

Being Friends with Parents on Facebook

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Whether it's to stay connected or because they want to keep a close eye on our activities, parents often end up befriending us on Facebook, sometimes maybe even against our will. Whatever the case may be, if you have mom and/or dad on the friend list you're probably familiar with the following instances. And you're not alone.

Being Fraped is a Distaster

Do you ever unthinkingly leave your Facebook logged in only to fall prey to frapes by friends, colleagues or cousins? It happens to me every other week and I know how hard it is explaining to my parents why I've checked into a hotel in a remote area in Thailand or why/how on earth I just got engaged or posted some un-printable stuff that will basically "bring shame to my family". After the initial shock wears off, your parents are likely to publicly bash you on that particular post, which is definitely a cherry on top for the frapist.

Blast from the Past

You're suddenly shocked by an onslaught of notifications one fine day. After checking your phone you find that your mother has decided to fish out baby pictures of you – not-so-clothed ones – and has uploaded them, tagging you and 15 others. And she didn't forget to leave mushy, embarrassing comments and captions either. This could be worse though; cute baby pictures are usually better than pre-puberty geeky ones that you were sure

you had deleted or burned but lo and behold, your mother has salvaged a few.

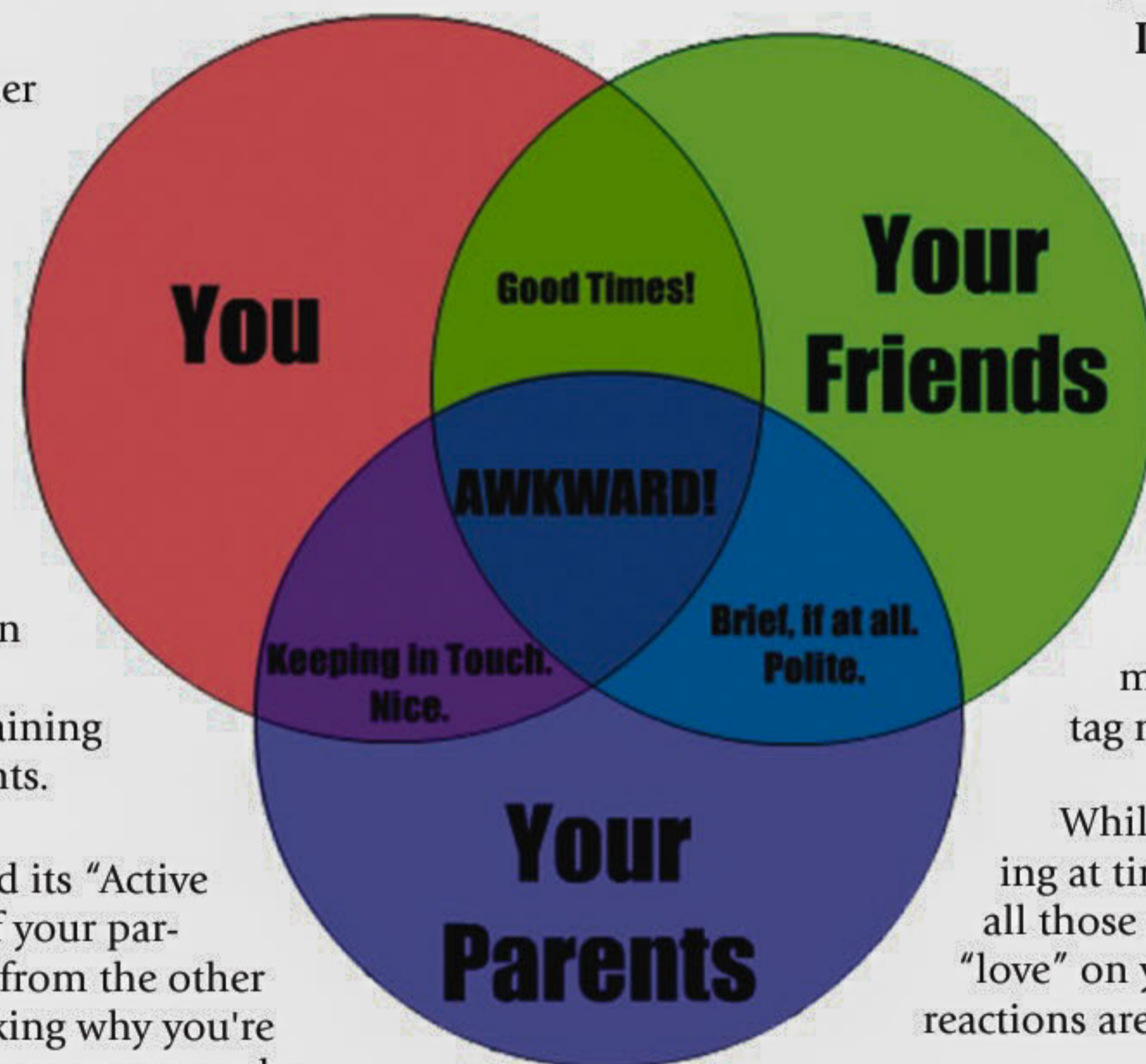
NSFW Content

Knowing mother or father dearest may be making visits to your profile may be enough for you to refrain from sharing less than appropriate content, but the same can't be said about your friends. We all have that one friend who'll tag us to crude jokes or make inappropriate comments on our posts, just for fun of course, but good luck explaining that to your horrified parents.

Are You Studying?

Thanks to messenger and its "Active Now", don't be surprised if your parents knock you (especially from the other room) at random times asking why you're not studying. After all, your exams are only 289 days away! They'll leave an angry sticker too, for emphasis. To make sure you are, in fact, studying they'll spam your wall with educational links and articles

Facebook Encounters



that are along the lines of "Using your phone will permanently damage your brain."

Dost, Don't Check In

Bunking class and going out for burgers with friends is probably incomplete without a badass check-in and selfie, but it is of utmost importance that your parents do not know that you're not actually in math class. So, while your friends pose for that photo, you duck under the table and mumble, "dost, please don't tag me!"

While it may get a little frustrating at times, just remember, out of all those people who react with a "love" on your posts, your parents' reactions are the most genuine.

Salma Mohammad Ali fears she is becoming a crazy cat lady and uses writing as a means to grasp on to sanity. Send her your views/hate/love at fb.com/salma.ali209

BHABI JANEN?

MAYABEE ARANNYA

If celebrities think they have it hard because paparazzi give them no freedom and privacy, then they clearly have never heard of the lives of teenagers in Bangladesh and their dear aunties and uncles.

I think it's safe to say that every single one of us have met at least one aunty or uncle who has made our lives just a bit (or a lot more) worse than it need to be. I wonder if they have a secret parent alliance that no kids are allowed to know about, and they hold meetings at almost every coaching centre waiting room, in front of school gates, or at one of their living rooms. Their only topic? Our personal lives.

Even though there are, unfortunately, countless places where we might have to face these people, they all somehow fall into a few of the same categories of "privacy invaders".

The No Personal Space Enforcers

These aunties and uncles believe that there should be minimum distance between them and their children at all times. This means that whenever you hang out with these kids, you hang out with their parents too. They go everywhere with them — classes, restaurants, movies, you name it. I don't know how you like to chill but I surely don't want baby boomers in my squad.

The Gawkers

When I was younger, never had I imagined I would have to someday fight my urge to tell an aunty of all people, "My eyes are up here." This group consists of only aunties and is after mostly girls. Don't even get me



started on what they discuss with each other after their staring periods have ended.

The Rumour Generators

These aunties and uncles are more in the loop than I am most of the time and would probably be able to successfully run tabloids if they ever wanted to quit their long-lasting professions of ruining our lives. The fastest way to transfer information, in my opinion, is the Aunty Network. It takes them minutes to spread rumours like wildfire. However, just like Chinese whispers, the rumours get altered every few aunties, and you end up being known for something you have never done.

The Complaint Makers

A boy sat next to a girl in class. Oh no, the world's about to end. This is horrifying. What ever could we do? *Oh, I know!* Let's go complain to the teachers about this incident that is completely unrelated to them and make sure they do something about it. Please leave us and our teachers alone. We're too stressed out already to even think about taking on anything more.

Till now, I have had no luck in finding a solution to this problem. Perhaps all of us could collectively go up to the aunties and uncles and say the magic word and hope that they'll get their priorities straight? Ah, who am I kidding? This problem is as old as time.

Mayabee Arannya is a confused soul still searching for a purpose. Give her advice on life at facebook.com/mayabee.arannya