

An ode to eggs

AANILA KISHWAR TARANNUM

I have always had very particular tastes in food. I'm someone who has always loved *korolla*, but you cannot get me to eat something like *jhinga*, a vegetable that is universally acknowledged for being, well, not bitter. Apart from my undying love for this very misunderstood vegetable known as bitter melon, the only other sort of food I can devour is spicy food. As I grew up and the people in my house grew older, their tolerance for spicy food lowered as my appetite only grew bigger. Soon, most items in my house started tasting like paper. Every once in a while a *rui maachh* curry or *daal bhorta* comes along that tastes beautifully spicy and makes me cry tears of happiness as well as tears of *shukna morich*. But the rest of the time, I am left to starve.

In this dire state, I knew that I had to learn to make my own food. That, my friends, is when I discovered eggs. For the first 19 years of my life, I'd stayed away from eggs despite my mother's insistence that I should have one egg every day. First of all, I did not like having breakfast because I thought it made me feel pukish. Secondly, I used to think that eggs were just bland because it does not taste like *biryani* or *sheek kebab* or fried chicken.

In reality, it tastes so much better than any of those things. Discovering eggs on a fateful midnight in 2015 completely

changed my life. Soon enough I no longer had to depend on other people to make me food. I could make myself excellent, wholesome meals three times a day using the simplest ingredients I have in my fridge. I must mention here that I learned the importance of breakfast in my first year of university, because I realised it was the absence of food in my stomach that makes me pukish and not the other way around. Every morning I have eggs for breakfast and I go out of the house feeling like a champion.

But eggs are not just breakfast food, no sir, eggs are the most diverse ingredient ever. It goes with everything, you can have it any time of the day. I make fried eggs, boiled eggs, eggs in a basket, poached eggs, and of course, omelette du fromage. Then I pair these with toast, *porota*, rice, noodles, vegetables, and maybe even *korolla*.

Sometimes I make such a perfect sunny side up egg that it makes even the gloomiest rainy days seem full of sunshine and happiness. I don't think I'd mind if that beautiful, orange yolk replaced the sun itself. Other times the omelette du fromage turns out just right and the cheese just oozes out when I cut into the folded egg, and it really makes me believe in myself. After a particularly bad day, I come home and make myself



some deshi-style omelette with sautéed onions. When I have that with some *khichuri* and *ghee*, I can't help but feel utterly grateful that humankind has been blessed with eggs.

Eggs are like the entry point of cooking; it's the gateway item to learning other dishes. Once I perfected the many different styles of preparing eggs, I moved on to pasta and cakes and meat, and I have not

looked back ever since. Eggs go with everything, and they make life so much better every day.

Aanila Kishwar Tarannum started hating on everything the moment she realized why her parents put so many As in her name: because they knew her transcript would be devoid of any vowels. Find out about her relentless rants at aanila.tarannum@gmail.com

How to deal with trust issues in a relationship

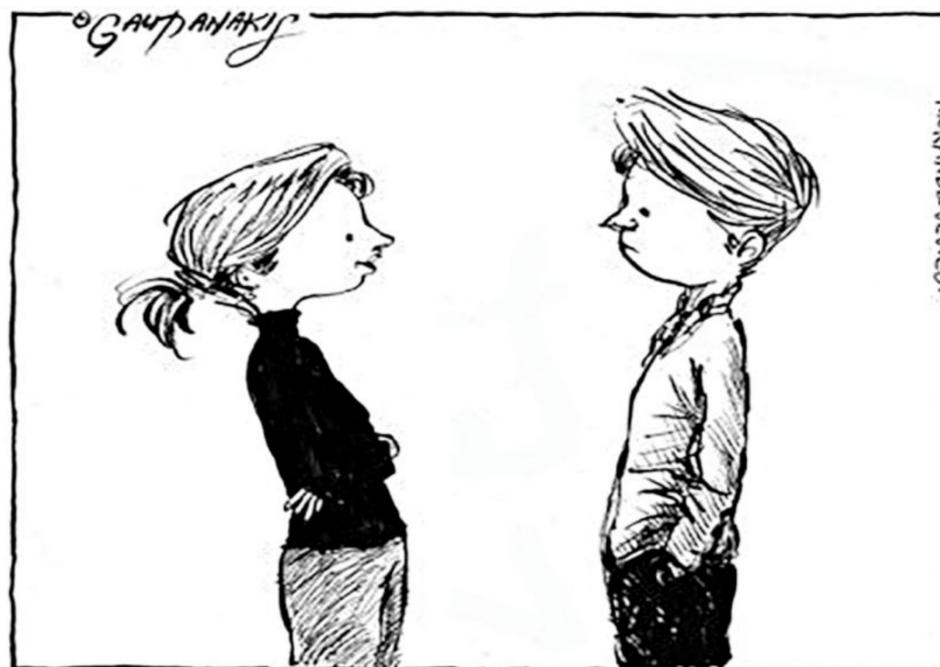
TASNIM ODRIKA

Is your significant other doing you a heckin' distress? Are you having trouble concentrating on your studies because they haven't returned your call yet nor have they replied to your text even though they were "active 5 minutes ago"? Stress no more, fam. I am here to help.

First and foremost, if lately you've been having feelings that your significant other is not being entirely honest with you - do not open up to them about it. You always need to have the upper hand to be the superior one in the relationship. When you open up to a person and tell them that you're having these feelings it lets them know that you care about them. And you cannot have that. You need to repress all your emotions, all your distrust, and just come off as uninterested as possible. Extensive research has proven that a person becomes approximately thousand times more attractive when they aren't interested in you.

Now, let's just face it. Trust issues creep in into literally every relationship. Hence, it is recommended to keep tabs on your significant other the entire day the way Bangladeshi parents keep tabs on their daughters. You don't believe they were out with friends all day?

Wrong way to deal with it: If you're having trouble believing in something so



HEY, IF YOU'RE OKAY WITH MY BEING AS HONEST WITH YOU AS YOU'VE BEEN WITH ME, WE'RE GOOD.

simple, then there is something severely wrong with the relationship itself and you guys should openly talk about it. **Right way to deal with it:** Keep all their friends' contact numbers with you so that you can call them at different times of the day to make sure they are where they claim to be.

You don't believe they were talking to

someone else when you called at 2 AM and found the phone busy?

Wrong way to deal with it: Talk about what actually causes these suspicions and get to the root of the problem.

Right way to deal with it: Tell them that if you ever find their phone busy again when you call, you will break up with them. Also, "forbid" them to talk to

anyone at night (except you of course).

Next, regularly check their phone, but without their knowledge. If your partner's phone is password protected I suggest taking them to a restaurant that is under surveillance then acquiring the surveillance tape later to learn their password. It is highly advised to go through every chat and read every single message to learn about their deepest, darkest secret. How dare they have privacy?

But, if all this paranoia is just too much for you, the healthy way to deal with it is to master the art of passive aggressiveness. So, what you do is you take out your phone and block their number. Then go to all your social media sites and block them everywhere. Now open Google Maps and mark with red all the places that you might run into them and keep a 100 metre distance from all these places. The key is to pretend they never existed. There's no way they can cheat on you if they never existed in the first place.

If you have any doubts as to whether these methods work or not, let me assure you that all of them have been tested time and again by me (a 19-year old, with no qualifications whatsoever).

Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika_02@yahoo.com