

The Crazy Side-Effects of **INTENSE DIETS**



(NOT) THE BIGGEST LOSER

You have some weight, therefore you must lose it. The goal is to be weightless, like a beautiful feather. After you're done, gravity should have nothing on you. It's vital that you drop whatever you're eating, even if it is "healthy", and diet. To the uninitiated, dieting could just mean eating clean; but if you really want to lose 10 kilos in 10 days, well, I'm afraid that just won't do, honey.

To begin with intense diets, you must loathe every ounce of your being. You have to despise the way your body looks (even if it doesn't look that bad). As revenge you have to be cruel to it. What better way than to starve it? Getting the anorexic tag, though, will just make you look like a joke, the sufferer of a laughable disease. So, you have to look up the most torturous concoctions of juice cleanses, and starve yourself in style. After all, what is life without style?

It's easy to eat not anything for a day, to "forget" to eat the next. It gets tougher when you have to do it week in and week out. You have to tell yourself, it's actually good for you. Even when all your biology books tend to disagree with you completely. As if the textbooks know better than that model on that magazine that day. The hunger pangs and the cramps, all worth it when you fit into that dress you saw on those beautiful skinny models. You start to think, at this rate, you could do one better; you could possibly drop

another dress size (yes, even if you are a size zero already).

When someone asks you whether you want lunch because you look "tired", you will have the marvelous excuse of saying "I'm dieting," with a molar to molar grin. When you go on fainting spells because your body can't function, simply assume it's just some pesky virus that has a knack for knocking you out. When you run your hand through your head and see enough hair falling out to make a wig, do you blame your amazing diet for not portioning enough food, or any food at all, to maintain your long luscious hair? Nah, that can't be it. Better yet, think of it as a few extra grams lost.

God forbid, but cave into one little desire, a fraction of a small Energy Plus biscuit maybe, and you are done for. You have to punish yourself by standing in front of the mirror and scrutinising every single flaw in your fat flabby body. To atone for the grave sin, you have to make sure you miss your daily three meals (read: celery sticks).

It takes time though, to see the results because your stupid body goes into survival mode and tries to store all the nutrients you let into your body to make sure you don't die. Sometimes it's really hard to sympathise with your body. Why body, why? Why survive at all if it means to survive fat? So stay on it. Stay Skinny. And may the force be with you in your goal of going from a 3-D object to a 2-D one.



BEING THE **YOUNGEST**

MAYABEE ARANNYA

Being the baby of the family really has its perks. In school, it doesn't really matter much but if you get higher grades than your older friends, you get to rub it in their faces. When you start off work, though, you probably won't be treated with much respect if all your co-workers are older than you. You have to earn your respect and let them know that you're on top your game.

Age is supposedly *just* a number (that every aunty tries to hide and every office worker tries to illegally lower.) But when you're the youngest in a Bangladeshi household, you must be familiar with the following:

You always get the chicken *raan* (leg piece). You always get the last piece of cake. You always get to eat the leftover pilau while your sibling gets plain rice. You basically always get the best food available thanks to your late entrance into the world. Finally, a good side to being late.

Your elder sibling gets scolded even when it's your fault. Ah yes, the power of fake tears and puppy eyes. Most people think that middle children are the most neglected and so are most likely to go down the wrong path. In my opinion, the youngest are born the evilest. Blackmailing comes almost naturally to us. And the best part: Your parents will still always listen to you.

Everybody's always looking out for you. This is a pretty bitter-sweet aspect since it means that your elder siblings become your additional parents and you're even more grounded. Your family's going to be over-protective about you but will still stick their necks out for you whenever you need it.



Not everything's fun and games, though. Being the youngest also means you're under the most pressure when it comes to your academics and future success. You're going to be compared with your elder siblings' accomplishments as well as with your elder cousins'. Pray that they flunk their exams because if they do, you're off the hook. Okay, don't pray for that, that's a horrible thing to do. But if they *do* flunk (without the help of anyone's bad prayers), you'll be celebrated for having even mediocre talent. It's back to fun and games from there.

Your opinions are almost never taken seriously. Just the other day, I was telling my Mom about all the life-crushing stress in my life and she laughed in my face. Maybe I exaggerated *just a bit* but they can't just expect us to have zero problems and be as happy as a duck all the time. But they do. And if you are unhappy for any reason whatsoever, they're going to blame themselves. Doesn't matter if the problem is completely unrelated to them. Bad things just can't happen to you unless they've made a horrible mistake in bringing you up.

The best and worst part is, you'll always be the kid. Even when you're 40, you're still going to be considered the baby of the family that just can't be trusted with too many responsibilities. You're always going to be sitting at the kids table. You're always going to be getting that *raan*.

Mayabee Arannya is a confused soul still searching for a purpose. Give her advice on life at [facebook.com/mayabee.arannya](https://www.facebook.com/mayabee.arannya)