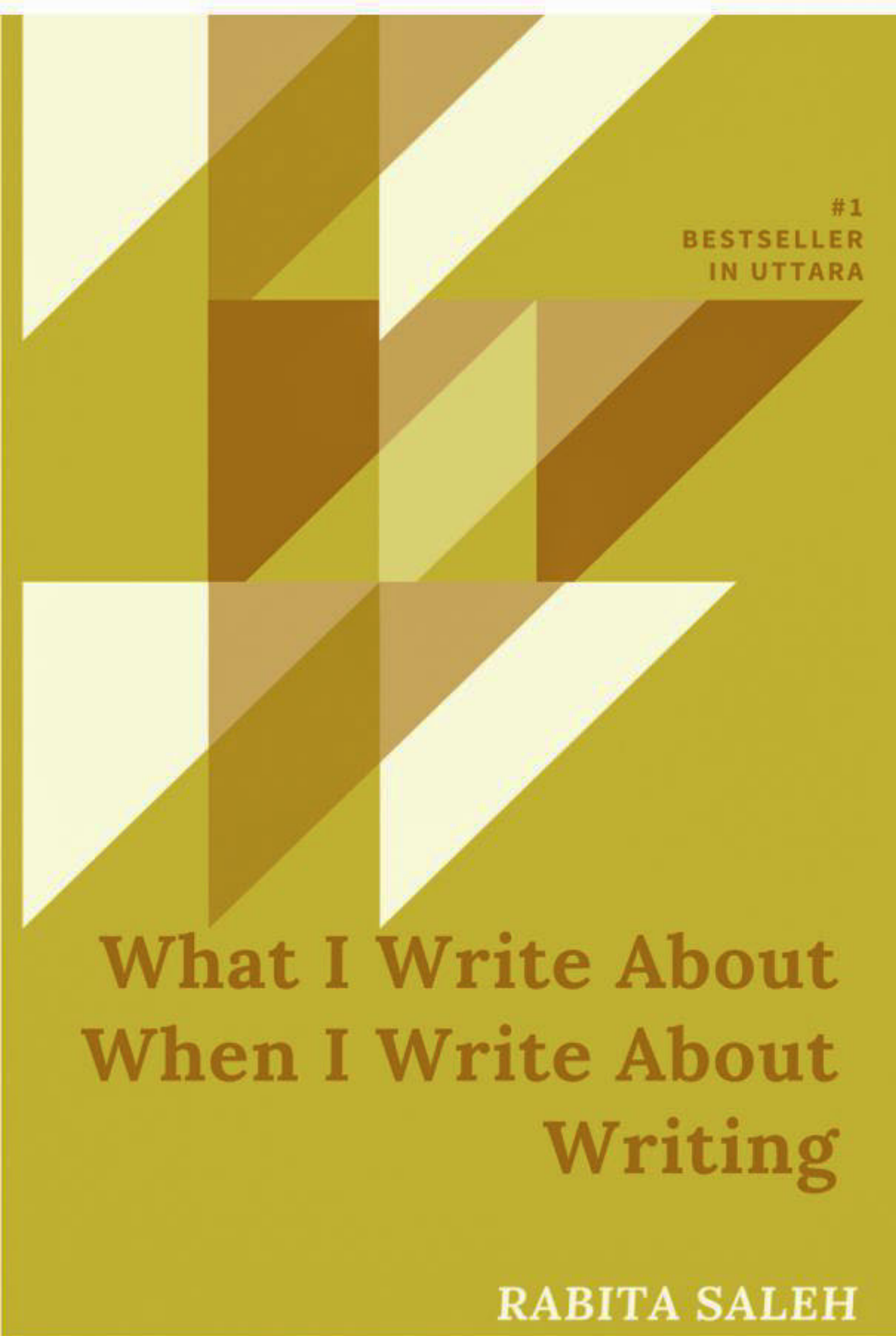


Articles people want me to write



RABITA SALEH

Being a writer, something you get asked quite often is "Why don't you write about that?" Everyone has an opinion on what would make a "good" article. Usually the answer to this question is that writing "about that" would not make for a very interesting read or it doesn't appeal to your target audience. Sometimes there comes along a great idea which has no chance of getting past the editor's chopping block. And a few times there are ideas which make you wonder how long you'd be around even if you did manage to miraculously publish them.

WHAT MY BEST FRIEND WANTS ME TO WRITE

My best friend is one of those people who inevitably land themselves in some kind of drama every other week. One week she randomly comes up to me and says "You should write an article about how men are the most confusing creatures on the planet!" It sounded intriguing, so I asked her to elaborate. To which she responded, "I don't know. They just are!" So next week look out for a one-line article with that heading maybe?

WHAT MY PARENTS WANT ME TO WRITE

The other day we were having one of those family dinners which are never just dinners. They are either a commentary on your life, or society, or as it were on that day, affairs of state. Evidently my parents think it might be a good idea to publish a piece on taxation. I just decide to chew faster while internally debating whether three meals a day are really essential.

WHAT MY CHAUFFEUR WANTS ME TO WRITE

I got some mind-blowing insights on what is truly

important to people when I began to write this article, and this was one of the most interesting ones. One day in the traffic, my chauffeur says, "You write in the paper right? Look at that cement truck ahead, and how its pouring cement as it drives down the road. You should write about that. It's these trucks that are ruining our roads." Alas, although I believe the country would be better off if the average youth were more interested in the road evenness, I don't see that happening anytime soon.

WHAT MY TEACHERS WANT ME TO WRITE

Upon discovering that I write for SHOUT, a teacher of mine once told me that I should use this platform that I have to spread information about employment opportunities. Filling a youth magazine job circulars might not be the best way to go, but I don't tell them that. Instead I express my full fledged enthusiasm for the idea. I still needed that A.

WHAT MY YOUNGER SIBLINGS WANT ME TO "WRITE"

Every week a supplement of The Daily Star comes out with a game segment which includes a "Find Five Differences between these Two Pictures" section. It's a family favourite and my little brother and sister are particularly interested in it. One day as I read SHOUT they come up to me saying "Apu, you make this paper, why don't you fill your pages with this game?"

Trust me, if I "made this paper", that's definitely what I would do.

Rabita Saleh is a perfectionist/workaholic. Email feedback to this generally boring person at rabitasaleh13@gmail.com

HUMOUR

THE AUNTIEZONE

MAYABEE ARANNYA

I'm unfortunate enough to have been in a wide spectrum of zones: the dude zone, bro zone, even *apu* zone. If you think those are bad, I'm here to burst your bubble just as how mine crashed down upon me as I, a 19-year-old, was called by a new title recently: auntie.

Some of you may be wondering what all the fuss is about. Actual aunties or older people in general sometimes call young girls "auntie" affectionately. That's completely normal. I wish my case were the same. I have been called auntie on multiple occasions by people who do not fall into the acceptable age range.

Kids sometimes call girls much older than them "auntie" since we seem too old to even be an *apu*. That's all fine and dandy. However, a five-year-old called me auntie and it was humiliating. Let me tell you why.

I was with two of my friends, one my age and another older, and the kid called me aunty and them *apu*. Yes, I was shaded by a five-year-old. When I asked her if she would consider calling me *apu* as well, she bluntly said no.

The other instances took place on the longest natural sandy sea beach in the world. I was walking around the beachside shops, looking to buy some souvenirs. As usual, the shopkeepers were trying to attract customers by shouting and pointing to their stores. I was paying no heed to them until suddenly, I heard the weirdest call, "Auntie, ki lagbe? Ekhane dekhe jan." I looked around to see who was calling, hoping it wasn't me. To my dismay, there was no other female in sight. I quickly scanned the vendor and realised that the boy was either my age or slightly older. And he was calling me auntie?

The shopkeeper incident didn't just happen once, it happened multiple times. The strangest part was that I

was wearing overalls, an article of clothing that aunties usually do not opt to wear. When I told my friends about this, I was faced with immense ridicule and started to worry if my youth was somehow already fading.

In an unrelated incident, I got a new haircut – short and trendy – with no intention of trying to look younger. Completely unrelated, trust me. However, I was curious to know if the new hairdo had done me any favours. I posted a picture on my Instagram story and added a poll to know if the short hair made me look like any less of

an auntie. The results were fifty-fifty; my fate has been sealed.

No romantic interest has auntiezoned me yet but you know what happens with time? You age. All I pray is that I don't come back with some new article a couple years from now describing the grannyzone.

Mayabee Arannya is insecure about her aunty looks and needs a youth serum. Tell her she looks young at facebook.com/mayabee.arannya

