

The struggles of not being photogenic

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"Captain, we have a problem," one of the little people in your head tells their overlord, who immediately tenses up. "What is it?" he asks warily. The little person turns on the screen which shows the outside world through your eyes. The speakers connected to your ears turn on and the overlord hears one of his master's (i.e. you) friends say, "Dude, let's take a selfie!" Within an instant, screaming from all directions ensues and the alarms go off. There are red lights everywhere. This is the mind of a non-photogenic person, and our struggles.

You look good? I'm sorry, but you'll still have terrible pictures. That friend who just asked to take a selfie looks hands-down perfect in photos. You can already see their future: bright, with a good job, an equally beautiful spouse, plenty of kids and a happy life. What about you? Well, the devil just called and he told you stop showing up in his nightmares (with a polite "please" after his request). You put down the phone and your insecurity makes you approach the mirror, which cracks when you try out a photogenic smile. Then, you hear a distant wail of distress and feel sad; you've terrorised Bloody Mary yet again.

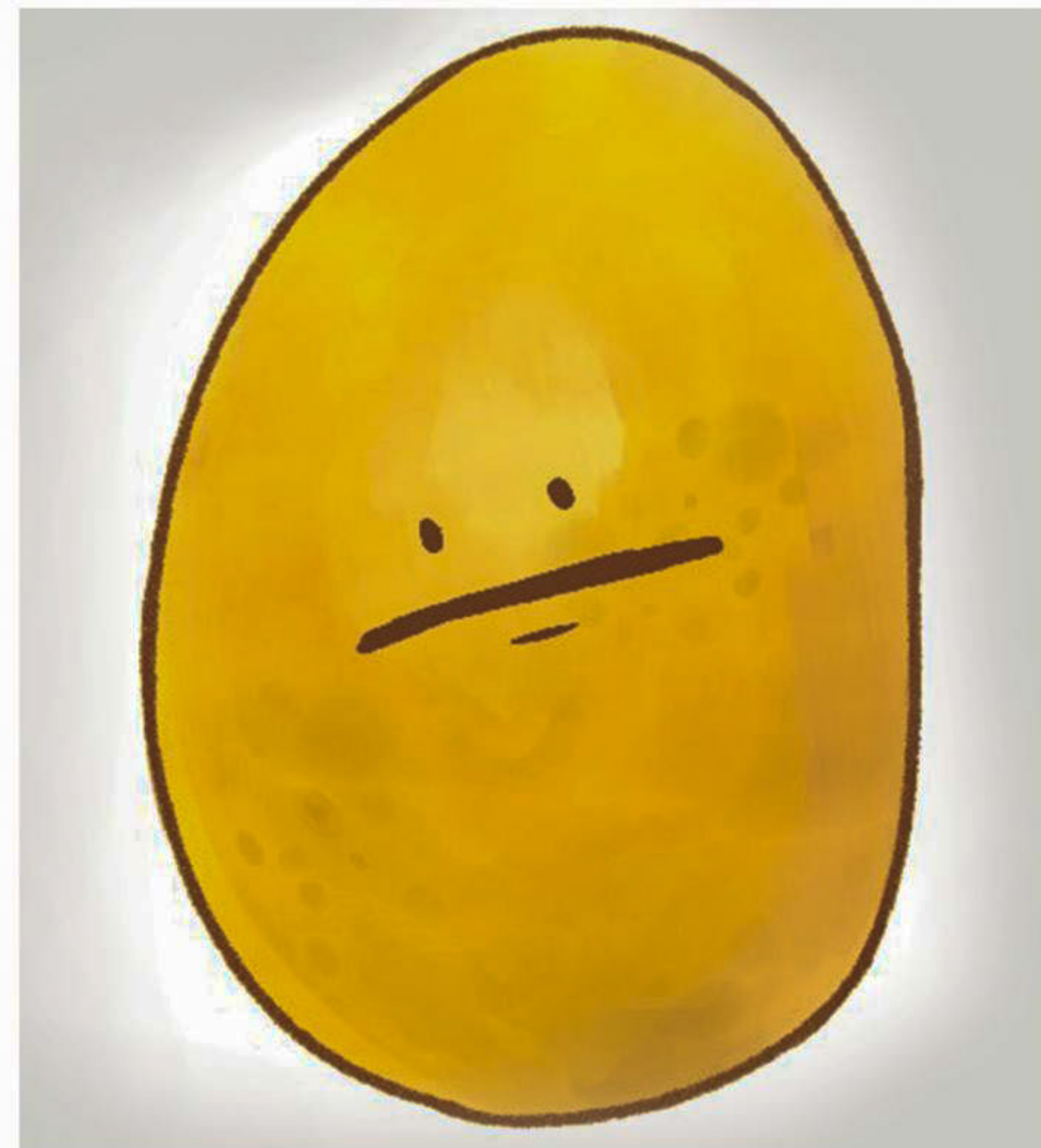
After calling the mirror store to order another mirror, you decide that it's high time to practice

selfie-taking so you don't look like a rabid dog when you have to take photos with someone, and you take out your phone. Three years later, the quest for a good selfie continues.

In these three years, despite the quest for the "Selfie You Don't Have to Delete", you still had to socialise, people have wanted to take photos and have done so. Today is one of those days. You come back home, tensed, and keep an eye on your social media for a few hours. The photo tags appear before vanishing five seconds later. You've allowed tags for the photos where you've either photobombed, decided to pull a creep face, covered your face with something, far away photos, or blurred photos. Thankfully, there weren't too many photos this time (or those nasty candids). Your friends have gotten used to you saying, "EW dude delete that one!" The closest friends know how to shut you up though; out comes a nice filter.

Your task completed, you close your laptop wearily. Approaching the bed, you flop down onto your back and take out your phone and open your Snapchat, the only place where you can look like a deformed potato in pictures because everyone does. You grin; perhaps there IS salvation. Maybe life isn't so bad after all.

You blink right as the shutter clicks.



Dear socks and slippers, I love you

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Picture this: a person wrapped up shivering under a blanket, really craving some hot chocolate/tea, reading this article. That's probably you right now. But under all those layers, the real heroes of this winter are those blessed socks and slippers.

This winter has been a freak one: it starts mid to late 20s, and then one day it's 8 AM and you wake freezing and check the temperature to see it's 9 degrees Celsius outside. Once you get out of bed all your layers of clothing won't save you entirely. Yes, your hoodie and scarf might be keeping your face warm and tucked in, but your greatest assets are truly socks and slippers.

Last winter, I made a semi-joke investment by having a friend gift me these giant cat slippers from abroad. Let me tell you, those things are giant hugs in shoe-form, snuggly wrapping my feet and whispering, "I'll protect you from this cold, my dear" as they keep your feet warm and relaxed. I didn't really need them last year, but this year it's been a godsend. As I type this write now, the only part of me fully warm is my feet thanks to those slippers. I asked them how they're doing - they tell me they're on a tropical vacation in there. "Winter who?" is their only question. The second I take them off I'm pretty sure I replace my toenails with icicles on contact with outside air.

If you're not the type who owns slippers (or doesn't like taking them for outdoor use, which sadly, they aren't meant for, despite



the number of cute ones you can get), the poor/outdoor man's option is the humble sock.

Long discarded and frequently mismatched, some lost to the annals of space-time thanks to you misplacing one in the wardrobe, your sock arsenal is in full force this winter. School socks? They've upgraded to casual winter holidays indoor wear.

Thick woolen socks? They keep your feet warm on the part where your 10th blanket misses by an inch and you're too comfortable to move to fix it.

Lacking gloves but have excess socks? Improve by using socks to cover your hands. We were on to something by making the Bangla word for gloves *haat moja*.

Oh and, decorative pattern socks make great gifts. Christmas themed socks in particular go well with the season (if slightly overdue, but always great to look at).

And hey, what if you end up wearing mismatched socks because you're too lazy to find/lost the other pair's sock? Not a problem -- with a fancy pattern, it's a fashion statement now. Everyone appreciates socks as a gift, and to quote Dumbledore: "One can never have enough socks."

And of course, nothing is stopping you from wearing both types of footwear and embrace the fuzzy feelings of warmth and comfort. This winter, pretend like you're royalty as you gracefully tread non-carpeted frosty tiles and then maniacally laugh as the cold won't make popsicles out of your feet, thanks to the nice snug warmth of your choice of footwear.

Once you enter the sock-slipper lifestyle, there's no turning this luxury machine back. Just embrace it like they'll embrace your feet, and you'll see you're truly living the good life after.

