



## JUST NOT THAT INTO DESSERTS

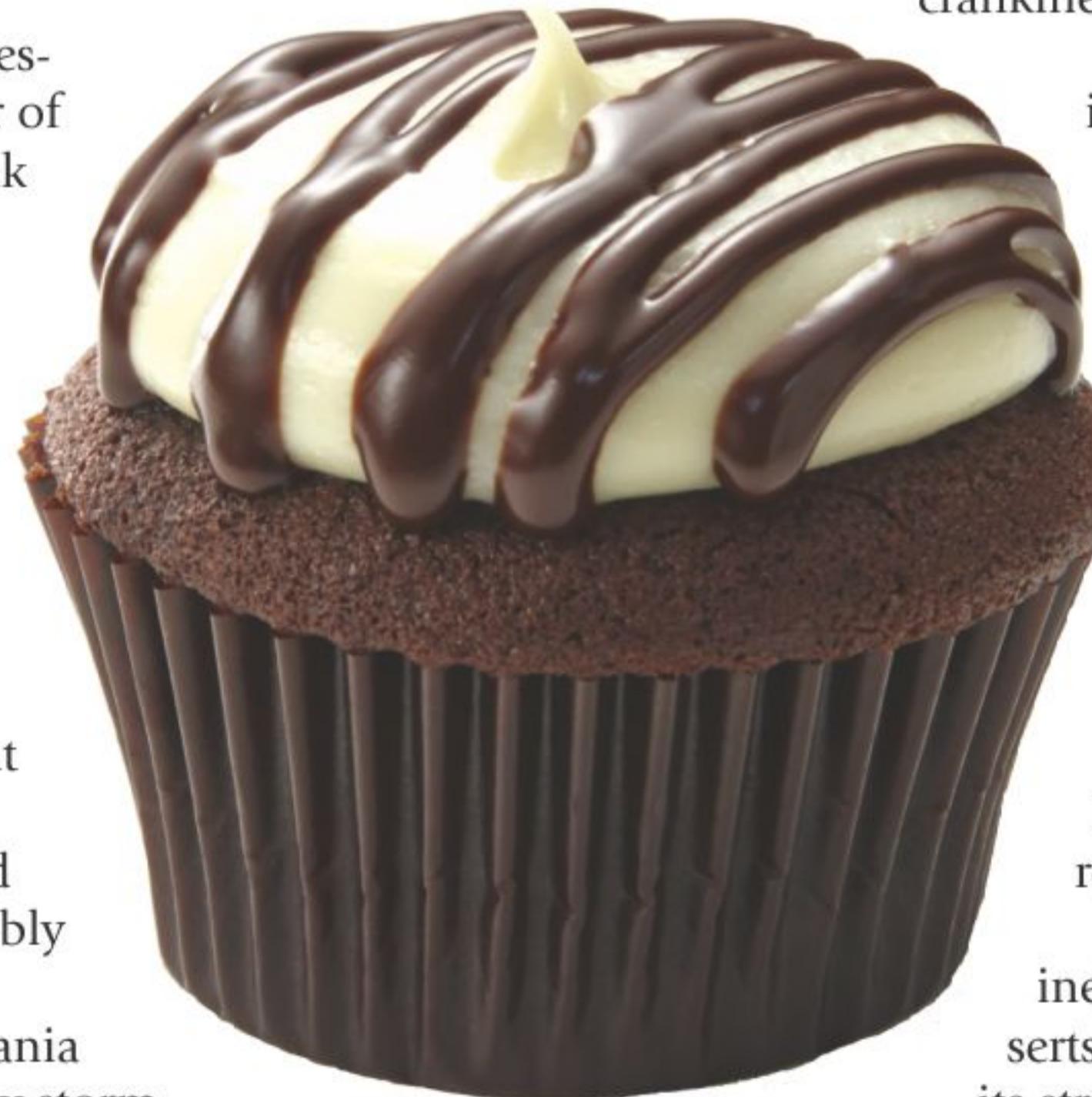
RAFIDAH RAHMAN

Most people I know have an incurable fascination with desserts and everything sweet. The very thought of Glazed, Butlers' Chocolate Cafe or Shumi's Hot Cake gives them sleepless nights with lethal hunger pangs. I, however, have a very unexciting and apathetic response to desserts.

I DO NOT have a sweet tooth. If I have to pick between sweet and savory, I'll always pick the latter. I am one of those crackpots who'll order pizza after already having biryani for lunch.

Attraction towards desserts is entirely a matter of preference. I don't think desserts are gross or anything — I'm just very underwhelmed by it. This feeling often makes me suffer. I honestly don't get why people are so obsessed with Halwas and mishtis. I mean yeah, it's okay but the way some people react to it is just beyond me. How can you possibly like *that* over Kacchi?

Also, the cupcake mania has taken Dhaka City by storm in the past few years, where it has to be present in every other occasion or else it's just not cool. I mean it's pretty to look at and yes quite yummy, but an overdose of it is a recipe for diabetes. So, I went to an outdoor birthday party with the menu consisting of snacks, cupcakes, trifles and other desserts which for most people were enough for lunch. My infamous glutton self, however, obviously rebelled and opted for a more traditional dawat



lunch—polao and roast, with everyone staring at me like I was some sort of an alien.

Romantic gestures too coming my way are more than often ruined because I just don't fall under those girls whose world goes round at the sight of fancy chocolates and macaroons. I only eat about 6 chocolates, but could live without them too.

I guess this is why I am nowhere near as chirpy as most chocolate lovers. Chocolate, like exercise, apparently releases endorphins, generating happiness. This clearly explains my 24/7 crankiness.

If truth be told though, it isn't always gloomy not being a sweet tooth.

Whenever I pass on ice creams, chocolates and cakes to other people rather than keeping them for myself, I'm often escalated to the stature of a saint.

Skipping out on dessert at restaurants always makes me feel like I'm being financially responsible.

Some people just genuinely aren't that into desserts, but that doesn't mean its straight opposition against

people who live for cake. I mean what most people see as a spike of happiness, I see it as a spike of cavity. Sorry, not sorry.

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## 6 things to note for your first year at law school

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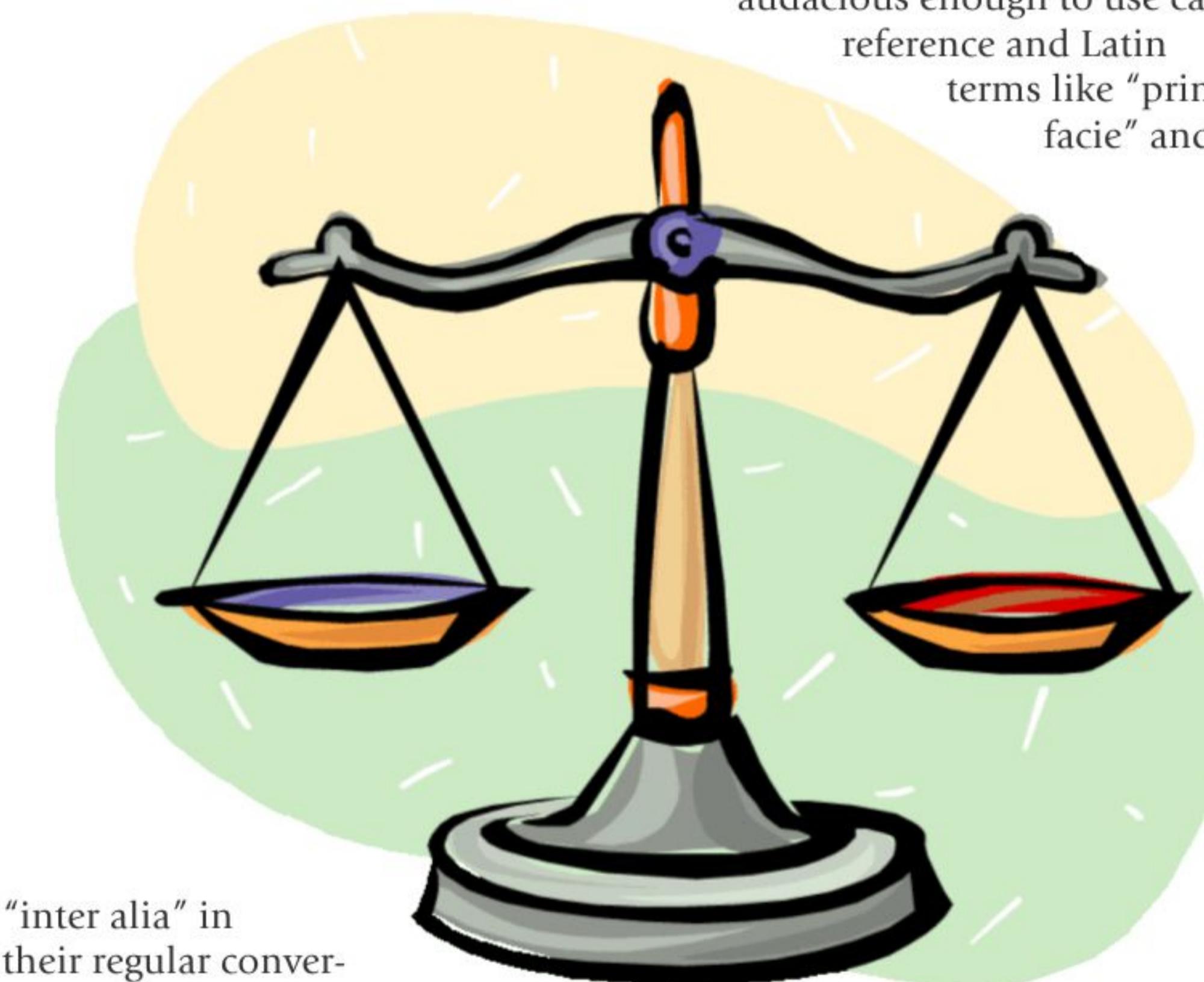
As I await my graduation from Law school, which is supposed to happen within 2 months, I look back at the memorable journey which started with me having no idea what in the world a "plaintiff" was. By twist of fate, and a considerable amount of manipulation from my mother, I got enrolled to study LLB. This year, some of you weak and impressionable souls will end up choosing Law either for the prospect of a Lawyer's bank account or to please your parents or due to your long-standing unrealistic delusion of changing our judicial system. This is what you should know:

1. Get ready to be shamed by your parents' colleagues, your extended family since you have voluntarily chosen the path of dishonesty, exploitation and bribery. They will tell you how despicable each and every lawyer is, to the extent that you will cry yourself to sleep. But that's only for the first two months. Then you will develop a skin thicker than a semi-extinct breed of rhino.

2. The same people will ask you for free legal advice in a few months, even though you will have barely learned anything about how to save their land from you-know-who.

3. In the wake of a well-known case, some of you pompous know-it-alls will feel like showing off your understanding of legal principles by calling out non-lawyers on social media. You will cite 101 sources as to why not adding "alleged" before "rapist" is singlehandedly ruining our country.

4. Get ready to memorise case names like *C-120/78 Rewe-Zentrale AG v Bundesmonopolverwaltung fur Branntwein* which you will forget within a day of spilling it out at your exam. Some will be audacious enough to use case reference and Latin terms like "prima facie" and



"inter alia" in their regular conversation, don't be that person simply because nobody cares. Your nights will consist of reading judgments stretching 63 pages which could easily have been finished within 2 pages. On nights like these remind yourself of your friends studying medicine. They clearly are worse off than you.

5. Please do not refer to yourself as "lawyer in the making" or add in your bio, "trust me, I am a lawyer". All you are is a newbie with a good chance of dropping out by the third semester. The only time it is acceptable to tell people that you are a law student is when you are asked about your field of study.

6. As you will soon begin to argue with legal connotation, you will be termed "jhograte", "torkobaaj" and "beyadob" by your parents. They will announce how they should never have let you study law. Why couldn't they have realised it earlier?

You will go through a psychological transformation and learn to think logically. You will never be a layman again. No matter why you opted to study it, realise the sanctity of the profession. Above all, remember that there is no dramatic background music playing in real life while you prosecute high-profile criminals like in Suits or Boston Legal. All the constant vigilance you will need will be to avoid *paan er pik* at Judge Court in Old Dhaka. Despite it all, you are in for an objectively life-changing journey, my reasonable and prudent friend.

*Anupoma Joyeeta Joyee is a perpetually sleepy Law student who emotionally identifies with ducks and occasionally sets out on writing sprees. Feel free to rant to her at anupomajoyee@gmail.com*