A Lost Identity

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"MAY I see your I.D card ma'am?" asked the security guard. "Why sure!" answered the young lass and got her access to the V.I.P Lounge. It's quite an ordinary scenario for all of us. Every time we are out of our own places we got to carry our "Identity" card so that we can prove who we actually are. Our distinctive characteristic distinguishes us from the zillions roaming in the crowd. We should be usually proud of who we are and what we are. But what if we are forced to change ourselves? Are we willing to change our nature to impress someone, or just be like our 'role models'? I don't dare imagine what might happen to me if I am not what I actually am. But know that if you change yourself you will end up being that crow that had lost his own style while imitating the peacock.

This brings me to the issue I'm dying to talk about - the wave of change that is sweeping this young generation of ours here in Bangladesh. Globalisation is good, I agree. But it is said "An excess of everything is not a good thing". It's really great of us young people to accept the changes taking place in our surroundings with gloves off. Television and media have made it possible for all of us to see and experience what is going on in the other side of the globe. Trading overseas fetches us the privilege to wear branded western attires. However, as we stick ourselves inside those outfits, we tend to leave behind our own identity, our very own customs and culture. We consider it to be 'cool' dressing up like Slim Shady, 50 Cent and such 'Hip-Hop' people. And some of us even tend to consider looking like freaky 'Goths' cooler wearing everything black with the wonderful (!) company of black nail polish and piercing on ears, lips, tongues and don't know where else! As for the girls, let's just say Hillary got us. And no, not Hillary Clinton but Hillary Duff. Or maybe it's Miley Cyrus or Selena Gomez in their newest 'Size -2' costumes. We must be real slim in order to fill in their shoes!

The worst is yet to be told the one of which I am a victim. It feels really weird and out-of-ordinary when I wear my salwaar kameez and put on my veil. For heaven's sake, many people keep gawking at me is if I'm a walking freak show! Some of them even go on to make uncalled for comments. Sometimes I feel like changing myself. I wish I cut on food and start exercising hard and be one of those 'Hillarys' of the crowd. But then my conscience prevents me to do so, for after all I am a Muslim and a Bangladeshi! I should be real proud of my own costume, culture and norms and shouldn't let them go. I should stick to who I am, and not try imitating others just because I don't want people to mock me. If I do reform myself, I end up being one of 'those' that I hate to be. I lose my identity. I remain as 'that' crow that had lost his identity. Believe in yourself. And I know you will get everyone's respect.

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Performance literature workshop at Eastern University by Brine Pickles

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When Tushar's poem's last stanza turned out to be about his goldfish rather than his long anticipated child, we were quite shocked.

As Mihir read out his story about losing his cell phone to a shrewd stealer, its title 'Donation' came out to be the biggest irony, it amazed us all for he has come a long way with his writing. We once again laughed our hearts out to meet the *bhot bhoti* CNG driver in a sailor's hat and a scarf when Mr. Theotonius Gomes, Lecturer, Eastern University, literally performed his 'Banglish' poem called "The pesky CNG Driver to his would-be Wife". His poetry session amazed us as we came across the key features of writing lyrics and poems. History was made when Tanvir Hasan Malik, Assistant Professor, Eastern University was officially anointed as an emerging poet by Theo sir.

The mock-anointing scene followed the style of anointing a knight. This added spice to the reading session as we had a chance to listen to some of his pieces which made us really happy. Sabreena Ahmed while giving us tips about writing short stories made us realize how little things that happen in life can inspire a well-shaped and successful story.

Poetry makes you see the implied imageries and stories make you live in it, performing something to please the audience makes the effort worthwhile and the best part of all these is you can express yourself. From this workshop I have learnt things I can carry throughout my life and career. Everyone overcame their stiffness to go out there and act out their writing creatively. It was a joy spending time with such a group of people who do what they love and they do it in style. So thank you, Brine Pickles for presenting to us such a delightful session.

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