

Justifying Attention Seekers

VERONICA GOMES

Humans are social beings. However some are in constant need of external acknowledgement in the form of attention to gain their daily dose of self-esteem. Even if sometimes this seems like a rather intolerable disease in desperate need of a fix, I can assure you with the borrowed assurance of all attention seekers worldwide that you are wrong. Attention seeking is an art and like most art, it comes in all shapes and sizes. The variant nature of this particular species is categorised according to their variant attention seeking ways. However, don't be so quick to judge. After 'extensive research' on the aforementioned variants, here are the classifications justifying their nature-

The narcissist: These people are rather the more focused type who know exactly how they deserve to be rewarded for a particular deed and will accept nothing short of the expected amount. Moreover, these people make a stand for their views of themselves as a 'superior' by bluntly throwing out comebacks at anyone and everyone who dares to demean their ways. Even if it admittedly represents traits of plain douchery, these are undeniable characteristics that leaders have possessed over the years, irrespective of how they've ended up later.

The exaggerator: The name here gives it away. These people exaggerate events and emotions and often portray relationships as more intimate than they actually are. Now to focus on the positives, their exaggeration gives

Love your attention seeking, complaining and feel sorry for me facebook status said no one ever!



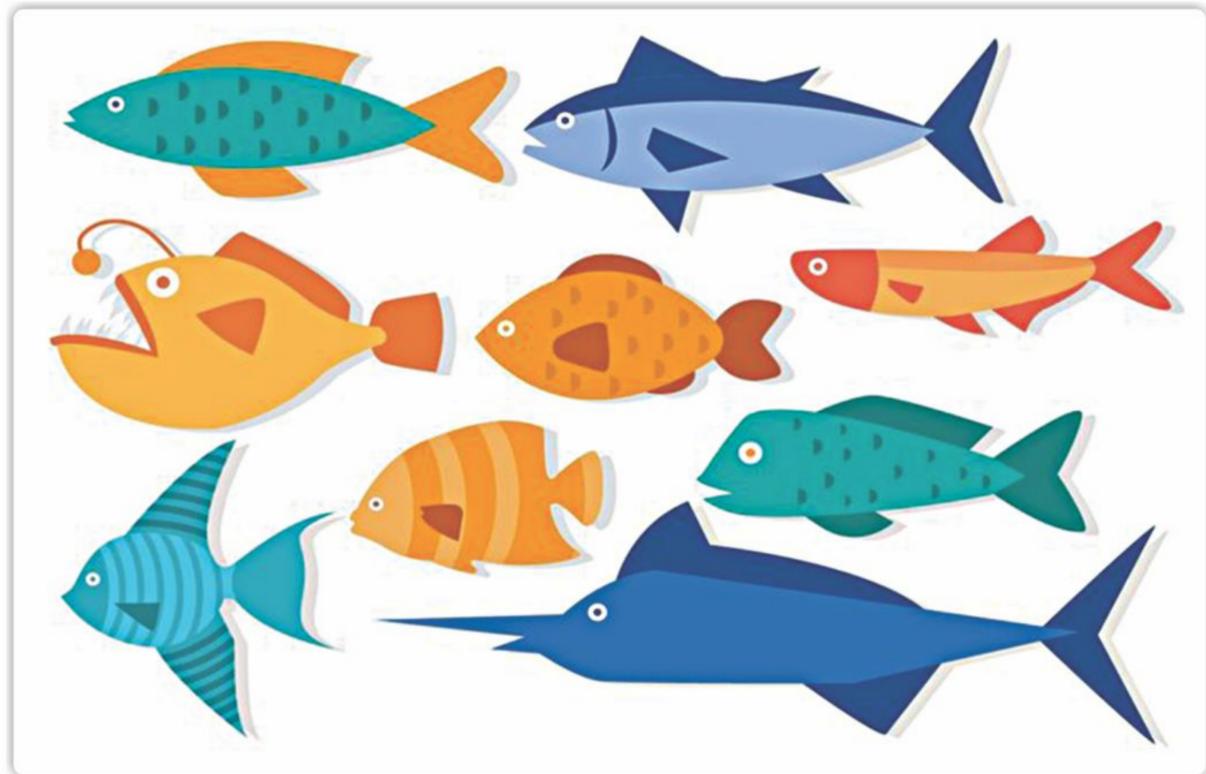
them the upper hand where influence is a concern. Agree with me or not but these people usually have the quality of being able to convince people better through their exaggerated ways of story telling which often means that they will potentially be good at managing people, not that they should.

The rescuer: Rescuers rescue people. The attention seeking aspect of their being often dominates their motive behind volunteering to assist but help IS still help. So looking at the bright side, these people go out of their way to reach out to others in times of misery, illness, misfortune and the like. So I guess the aspect of their motives being attainment of positive attention as a result may be ignored and forgiven to an extent. Note that all rescuers aren't attention seekers and vice versa.

The sufferer: These people usually nag on about both their real or often made-up life problems in order to gain sympathy. This species, reputed as the ones having the 'poor me' label, have the upside of actually being tolerant towards their own existing problems to such an extent that they feel comfortable in creating new ones of their own. They are true inspirations to all us 'mediocrities' who have trouble juggling with the clearly less complicated lives that we possess. We should truly learn from their resilience and ability to deal with both real and made-up problems alike.

Excessive attention seeking is a scientifically proven disease without a cure. Or maybe I just made the whole thing up to gain your attention. You'll never know. The only way to tackle it is to plain ignore it. Just like you should've ignored this whole article from the start.

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The Day I Decided to Give Zero

FISHES

MITHI CHOWDHURY

Scrolling through my newsfeed everyday draws my attention to at least one meme stating in boldface "not a single fish given". (Yes, I too reached for that *other* word but let's keep things PG-13, shall we?) Oh, you know what I'm talking about. At least once every few days, you mention to a close friend that you just "don't give a fish" anymore.

The cultural practice of giving a fish has been rooted in our conscience since Darwin's humanoid apes discovered opposable thumbs. Determining exactly when this phrase became so deeply entrenched in our vocabulary may take more research than I care to do. Only one thing's for certain - by the end of the day, most days, I find myself ostensibly out of fishes to give. Relatable?

Since we were toddlers, we've been conditioned to think 10 steps ahead of ourselves by a society that condemns failure. Therefore, we step out of our houses everyday overburdened with a never ceasing to-do list of tasks and activities that are deemed "necessary". Wouldn't it be a blessing to wake up one day and find your bottomless pit of fishes inexorably exhausted?

Here's how I imagine my day would go:

MORNING

Wake up 3 hours later than I should've on a weekday. Hit snooze 10 times. After a prolonged cuddling session with my *kolbalish*, I finally make it out of bed another hour later.

I fashion a breakfast out of leftover pasta from *Khorma House*, all the while ignoring my mother's rebukes for shoving aside the healthy breakfast she'd prepared. While contemplating what to wear, I decide to dress like my spirit animal, Lethargic Llama, for the day. Proceed to step out of the house wearing pajamas and an oversized t-shirt with a cliché life quote a la "Work hard, dream big".

Internally scoff at the brazen contradiction of said quote to my motto for the day.

AFTERNOON

Take an overpriced *Huber* to university. While

travelling vis-à-vis a crammed public bus is my usual MO, I figure I could use a day off from the familiar lecher who routinely ogles me from the back seat. Afterwards, I walk into class unfashionably late. Fifteen minutes before the class is meant to end, I walk out sans the "bathroom break" stunt.

Ignoring my classmate's attempt to start a group discussion for an upcoming presentation, I make my way into the cafeteria. Half an hour and countless burgers later, I leave with a protruding potbelly that would incur the jealousy of Santa Claus himself.

The phrase "Once on the lips, forever on the hips" streaks through my mind but I don't flinch.

EARLY EVENING

Walk into the office later than usual. When asked why, I proclaim that I had to travel all the way to Diagon Alley to retrieve my stolen phone from a mischievous goblin.

Guilt evades me.

LATE EVENING

I come home to be greeted by a mouth-watering aroma of *kacchi*. Wondering whether my mother's feeling ill, I venture into the kitchen to inquire what the special occasion is. Apparently, the neighbourhood *janen bhabi* committee will be making an appearance tonight. During dinner, nosy aunty from 4A asks me when I plan to get married. In response, I tell her I enjoy having the ability to travel the world and live any way I want, free of guilt.

And scene!

NIGHT

Having survived a carefree day of doing nothing, I collapse in my bed, clad in the same battle-worn attire. The hushed whispers of my friend "Netflix and binge" remind me that *American Horror Story: Cult* isn't going to watch itself. Four hours later, I drift to sleep, marveling at how light my heart and mind felt throughout the day.

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