

TEENAGE CRUSHES

AND A WORD WITH MY YOUNGER SELF

SHREYOSI ENDOW

I have always had mixed feelings about the crushes I had during my adolescence. I can't decide whether they were magical or silly or just an awful waste of time. Or maybe they were all of those and so much more.

Looking back at the crippling infatuations I've had on people who barely recognised my existence, here are a few things I know now that I would have liked to tell my younger self and perhaps, you can relate to them too.

If they are rude to you, it means they like you—that's a lie.

This message has been conveyed in numerous ways in movies and books and quote catalogues so many times I have lost count, and like many others, I had once believed it as well. Sure, there are those unique snowflakes who come off as rude without ever intending to, but this was never the rule. I wish I had told myself that between sensitivity and apathy, it is the former that you deserve and an "I'd love to hear about your day," is what you should settle for instead of a snide, "No, I don't want to listen to you

right now." I wish I had told myself that the moment you feel your heart crumble under the weight of another cold shoulder, do yourself a favour, pick those pieces up and leave.

Your favourite song deserves a better story.

Did you ever have that moment when you were lying on your bed, earphones plugged in, listening to your favourite song and suddenly, the lyrics started to tell a completely different story? A story that revolved entirely around your crush? You then played this song on repeat as their smiles flashed before your eyes, till one day you realised that this was only a story you had fabricated inside



your head and that was all it was ever going to be. The words lost their meaning, the tune turned monotonous and that was the death of your favourite song. But you see, this song possibly deserved to be associated with something much more beautiful, like the sunrise or the sea or the evening breeze that picks up on

your hair when you sit in solitude on your rooftop. Years from now, when you will have gotten over this crush, these things will still remain beautiful and the only memories your favourite song will evoke are the ones that make you happy.

Stop trying so hard to impress them!

Especially if they wear an invisible blindfold when it comes to your countless efforts to please. There are better things to do than practise cart-wheels and somersaults all day because that is what your heart does every time you look at them. There are places to be travelled, secrets of the universe waiting to be unravelled, books to be read, movies to be watched, thoughts that demand to be penned down. So many things to do than waste your precious time trying to impress those who can't spare a second for you. Stop moulding yourself to fit their personalities better. Mould yourself so that the entire world can fit into your pocket someday.

This silly crush of yours shall wane soon.

That is the beauty of crushes—they are fleeting. Cherish them while they last and if they lead to something more, that's great. But if they don't, make sure you know when to let them go.

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WHY TO BE PROUD OF BEING SHORT

MAYABEE ARANNYA

Hang from places, you'll get taller. Mix disgusting brown powder with milk and drink it, you'll get taller. Eat bananas, you'll get taller.

Why do you just assume I want long limbs, world? Why can't I like being stumpy little me? Besides, I'm too busy trying to reach the cookies on the highest shelf to even consider your advice.

When you're short, you become instantly cuter. I'm not sure if "cute" is a pity compliment people give because they don't think you're pretty, but a compliment's a compliment. This is mostly applicable for girls but that doesn't mean there aren't people who love short guys either.

You also look younger than you are. This lasts till you're old so you can laugh in the faces of your overly wrinkly tall friends and finally have your sweet revenge.

You can get away with kids' tickets to places. If you have a small appetite or just a small wallet, people wouldn't bat an eye if you settled for kids' meals at restaurants either.

You can wear ridiculously oversized clothing for extra comfort and tell people you couldn't find the right size and they'd call you adorable anyway. Also, you could fit into kids' clothing, which means you can have all the Ben 10 and Barbie t-shirts you want!

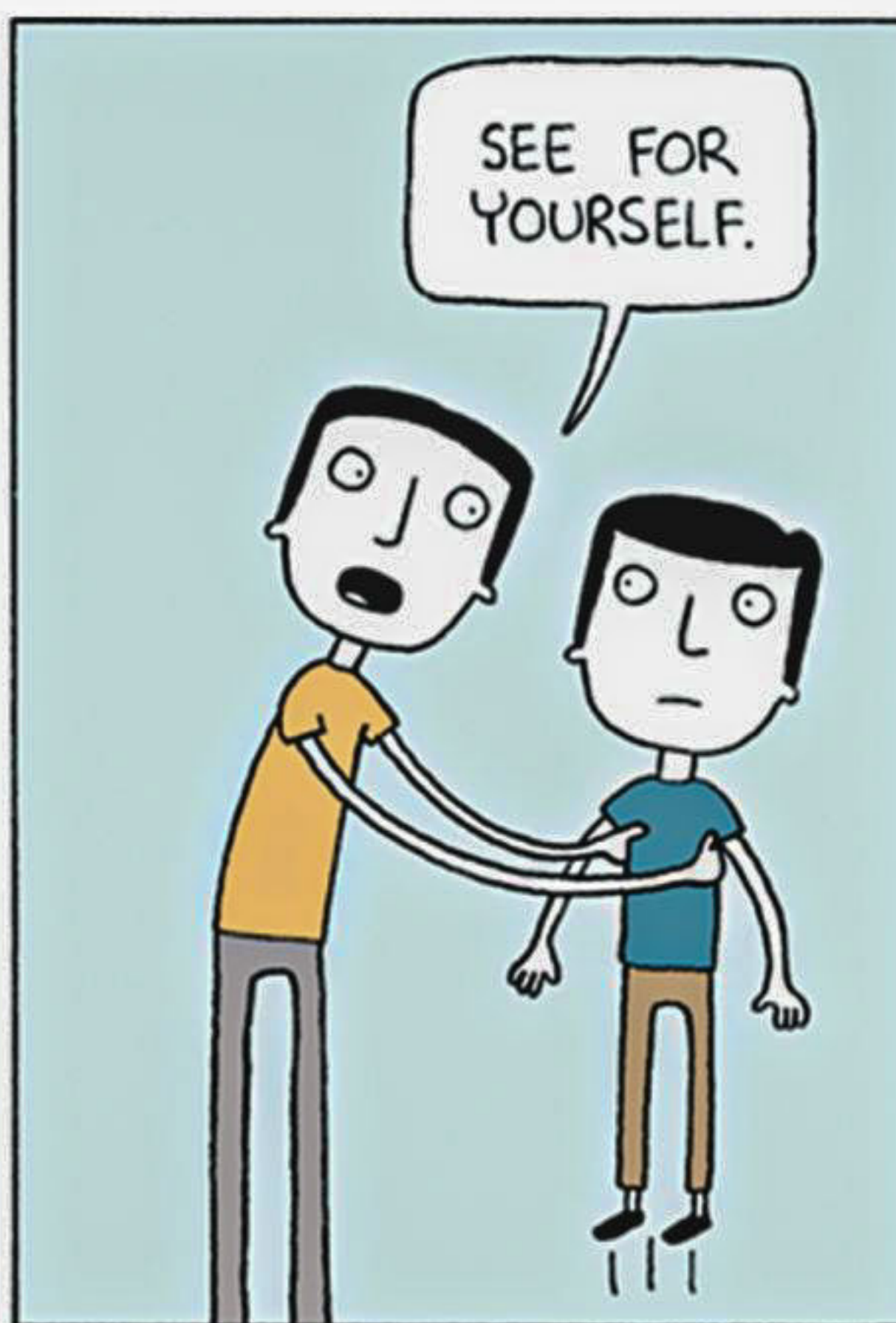
It would be socially acceptable for you to act both like a child and an adult,



depending on the situation. You're the perfect size for both ages.

You don't risk bumping your head on things and dying. Also, you can sit comfortably on the front seat of a car without your head touching the roof.

You can look both menacing and cute simultaneously. Most people on the internet seem to think that short people are evil because they're "closer to Hell." Well, use this to your advantage, little ones. Get your witch face on and show them who's boss when you need to.



However, if there ever comes a time when you want to get out of an unwanted task, smile and be your adorable self again. (This is also why world domination is in our hands and not in the huge hands of the tall folk.)

Although, I must regretfully add, you long-legged creatures one up us on various aspects as well.

You get the pleasure of not letting us reach something we want by simply taking it and raising your arm. You can use us as hand rests whenever you get the



chance. You can look down on us every time you talk to us, literally. You can reach things on high shelves easily while we have to master it through years of hardcore training. You have the upper hand in most sports. You can sit in front of us and block the view whenever you like.

Don't rest easy, though, tall ones. We'll get our revenge. Someday.

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