

Bearing the Burden of Under-Eye Bags

I HAVE DESIGNER
BAGS



UNDER MY EYES.

MAYABEE ARANNYA

Most of us night owls can function just as well as the early to bed squad but our pesky dark circles blow our cover every time, revealing just how much sleep we actually got last night and make us subject to a whole lot of criticism.

"What do you do all night?"

I've been asked this question too many times already, often by the same people, and I still, to this day, have no definite answer for this.

Time flies, taking me with it. Sometimes, I'll casually look at the clock and see it's 5 a.m. and I'm still wide awake with no clue what I had been doing for hours. Please just assume I was being highly productive and leave me alone.

"You must be tired"

We are all utterly exhausted with life at this point and my dark circles are scars from the wounds life has inflicted on me and I wear them with pride, as we all should.

"Really? I thought you were older!"

Do people mistake dark circles for

wrinkles? When I was younger and sleep was a friend I had for sufficient amounts of time, people used to think I was younger than I actually was. Now that I adorn my face with the darkest of circles, it seems I've begun to age at a higher rate. Perhaps we associate dark circles with adults who work hard day and night and so having them automatically means you're a hardworking old person.

"So that's why you get good grades/get things done"

I actually enjoy this assumption. Yes, of course I was studying or working all night and not watching random YouTube videos on how to make bubble tea. Maybe we should start encouraging people to stay up late as well, convincing them that they'll get so much done all night, then send them links to videos of cute puppies the entire time, and gradually start building our own insomniac army to turn the tables on the early risers.

"Have you tried concealer?"

How DARE you try to convince me into hiding the dark circles that

make me who I am? The darker they get, the more pride I shall take in them. Although, on second thought, got any concealer tips? I think I'm doing something very wrong since patches of my dark circles keep peeking through, making me look miserably discoloured. Maybe I should just use a lot of eyeliner and go for the panda look. Everybody loves pandas.

The worst scenario of all is when you always get a good night's sleep but wake up to extreme dark circles under your eyes, all because they're genetic. You'll still have to face all the criticism, but you'll have no solution to it. When you try to explain to people how it's all genetic, they'll most probably laugh at you and think you're trying to cover up your bad sleeping habits. If you're one of these people, I pray you will someday find solace in this horror film you call life.

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

It's Time to Make Peace with Spiders

ZOHEB MASHIUR

First of all, let's just all have the bravery to be honest about this: spiders are super-scary and would probably have never existed in an ideal universe. However, #Trump2016 and The Big Bang Theory's immortality prove without a doubt that whatever else *this* universe is, it is not ideal. Hence, spiders.

Spiders exist and aren't going away anytime soon. We as a species refuse to accept the uncomfortable truth that we must coexist with the arachnid races. Yet accept it we must. We must face facts, look the truth right in eye and –

Oh God why does the truth have so many eyes help

Now, I've been a dedicated arachnophobe my whole life. It's one of the few remaining socially-acceptable forms prejudice and I have no intention of giving up the privilege of hating and fearing a form of life just for looking different to me. And how different spiders look indeed. *What is up with those legs?*

Quadrupeds are OK; I mean, we've successfully proven that two legs work just fine so you'd imagine that after a few million years cows and mice would have gotten the hint, but what's a couple of extra legs between friends? Insects, though... what the hell? Why do they need *six* legs, exactly? They don't help them move any faster (the day a cockroach outruns a horse, give me a call so I can book us a flight out of this planet). Some of them even have wings too. It's a disgusting display of excess and the ani-

mal kingdom isn't impressed by it, insects.

But then we come to spiders, and you know they're just doing it to annoy. Eight legs? Get out. Come back when you're ready to be taken seriously. And take the scorpions with you.

(I know millipedes exist but I'm hope that if we don't pay them any attention they'll just stop.)

It's an unforgettable experience, the first time you feel those eight limbs scurrying up the confines of your trouser leg. The sensation calls you to action. Clearly there isn't room enough for both you and a spider in a single pair of pants. Most people solve the dilemma by strongly encouraging the spider to retreat, by shaking the affected leg frantically and/or swatting at the thing's shape beneath the fabric.

What happens when the spider holds fast? Would you grimly soldier through the day with your new neighbour... or would you vacate the trousers themselves rather than cohabit with the enemy? The latter is understandable but not commendable. Not only is it undignified surrender, it makes the spider feel very smug.

And don't even talk to me about the number of times they've surprised me, personally, in the bathroom. Dirty, rotten trick, sneaking up on me when I'm at my most vulnerable. I admit I've displayed cowardice on such occasions. I've let the spider win, we've all let the spider win.

For how much longer can such things be? We can't keep avoiding these freakish beasts forever, and while we can kill them



in their ones or even thousands we know that's no permanent solution to the problem. What I propose may sound radical – certainly unpleasant – but I fear that we have no choice but to *get over it*.

I mean, spiders have eight legs and that's really weird and some species have bites that can cause skin and flesh to die in the local area, but Donald Trump has the US presidency and that should really

put things in context. We as a species need to look hard at ourselves and ask, "Guys, what are we doing? Are we okay?" Introspection is tough and scary, even scarier than spiders, but it's time to admit that maybe it's us that arachnids should be running away from.

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