

How to help a friend lose weight

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

Dieting and exercising is tough. Sometimes, we, the horizontally challenged need a gentle push, a trace of added motivation to run that extra mile (literally). So friends of those who have been struggling to fit into weight standards molded by society, and crammed coaching center chairs, this is a suggestion for you lot.

(Word of advice: let your friend seek your help, or identify someone who's miserably failing at the attempt to lose weight. Your efforts may easily be deciphered as bullying.)

Every so often, circumstances may entail you to be the traitorous, food-stealing best friend. Do it in the name of good health. Eat that chicken shawarma your friend has been gibbering about all through math class. Of course, leave out the capsicums for them to chew on, you're not a complete monster. From time to time, steal half their tiffin money so they can't afford the good canteen burger and instead have to settle for the miniscule, onion-packed disgrace of a shingara.

Refrain from being the smug jerk and wave your double cheese burger on their faces while the weight loss aspirant munches on their soggy boiled broccolis. Be a good support system and wash down those tasteless broccolis with the disgusting detox water with them. Keep your affair with kacchi every night a secret.

Sometimes a little tough love is what you need to truly motivate someone into losing fat.

Carrying around extra bulk is painful as it is, and then you

When u told ur friend u were trying to lose weight but then they catch u eating like ur literally going to die

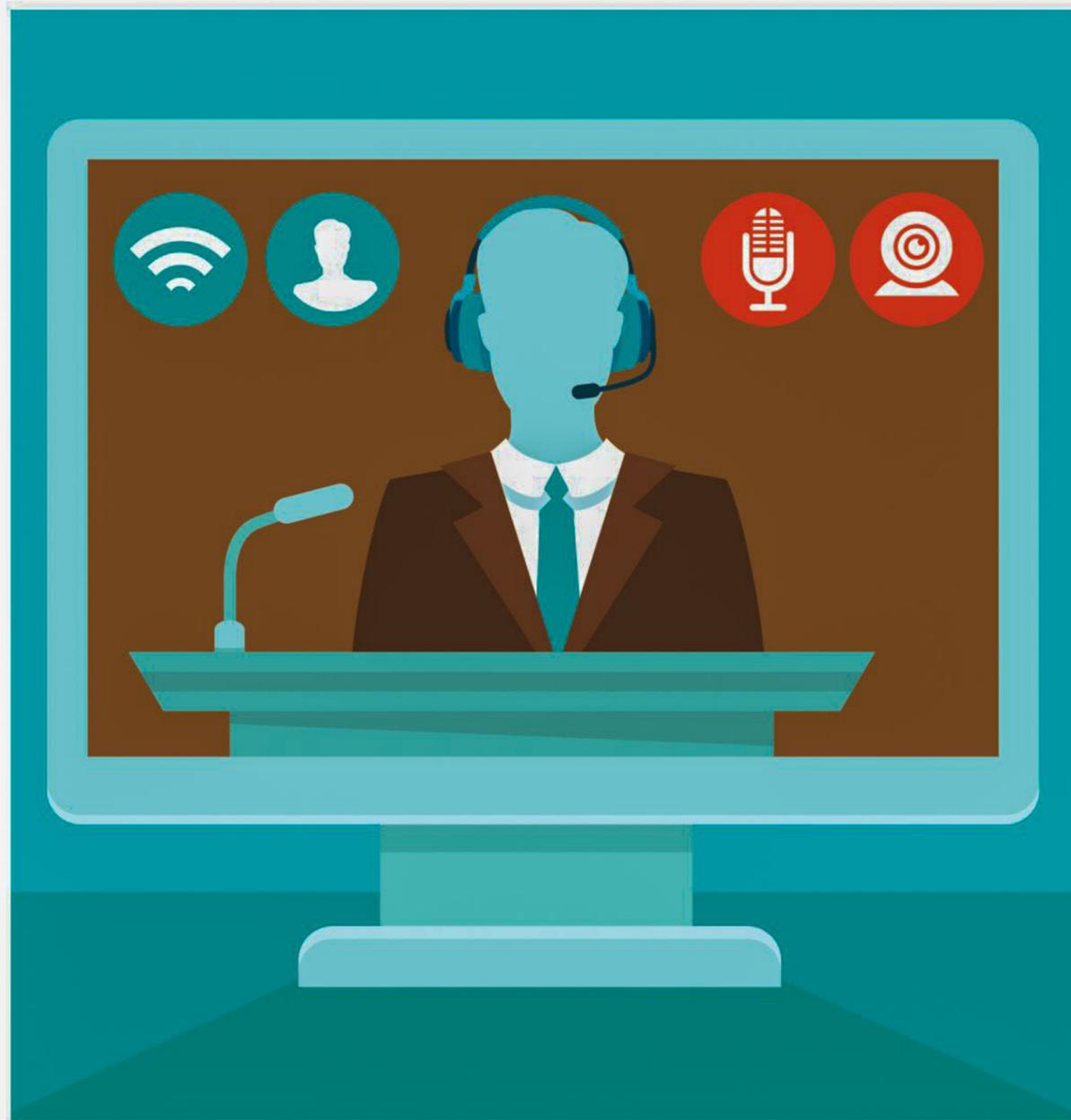


want us go touching our toes? Good luck with that. Instead, take your chubby buddies for a swim. Mock them into racing you. Sign them up for football and basketball teams. Even if they don't make the team, weeks of warmups and tryouts should tone the tub. Tell them it's just a "five minute" walk to your destination and take them on foot from Rajlokkhi to airport. Dare them into jumping ropes a 100 times, do it while their crush is watching and you'll probably get 50 more out of them. Even dancing around on a Friday night in your pajamas help burn tummy-rolls. "Exercise" is the danger word, avoid that and you'll probably achieve a 2 pound per month weight loss rate.

For birthdays gifts and rewards, buy them that really pretty dress they'd absolutely adore, only 2 sizes smaller. Make them work for it.

It's not easy for your friend to go into combat against kacchi and burgers with an army of low metabolism and weak self-control. Gather all the help you can get.

Samin Sabah Islam is on a quest to find the perfect diet while simultaneously drooling over pizza. Throw her some tips at sabhsamin11@gmail.com



A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE: My FIRST VIDEO INTERVIEW

SALMA MOHAMMAD ALI

If you thought Skype calls were bad, allow me to introduce you to video interviews. You may be required to complete one when you're applying to a university and in-person interviews can't be arranged. You might think that these sorts of interviews are good and can be carried out wearing pyjamas or a lungi and a formal shirt in the comfort of your home – but you're wrong.

A few weeks ago I had to sit for an online video interview for a business school. This means I had to create an account, use a computer with a functioning microphone and webcam, and respond to questions in real time - none of that rehearsed, pre-recorded answers nonsense. It was my first time and I got dressed in formal wear and took my laptop to my cousin's house because the DeshiTiger internet connection at my house is a joke. I had spent the previous night researching on the university and preparing answers on why I'm interested in Economics as a major. You can imagine my disbelief when one of the five questions was "Who would win in a fight, Batman or Superman?" I kid you not. I had a 15 second preparation time before the 1 minute response time and all of it was being recorded and saved, to be viewed by an admissions committee. This means they saw me sitting there, my expression changing from shock, to panic, to wanting to be punched in the face by Superman himself.

What was I thinking, right? As a Comic book noob applying to a business school, I should have foreseen this question.

I tried my best to recall my nerdy friends debating about this in the past and somewhat managed to answer the question. The next few questions were reasonable enough and this helped me regain my confidence. Although I chose an empty room to carry out the interview and I shut the door, it wasn't enough to drown out the sounds of my baby cousin wailing outside the room or the domestic help complaining that the freezer was devoid of fish. I tried my best to ignore it and raised my voice during my answers to drown out the embarrassing sounds, so I probably sounded more aggressive than I had intended while explaining my stance on electric cars. I'll never really know, because I wasn't even allowed to replay my saved responses.

I was told that with 5 questions, the interview should take around 15-20 minutes, but thanks to the internet connection I had to sit there for a whole hour, trying to smile politely but not come across as creepy. This was extremely difficult because there was no interviewer on the other side (the questions just appeared in writing) and no human face to focus on. Talk about awkward. When it was finally over and the screen read "Thank you, your interview has been completed successfully" I was relieved beyond explanation, mainly because I could finally go to the bathroom.