, and you grew up under the care of your elder siblings?

Z: Yes, it was for the best. For maybe if our parents were there we would have been quite spoilt. It was a hard life, with no parental support and backing to grow up. We tried our very best in studies and came out with fruitful results.

I: How did you exactly study and how firm were your elder siblings' rules regarding this?

Z: If there was school, we had to come back and immediately finish our homework. After that maybe we could play for a bit. As soon the Maghrib Azan sounded, we had to pray and sit down again to study right until 12 p.m. If you did not come back home 15 minutes before the Azan, you were sure to get a few lashes. And we had newsprint rough copies not the white offset rough copies you get now. We had to practice on the whole copy with a pencil first and then again with a pen, over it. That way we could practice twice.

I: Some say that had you given your full time to music you might have been a big star by now, but you did not. What were your reasons?

Z: My simple reason was that music alone cannot make me established in the world. When you have good results to back your E.C. activities then only does it matter. And all my hard study had to have some effect and I ran my studies with my own money. First I have to become established, while still practicing music by the side; maybe later I can give it my full time.

I: People also say it is not possible to devote yourself to both studies and E.C.A, what is your opinion?

Z: I personally do not agree. My singing continued beside my studies, as it did in the case of the rest of my siblings. They were not into singing but were always the foremost in all sports. My immediate eldest brother was devoted to the guitar. I also brought out my first music album while studying. But yeah, studies are your first priority.

I: What about household chores? Did you have to share?

Z: Obviously. We had to do our own washing, ironing, shoe polishing, etc. and shared duties in the cleaning, dusting and tidying up of the house. Anyone not doing so had to face the whip. We had no servants, and one my elder sister even used to comment "Ami ki boaa naki?" (Am I a servant?)

I: Thank you, Mr. Zulfiqar, for your valuable time.

Z: Thank you.