

# GeTTING MuGGED: Phone Edition

*If you are a Dhaka city dweller, getting mugged is inevitable. If you live here and have managed to not fall a victim to this inexorable crime, teach us, Senpai. Mainly, it's losing your phone that causes the most distress.*

**TASNIM ODRIKA**

The first few days are definitely the toughest. The moment you realize that your phone is not in that certain pocket of your bag where you always kept it, will without a doubt be in your list of "Top 10 Most Heart-Rending Moments". You frantically search for the phone in the other pockets of your bag, the pockets of your pants, and any other pocket imaginable - but it's gone.

The next few days will consist of absent-mindedly reaching for your phone to take a selfie only to turn on the flashlight of your Nokia 1100 (which you were forced to use by your mom for the time being). Then you have to return home to the constant yelling of your parents, "Ebar tomake ar phone kine dewa hobe na". Alas, you can't even use your phone to go on Facebook to post a status saying, "Feeling sad" (You could use your computer to log onto Facebook but who does that anymore? That's so 2010 right?).

As the days go by, you become used to smiling through the pain as the rest of your friends flash their iPhones in front of you.

To pass your time, you space out and wonder why the things you love always end up leaving you (deep in reverie, you sometimes even creep out some strangers as you unwarily stare at them).

All jokes aside, losing your phone is not a pleasant experience. You lose thousands of pictures (that you've been meaning to backup but never got around to. Also, do you see what procrastination leads to?), messages and contacts. And even if you buy a new phone and recover most of the stuff, is it really the same? That phone was like your baby!

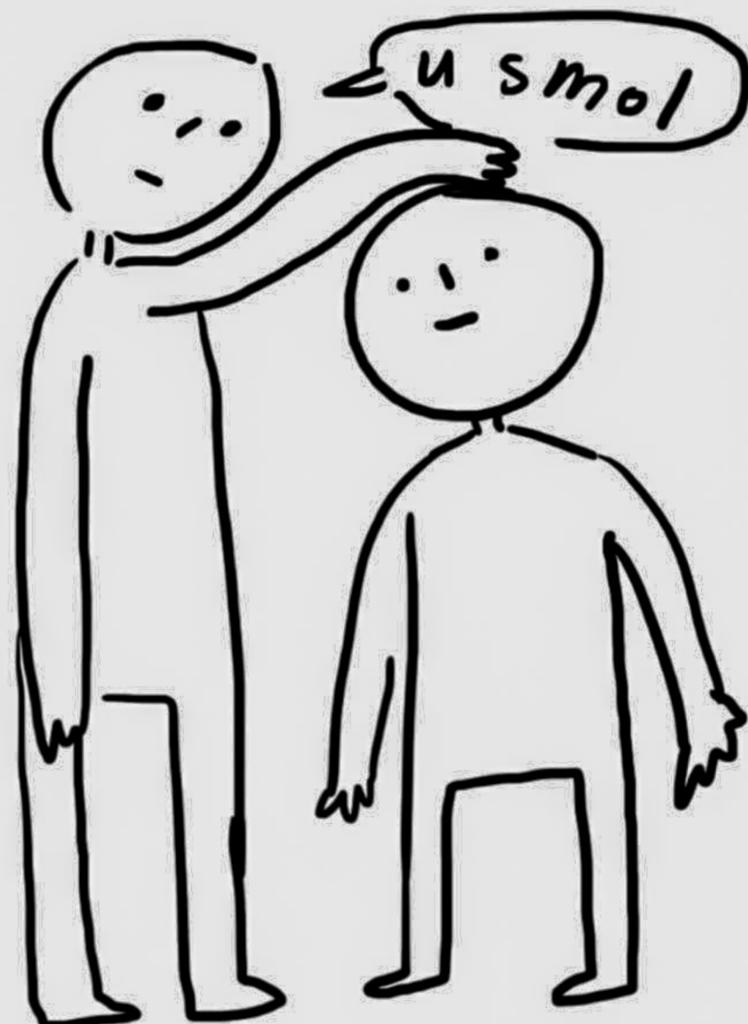
So far, every one of my friends has been through the horror of losing their phones. I would suggest making a pillow fort in your room and staying there to avoid getting mugged.

Stay safe everyone!

*Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at [odrika\\_02@yahoo.com](mailto:odrika_02@yahoo.com).*



# STRUGGLES OF LOOKING YOUNGER THAN YOU REALLY ARE



**SALMA MOHAMMAD ALI**

People assume the two digit number on your birthday cake is a mistake and sometimes you really wonder if you were adopted and your parents messed up your age. Whether it's just the baby face, lack of facial hair, or your height, looking younger than you really are isn't just something "you'll be thankful for when you're much older."

**Pseudo Parents Everywhere**

You're either casually reading a book (any romance novel or that wretched story that has nothing to do with the colour grey) or excitedly talking about the latest Game of Thrones episode in public. The looks random people give you are tolerable but then someone you barely know asks you the six words you're tired of hearing - "Are you old enough for this?" This is probably followed by a "Bashaye jane?" When you're out with someone of the opposite gender and of your (actual) age, judge-y looks are followed by some more "Bashaye jane?"

**Public Transport Woes**

Every time you get on a CNG or bus the mama stops for a bit and you know exactly what he's thinking - Is this kid old enough to be travelling alone? Are they running away from home or something? A rickshaw once dropped me off right beside the building I wanted to go to and while I was paying the fare the mama asked, "Chinben toh?" and he pointed towards the building. He looked genuinely concerned. You eventually learn to drown out the "Or ma baba koi?" and "Ekhan eka ki korche?" with Taylor Swift's "Fifteen" tauntingly blasting from your headphones.

**Memes and Jokes Deprivation**

I've been hanging out with a group of people since I was 15. More than 3 years later, they still think I'm 15 and that means I'm deprived of all the lit memes they share with each other. They also often stop midway when telling a joke and look at me, expecting me to cover my ears or leave the room. Apparently I'm not old enough for the gossip either.

**Kids, Please**

Juniors come up to you addressing you without an apu or bhaiya and while that may not offend you in the slightest, it certainly does when one of them hits on you.

**Please Age Me**

You've gone to great lengths to make yourself look your age. For your friends, makeup may be a way to express themselves, but for you the winged eyeliner is meant to add two years while the contouring adds another. You need the slightest excuse to wear a saree and high heels and when you do, people probably can't recognise you. I'm often mistaken for a teacher at school when I wear sarees during special occasions. And for the men who are unfairly mistaken for boys - the beard is your best friend, bro. Or maybe try suiting up like Barney Stinson 24/7.

In the end, you either just laugh it off or give up and have your age tattooed right across your forehead. Oh wait, are you even old enough to get a tattoo?

*Salma Mohammad Ali fears she is becoming a crazy cat lady and uses writing as a means to grasp on to sanity. Send her your views/hate/love at [fb.com/salma.ali209](https://fb.com/salma.ali209)*