

So You Think You Can't Dance?

NUREN IFTEKHAR

Different cultures have their own distinct coming-of-age rituals. In the island of Vanuatu, teenagers mark their step into adulthood by bungee jumping from a 98 feet tower. In the Brazilian Amazon, the boys signify their journey to maturity by wearing a pair of gloves full of bullet ants. We also have our version of this rite of passage. Yes, I'm talking about dancing at *Gaa-e-Holud* and other such festivities.

Now there are various things I never wanted to or want to do in my life. Dancing fits in right between eating *korolla bhaaji* for a month and listening to Djent, the whole Djent and nothing but the Djent. So when the time for the wedding of a dear one came around, I felt it was only logical to draft myself into the *gate dhora* department. But life is weird and nothing works the way you plan it. What could have been an occasion where I sit back, enjoy the *kacchi* and make fun of the terrible music selection, I managed to get myself into the prestigious wedding dance crew which included a wide selection of cousins and a lot of bad decisions. But it was also an experience full of revelations, ones that I wouldn't have had otherwise.

Dances at weddings or such occasions seldom make sense. You're supposed to fling yourself around the stage to a beat that you'll barely be able to hear. By some unwritten law there'll always be one or two people on these occasions who have the golden feet and can dance sublimely to everyone's surprise. But for the rest of us, the entire purpose of being on the stage is making a fool out of ourselves.

And that's *perfect*.

What's so perfect about flailing your arms

around to a poorly choreographed routine with bare minimum practice in front of a flabbergasted crowd, I hear you ask? Well, everything. The beauty of dancing on stage is that you'd be bad at it just like everyone else (except maybe that one guy/gal with a ceiling-high MJ poster). There's a point decimal chance that you'll like a single one of the songs you'll dance to. You won't get enough chance to practice and you will most definitely forget the steps somewhere around the act. But you also won't care as you'll see the person next to you has no clue either. It's perfect because you'd be genuinely enjoying every single moment of that desynchronised mess. It was after that routine of awkward hip-thrusting and B-grade dance moves when I had the realisation that it's hard to feel self-conscious about anything at all after three long minutes of dancing to *Magic Mamoni*.

We live in a time where we need to be wrapped up in three layers of irony to enjoy something. Before doing any mundane thing we feel the need to make sure it lives up to a certain level of sophistication. But sometimes "having fun" should be the first priority when we're, well, having fun. It's a simple thing that we forget more often than not.

So if you ever think you can't dance, just know that you probably can't and that's okay. Because it's not about the moves you'll pull off, but the sheer joy of breaking your mould and dancing your heart out. There's a beauty in making a fool out of yourself when the laughs around you are worth it.

Nuren Iftekhhar is your local stray cat in disguise; he interacts with people for food and hates bright light. He got Hufflepuff 3 times straight in Pottermore so no walking around that one. Send him obscure memes at n.iftekhhar18@gmail.com



A Very Reasonable at-home Workout Guide

MASHIAT LAMISA

Dearest fellow human, I know you very well.

As you take a ginormous bite on the Triple Whoopie Burger with four cheese slices and extra mayo, you look at the gym clothes lying in front of you and immediately regret the decision of ordering in the delicious, juicy substance of joy that makes your tummy feel so happy. Consequently, you promise to take yourself to the gym the next day to lose all that you have gained. However, the next day never comes and you find yourself stuck in a cycle of remorse as you finish the fifth tub of ice cream in a week.

Fear not, you have come to just the right place. Fellow human, I welcome you to the perfect at-home workout guide.

This guide will help you boost your confidence and build your muscles in just one day, all the while in the comfort of your own house. Let us begin by patting ourselves on the back for getting this newspaper and reading thus far. You have already taken an important step to get healthy, wealthy and wise.

Now, fellow human, your first exercise is to pick up your textbooks and use them as dumbbells. Considering how little of the



"I'm trying to be more active. Which one burns more calories, Twittering, Blogging or Googling?"

several thousand books you have read, I'm guessing they are still in mint condition and will help you flex that arm, let you stabilise your muscles. This can also be a way to show your mom and your tutor that you have indeed worn out the books by reading them. You will surely get a good body if you do this exercise at least twice a



"If you haven't exercised in a while, you may need to stretch and warm up before you stretch and warm up."

day but I can't really guarantee a GPA 5. Maybe you can ask you-know-who for that.

The second step is to make a *roti* round. First make a ball of dough with flour and think about the pain your mother goes through every morning when she has to make 20 of these for you and the rest of the family. Once you have kneaded the

dough, take a rolling pin and move it till your *roti* gets a perfectly circular shape. This will not just help your wrists, your arms, and your shoulders but also will guarantee a good husband because marriage is all about round *rotis*.

Now that you have completed steps 1 and 2, I'm guessing you are slightly exhausted. But you can't really go and lie down on your bed because you're a horrible person and your bed is a mess. So for step 3, get on your bed and do squats each time you pick up an item from your bed and put it in the right place. Once you are done, lie down on your stomach, stare at your ceiling and have an existential crisis.

For step 4, call your best friend or whomever really and whine to them about how hard you are working to maintain your weight and how it's still not being effective. Cry out loud and have a nervous breakdown. Start a fight with them if they tell you they are busy. Have an anxiety attack and put up a status update about it tagging 160 of your friends. Remember, step 4 is how you carry out your cardiovascular activity of the day.

For step 5, fellow human, walk up to your refrigerator and get that sixth tub of ice cream.

You, my friend, have earned it well.