

Awkward Situations and How to Respond to Them

MASHIYAT NAYEEM

Life is dark and full of terrors. Sometimes terror contorts into the shape of an awkward situation and even the most nihilist person can't help but feel awkward when the situation calls for it.

Mistakenly going to a different grade on your first day at a new school

Been there, done that. Thankfully, the effect of this one only lasts a day but even so make sure you realise your name has not been called while checking attendance before the day is over.

Being stuck in the lift with your shirtless neighbour who is putting on a shirt

Don't look. I warn you. No eye contact. This may be the time to try out your new Invisibility Cloak. Or you can abort the mission and get off the elevator in the next floor.

Crashing your crush's date with their new significant other

Start digging your grave. Also, bro zone your crush. Bro zone his/her partner. Walk out and cry yourself to sleep.

When a stranger auntie starts showing you her son's photos explaining why he is the perfect patro

This has happened to my best friend quite a few times since she is tall and has



@TomFelton
Tom Felton

Pretty proud to say I'm probably the only kid that ever hugged Voldemort. Even if it was awkward #voldemorthuggedme



the much coveted forsha skin. She usually responds with "Bhai thamen, ami class 9 e" and makes a run for it.

Going to an office party and eating at the buffet, only to be told by your boss that it's for another party

Regurgitate those spring rolls, no?

Accidentally addressing an official person as "mama" instead of "ma'am" in an email

When you are a Bangladeshi, everyone is a mama. Or a mumma. You might want to send a follow up mail apologising over this fact.

When your dad scrutinizes your friend of the opposite gender

Lower into the grave you dug earlier and never return.

Repeating the same thing over and over again in a speech until you give up and walk out

Well what are you waiting for? You have already walked out of it.

When you are eating out with a friend and a parent walks in

Contemplate for several long seconds whether to greet them with a salam or not because some say you don't do it while eating. Make some uncomfortable small talk and proceed to mechanically playing with your spoon. Hope against hope that they don't linger for long.

Accidentally calling someone on social media and forgetting to apologise. They ask if you miss them that much

Truths are always the hardest. It hurts people and breaks hearts. But undeniably, the truth shall set you free.

Your entire teenage years

Get rid of all the evidences duh. May God bless your poor soul.

Mashiyat Nayeem is a little squirrel who keeps looking for nuts while eating out with her friends. Send her your spare nuts: mashiyat.nayeem@gmail.com

A Month Without Music

And how it crippled me from the inside

NUREN IFTEKHAR

When Passenger sang "Only know you love her when you let her go" in that melancholic voice I underestimated those words. It was made evident to me when that song, along with my entire library, left me in a sudden bitter divorce. My computer decided that the sound of silence is the only thing I need to hear and no, I'm not talking about the song. Instead of trying to fix my computer like a normal person I decided that if life is going to play hard ball, I'd might as well bring out the Babe Ruth in me. I began my expedition of a month without music.

Spending a month without music didn't seem so hard at first. I've made bigger sacrifices in life (like how I sacrifice my sleep in the name of education every day). This was just another hurdle I could laugh at and then pole vault over like they do in the olympics, right? I was wrong. So very wrong. How daunting the task is became



apparent on the third day. I was trying to finish a 14 page long report and the silence clung to me like my insecurities during puberty. I could see every word I was writing in slow motion. I realized how incredibly tedious the act of writing becomes without having Alice in Chains beside you.

I could have sworn I was the victim of some sort of time manipulating poltergeist as I finished one page and checked the clock to see an entire hour had passed. Realising that this is my life from now on for the next 27 days I did what any responsible adult would have done—I wept holding my *kolbalish*.

The bright side to depriving myself of music was that I began to appreciate the ones in my friendlist whose sole job is to post a random lyrics to songs from time to time. I began to relish these as my brain tried to do its best impression of a speaker and sang the tune to it in my mind. Thank you, Mr. Brain, I appreciate the effort you put behind it, also thank

you random stranger for sharing that *Ayub Bacchu* song.

As I trudged through my thirty days of silence I began to slowly lose my sanity. I know you think I'm exaggerating but that's the only way I can explain the fact that I was merrily listening to the mind-numbingly terrible Hindi songs played out loud with some broken speakers across the road in a wedding. I don't know how to look at myself in the mirror now after singing along to the tune of "Nagin" that day. But it also proves that beggars can't be choosers. I'll take what that DJ has to offer over crippling silence,

thank you.

As my self-inflicted exile began to near its end, I could almost hear The White Stripes calling out to me. But if there's one thing I learned it's that you truly appreciate the things you have once they are taken away from you. I realised how much the sound of music brings to our lives after abstaining from it for a month. Now that I have done so, even Die Antwoord makes more sense to me and that is saying something. So don't forget to appreciate the little things in your lives, even if it's just a corny Coldplay song.

