

# Am I already done with my First Year?!

FARIA KHAN

It is honestly crazy how fast the last twelve months went by. A year filled with highs and lows, moments of bliss and misery and mostly, the year that made me realize – it's all for real, I'm not a baby anymore. School is over and I'm already done with my first year of university. Like, what? How did that happen?!

Coming from a school with an environment that makes myself say I'm a *farm-er murgi*, I found myself in a place where I felt as though I was a little girl again - lost in the loud and terrifying fair with people stepping on me like I don't even exist. That is how I started out my first semester. I was definitely being optimistic, no doubt about that. It was a new chapter in my life. I stepped into my very first class with a smile on my face (and umm crying a little bit on the inside). How hard could it be though, right? Well, ten minutes into the class, I was being taught about the wires being connected in series and parallel and I remember thinking "You know its university when you start your first English class with this metaphor." Turns out, I was in a class filled with second year engineering students. I walked out without making eye contact with any of the zombie faced

creatures, some worn-out, some hidden under 10 kgs worth of makeup, oh so embarrassed.

Here's the break down. In your first semester, you will like how smoothly everything's going. A few barriers won't stop you. You'll see the friendliest of faces in class. High school drama is over. It's like the backstabbing snakes never even existed. First and foremost, they will add you on Facebook. Then they will be willing to help you out and make study groups, take selfies, and then even more selfies. It's like making best friends is the easiest thing in the world. Once you're into the second semester, all that's over. No more sugar coated friends. By the end of the year, you'll hopefully have a solid squad, you know, the ones who made it because of the survival of the fittest? Also, YOU will become the zombie faced creature by this time.

Now moving on to the real part – studies. First semester will be a breeze, trust me. You know, when you bite into a chilli and there's this sweet, cool juice that squirts out; the fresh taste? It's something like that. You'll feel some pressure, but you'll deal with it. It will gradually build up but only when you're in your third semester and you're almost done with the first year will you get the kick. That's when



you tear up and realize – THIS IS FOR REAL. Sleepless nights, foodless days, it's all normal. Deadlines are only met once you've lost blood and sweat.

So for all you freshmen, freshers, whatever they call you to make you feel

special, enjoy it while you can and brace yourself for the storm.

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## THE ART of Making Excuses

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Do you mumble pathetic things like "the dog ate it" while stuffing paper in your mouth when your teacher asks for your homework? Are you ashamed of yourself for lacking the ability to come up with solid, believable excuses? Then read on, for I shall teach you to master the art of making excuses.

Homework, work, household chores, going out with friends, forgetting birthdays/anniversaries- a master excuse-maker can get out of any sticky situation in the blink of an eye by applying some fool-proof strategies:

**Show Evidence:** Even the most well planned excuse can fall apart if you don't have enough proof to back it up. Why should your friends believe that you can't make it to the hangout because you're going to Cox's Bazaar for a family vacation? A Facebook check-in "Chilling at Inani Beach- with 6 others" is a nice touch but a useless one if you don't have some photographic evidence. This is when years of previous experience of Photoshopping yourself with random celebrities will finally pay off. If one of your friends calls you up to check, be sure to make some background noise during the phone call – a whoosh of the waves in the sea can never go wrong.

**Details are Key:** Saying your relative was terribly ill is a lazy excuse. Delving into details and saying your father's-barber's-son's-teacher's mother-in-law suffered a fall down the stairs because she tripped on the 4th step while rushing towards the kitchen to

make sure the *rooti* didn't burn, is a well thought-out, believable excuse. Now is a good time to remember your 8th grade English teacher's advice – be descriptive but interesting. Remember to include the name of the hospital she was taken to, the room number, and how much you liked the nurse's uniform.

**Be Creative:** Don't think up mundane scenarios where you were stuck in traffic, or your car tyre got punctured. You can do better than that. Claim you were late for that meeting because you were stuck in traffic and your tyre got punctured and as you tried to change the tyre, it started raining heavily (yes, blame Mother Nature) so you got drenched and had to walk back home, change your clothes and walk all the way to work.

**Know the Enemy:** Your excuse may be presented to your boss, teacher or someone else. Find out everything you can about this person. With the right approach they will warm up to you and buy your excuse in no time. Is your boss a cat-lover who had his first pet when he was 5 years old? Was this pet a ginger cat with green eyes? Explain to him how you had set out for work but came across an abandoned ginger kitten on the road that you just had to take back home and adopt. You're bound to see a tear in his eye, he may even give you a promotion.

Following these tips will ensure you can squirm your way out of any obligation. Or maybe, you could stop being the lazy, dishonest procrastinator that you are and make yourself useful for a change. What is wrong with you?

*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](https://www.facebook.com/salma.ali209)*