

# LETTER TO YOUR HIGHNESS

SHREYOSI ENDOW

Dear Team Partner,

It has been long since you graced our project with your participation. I'm afraid it yearns for you very badly and its condition is deteriorating with every passing day. I can only give it so much company and then I have to move on with my life. I suppose it is the intoxicating smell of your lavender perfume and your harmonious giggle every time I make a mistake while you stand and watch me that it longs for. Maybe you could visit us sometime.

See, I know you are wading through troubled waters. Perfect hair days only punctuate your weeks now and the cherry flavoured lipgloss is scarce in the market because not many people could afford it. Word has also

reached my ears that you got into a hitch with your boyfriend because he thought your so-called little feet were not little enough, and that he is coming to see you tonight and you are tearing apart the countable number of neurones in your brain, trying to fathom how to make your feet look small. I am as concerned for you as you are about your feet.

But my bigger concern is that this project is supposed to be group work. And according to Oxford Dictionary, which I am confident you have not heard of but it is okay because you are pretty, group work means 'work done by a group of people working together.' Since the other members of the group were incapable of standing your presence (their loss, right?) and left, it is just you and I and it would really be helpful if you showed up.

There is obviously no doubt that you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth and you can manage a spot in any renowned university because your father has 'contacts.' But I was born with no such fortune, and I have to burn the midnight oil and toil for hours to secure a decent future for me. In order to do so, I need to get a big, fat scholarship which in turn, depends on this project as it can really beef up my application. Please try to wrap your head around the fact that this really is my last straw before college is over. Wait, was this paragraph too 'idiom-y' for you? Oxford Dictionary would help.

So as you can understand (I'm assuming you do), I have to bag an A<sup>+</sup> on this project and I literally cannot afford to lose the marks behind group effort. I know what you are thinking, but Team Partner, I do not have silken locks and a wobbly chin and big green eyes that well up at the slightest hint of rudeness, so it is impossible for me to have my way with the professors. My eyes are dry and have sunken into deep pits from all the sleepless nights I have been spending behind this project so please, for God's sake, bathe me in the divine light of your presence and show up as soon as possible.

Sincerely,  
 Your very frustrated team partner.

P.S. Your boyfriend is right. You have humongous feet.

# THE THINKING GAME

MARISHAAZIZ

"What is taking Dad so long?"

"I don't know. Maybe he found a nice big Katol fish, so he's probably busy bargaining."

"It's so boring, sitting inside this stuffy car!"

"I know! Let's play a game."

"What, I Spy?"

"No, this is different. This is the thinking game. You pick a random person on the streets, in a vehicle, etc., and try to imagine what they're thinking at the moment."

"What's the point?"

"Point? I don't know, does every one of our actions have to have a point? I pick that man in the business suit. The one who's getting into the white Allion."

"Hey, why don't you go first?"

"Stop it with the sarcasm already. Anyway, I bet he's trying to figure out a new marketing strategy for the product his company will be launching soon."

"You don't even know his profession."

"That's why it's called imagination, silly. Anyway, your turn."

"Okay, I pick... that little girl sitting on the sidewalk. The one who tried to sell us the roses. She's probably trying to calculate how many more flowers she needs to sell to be able to afford dinner."

"That makes me wish we hadn't shooed her away. Alright, I pick the lady in the cerulean salwar kameez -"

"Cerulean?"

"It's a fancy word for deep blue."

"You could've just said that."

"The fancy word seems to go better with her appearance. I think she's planning a heart-wrenching and emotional speech for her husband that will persuade him to buy three more sarees for her."

"Hahaha. That's quite believable. Okay, so... I pick... that man in the white checkered shirt."

"The one standing in front of the

clothing stores?"

"Yup. He's probably been planning on buying a dress for his wife for a while now, and since he's finally gotten this month's paycheck, he's trying to decide which store has the most affordable collection."

"Aww, that's so cute! Okay, now I pick...that sullen-looking driver, sitting in the black Premio. He's definitely thinking that he should be paid more, just for all the hours he spends sitting in the car and waiting for his boss."

"Someone should pay *us* extra, for all the times we've waited in this accursed car for Dad and his Katol fish."

"Very true."

"Is it my turn now? I pick that man over there. He's probably a university student though... you see him? Running after the bus?"

"Oh yeah, he just managed to climb aboard."

"Yeah. He probably wishes he owned a car, and that he could just sit inside it with the air-conditioning on for as long as he liked."

"If he only knew."

"I know right? They always think they have the worst of it; always looking for more..."

"Something wrong?"

"Yeah, I kind of just realised the point of this game."

"What is it?"

"Never mind. It's quite depressing, really. Let's play a less depressing game. Let's just play I Spy."

"Fine. I spy with my little eye..."



## TEAMWORK

"The chain is only as strong as the weakest link"

The writer, aged 17, is an A-Level student at Sunshine Grammar School and College, Chittagong.