

A Day in the Life of an Only Child



FATIUL HUQ SUJOY

09:07 am

Mojammel wakes up to the smell of omelette and a sense of perpetual loneliness. He confirms his fear as he finds omelette served for breakfast instead of anything else. "You know I can't stand this smell, mom. I want chicken curry with a side dish of *aloo bhaji*," demands Mojammel. His mother feels disappointed at the ungrateful child she raised but abides anyway because she doesn't want her little angel to starve.

On the other hand, Mojammel deduces the omelette as a bad omen and tries to find out ways to nullify the misfortune it may bear. Being an only child, he strug-

brings tiffin."

"What a mommy's boy!"

Mojammel tunes out the slights and starts eating his tiffin not only because bringing a tiffin instead of his dad seeing him off to class everyday was a good trade-off but also because he's very hungry. Being an only child, an unhindered supply of food whenever requested has turned him into a shameless glutton.

03:51 pm

"Hello, dad? Yeah, I'm going to meet with some friends. So I'll be a bit late."

"Who'll be there? Tell me everyone's name."

"Ugh... You wouldn't recognise everyone."

"Okay then, tell me the ones I would."

deal with his parents' constant concern about their son's well-being.

06:16 pm

Mojammel expected a fun afternoon out with friends, but instead got into one of his worst nightmares – socialising with strangers, since a friend brought his other friends along with him. Being an only child, Mojammel has the worst social skills.

But after an hour of awkward interactions, Mojammel has found a common ground. The strangers once went to watch a movie at a local theatre, which Mojammel also visited. Though the movies were different, the discussion of how the theatre's seats can be more comfortable and the popcorn more salted was something he can take part in.

As the pizza arrives, everyone else sighs in relief as their critical analysis of a movie theatre got a bit too desperate. Still blinded by his profound social skills, Mojammel forgets his complete lack of ability to serve food, starts serving the pizza and wastes a slice as it lands on the table. As everyone groans in despair for the fallen food, Mojammel mistakes it for groans of disgust towards his existence. Being an only child, he is incapable of understanding basic human emotions and has a list of insecurities as long as his list of siblings plus the number of his insecurities.

07:18 pm

Back home with a heavy heart, Mojammel only wishes to spend some alone time in the solitude of his room. But the curse of the omelette remains. He finds that they have visitors, who are strangers and worse still, have children with them.

But Mojammel isn't terrified, he knows the drill. He will greet the visitors, they will talk about his education, how lucky he is to be an only child and how much responsibility he has, and he will nod and smile shyly. Then after a few moments of awkward silence due to the lack of topic to talk about he will be told to take the kids inside to look after them while they play. If the stars align then the kids will be good-natured. But as the stench of the omelette prophesised, the kids start wreaking havoc the minute they are out of their parents' eyesight.

In times like this Mojammel truly finds the blessing in his lack of siblings. Being an only child, he very much treasures his privacy.

10:33 pm

As the visitors are about to leave, the kids plead to play with their Mojammel bhैया some more. With all the adults' expecting eyes on Mojammel, he falsely promises the kids that he'll play with them again tomorrow, knowing all too well that they're too young to remember anything after a night's sleep while he has to bear with him the few hours of genuine fun he enjoyed with the younglings which he'll never get again.

After cleaning up the mess the kids and eventually he himself made, Mojammel finally gets to lie on his bed with no more deafening screeches or random objects getting thrown in the air. He decides to go to sleep, believing he too can stop missing them after a good slumber. Being an only child, he really cherishes good company but refuses to accept it.

Dreaming of another smelly omelette in the morning, he falls asleep.

Fatiul Huq Sujoy is a tired soul (mostly because of his frail body) who's patiently waiting for Hagrid to appear and tell him, "Ye're a saiyan, lord commander." Suggest him places to travel and food-ventures to take at fb.com/SyedSujoy.



gles to cope with situations and objects he doesn't like, regardless the severity.

12:24 pm

"You brought tiffin? What'd you get?" asks one of Mojammel's classmates. A horde of them now surround him, lured by his tiffin's aroma.

"Whatever it is, I won't share," replies Mojammel sternly, triggering the crowd.

"Well we didn't want any," says one of them.

"We're not babies like you. We're men who don't feel unmanly stuffs like hunger," another one chimes in.

"2nd year in university and he still

"Well you know Selim, he came to my house once."

"Text me his and his dad's numbers."

"Yeah and then call me five more times to know how to see a text message?"

"Also, where is this place? Is it far? I'll send the car. No, I'll come pick you up myself."

"For the love of God, please don't."

"Okay then. But be careful. Look both ways while crossing the streets."

"I'm 21, dad."

"Also return home before dark. And don't talk to strangers."

Being an only child, Mojammel has to

yes, i am an only child.
no, i am not lonely.

