

School Essays We All Know Too Well

FATIUL HUQ SUJOY

Are you a school/college student? Are you tired of writing the same essays your grandparents wrote, copied from the same book? But you also won't write for yourself because creative writing is for those loser nerds? Worry no more, as I present you with modified versions of the most popular essays, one of which is bound to appear on your next English test.

The essays here have been updated enough to meet the current needs but not so much that the teacher cannot relate and gives you poor marks for disrespecting their authority.

THE COW

The cow is a domestic animal. It has the normal body parts of a usual mammal plus two horns. It has eyes that are somehow special and is used as a compliment for humans with large eyes although it sounds rather like an insult.

The cow is a very useful animal. It gives us milk and meat. But I very much object to such objectification of this

beautiful beast. The treatment of cows, and other farm animals in general, is a dark example of humankind's evil ways to quench their gluttony. Not only is it a severe violation of animal rights but the mass industrialisation of farm animals is also affecting the environment by reducing natural habitats and increasing pollution. With the burden of this knowledge on my shoulders, I wanted to convert to the vegan ways. But my brother told me that it is very uncool to do that. As a 12 year old commencing adolescence, I know my priorities.

The cow is also a great source of income for the poor families of our country. The cow is my favourite farm animal. I like the cow very much.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Man is fond of going back to the past again and again. The present may be good but the past is golden. I am very fond of the memories of my childhood.

My childhood was full of fun and games. The complete

lack of responsibilities was the best part. Other noteworthy memories include miscellaneous incidents like getting my first computer at the age of five, and academic events like my first day at school or that time I was chosen class valedictorian at my day-care.

Sometimes memories like these make me want to revisit the past. But I immediately shake off the idea. Breaking space time continuum is no child's play. There are so many paradoxes travelling to the past can trigger. The possible changes my minor actions in the past can cause by ripple effect are more daunting than their worth. I for one do not want to be in the receiving end of chaos theory.

My childhood memories are very refreshing. Whenever I feel sad I try to think of my childhood.

WINTER MORNING

Winter mornings are misty and cold. There is dense fog everywhere. Sometimes the fog is so dense that the sun rays cannot get through it.

I spiritually relate to winter mornings. The gloominess winter mornings represent is a part of my identity and when a fellow human mentions my sombre attitude, I internally leap with joy for being unique. But not too much lest it should disrupt my persona.

In winter, dew drops fall on leaves and blades of grass at night. They look like glittering pearls when the rays of the morning sun fall on them. Although this is contradictory to my previous statement about sunlight being unable to penetrate the thick fog, it is a sight worth imagining and relating to. I too, amidst the fog of sorrows in my 12 years of life, find solace in the smaller things in life, like pre-ordering games for my PS4.

On winter mornings, all the village people climb up on date trees, collect date juice and make delicious and sweet pitha. As the day advances the sun goes up and the fog melts. A winter morning is very enjoyable.

A JOURNEY BY BUS

My friend Akkas lives in Khulna. He invited me to pay a visit to Khulna. I gladly accepted the offer to visit him in Khulna. On June 15, the current year, I boarded a bus from Dhaka's Gabtali for my journey to Khulna.

The bus started at 7 am. I had reached the station at 6:54 am like the early bird I am. The bus started running at a good speed and soon we were far from the din and bustle of the city. I enjoyed beautiful green fields and trees from my

window.

I also enjoyed observing my fellow travellers. For me, observing these strangers, whom I probably won't ever meet again, is always a fun way to pass time. I would notice their behaviours and appearances to guess their personalities, occupation, hobbies and past traumas. The sad part is that I can never know if my guesses are correct. They probably are; I've been doing this for a long time. I sometimes wonder why I do this. Is it because I appreciate one of the biggest mysteries of the known world: human nature? Or is it because I'm too miserable and insecure to actually socialise rather than silently judge from a distance like a creep? It's probably the former.

Due to slight traffic, our bus reached Khulna the next day. Akkas received me at the bus station. The journey gave me much pleasure. It was one of the most memorable days of

my life.

MY FAVOURITE HOBBY

A hobby means one's favourite occupation but not one's main business. A man must have a hobby for a sound mind and sound health. I am a student. I have a hobby. My favourite hobby is gardening. It gives me much pleasure.

My garden, a beautiful collection of tree tubs, is located in the small balcony adjoining my parents' room. It is the only place in our apartment on the 4th floor that gets enough sunlight to sustain life.

Everyday around early morning the plants in our garden are watered and weeded. I wake up around 11 am, so the domestic help usually does that.

When my friends come to our home I take them to my garden, every time. I instruct them to bask in the glory of my herbal empire. Their complete indifference does not demoralise me. Rather it motivates me. Every revolution starts

small. I chose gardening as my hobby to change the world for the better, to stop the apocalyptic phenomenon that is global warming. It seems like a very insignificant step but all it needs is to get trendy. I did some calculations. There are approximately 15 million people in Dhaka city. A human needs an average of 50 litres of oxygen per hour. So Dhaka city needs 50*15 million = 750 million litres of oxygen per hour. Now, a leaf can produce 5ml of oxygen per hour. Say there are 20 leaves per household plant; that gives us 5*20=100 ml or 0.1 litre of oxygen per tree, and 750 million/0.1 = 7.5 billion plants are needed to match the amount of oxygen intake. Let's say there are 5 people per household in Dhaka city. So Dhaka has 15 million/5 = 3 million households. So each household needs 7.5 billion/3 million = 2500 plants. If my little revolution can garner enough popularity then we can become the shining example for a better and greener future.

The calculations above exclude a number of major factors. But since I'm a school student and this is for an English exam, I'm hoping these mathematical and statistical oversights can be excused.

Also, the beauty and sweet smell of different plants and flowers make me jolly. The garden also makes my parents jolly. Thus my hobby makes my body strong and mind jolly.

MY AIM IN LIFE

A proverb goes that a man without aim is like a ship without a rudder. Similarly a man without an aim cannot reach his goal. Hence every one of every age should have a fixed career choice. I am school student. I have a very well thought out and unique aim in life. My aim in life is to become a doctor.

I am a school student now. Soon I will pass my SSC exam and get admitted to the best college of the nation. Then after HSC, I will get admitted to the top medical college of the country. There I will get my MBBS degree which will allow me to open shop anywhere, any time. I will go back to my native village and treat the poor people for free because since childhood I wanted to serve my motherland.

You might wonder that my plan seems too concrete and specific for someone my age. You are right because my parents made me memorise it. If you ask me for my genuine aim in life, I would say I have none. I believe existence is futile and purpose is pointless.

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.

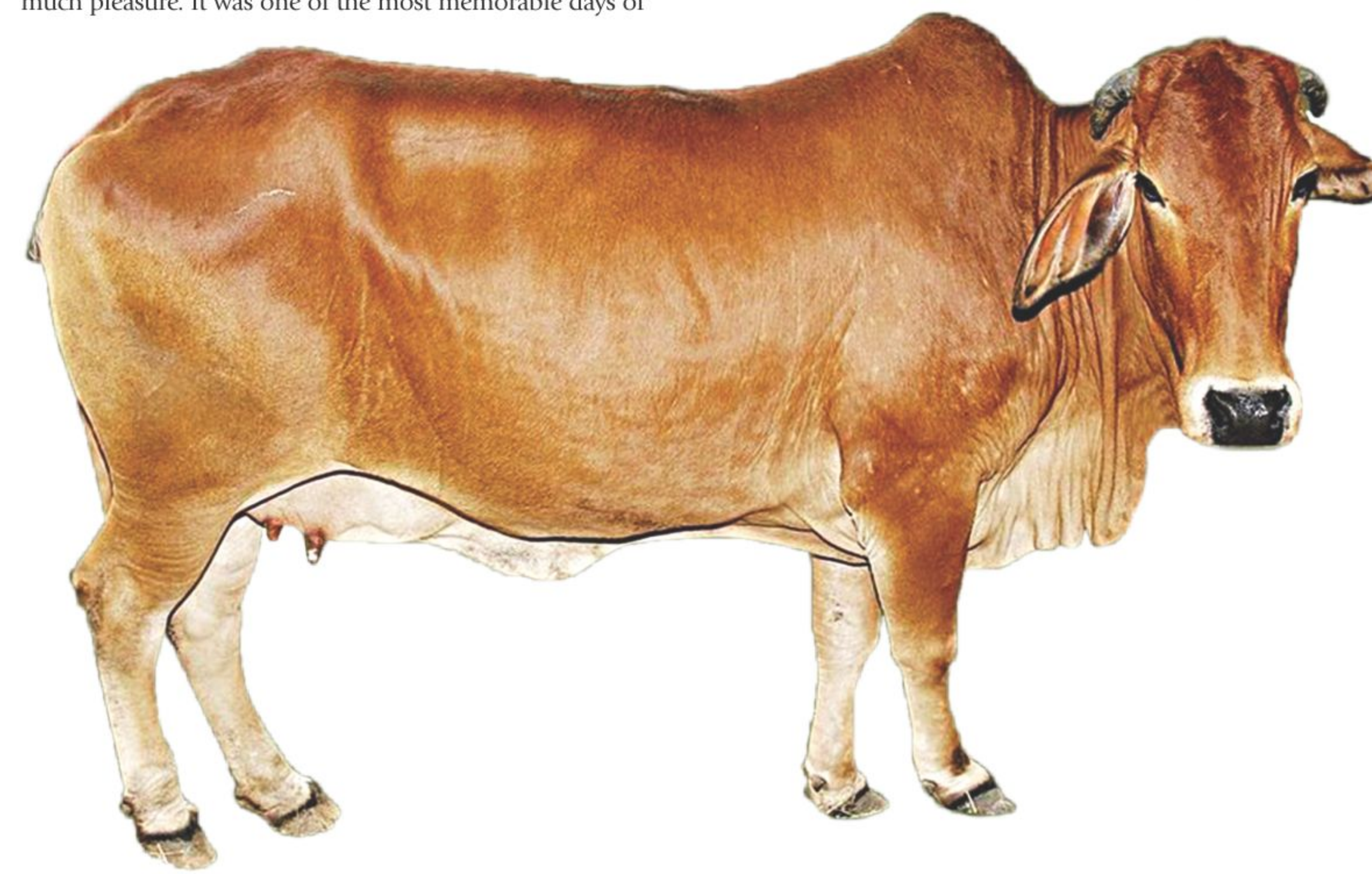


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