

HOME

TAHSIN M RAHMAN

Let me tell you the story of how I fell in love with the ocean.

I stood there, on the glistening, silver sand and I let the wind flow through strands of my hair and beyond. I let it blow through decks and heaps of angst I've been holding on for ages, and I finally

let lose.

Have you ever had the feeling of finally finding something you've never really searched for? Or is it just me? Because I know I felt it. I felt in my heart. In my bones, when the water touched my toes and it tickled the nerves I didn't know could be tickled.

If you ask me the best part of it all, it was probably when the waves pulled me along the current

while I was still firmly grounded. The way a kite flies in the sky, knowing that the string is firmly held. Or like the ship floating amidst a deep ocean, already anchored home.

Or was it that night, when the waves teased me when they kept breaking at the shore and I wept at the grandeur of it all. I couldn't say. I guess all I can truly say is, I've never been more home.

Mom

MAYABEE ARANNYA

My mom and I share a special bond of nine months. I still remember the first time she saw me. The picture quality wasn't that great, nor was my pose. The ultrasound technician was probably trying to take candid shots but my mom didn't conceive no girl who don't slay.

Dad was with her the entire time, giving her support. When they realised I was old enough to hear them, Mom asked him to play some jams for me. Everyday, like routine, I would listen to the same tracks and learn about the world I was about to be born into. Three things stuck the most: My gang is Gucci, all my friends are dead, and I can only love partly because I must love my bed and my momma the most. I felt ready to be out in the world.

Mom was obsessed with a TV show throughout the pregnancy. It was about a family that got into a lot of pointless drama and her favourite character was a 20-year-old she thought might be pregnant as well.

Her excitement about the possibility of becoming a parent the same time as that woman was palpable.

One time, while watching the show, she began discussing baby names with Dad. They both seemed adamant on giving me a unique name, but because of their indecisive nature, they kept going back and forth on names for an entire week. By the end of it, when one of the women of that family announced the name of their baby girl, my mom screamed for my dad. "I know what to name her: Uttara." My dad laughed out loud but his snickering died down when he soon real-

ised how dead serious my mom was. "That's perfect, honey, at least boys will know she's hard to get and leave her alone."

Dad would sometimes ask my mom for some alone time with me so when she took a nap, Dad would take a seat next to her and bring out his phone. He would always start with a heavy sigh, saying, "I wish you could see all this." He would tell me about a great art form known as "memes". The first rule was to never pronounce it as "mimi" or "meymey", or else he'd disown me. He told me about all the old gems from

his time and taught me the worst thing I can grow up to be is a normie. He also whispered to me that he had his suspicions about Mom being one, but I was never to mention it to her.

My mom wasn't as good at talking as my dad. She would often times end up having long awkward silences with me and apologise a hundred times for everything. Her jokes only made her laugh, and she'd sometimes start a sentence and forget where she was going with it. But I loved

her to the moon and back.

When the nine months were finally over, I felt like I was already best friends with my parents. I wasn't scared of the next stage of my life but I was also sad about leaving this cosy uterus I've called home for so long. I couldn't hold it in anymore, and began crying the minute I got out.

Mayabee Arannya is a confused soul still searching for a purpose. Give her advice on life at facebook.com/mayabee.arannya



QUESTIONS

WASIMA AZIZ

I can still recall my mother trying to wake me from my deep slumber a little before dawn. She restlessly told me to pack up what I need, and that she would explain everything in time. In our hurry, we only had time to take food and water with us. Almost immediately, we left the only home I had ever known and began walking towards a destination that was still unknown to me.

We walked on and on, mile after mile. Confused, I asked my mother, "Where are we even going?" She neither replied, nor looked at me. Although she was crying, she didn't look sad. Her turquoise eyes seemed violent and coarse, determined and angry.

"What was that noise?" I asked again. The ringing in my ears started once the thunderclaps began.

"Was that lightning?"

"Is it going to rain?"

"Shouldn't we turn back, mother?"

"We have to look for shelter! How else are we going to save ourselves from the rain?"

My questions rained down as the rain came down in a drizzle. I looked around, there was no one to answer.

Wasima Aziz is an 8th grade student from Cantonment English School and College.