

HOW TO GET OVER SOMEONE YOU NEVER DATED

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First of all, why?

Getting over a person is never fun and I, personally, would choose being stuck in traffic for 3 hours every day for the rest of my life, or, even getting an *elachi* with every bite of my biriyani than trying to get over a person.

At least, after a break up when you get down or miss your significant other, you think about the reason why things ended and you pull yourself together. You have been with that person and you know that things were just not working out. Now, imagine the only explanation you have for not being together is a text saying, "I want us to be friends". What do you do then?

Firstly, I'm sure the other person sincerely means this offer of friendship, so extend your arms wide open towards them. Call them, go out with them, and just be with them as much as possible. If you're with them all day, there's no need to get over them. If anyone tries to tell you that

it's unhealthy or that it would hurt you in the long run, cut them out of your life. You don't need that kind of negativity.

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Another thing you can do is completely block out the conversation where the other person decided they just want to be friends. Imagine in your head that you guys ARE actually dating and definitely work yourself up and feel sad every time you see them talking to someone of the opposite gender. After a few months you can even imagine a breakup scenario and finally break things off with the person in your head. In this way, you get closure plus keep your creative side active. It's a win-win situation.

Now, don't go sulking in a corner because your feelings weren't reciprocated. This is what you get for trying to socialise.

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.



The accounts of a terrible badminton player

NAFIS IMTIAZ ONISH

I will just come out and say it: I am a monkey when it comes to playing badminton, and not even the good kind that goes to space or sits on Ross' shoulder. I am absolutely impaired when it comes to playing this championed winter sport. In fact, this is singlehandedly the biggest reason I dread winter.

Do not get me wrong, winter is great. All the wedding shenanigans, the kachchi, not having to iron your clothes and putting on new jackets everyday - all of that is enthralling.

However, winter ushers in an unparalleled fad for badminton, a sport that is entertaining for most and confusing as hell for an unfortunate few, that is yours truly.

So, this is an account of how a terrible badminton player fails every badminton season which I believe should be said out loud for all those cursed with horrific hand-eye coordination. Yes, people,

we exist.

First and foremost, why one would decide to leave the warmth of his/her blanket on a cold dreary evening is beyond me. I would rather stay cooped up in my room, tucked in my bed and watch some Netflix. So, I was not exactly unhappy with the recent ridiculous drop in temperature, substantial enough to not want to go out.

However, on the umpteenth time, one of my overly enthusiastic pals

finally managed to drag me to one of badminton

these matches.

Running out of excuses conjured over the past several years, I begrudgingly tagged along to what I actively eluded all my life. Because, you see, proclaiming that you have zero knowledge of playing badminton is like saying you do not know how to ride a bicycle (which I cannot either).

It was a messy experience to say the

least. I kept flapping my arms and sliced through thin air in vain. I just could not seem to ever go anywhere near the shuttlecock. In my defence, who in their right mind decides to use something that is literally as light as a feather? Every time a mild breeze slightly deviated the shuttlecock, it happily decided to descend on my glasses while my flailing arms squatted mosquitoes with the racket. I wonder whether the feathers come from live birds or not. If not, then is it really a good way to go?

Anywho, I digress. So, seeing how I am totally incapable on my own, we then teamed up for what they called "doubles". But I swear I literally did nothing at all. Unlike table tennis where you take turns, this sport apparently did not require me to move an inch. I watched as my team mate toiled tirelessly in front of me like, well, whoever the Roger Federer of badminton is. Nonetheless, I made sure that he knew how much I supported him. I was vocally as tireless with edgy banters, ducking my way out of the line of sight. The only problem was my serve. If it were a

crossbar challenge or a cross-net challenge in this case, I would be invincible at it.

Oh, and what is up with the scoring system? It is downright weird. I kept losing track of scores. Winning a single point seemed like an arduous process. To instil confidence that I had not forgotten counting, I muttered to myself, "2+2 is 4, minus 1 that's 3, quick maths."

At the end of the match, I was dazed and confused. I literally had no idea whether we had one or not. Well, at least I was finally spared from eating dirt. Hopefully, that was

the very first and last time of my rather humbling attempt at the sport, well, until next winter.

Nafis Imtiaz Onish believes grinning is the answer to everything and avidly loves art, astronomy & all things nerdy. Send him Carl Sagan fan art at nafisimtiaz17@gmail.com

