

THOUGHTS AFTER EID

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Eid-ul-Azha went by in a blur for me this year, as it does most years. Perhaps that is because I find myself quite uninvolved in the process. Having given up on the concept of visiting *gorur haats* at the age of nine, the only pre-Eid ceremony I have is my basic conversation with the cow about life and its mysteries. Post-Eid is a different matter though. The option of being uninvolved isn't quite as viable when the vestiges of Eid are all around us.

THE NEVER-ENDING DAWAATS

Your relatives are still in celebration mode, and you attend a string of *dawaats*, even though you know your exams are going to all come barging through the door in a couple days once the vacation is done and dusted. The *dawaats* all seem to merge together into one big super-dawaat. All of them follow the same pattern of light conversation followed by a meat fest where each family matriarch is trying to one-up the other with their new and improved techniques of cooking. My stomach approves of such competition one hundred percent.

THE INESCAPABLE MEAT BONANZA

Your deep freezer is packed with so much meat that there is no space for anything else. Your mum gave away as much as she could to the needy, yet, there's still heaps remaining. Somehow, a box of ice cream has found its niche between two packets full of beef. It must have been brought by one of your relatives on the night of the Eid dawaat at your place. You decide to try some of the ice cream; it's your favourite flavour. The minute a spoonful makes its way into your mouth though, you almost throw up. It inevitably smells of beef.

THE FADING HENNA

So your cousin coerced you into painting your body, regardless of your inhibitions. You insisted that henna was an Eid-ul-Fitr only ritual, but she didn't listen. At least she let you get away with only designing your feet



PHOTO: STAR

and wasn't adamant about the hands. Weirdly enough, once you were done, you grew quite fond of the design after all. Then however, the henna began to fade, turning from bright red to a weird sickly orange colour. Now it makes you wish there was a way to make it disappear all at once.

THE UNWANTED GAINS

You've been having meat for breakfast, lunch and dinner for the past week. You wonder if you worked out just a

bit, you could probably be ripped by now because of this high protein diet. Then you realise that red meats are high in fats as well, and that all that *polao* accompanying the meat is pure carbohydrates. You bid goodbye to your fantasy summer sculptured body.

Looking at yourself in the mirror tells you you've gained a few pounds; maybe a few more than a few. But then again, you think back to last night's lamb rump roast at your fuppi's place, and suddenly, it all feels worth it.

NEW DAILY FRESH & CLEAN

CLEAR

MEN ANTI-DANDRUFF NOURISHING SHAMPOO

COOL SPORT MENTHOL

WITH COOLING MINT

WITH NIUTRIUM

ZERO DANDRUFF NON-STOP*

CLEAR MEN

*NO VISIBLE FLAKES WITH REGULAR USE, EFFECT MAY VARY WITH PERSON
CREATIVE VISUALISATION

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