

Types of Tourists you find in Cox's Bazar

FATIUL HUQ SUJOY

Cox's Bazar offers its visitors two things: a chill time with convenient access to the sea, and a million other visitors. And you can do two things about it: complain or enjoy your stay regardless. I went with the 3rd option of observing my fellow tourists, and here are my findings:

The Casuals

Casuals are the majority of the population spending that sweet holiday in Cox's Bazar. They're low-key representatives of some or all of the types mentioned later. You, my dear reader, are most probably one of them (I say this so you don't get triggered if you somehow relate to the following types).

The Saltwater Creatures

You'll find these guys bathing in the beach for hours on end. To the layman, it should get boring after a while, but to them, every wave brings with it an uncertainty, an adventure. And that trumps the sunburn that follows.

The Hoarders

Everything's a souvenir for them. Whether it is broken pieces of shells picked from the sand or shutki, they're confident their friends and family back home will treasure them unconditionally. You'll find them populating the Burmese markets, bargaining for those 100% authentic Made in Myanmar sandals and t-shirts.



PHOTO: SHEIKH MEHEDI MORSHED

The Supermodels in another Life

You haven't seen these guys in action if you think Dogue models are the best in the business when it comes to fabulous poses. And there are also the couples with their awkward smiles with half-dressed strangers and random onlookers in the background, absolutely romantic.

The Foodies

Eating shutki for breakfast, Loitta fry for lunch, crab and shrimp fries for evening

snacks, Koral/Hilsha curry for dinner and 100% authentic Burmese candies for dessert, and posting reviews to Foodbank in between – this is the day in life of a foodie visiting Cox's Bazar.

The Litterers

Litterers are the worst kind of tourists and Cox's Bazar has no shortage of them. I don't know whether they are criminally ignorant or sacrificing their prized litter to Poseidon, but regardless,

they should really stop.

The Absolute Madmen

These guys are the real deal. It starts with a horseback ride on the beach and before you know it, you'll see them swimming further than everyone else, disregarding the repeated whistles from the lifeguards, during low tide, without a life buoy. The rich ones go the extra mile and do some paragliding.

The Hypersomniacs

They aren't a Cox's Bazar special. There's always that guy in a trip who decides a few hours' (usually half a day's) sleep is preferable to actually enjoying the place he paid so much money to visit. Or maybe in our absence he makes important transactions for his secret drug cartel. We can never know.

The Ones too Good for the Sea

These are the ones who prefer their hotel's swimming pool over the sea. I personally don't get them. Why come all this way if a dip in a pool is the highlight of your stay? You don't see people from Cox's Bazar travel to Dhaka to buy shutki.

Forgive me if I'm being salty, I'm a type 2.

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.

Hosting a Bengali House Party

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

You'll have to master it at some point of your life.

The prep

Party, next Friday? Prep must start from at least a week before. Bengali house parties are disasters just waiting to happen, with scrutinizing aunties thoroughly scanning for *moila* on plates and their manic children running around the house, high on *chomchoms*. That one uncle just might finish all the toilet paper, Chintu may fall down the grill on his attempts to be Spiderman, that one girl who you saw gobbling beef burgers on Snapchat might decide to turn vegan for a week; the possibilities are endless. You cannot be unprepared for any of it, because gossip spreads fast. By the end of the day, the telephone wires and Facebook inboxes will have heard and seen enough slander to defame your reputation as a Bengali host. Beware.

The peeps

We Bengalis have big hearts. Unfortunately, sometimes our houses aren't big enough. But that doesn't stop us from inviting enough people to fill up a football stadium. It's like, you can't

leave out that one *fupi* because she'll definitely find out about it from another and you'll discover a significant drop in your salami this Eid. And what if your sister's nephew's eldest son finds out



from Facebook pictures, captioned "Lit Fambam", about how he was rudely excluded from said fam? We can't have that. So invite all your *mamas*, *fupis*,

frenemies, colleagues, and neighbors, and perhaps that random bloke you only once met at your sister's *holud*. And that's how a personal gathering for your brother's farewell turns into a regular

sized Momtaz concert.

The pera

You're doing it all wrong if you haven't felt like choking yourself with the wipe

cloth at least twice. You're not just hosting some party, you're screaming "In your uneven foundation caked face" to the friend who said you couldn't handle so many people. Mold an impression. Wipe every inch of furniture, including the back of the shelves which no one sees ever. Make sure all your dress drawers are tip top because some random guest just might yank it open, revealing the messy disgrace of a host you are. Prepare at least one dish more than Mrs. Rahman did in her *dawaat* because you're the ultimate host, duh. Hold back your sarcastic retort when that friend you secretly envy says, "Ami abar eto beshi chini khai nah" and smile through your tears when her son breaks your 150-taka vase.

Now the 3 P's are just the basis of your *dawaat*. Then there's the fighting with your landlord about the parking of 20 extra cars, paying the *chuta bua* in compliments and *saree* bribes for staying afterhours, bringing out expensive pillow covers from the untouched pile and what not. And always, always be equipped to handle a political brawl at around desert time.

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