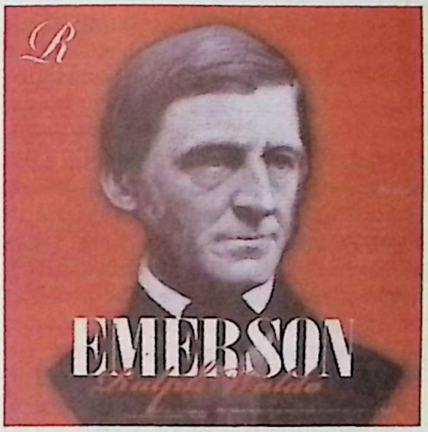
and preaching their ideas to the world.

"Self-Reliance" is widely considered Emerson's definitive statement of his philosophy of individualism. This philosophy esteems individuals above all societies, nations, religions, and other institutions and systems of thought. Emerson repeatedly calls on individuals to value their own thoughts, opinions, and experiences above those presented to them by other individuals, society, and religion. This radical individualism springs from Emerson's belief that each individual is not just unique but divinely unique; i.e., each individual is a unique expression of God's creativity and will. Further, since Emerson's God is purposeful, He molded each individual to serve a particular purpose, to do a certain work that only he or she is equipped to carry out. This direct link between divinity and the individual provides assurance that the individual will, when rightly exercised, can never produce evil.

Mohammad Shahidul Islam, Working in National Tourism Organization



Fighting over the size of a Potato



Yamin Tauseef Jahangir

10.30-Morning

The kitchen door slammed open. I looked at my dad. His weary eyes spoke so many words, I sighed, and it will start in no time. Mom advanced towards dad and gave him a stare.

Mom:"Why did you bring such big potatoes?"

Dad:"What's wrong with them?"

Mom:"When will you ever use your intelligence? Don't you know it takes longer time for them to boil?"

Dad:"But you didn't mention about the size, and I bought what I felt was right!"

Mom (sarcastically):"You're never right! Do you get it? For the last twenty nine years you bought wrong things, and even today you proved it once more."

Mom then stormed out of the room. Dad never thought they would fight over such petty issues. Every Friday it was the same story, I almost got used to it.

The door opened again,

Mom:"You only brought three chickens!"

Dad:"Well, you said three!"

Mom:"I said four, why don't you listen carefully?"

Dad:"One chicken will not make much difference."

Mom:"It will! You invited a whole group of people in the house and what am I going to do with three chickens?"

Dad:"Everyone will take one piece, just like in the wedding parties, please calm down!"

Mom:"You think everything is a joke? When will you ever learn?"

Dad (smiling):"Probably never!"

Mom:"It's pointless talking to you."

Mom then went back to her destination. I watched the two arguing, quite confused and tried to pull the strings together. I observed my dad who had a reluctant look.

1.25-Afternoon

Guests arrived; I started performing my act of socialising, keeping both ends of my cheeks cemented onto my face. Mom set up the table, dad saw the potatoes mashed and cooked very well,

Dad:"See the potatoes don't look that bad now."

Mom:"I managed to fix it properly that's why."

Dad:"There's nothing to fix here, it's just potatoes."

Mom (overlooking few surprised faces): "I cooked the dish, you know nothing about cooking!"

Dad (raising eyebrows): "I didn't know you took a degree in this field too?"

Mom shot him a glare and then went back to attending guests. Dad had a wicked look on his face. Everyone started appreciating mom's efforts and the cooking as well. I looked at her and nodded, she was kind enough to return a smile.

8.30-Evening

Dad was watching a cooking show, they were making beef stew. He noted down the recipe and went to mom.

Dad:"I saw this recipe in the show, I want to give it a try."

Mom:"What should I do?"

Dad:"Come and help me with this?"

Mom:"After ruining my whole day, now you're asking for 'help'? You didn't even say sorry!"

Dad:"I'll make it up for all that, let's make the dish."

Mom:"Forget it."

Fifteen minutes passed, both were in the kitchen making the dish. I helped them with few ingredients. After half an hour it was prepared.

Dad:"When do you want to have it?"

Mom:"Just have it for dinner."

Dad:"I mean, you'll have anything else with this?"

Mom:"Well you can have bread if you want, but I'll prefer only the stew."

Dad:'I...I mean you have only 'this' for dinner?"

Mom;"I see no problem with that."

Dad:"*Kintu pet ki bhorbe?*"

Mom burst out laughing, the sweetness of the heart was superior to her anger. Dad chuckled and gave me a wink, he had won. The potato fight finally ended in his favour. I observed how true were their love and respect for each other, that it was unique and I wondered how the relationship was full of mixed emotions, with an enigmatic aura which one cannot describe in words. Soon I engaged myself in a *adda* with them, the family was complete yet for another day.

(Student of East West University)