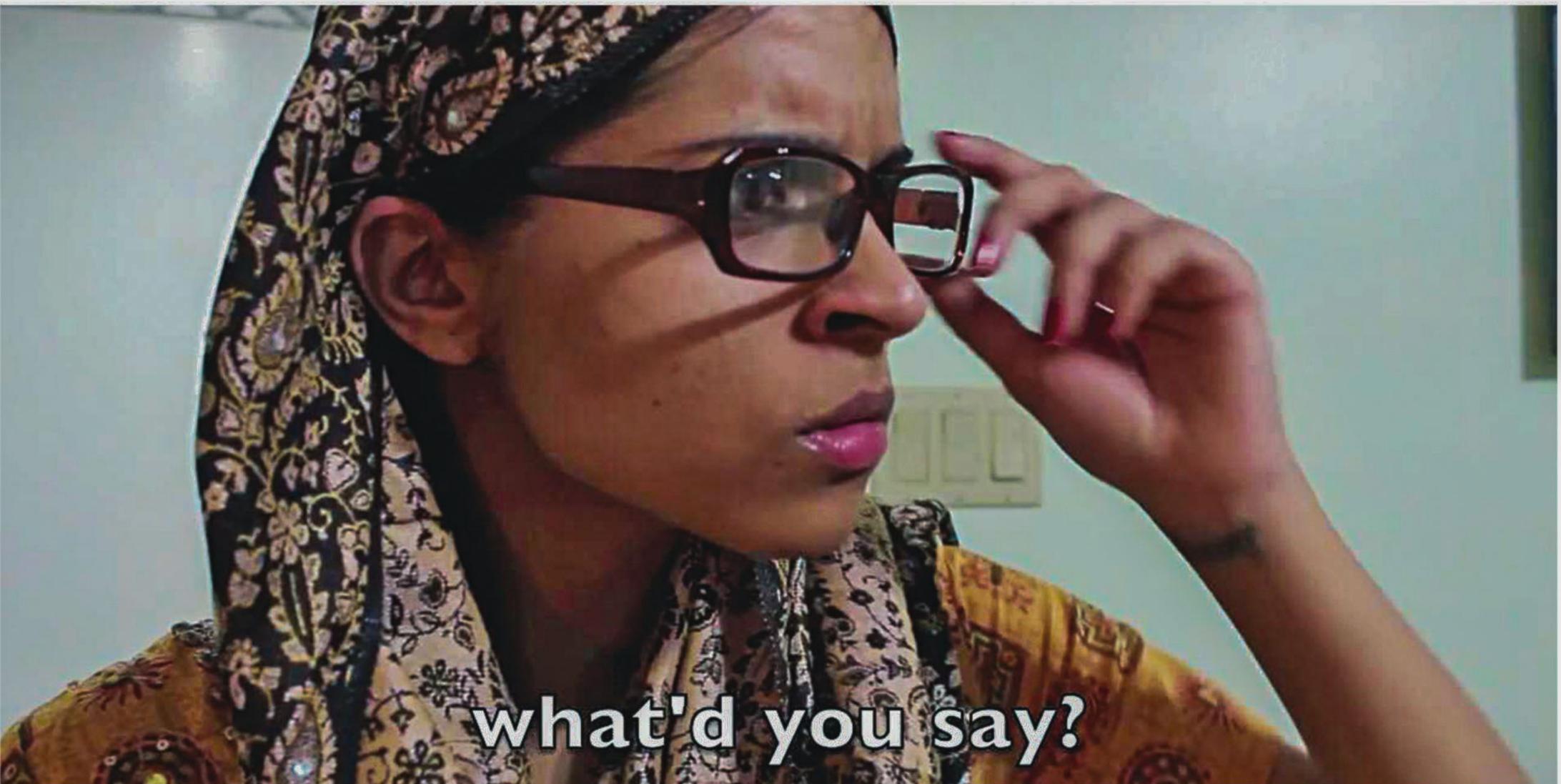


# PRICELESS MELODRAMATIC DIALOGUES BY PARENTAL UNIT



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As children raised in Bengali households, we're all overly familiar with emotional blackmailing and guilt trips courtesy of our beloved parents. If you're a letdown to your family, or merely one who broke the curfew by 10 minutes, you're definitely a part of this reality drama that revolves around the following gems of dialogues. With scripts like these, it's a shame that our parents don't have their own soap operas on Gee Bangla.

*"Morey gele bujhba," said the mother as she stormed off from the child who refused to eat 'korolla bhaji'.*

It's not just about the "korolla". The vegetable that's bitter than your feelings about early morning classes holds a bigger, MUCH BIGGER, meaning. Refusal to 'korolla' is the representation of what an unappreciative brat you are, dismissing your mother's concern for your health. When you'll be visiting your mother's grave years from now, that 'korolla bhaji' will flash before your eyes, burnt at the edges like your blackened heart, and haunt your dreams, reminding you what a disobedient disgrace you were.

That's not the most painful part though; the painful bit is your melodramatic mother eyeing you from the distance with that saddened gaze. *"Noy maash pete rekhe, shorirer rokto pani kore boro korlam ei din dekharon jonno?" cried the mother whose son asked to leave him alone and respect his privacy.*

Did she ask for privacy throughout the nine months you've been a pain in her womb? Or the years following when you woke her up in the middle of the night because you dropped your pacifier? Or

when you're down with 103 degree fever now? What an ungrateful brat.

Of course she is allowed complete privacy when her eyes are glued to "Sultan Suleiman" playing on the TV. God forbid you disrupt serial time, you ungrateful brat.

*"Fine, we won't say anything to you anymore," said the father as his son*

coaching class, you are seconds away from being presented an extended report on how big of a letdown you are. Bengalis are hardly ever speechless, and complaining to parents about having to study too much is a proposal to deliver a speech. Sink back in your chair comfortably and play "Numb" by Linkin Park in your head; it helps.

noob I am, while he's out there winning spelling bees? Where was this unconditional, 'ekmatro chhele' love when I asked for the 'murgir raan'? *"Do what you want, it's not like we matter anyway," murmured the mother, whose daughter refused to wear traditional dress to her cousin's wedding.*

She voices it low enough to come off as a regretful sigh but loud enough for you to be unable to dodge it. She knows you've heard it; you definitely cannot walk away, you monster.

Give into her choice, otherwise this same voice will echo throughout your life. Even on your wedding day you'll be reminded, *"Sonia'r biyer shomoe amar pochhonder dress poro nai, ekhono porba na? Ami ar ke?"*

*"Morar age nati-natnir chehara dekhte dibi na, baba?" wails the mother whose son refused to marry the bou-ma of her dreams.*

It isn't about you finding the right life partner in due time, it's about you depriving your parents of the ecstasy of being grandparents, you imbecile.

Your iPod's stuck on replay on this one and the only solution is just getting married. Refrain from arguing; it's pointless.

Since the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree, you too shall one day master the art of becoming a melodramatic parent, for you must drown your future children in guilt too and carry out the legacy. So don't just stare in utter awe, take notes.

*Samin Sabah Islam is on a quest to find the perfect diet while simultaneously drooling over pizza. Throw her some tips at [sabahsamin11@gmail.com](mailto:sabahsamin11@gmail.com)*



*complained about too much pressure to study.*

You've rendered them speechless, that's how big of a disappointment you've become.

Hah, you wish. You just dug yourself deeper. This statement in no sense denotes that you're allowed to walk away because your parents agreed to let it go; don't be delusional. From how you once failed that math test in eighth grade to that one time you skipped your English

*"Tumi chhara amader aar ke ache, baba?" whined a mother trying to persuade her son to accompany her to the mall.*

All her hopes and dreams rest upon you. Who else will she brag about, for being an engineer, to the other bhabis? You can't let her down.

But I don't know mother; how about perfect cousin Abrar, whom you'd obviously rather have as a child since you're rambling 24/7 about how big of a