

THE STAGES OF APPROACHING RESULTS DAY



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The bell rings and an authoritative voice calls out, "Put your pens down and close your scripts." You ignore the voice and continue to write right before the invigilator is about to collect your answer sheets. You badly wish you could've stapled the script closed to avoid anyone looking at the amount of BS in it.

You pack everything and walk out of the hall, feeling like a new man. The birds chirp happily, the air is fresh, the happy hum of post-exam conversations starts up from everywhere and your heart sings joyfully. You *mentally* scream, "It's the holidays!" because no matter how movie-esque it may seem, you don't want people to think you're a nutcase.

However, in the distance, the beginnings of a possible storm brew quietly.

STAGE 1: THE FREEDOM

Things could not be better for you now. You have a mansion, a beautiful and loving spouse and children, great friends and an amazingly well-paid job. The money may even last 'til your kids grow up.

After a good few hours of playing Sims, you turn it off and go get ready to meet up with some friends, casually ignoring your study table. The table contemplates you silently. You relish in its helplessness, and your freedom. Your study books begin their decline into dusty disuse. As you exit the room, the door slams shut, signalling the restart of the life your exams took away from you.

STAGE 2: THE HINTS

So far, the days have passed in utter *bliss*. No studies and all hobbies, even NEW ones. The scars of sleepless nights and fifteen gallons of tea-coffee hybrids are still fresh, but it's finally over. Until, of course, that one classmate goes, "So, what grades do you think you guys are gonna get?"

Everyone in the vicinity stares at said classmate and somewhere at the back, someone brings out a cricket bat.

STAGE 3: THE PARANOIA

It feels like your thoughts about "The Day" have turned into FBI agents who have been following you around. When you look over your shoulder, you spot glimpses of them. They don't actually exist, but they're definitely following you, some way or the other. You speak of your sporadic but frequent bouts of paranoia to your friends. They share the same feelings. Again, that one guy just HAS to go all,

"What are you guys so worried about?" **cue cricket bat**



STAGE 4: THE CALM

You're entering the Red Zone at this point, absolutely nothing matters anymore. You've caved in to the reality that maybe it's a good time to petition for a McDonald's in Bangladesh. After all, you're going to need a job, and very soon at that.

STAGE 5: THE STORM

It's finally "The Day" and the calm breaks as you walk into the school. The Ice Age must have come around; whether the actual thing or the movie is something you don't know, because you're both shivering and laughing like a maniac mentally.



Your mom or dad (or both, if you're very unfortunate) is walking beside you and she/he is asking you, "Baba, bhalohobetoh?" You refrain from saying anything and mutely nod your head instead.

You spot your fellow classmates and some of them are walking in with grim determination; others are already coming out and on the verge of tears; some weirdos are actually grinning; and still others have successfully walked in with their driver pretending to be their dad. You distantly wonder how that's even possible, but there are more pressing matters at hand because your dad (IF it's your dad who came along) has just gripped your arm and said, "Hae, bhaloi hobe."

The next bit is a little hazy but it goes something like this: sinisterly smiling report-card-giver, quickly dying hopes, your results, and then.

STAGE 6: THE AFTERMATH

It has been a few days. Someone's probably driving around in a Porsche their parents bought for them as a reward. Others are partying with friends and having the time of their lives again. Then, there's you and the others with the same fate as yours. Your mom has already discovered that the *pasherbarirbhabirchele/meye* – yes, the one who said they hadn't "studied anything" and are "going to fail" – got GPA 6 AND A** in all subjects somehow. Funny, because you could've sworn they're ONLY in the national curriculum. You look every morning in the garage for your promised rickshaw. Your only salvation now is the McDonald's petition. So far, quite a few of your friends have signed it.

THE RESULTS ARE IN...

Rasheed Khan is a hug monster making good music but terrible puns and jokes where he's probably the only one laughing. Ask him how to pronounce his name at aarcvard@gmail.com