

Are you dating a Quasi-parent?

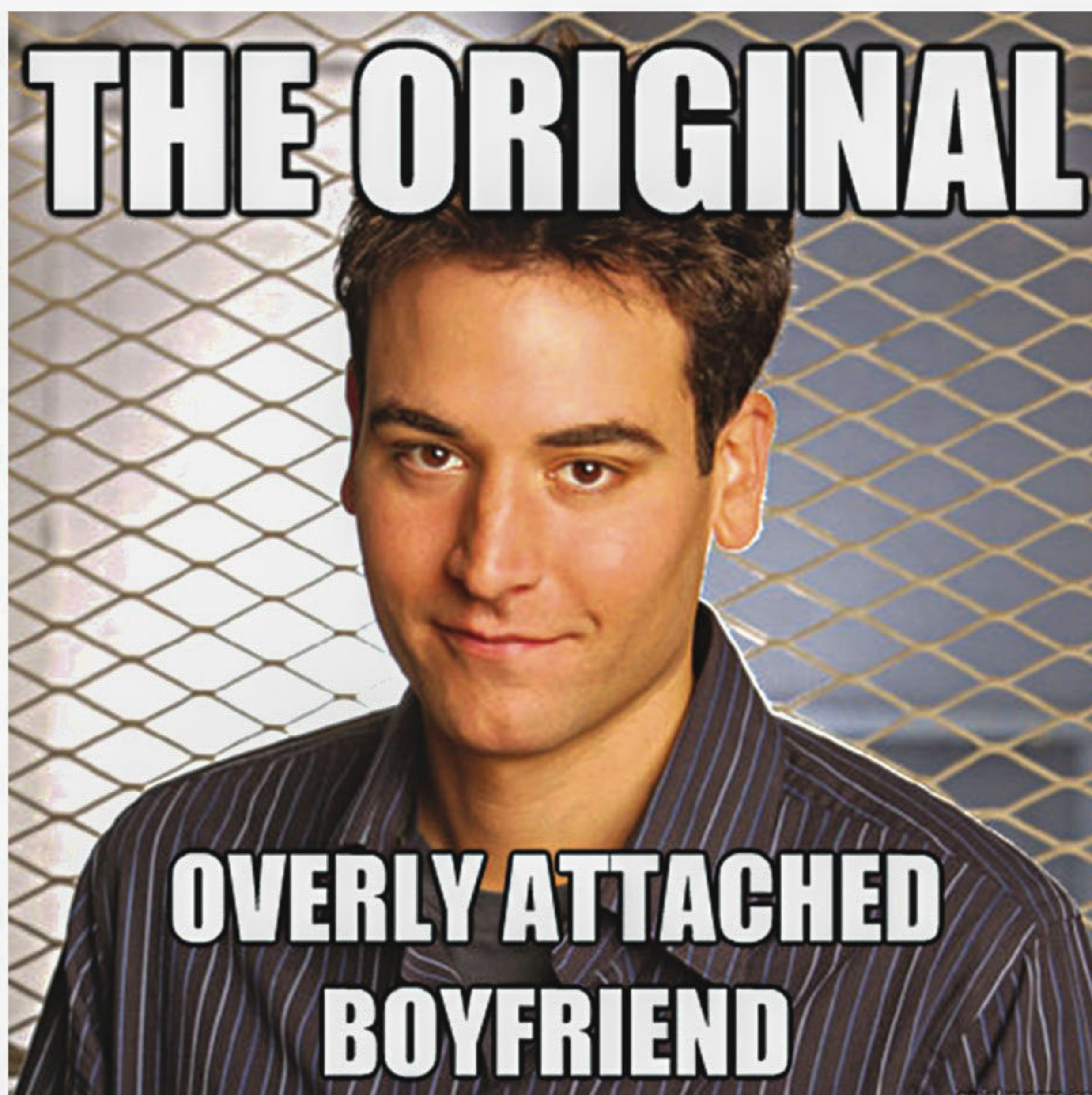
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Does your significant other call you every ten minutes to ask about your whereabouts? Do they restrict you from going to certain places or impose a curfew for returning home even before your mom does? If your answer is yes, don't say it out loud. Look horrified and pat yourself on the shoulders for acquiring a third parent.

We humans yearn for our love lives to resemble nothing short of a strawberry-cheese cake, sprinkled with chocolate chip cookies dipped in caramel and extra cheese. Did I mention cheese? On the quest to find the ultimate cr me de la cr me of sweethearts, we often end up dating someone whose curve of caring and affection stretches to form an uncomfortable gradient slowly placing us in the child-zone.

Most of us will reckon the constant reminders to feed ourselves or the getting worried part when we hit the road as cute, but one needs to be able to distinguish when cute quickly matures to creepy.

Many young females have been subjected to their boyfriends acting as the police for modest dressing. This sort of conduct does not usually surface during the courtship phase but once the deal has been sealed, especially on social media, they gradually and metaphorically encroach into their closet territory and try to subtly disrupt the harmony in the *  la mode* wardrobe. To save you from decadence or to ward off evil looks that your slim fitting Levi's will allure, they will make it their business to ensure you are clad in a manner they think appropriate. You are even asked to limit your usage of accessories due to some ineffable reason. Afia Chowdhury, a student of BBA, expressed frustration upon recalling how



her ex had a problem with her piercing her nose and more so for doing it without consulting him first. This complication can occur for the opposite gender as well. A lot of guys out there lose the ownership of their lives to their girls with beautiful batting eyelashes; albeit fake. From taking permission for going on a road trip with their squad to getting rebuked and looks of disapproval when playing one extra

game of FIFA; this type of nuisance should not occur in any size, shape or gender.

You frequently have to suffer from the continuous barrage of nitpicking and being told that your room is just as messy as your life. That is still acceptable but you know the line is well crossed and destroyed when they assign the same adjective to that well-groomed perfect set

of hair you have been pampering and nurturing since birth. I mean your favourite barber, Kader bhai, said it was lit.

Your setting turns downright dystopian when your better half is actually the better one in terms of academic performance or anything the society deems credible and they decide to shove down their "methods of excelling" down your throat with a debonair of know-it-all attitude. The scenario aggravates when your real guardians authorise these and actually grow fond of them. It is not unnatural to picture your parents' faces on them when they keep repeating, "You don't know what's good for you, *shona*." It's like they are internally playing mommy and daddy. Gross. In this case, keep the real and quasi-parents away from each other. You will never know what they will conspire together behind your backs.

I can shoot my hand up for a "been there, suffered that" moment since I once walked on a similar pathway where my candle-lit dates would evolve into physics classes every time I scored inadequately in my mock exams.

Psychologists actually have gone on record to say that we are subconsciously inclined to look for partners who share common traits with our parents due to some Freud-like explanation which should be best left unread. Putting that aside for now, talk to your special ones about how they should not tread in these territories and if all else fails: start asking for money from them. That ought to do the trick. It always does the trick.

Iqra suffers from wanderlust, dreams of discovering the Loch Ness Monster and occasionally complains about Economics. Tell her to get a life at iqralaqa@gmail.com or <https://www.facebook.com/iqra.l.qamari>

Today 11:08 PM

Can you not like my boyfriend's pictures on Instagram? Thanks.

your bf is my cousin lol

Delivered

That doesn't give you a right to like his pictures.

me as a girlfriend..

My phones about to die

You're next if you don't find a charger.

Delivered