

HOROSCOPE



ARIES (MAR. 21- APRIL 20)

Take your time. Business and emotional partnerships will run smoothly. Be diplomatic. Your lucky day this week will be Monday.



TAURUS (APR. 21- MAY 21)

Stay out of other people's affairs. You can get a great deal accomplished if you bring work home. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.



GEMINI (MAY 22-JUNE 21)

Children may be on your mind. Arguments with relatives may lead to a split in the family. Your lucky day this week will be Friday.



CANCER (JUNE 22-JULY 22)

You may find your nights sleepless. This could be a difficult day to deal with coworkers. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.



LEO (JULY 23-AUG 22)

Travel will be favourable and bring you the greatest rewards. A passionate encounter with a loved one awaits. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.



VIRGO (AUG. 23-SEPT. 23)

Don't count on others to cover up. Look into joining groups that can give you hands-on advice about business. Your lucky day this week will be Friday.



LIBRA (SEPT. 24-OCT. 23)

You can make money through real estate or by using your head when it comes to personal investments. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.



SCORPIO (OCT. 24-NOV. 21)

Take a second look; difficulties with appliances, water, or electricity in your home may be evident. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday.



SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 22-DEC. 21)

Trustworthy people will try to entice you. Don't let others make you feel guilty or insecure. Your lucky day this week will be Friday.



CAPRICORN (DEC. 22-JAN. 20)

Try to understand their point of view. Problems with appliances or electrical gadgets will drive you crazy. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.



AQUARIUS (JAN. 21-FEB. 19)

You will be best suited to doing things around the house or inviting friends over for a visit. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.



PISCES (FEB. 20-MARCH. 20)

Someone you care about may not be too pleased with you. Don't be afraid to push your beliefs. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday.



MUSING

Mother knows best

"But didn't we just have Mother's Day?" some of you may be asking. I found myself in a bit of a panic because one Google search told me Mother's Day was on May 8, and then I started seeing advertisements for Mother's Day gifts in March, which, at the time, gave me zero time to go out and buy presents.

I decided to stick with the March date, which is actually Mothering Sunday in the UK, but I know a lot of people choose to celebrate the US version, in May.

I was worried because I did not have enough time to do anything special – I could not surprise her with a weekend shopping trip, or take her to her favourite restaurant, or even give in to the DIY craze and build her something. In the end my brother and I bought her flowers, a card, and I made her dinner. And even though the flowers were not special and the card was not handmade and the dinner did not go according to plan because of load shedding, my mother was happy.

That is one thing that my mother has always taught me, to not drive myself crazy striving for perfection. A mother sees perfection in anything her child does (apart from the first time I brought home a bad school report card). Your mother can have high expectations but still love you no matter what.

A mother does not look at price tags and monetary worth does not mean as much as thoughtfulness. Material possessions do not always last long, but a mother's love is constant, and to reciprocate that unconditional love and adoration is probably the greatest gift a mother could receive.

Our mothers and grandmothers have lectured us from day one, and those same lectures we would shrug off in the past are

the ones we think of today, and they are the same ones we pass on to our own children.

I mentioned the concept of perfection earlier; I was never made to feel like I was in competition with other girls. I was perfect in my own way despite any imperfections I saw within myself. We need to celebrate those women who do not bow to what society demands of us, but rather, teaches us to pave our own way however we feel most comfortable.

I do not remember specific lessons from my mother, and I know a lot of you may not either. I do not remember us standing in the kitchen with her in a floury apron, wagging a wooden stick at me, giving me a list of life lessons I had to memorise.



Instead, when I look back at the last two decades, I can remember themes. Empathy was the biggest thing – to be understanding of other people because I had no way of knowing exactly what they were going through and what they were thinking. Humour was and still is another major aspect of my relationship with my mother. After years of clashing with each other, we suddenly bonded over silly TV shows and we learnt to laugh with each other. We stopped taking everything so seriously and that has made a world of difference.

I learnt about resilience from my mother,

the same way she learnt it from hers. When I was younger and used to complain about things being unfair, my mother would always reply with "well, life isn't fair."

That 'suck it up' attitude was not one I was comfortable with, but it taught me to keep pushing no matter what obstacles come my way. A life where everything is handed to you on a silver platter is not a fulfilling or meaningful one at all, and embracing life with all its hardships and nuances makes you a hell of a lot stronger.

Parallel to these lessons were more immediate ones, like moisturising. My mother taught me the importance of taking care of my skin, by reminding me to moisturise every day, and by refusing to let me wear makeup until I was 16, much to my annoyance.

Our mothers taught us to be thrifty – there's no shame in being careful with money, and there is no shame in seeking out bargains instead of paying double or even triple the price in other shops. Our mothers taught us to minimise food waste and how to reuse ingredients if there is not much in the fridge. Despite modern medicine, they passed down tips from generations ago - things like eating papaya for stomach ailments.

Water, according to my mother, is the miracle cure. It used to frustrate me to no end, because I think a part of me demanded more attention and for her to make a bigger deal out of it. But she was steadfast in her ways and it taught me to deal with illnesses a lot better. I was told to drink water, rest, and see how I felt. And nine times out of ten, it was nothing to worry about.

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