



# DUDE, WHERE'S MY RICKSHAW?

MUHAMMAD MUHTASIM JAWAD

*"We don't meet anymore (x3), like we used to dooo!"*

Yes, I have resorted to singing my own versions of mainstream songs. I am depressed and annoyed at the same time. The break from regular rickshaw rides is something seriously painful. If you travel through Gulshan, Banani or Niketon, you can probably relate to this agony.

*"The toxicity of our city, of our ciityyy!"*

Our beloved Dhaka has always been infamous for the gridlock on the streets throughout the day. But now the citizens face an even greater annoyance in some of the poshest parts of the city. Fighting over a single rickshaw at key points deep inside

these territories is a common scenario nowadays. Everyone has urgent needs: some have to travel to their coaching centres, some must pick up their siblings from school while some just need to go home. Once you do manage to win the battle against hundred other pedestrians hungry for a rickshaw, the rickshawallas make that vein on your forehead a little more prominent. Clad in yellow vests, they take advantage of your tragic situation and charge an extra 10 or 20 bucks. *"Never mind, I'll find someone like you!"*

Nope. The love for rickshaw cannot be placed on any other vehicle. CNG auto-rickshaw drivers ask for 100 bucks for transporting you from Gulshan-1 to Gulshan-2. Does that sound like a fair

deal to you? Next, let's talk about the newest attraction: rickshaw van! Yes folks, rickshaw vans have joined the party. If you do not care about your prestige in the eyes of all your buddies and relatives, you may avail this cool service which was previously only restricted to remote vil-lages of Bangladesh.

*"I'm gonna swing from the Dhaka Chaka, from the Dhaka Chakaaa!"*

Well, that might sound lovely in your head, but what will I do with the bus when I am away from the main road? Will I get a ride when I get out of my student's home at 9 pm? When I do manage to reach the pick-up points, I am almost always greeted by a very sizable queue of people. Let's fight for a seat,

shall we?

*"Every night in my dreams, I see you... I feel youuuu!"*

Dear rickshaw, you are the Jack in my own Titanic movie. Haters may argue that rickshaws do not fit on the figurative plank that this sophisticated Gulshan-Banani zone represents, but let's agree to disagree. Rickshaws are an integral part of Dhaka life - Gulshan, Banani included - and they should be allowed to enter and leave the numerous check-posts.

*Jawad is your next-door wizard who needs you to get him his wand. A bamboo stick will work too. Shout at him on facebook.com/jawad.muhtasim or jawad.mmjr@gmail.com*

# Six Hours of Dubstep Remixes

MITHI CHOWDHURY

What's the weirdest Thursday you've ever had? Hard to say off the bat - and I thought so too. That is, until some dare at the office started trending, and I suddenly found everyone looking to me as the next target.

Fast forward some weeks and I now know what my weirdest Thursday is: I have to sit through six hours of dubstep tracks, and "document" the hourly progression of my state of mind (my colleagues' giggles of anticipation at the notion seemed positively demonic). Strangely though, I'm looking forward to this. Should be fun.

**Hour 1**

Here's the thing - I know next to nothing about dubstep. YouTube helps; although, I steer clear of the recommended "Best Deathstep/Hard Dubstep 2016" video that pops up. I wise up after a little digging, and decide to stick to dubstep remixes of popular songs, along with a particular "Dubstep Mix for Gaming" that intrigues me. My playlist is now ready.

**Hour 2**

I'm greeted by a remix of Radioactive by Imagine Dragons. Being a fan of the original song helps - I don't find this half bad. Six hours will be a breeze. Mom came by twice though. She told me

to turn down the "unholy cacophony of dying horses!" What does she know? Pfft. Time to find the headphones.

**Hour 3**

I've never noticed how much cooler my room looks upside down. Lying on my bed with my head hanging off the edge, I see intricate patterns in the long strands of my hair trailing down to the floor. The music is starting to feel a tad too loud, if "tad" meant putting a wrecking ball through a wall (fifty bucks to guess what remix I'm listening to). Strangely though, it's not painful. I'm sort of, how do I put it, numb? I hear Miley though: the dull ache of leading a "celebrity" life devoid of meaningful relationships... and everything else Cyrus has been through.

I almost forgive her for that horrifying performance with Robin Thicke at the 2014 VMAs. Almost.

**Hour 4**

It's well into the evening, but my room is left dark, save for the light from my laptop. It sends surreal shadows upwards. Who's that in the mirror, with hollowed out shadows for eyes? Why is she smiling? And wearing my clothes?

Who am I, really? It's just like the Alan Walker remix says - "I'm faded". I've been chasing dreams. I am rogue information in some far away system, and have compulsively imagined other beings into existence around me

- so that I don't feel alone. My life is a twisted version of The Truman Show.

**Hour 5**

We've all experienced pain at some point in our lives. Whether it's the loss of a beloved pet, or the heartbreak from a failing relationship, pain is as inevitable as a tree shedding leaves during winter.

It leaves us breathless, frequently hopeless but a drizzle ends with a rainbow. You just have to find the courage within you to keep fighting.

Now, what do I do about this lethal headache?

**Hour 6**

Dubstep isn't music. It's a philosophy. It is an inbred defiance of the mundane, of the colourless, of the easy way out. Dubstep is the strength of doing

things your way. It is being comfortable in your own skin, the yearning to yell your name from mountain tops. It is laughing aloud in strange places amid strangers, leaving them wondering. Dubstep is life.

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**That sounds hot..**

**BWEEEEE!**

