



Slow On the Uptake

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I wonder what happened to the world I knew. Somehow, while I wasn't looking, it slowly disappeared, evaporated, vanished. There was no warning -- or maybe I just refused to see the signs. But it feels like I just blinked for a split second and by the time I opened my eyes again, things were different. With all the hustle and bustle of a world which is now moving at warp speed, I suppose people just lost themselves, or rather, they lost sight of what is important. Perhaps, however, looking at things from a different perspective, people just became smarter and those things which are now considered important -- money, power, status, image, control, winning, always staying on top, never letting oneself go -- are the real deal. And all those silly, pathetic matters of the conscience are meant to be forgotten. Who knows what God wanted from his creations, anyway?

After all, you have to wonder why we face so many problems in our society. And you have to question why the government -- be it the opposition or the current party in power -- refuses to take any steps to better our situation, instead only making things worse with their political games, their ego battles and their tug-of-war between power and money. So maybe I had it all wrong and

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this is the way it was intended to be.

I'm slow, I think. I always have been. Even as an awkward, gawky teenager with glasses and braces, it always took me longer than my classmates to memorise the periodical table in chemistry, or figure out a simple multiplication equation without writing it down and counting on my fingers, or even (funnily enough), understand the reasoning behind why a comma doesn't belong in certain places, or why my sentences were too long or too short, or why my English teacher claimed that my content was too "dull." Similarly, I'm afraid, I am slow in this line of thinking.

I'm slow because I don't understand why people have become so indifferent to suffering, why materialism has become a greater value than morals and ethics, why corruption and crime play mind games with each other, vying for who can be the best at what they do, and why equality on every level -- be it related to poverty or gender -- is such a grossly unexpected commodity.

Although I grudgingly accept the fact that as a woman, I am more socially fragile than a man -- in terms of what people will say about me, how people react to me in public, and how safe I am when I go out -- it still makes me angry and I hate it. It makes me mad that my brother can walk out on the streets in jeans and a t-shirt and