

THE DEFINITIVE
YOUTH
MAGAZINE

SHOUT

DHAKA THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 2019, SRABAN 24, 1426 BS

A PUBLICATION OF *The Daily Star*



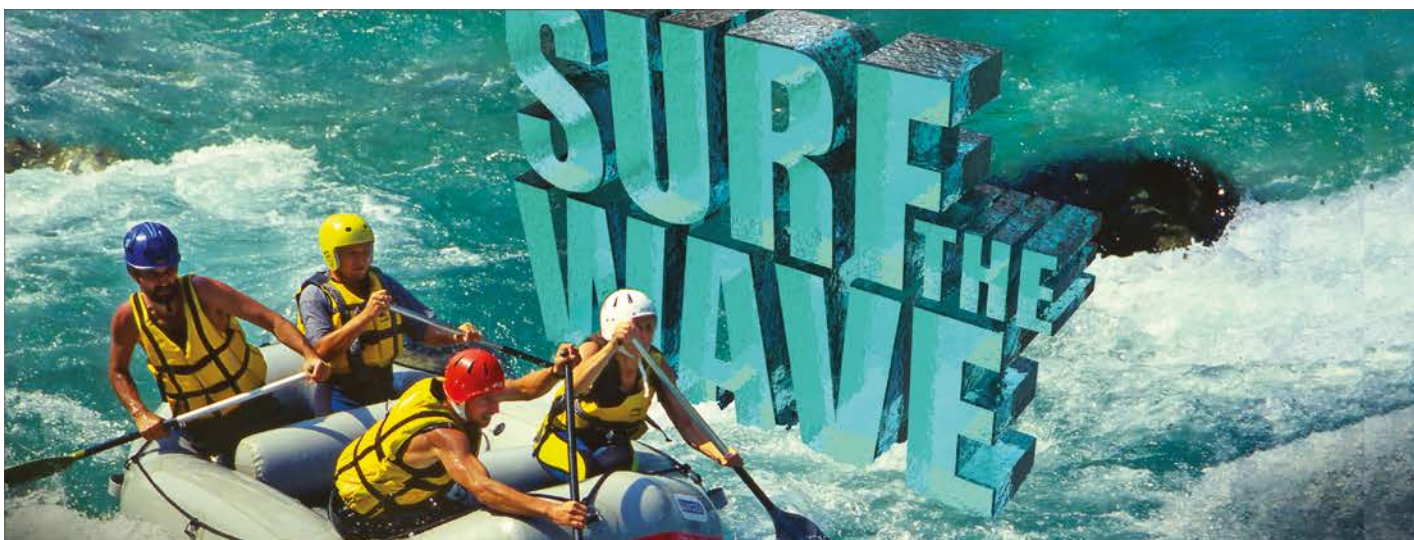
TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF
WHEN LIVING ALONE

PG 4

THE CASE FOR
BOJROMUSHTI
PG 15



DESIGN: KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD



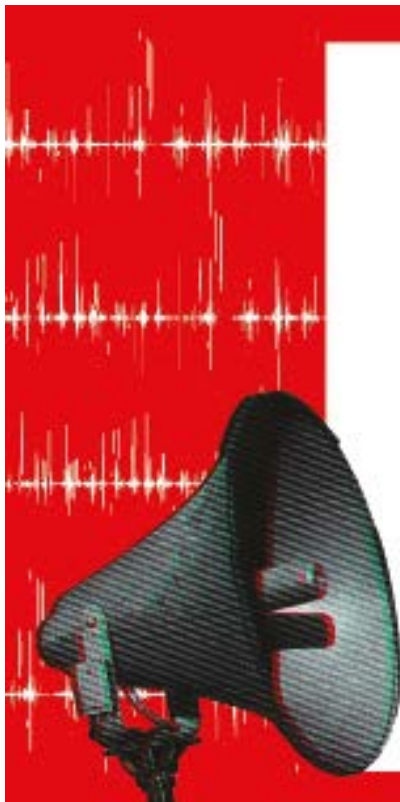
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IT'S FAMILY TIME!

I always found it amazing how Eid-ul-Azha has a way of bringing the entire family together no matter what. It would always be exciting when the goat showed up. We kids would always end up attached to the goat. Heck, even now if I pet the goat once, I get too attached and cry the next day when it shows up on my table from the garage. From going to the haat with my dad to buy the animal to when my mother cooks it, it's an experience you can't get anywhere else. Especially the sense of community throughout the country. It's a whole-some day.

— Rumman R Kalam, In-charge, SHOUT



EVENTS

THE SUNDRY GIG
Lounge Comida, Gulshan
August 9
3:00 PM – 9:00 PM

BLACK
Jatra Biroti, Banani
August 9
7:00 PM – 10:00 PM

PROBASHI & EMRAN HOSSAIN
Jatra Biroti, Banani
August 10
7:00 PM – 10:00 PM



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THIS WEEK'S HORRORSCOPE

ARIES
If you want to bargain with the butcher, just ask him to meat you half way.



TAURUS
Beef can be your favourite kind of protein, but is it worth the trade-off with fish?



GEMINI
What fish don't have is legs, so just get cows to lend two of their legs to the fish.



CANCER
No one needs four legs, let alone eight.



LEO
We don't talk about eight-legged creatures.



VIRGO
Creepy crawlies are the worst. Don't eat them though.



LIBRA
Eating can't be the only thing good about life.



SCORPIO
You are a person not a four legged grass eater.



SAGITTARIUS
Where are you bows and arrows? It is time to go hunting for cattle.



CAPRICORN
The last air bender knew how to herd cattle.

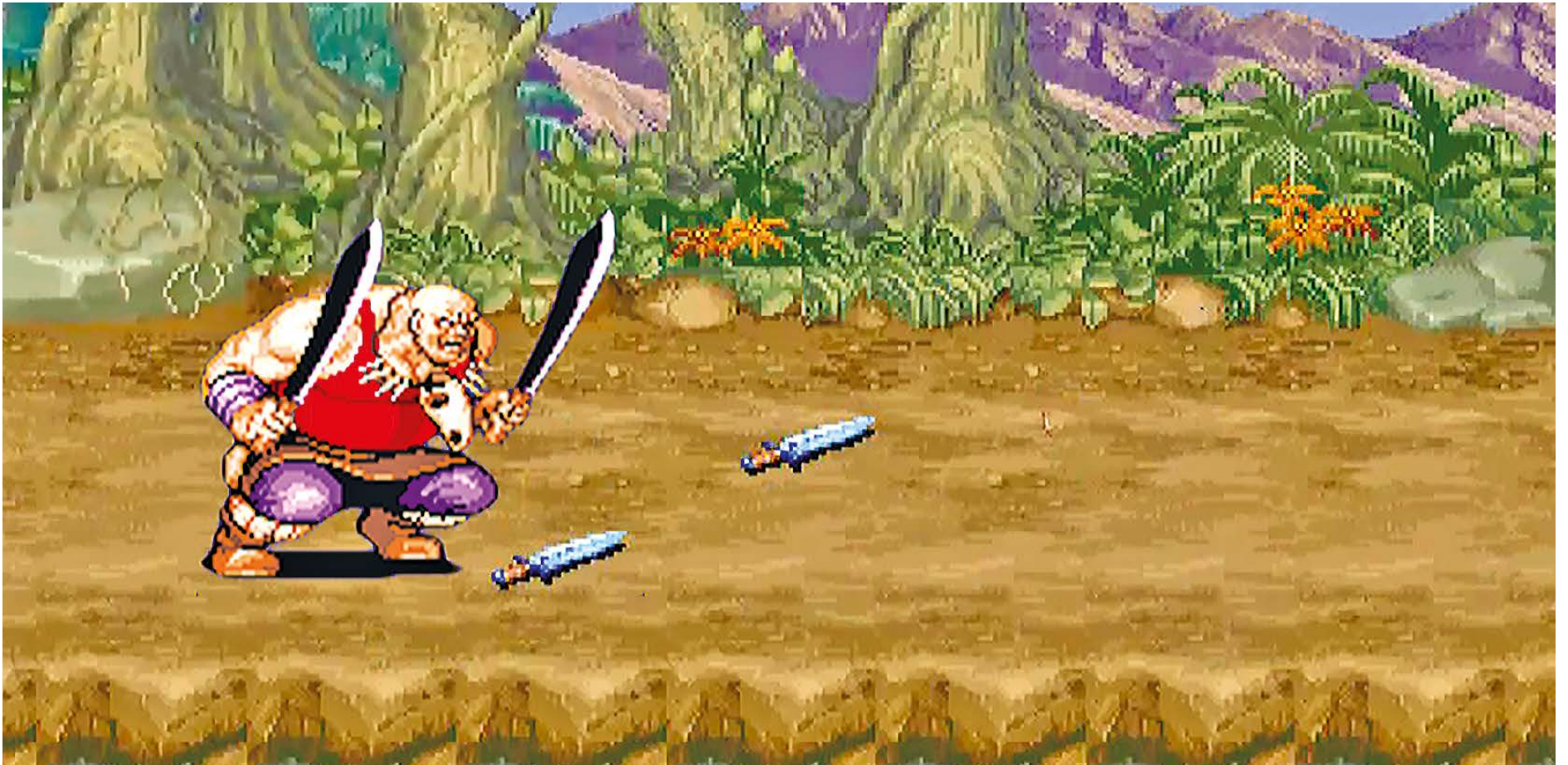


AQUARIUS
Cattle are a good catalyst for some good times in the barn.



PISCES
Don't get strange ideas, barns are only meant for weddings.





MY FIRST TIME AS A KOSHAI

WASIQUE HASAN

It's finally time. Year after year of having my authority questioned, of being belittled and humiliated by my own family, I'm going to claim my destiny. I'm going to be 'the' *koshai* this Qurbani Eid. My dad said so.

Qurbani is still many weeks away, but you can never be too ready for destiny. I went ahead to make sure the blades I'd use were in the best shape they could be. At first I was quite offended when the shopkeepers brought out some tiny knives. They were so small that I couldn't even have buttered my croissant with them, let alone sacrifice a full-blooded bull. The shopkeeper kept insisting,

however, no doubt thinking that I wasn't ready for a set of real *koshai's* tools. I heard none of it, and made sure to get the biggest blades he had to offer. Sure, I couldn't really lift them above my waist, but I couldn't make my first time special without getting special tools for the occasion. As the fateful day neared, I went out with all the adults to pick out a worthy creature for us. Being an avid fan of BoHorse Jackman, I suggested we get a strapping steed. I couldn't understand the looks my uncles shot me until my dad informed me that cows and camels were all we could choose from. Looking beyond that fine print, I followed our little judging panel around, occasionally giving out a few rump-smacks. I kept an eye out for the perfect

cow and in my head, I already knew what he looked like. Chocolate-coloured complexion, nice set of teeth, the *thicc-est* rump out of all the rumps.

When we brought him home, I could barely contain my excitement. He was magnificent, and when I looked into his eyes I knew he was the perfect companion for my first time. The night before Eid, I went down to see him for the last time. He had tears in his eyes, which was understandable. It was his first time, as well as mine. Nerves were to be expected. Hell, even I wanted to cry sometimes when I remembered what I'd have to do the next day. It was too late to back out now. We could only go and fulfil our own destinies.

It was time. I had unsheathed my blade and was ready to do what needed to be done. This was it, what I'd waited my whole life to do. Then why did I feel so hollow inside?

I'd been misled by my own fantasies. I thought being a *koshai* would be short and sweet. Instead, here I was, seated for hours, chopping away at the never-ending stream of meat. My arms ached, I was sweating like a pig, and my new *panjabi* was drenched in blood. Nobody said it was easy, but I never thought it'd be this hard.

Wasique Hasan writes to distract himself from the impending climate crisis. Also because it pays. Contact him: fb.com/hasique.wasan



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PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

Taking Care of Yourself When Living Alone

ALFEE RUBAYET

Living alone – we’ve all dreamt of it at one point or the other. It certainly does come with its perks: getting to live by your own rules and the independence it entails without making compromises with others, that confidence, the knowledge that you know you can make it on your own. But that confidence doesn’t come unearned – there’s a myriad of troubles and hoops one has to navigate through to earn that title of ‘self-sufficient.’

The pros become the cons when you’re alone. Getting to live by your own rules means you have to make them yourself and follow them too; there’s no parent to ensure you go to bed on time so you’re not too tired for work. The compromises you don’t have to make with your family or roommates become compromises you make with your landlord, and the independence can make you want to crawl back to your mother for that sweet, warm sense of security. Tasmiah Haque Annanya, a fresh graduate working at an NGO who lives alone in Dhaka, says, “Living with family, there’s someone else handling the planning bit all the time. But when you’re alone, you have to plan and implement these things because no one else will. It gets stressful too, so you need to be able to handle some low key, constant background stress.” This stress definitely takes a toll on your health, and falling ill isn’t something you can afford

when you’re on your own.

Time is money, and most of us don’t have enough. If you’re living alone, you probably don’t have enough time to cook yourself a decent meal, so even if it’s more expensive, you’ll end up relying on outside food to meet your needs. Taking care of your gut doesn’t get higher priority than fitting everything into one tight schedule, so it’ll suffer as a result. From bloating to contracting typhoid and hepatitis, junk and unhygienic food has its adverse effects on the short run and the long run, and it can make you tire out faster. It’s difficult to take care of your body when you’re under time restrictions, and your gut often takes the hit. Alif Kabir, a student living in Malaysia says, “Normally you would want to cook your own food to stay healthy, but most of the time I’ll feel like not doing that because I’m busy and tired all the time so I’ll just have whatever, like last month I ran entirely on KFC deliveries.” Even when you know the long term repercussions, it’s difficult to let go of these bad habits because no one sits you down and tells you to stop. It’s all you.

The dreadful moment comes when you fall sick. If you were living with your parents, while it would be a hindrance it would be less of a problem because you have someone who’s there to ensure that you’re okay. When you’re alone, you’re in charge, and there’s nothing worse than trying to run a house and maintain cleanliness, complete tasks and pay the

bills than when you’re spending your time vomiting and administering yourself medication. Rasheed Khan, currently a sophomore at Dalhousie University, Canada, comments, “If you fall sick, there is no one to help you. I’ve been sick twice, and I can tell you, I have never missed the company of another person as I did when I was in pain, lethargic, yet forcing myself to move and take care of myself.” This is when you grow empathy for your parents when they fell sick when you were growing up and you couldn’t help; the growing stack of responsibilities weighs heavy especially when you’re out cold.

People living alone often go through self-medication rather than reaching out to doctors or clinics. A study by SIAPS (Systems for Improved Access to Pharmaceuticals and Services) in 2015* writes that for the majority of the population in Bangladesh, retail drug shops are the preferred first point of access for healthcare, rather than hospitals. Over 1 lakh licensed retail drug stores and about the same number of unlicensed ones sell drugs ‘over-the-counter’. This includes antibiotics, even though there are laws in place that are to prevent this from happening. People living on their own fall in the majority that are prey to the overuse of drugs, unlicensed prescription and offers of diagnoses and treatment by salespeople and dispensers lacking training. As these salesmen are influenced by aggressive tactics of pharmaceutical companies, people don’t get

the treatment they need and this bodes as a threat to their health, especially if they’re already sick. It is important to keep in mind that self-prescription of drugs is something that should not be practiced, and doctors should be approached regarding healthcare; it should not be left up to patients with asymmetric information to deal with.

Noting how busy and stressed one is when alone, it’s difficult to pick out time in the day to dedicate to self-care. It’s important to create time for yourself to unplug and relax, but with tight schedules and long work-hours, it can be impossible to do so without carving out hours in your time. Tasmiah Haque Annanya continues, “I think I’m so focused on taking care of the must-dos in life, at work and in the house, that I often forget to look at myself and what I need. Even if I remember, sometimes it just feels like self-care can be foregone because there are twenty other things to take care of that seem more urgent.” It’s important to maintain a healthy relationship with oneself, and that can be done by harboring more positive feelings towards oneself and others, through writing or painting, taking up a hobby and practicing mindfulness. It’s okay to get behind, as long as the slack is picked up soon enough.

Reference:
Baseline Study of Private Drug Shops in Bangladesh: Findings and Recommendations

5 THINGS THE BIG ANT CRICKET GAMES GOT RIGHT

WASIQUE HASAN

For the longest time, the only cricket game of note was EA's Cricket 07. Recently, however, the cricket game market has belonged to Big Ant and Big Ant alone. Today we're going to look back at the features they pioneered or perfected, from Don Bradman Cricket 14 (DBC 14) to their latest effort, Cricket 19.

CRICKET ACADEMY: No, this isn't a place where you can train your players to be better. This is the name of the player creation tool Big Ant created for the original Don Bradman Cricket, way back in 2014. It's been updated since then for each iteration of the game, but at its core it's still one of the strongest character creation tools in sports.

It must be, otherwise the community couldn't have created every single international team from scratch and made them look so close to their living counterparts. Not only does the Academy offer an insane amount of customisability while making players, it was also an ingenious method of getting over the lack of licensed players in the base game, and for that I must give them props.

TEAR AND WEAR: In previous cricket games, everything was either pristine or horrible. If a pitch was flat and hard, it would continue to remain so, even if you were playing a test match. Even the ball



shifted almost instantly from a bright cherry to a battered lump of leather and cork with no in-between.

In Big Ant games, however, you'll see the bowlers' footmarks appear alongside cracks all along the length of the pitch. You can even follow the ball's wear, as one side slowly gets scuffed up in test matches until the half-shiny ball starts reversing. Even better, as you bat, you'll start to see marks appear on your player's once-pristine bat, matching your shots. Seeing red cherries

appear on your blade gives you a good indication of how well you're batting, as no one wants to see their edge littered with red.

FIRST PERSON MODE: DBC 14 was the first game to introduce first-person camera views into cricket, and I don't know how I ever played without them. Not only does the camera make it easy to gauge the line and flight of deliveries, but the way it follows the ball goes perfectly with cricket's golden rule: watch the ball.

Even missing the ball is fun. If your player misses a pull, for example, the camera shoots right and left as the player searches for where the ball has landed. Failure has never been so entertaining.

CAREER MODE: Another addition that came with DBC 14, this was the first time a career mode had existed in a cricket game. About time, you have to admit, because no other game would benefit from focusing on only one player than cricket. Choosing to only bat and ball when your player is called upon makes sure you can go through matches at a reasonable pace. Going up the ranks from club to international cricket feels appropriately momentous.

FOOTWORK: Some arcade-y cricket games did away with footwork entirely while others only had a front/back foot selection system. Big Ant, however, has a classic batting system where not only do you need to choose front/back foot positions, but you also need to follow the ball. If a wide delivery outside off is bowled, for example, you need to tilt your analog stick to the front and right to follow the line of the ball, otherwise you'll probably miss the ball. This makes sure your footwork matches the shots you want to play and makes batting as close to the real thing as possible.

Wasiq Hasan writes to distract himself from the impending climate crisis. Also because it pays. Contact him at fb.com/hasiq.wasan

Sticking to FPL

AAQIB HASIB

The football season is getting even closer, and with it, the time to set your Fantasy Premier League (FPL) teams.

FPL is one of the best ways for football fans to get invested in the season, and millions of players all over the world take the time out to create their own custom teams and work through each game week till the end of the season.

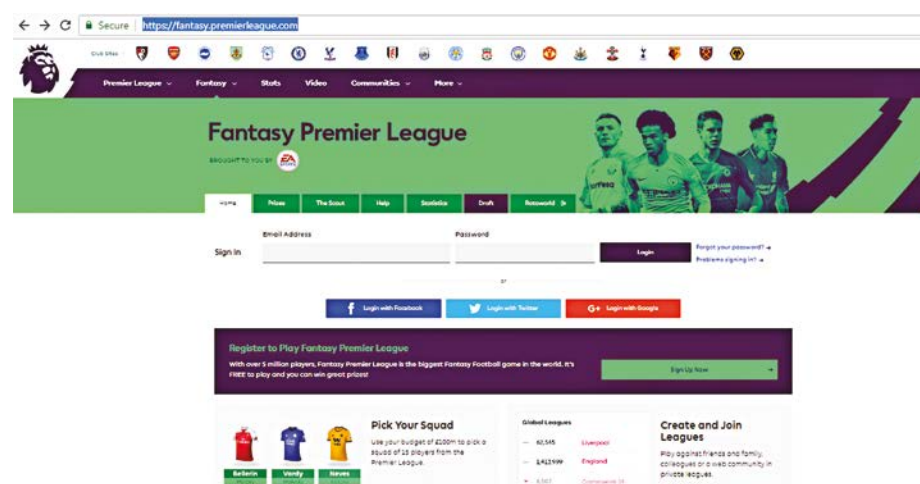
However, it isn't the easiest thing to commit to FPL, at times. You find yourself losing interest after the first two game weeks, either because your team completely bombed, or like me, you totally forgot to log in and update your team.

And that really is the hardest challenge, because sticking to FPL can be greatly rewarding, but people fall off the hype train, and once you're off, there's no getting back in.

That's why I came up with a few handy ideas to ensure you keep to FPL all the way through till the end.

MAKE YOUR OWN LEAGUES

Instead of simply playing in the country or community leagues, why not spice things up by making your very own league, ones which you can play between your friend groups. Play both the 'classic' and 'head-to-head' (H2H) formats,



that way you get a taste of the best of both worlds. Mostly with H2H, it gives you a little accomplishment each week, whenever you beat your opponent. Not to mention, it's fun to set your team according to how your line up of opponents make theirs.

FPL GROUP CHAT

Creating a thread where all of your friends – who are playing FPL together – can talk, discuss, strategise and trash talk is essential to the process. When you can have regular conversations about why your most expensive player fails to get

you any points, and why that one obscure Swansea player, *cough* Michu *cough*, is dominating the leaderboards, it gets you further into the FPL hype. It's almost like having a support group, but there's the added mix of football to make it fun.

FOLLOW YOUR PLAYERS

Since you are investing your FPL budget into these players, why not get involved in watching their games. Mostly when certain players from smaller teams start bringing you points. I mean, watching more football is always a brilliant way to spend your free time, and having a view-

ing party with your friends can definitely make for a great time. If not, you can at least download one of the many football apps that help you follow certain teams or players, so that you're always updated with the latest statistics and highlights. FotMob is a great app for this particular case.

GET FIFA INTO THE MIX

Who doesn't love FIFA? So why not recreate your FPL squads in FIFA, and then have an FPL FIFA sleepover right before the game week, preferably a Friday. That way you can test your team's true potential in a game, and have a great time while you do so. And if it's too much effort to recreate the squads, why not just play FIFA with the lesser-known teams, whose players you might have in your squad. I remember finding out how great Wolverhampton Wanderers F.C. were, only thanks to Raúl Jiménez.

FPL is a great way to keep up with the football season and learn more about the wonders of the premier league, which we don't get to witness. Waking up to find that Vardy has netted three goals and an assist for you, is a feeling you can't really emulate any other way.

So get started now, because you don't want to miss out on the first game week simply because you were too busy.



WOMEN

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

I store my tears in a jar,
Unspoken protests hidden far,
For I'm the kind who wears a dress,
We're meant to serve and speak in less.
I want to scream out, I object,
Put into purpose my intellect,
But I'm the kind, who stays indoors,
To please the other and do my chores.
A lady mustn't cuss, and a lady must look down,
She must've deserved it, if beaten black and
brown.
A lady must survive, and a lady must endure,
Must live according to men, no less, no more.
That's how my mother did it, how her mother
before her too,
That's the way of living; what I'll have to live
through.
So as society follows, a mother is oppressed,
Decades down the line daughters put through the
same test.
No protests come from fragile lips, no protests
loud enough.
Fear of being neglected and the fear of sheer
rebuff.
If oppression is a plague and wrong mind-set a
disease,
Silence is as noxious, bringing women kind to
their knees.

White Clouds

MOHUA MOULI

It started with a sudden breeze in the middle of a not so pelting monsoon.

Rosa sat by the window in the dark and sweaty, gunk covered seats of the bus. Her mother had her hands neatly wrapped on her lap right next to her. They were returning home after a very long day at the outskirts of their city.

The journey made Rosa sleepy and curious at the same time. Her mother used to travel once. She'd seen pictures of her hiking up mountains with her friends from college. Rosa hoped she'd do the same one day.

While her mom wished the campus was closer to the city, Rosa pondered over how nice it would've been if it was farther into someplace she didn't know. The city was not close enough or far enough from the university at the outskirts.

Her mother sat, sad, face down, wondering what she was going to do with Rosa. She still doesn't understand so much. After Rosa's father died, they had been living alone in the same house he died in for the last 7 years. If Rosa left, her mom wouldn't know how to go on living on her own. She was certain that she couldn't do it and the thought of her parting ways with her daughter petrified her.

While her mother sighed thinking of a life beyond her motherhood, Rosa, head resting on the window-sill, looked out the window to see the clouds. She was getting too comfortable in the soft summer warmth grazed by a cool wind coming from the east. As her vision began to blur she saw the clouds turn into a wall of ice that stretched out of this world and into another dimension. She heard a voice, right before she fell into a deep slumber.

She was at the top of the ice wall, so white that it looked like a faded shade of blue. She looked down and she saw dark

specks in a sea of golden-yellow and green. "Rosa!" someone called out. She turned around and saw her friends, waving at her from the university campus, now, strangely covered in ice.

As she was about to take a step towards them, someone grabbed her shoulders from behind and pulled her out of the cliff and into a graveyard.

She stood at the edge of a graveyard with eerie white clouds looming above it and heard a long and manic scream from far into the yard. Suddenly, she was running towards the voice, huffing like a dying race-horse. The closer she got the more and more the voice began to sound like her mother's.

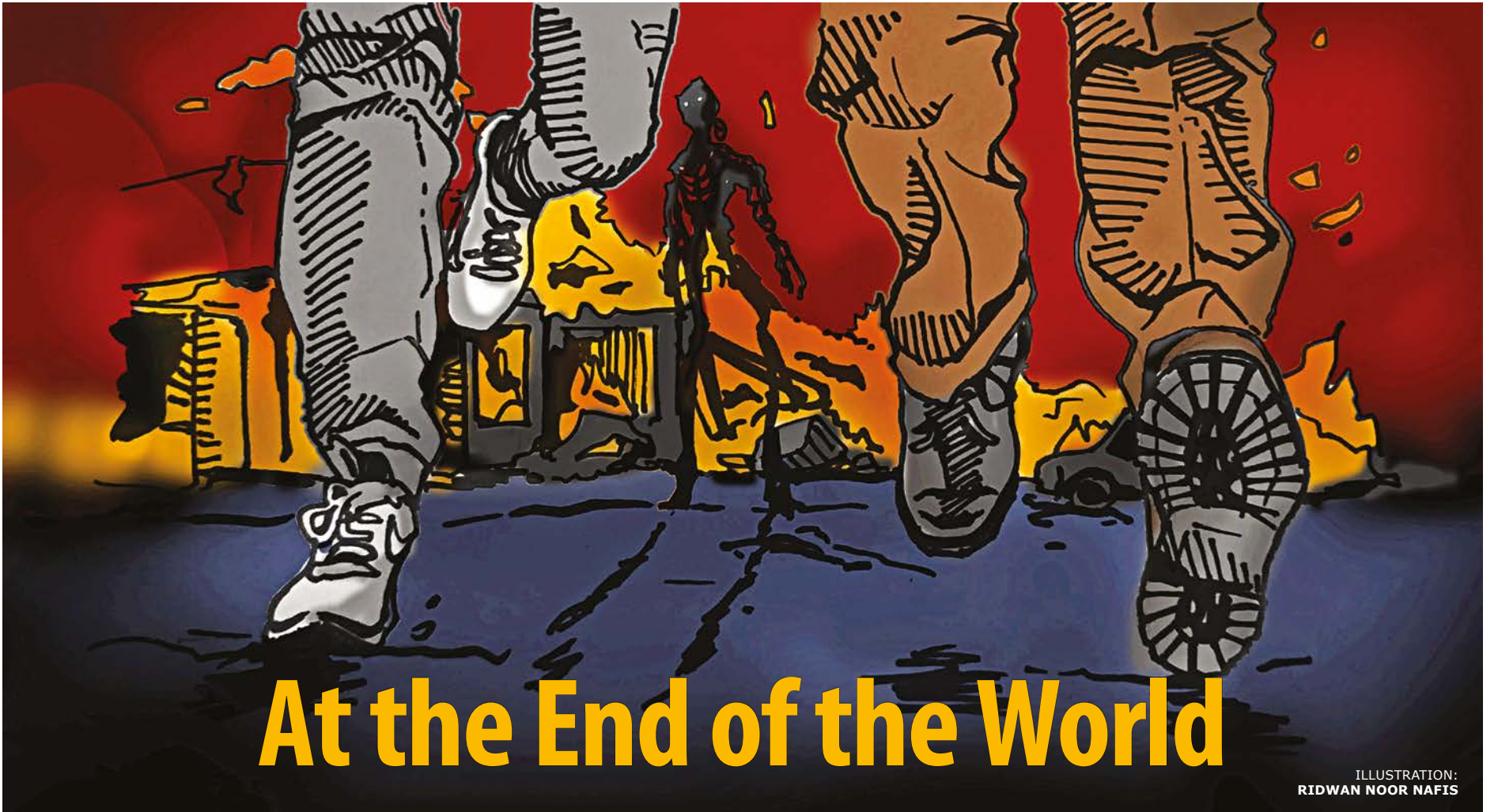
Soon, she reached the edge, which was guarded by an enormous ice wall that she had mistaken for eerie white clouds. Once she reached the wall, she could sense that her mother's voice was coming from the other side. She stood there, trying to find a way to get through the wall, crying, banging on the ice as it burned her knuckles, praying for the screaming to stop. Almost out of nowhere a hand broke through the ice and pulled her into darkness.

Rosa felt sweat dripping from the corners of her forehead as her eyes adjusted to the brightness of the afternoon sun. Her mother was motioning her to get down from the bus.

Rosa stared at her for a good few seconds and wondered if she really heard her mother speak, or even make a sound since her father's death and her mother's consequent stroke. She looked into her mother's eyes that drooped so low that it almost always looked like they were closed.

She reluctantly got out of the seat and looked out the window one last time before she walked away. Her mother always wanted to take Rosa to the mountains, she used to say the air was so fresh there, all you'd want to do is sing. The mountains grew cold.





At the End of the World

ILLUSTRATION:
RIDWAN NOOR NAFIS

RABITA SALEH

We're running as fast as possible. You're pulling ahead just a little and in the middle of fearing for our lives, I'm suddenly hit with the knowledge that you now run faster than I do. Maybe what they say about life-threatening situations is somewhat true, because even though my entire life is not flashing in front of my eyes, fifth grade sure is. The cement playground, the rusty red wired fences, and all of us in white and grey uniforms. If someone told me then that the girl who ran like a frail skipping duck, with her arms extended to the sides, would someday be outstripping me in a chase, I would ask them if they could share some of what they were on.

We had planned to take refuge in a two storey building that looked like it could have been a *moglai* restaurant roughly 20 paces ahead of us, when abruptly a large flaming boulder flies towards it and sets it ablaze. Our steps falter only slightly, before we're alerted by a distinct accelerating beeping coming from the very spot on which we are standing. We barely manage to jump behind a large pile of rocks in front of us, before the landmine we stepped on goes off, singeing the hairs on the back of our heads.

We let our heads fall against the rocks, and catch our breath. Panting, I look towards you. I can tell by your expression that at this moment my face is a reflection of yours, grime-covered and tear-stained. After a minute, I'm struck by a ridiculous thought, as I'm always prone to in your presence.

"Hey, would you rather die from an explosion, or be eaten by one of those creatures?" I ask, casual as ever, despite the shortness of breath that persists. You turn

your head towards me with pursed lips and the most stoic expression ever, staring at me with mortal disappointment. In the next second we both burst out laughing against each other. I always look at you when you laugh but today's feels significant, for obvious reasons. Your whole body shaking, your face contorted and your mouth wide open; it's a hilarious laugh. Somehow, mid laughter, I can also feel renewed tears streaming down my face.

After catching your breath a second time from all the laugh-crying, you say, "I think I would take the explosion. Quicker that way, right?"

"I dunno. At least if the creatures get us, they'll make a clean job of it and leave nothing behind," I say, and then after a second thought, "But then again, do I really want to be extraterrestrial poop? Hmm."

Another bout of laughter. This time accompanied by an exasperated shake of the head. The incredulity of the situation still hasn't set in. After all, it's only been a week since they arrived. Who knew our lives could be turned upside down so drastically in a mere seven days? We were celebrating your return from training. You were finally done, and after three long years apart, you would once again be only a phone call away. Just like old times. Just like fifth grade.

One minute we were eating at our favourite burger joint, discussing where we should go for dessert, and in the next, we heard the loudest bang. A blinding flash of light could be seen in the distance, and in the span of three seconds, everything seemed to turn to ashes. The next thing I remembered was you shaking me awake. We were covered in a pile of rubble, and were among the few fortunate people in the restaurant who had survived.

Then, through the fog created by the

explosion, they arose. There was not a doubt in my mind that whatever they were, "friendly" was not likely to be their MO. Unlike the other patrons of the restaurant, we decided to run immediately. Unlike the other patrons, we are still here.

A constant cloud has settled on Dhaka since their appearance, and the sky has remained a permanent blood red looming over the blue and black grounds with the brilliant orange of live flames scattered about. The atmosphere is not unlike standing in an upside down volcano at night.

There are splinters and drifting ash everywhere. A lonely Mr. Twister stares at me from a packet of chips littered on the floor beside us. We had not been in contact with anyone we knew since the blast. The aftershocks of the initial explosion, and those of the ones that followed, had taken down all communications' centres. From what we could gather, we were amongst a very small minority of people who had survived the light. And our numbers were dwindling drastically with time. The only other people we had seen were also doing what we were doing - running for their lives, escaping, trying to figure out their next move so they didn't lose yet another family member. As for our family, we hadn't been able to reach them. We didn't know. We didn't know if we wanted to know.

Over the last week our ears had grown highly attuned to picking up one particular sound over the uproar caused by collapsing buildings, exploding mines, and falling debris. We both hear it at the same time. A distinct clicking noise, that of their pincers, ringing cleanly over the ruckus surrounding us. Judging by the volume of the sound, this particular group is roughly two blocks away. We know that they can cover this distance in an instant with their twenty foot

long limbs, that is, if they get a hint of our presence here.

Our current spot is just too exposed. We need to find better shelter. I spot a barely standing local tea stall some distance away. It's not much, but at least it has a ceiling. I nudge you with my shoulder, and nod towards it.

"We should move," I whisper.

"Ok. Listen, we need to stay low. As low as possible. You have to crouch like this," you say, while demonstrating how we are about to shift our hiding spots, "and then go as fast as you can."

The sound is getting closer. We take a few deep preparatory breaths against our trusted pile of rocks.

"Man, I wish we weren't the kind of friends who told each other how much they loved each other frequently. I understand why people don't express their emotions too often now. It makes moments like these more dramatic. When two stoic friends finally tell each other how much they appreciate each other, just before leaping to their deaths, it's a real tear jerker. Just...better TV, you know," I ramble. We can never keep our mouths shut in stress situations.

"Like Sherlock and Watson in that train," you say, laughing through the tears. Your voice hitches.

"I'd totally be Sherlock," I say, my own voice getting caught mid sentence.

"I would be offended, but you're right. Plus, I'm the one with the defense training anyway," you say. The sound gets even louder. It's now or never.

I grab your hand again; squeeze it tightly one last time. You pull me up, and together we make a dash for safety.

For my best friend, at the end of the world, I'd trust you with my life.

HOW, COW?

KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

Ugh, this heat is terrible.

Why did I have to show up here? This is a terrible place for a *goru'r haat*. The turnout isn't that good, parts of the fence around the perimeter are broken, and I can easily count all the loose nooses from a mile away.

Loose noose. Hah, bless my wordplay skills.

I haven't had food since sunrise. My stomach is growling louder than all the collective mooing around this—

What the hell? Eww. Did I just step on *gobor*?! Who on earth decided to take *this* big a dump right behind me? C'mon, man. This is not cool.

And no, I don't want your stupid garland, kid! Get out of my face.

"Abbu, I want this cow!"

THE END

TALAT AHMED

They would sacrifice the cows at half past eight in the morning against the wall of a school. There were pools of blood and mud on the roadside. There was wet moss clinging on to the wall. It rained all morning and had stopped for just long enough. The sky still threatened. For the best really. The stench bears down on your soul if you're not careful about it. The goats huddled in their pack on the other side of the road. Climbing over one another, grabbing at wet leaves on showered branches. One of the cows was terribly sick. Everyone knew but none acknowledged it. More trouble than it's worth naturally. Six men tried to carry him outside in the rain. They couldn't get much further from the gate. They tried to pick him up but he plopped down into puddle of water. The other cows stood very quietly against the wall. It started to drizzle again. Finally my father said it was no good trying to make him stand up.

Bodies aren't meant to be opened from the middle. When they slaughtered the first cow, he was sitting down in the water with his head tucked in towards his knees. Do you know how hard it is to end a thing?

GOODBYE

AAQIB HASIB

"Komola, please don't be sad."
Masum crouched down by the door, tears streaming down his face, leaving lines to mark his sorrow.

"Komola, I promise you, it'll be okay."

She didn't reply. Not even a stern look or a scoff. It was as if Komola didn't want to acknowledge Mamun's existence.

He gathered up his lungi and sat down with his feet crossed as if he was meditating. The tears hadn't ceased to escape his eyes, but he felt more relaxed.

"Listen, I know this feels unfair, and it is unfair, but we really don't have a choice," he paused, taking in a big gulp, "we're short on money, and this is the only way."

Mamun turned away now, he couldn't bear to look at her anymore. "You've been very faithful to me, Komola. You've put food on the table for us many times before, and this is one last time that you have to do it."

The tears were starting to well up again.

Masum's wife looked on from the doorway of their house. She knew how hard this was for him. For them. Komola was the closest thing to a daughter they ever had, and come tomorrow, she'd have to bid her farewell.

"I promise to take good care of Rahim and Raju," Masum said to Komola's silhouette, the only thing visible inside the barn now.

He walked back to the house, his heart heavy and eyes red. Masum's wife looked at him, but he couldn't bear to make eye contact out of shame. It was after all his failures that had brought them to this.

"We'll dress Komola up and head out for the city tomorrow," he told his wife. "That should give us a week before Eid to make sure she ends up with a good family."

PART TIME

AZMIN AZRAN

The man standing with the edge of his *lungi* in his hand did not look like what he claimed to be. Yet, bald head, thin torso and all, he was telling me I had to be part of his team.

"Come on, man, it's easy money. We go around a couple of houses in the morning, do our thing, get paid and then you can go back home after Eid to a happy missus with pockets full of cash."

"I don't have a missus, I'm 17," I told him, not taking my eyes off the piece of wood I'd been working on that would soon become a tail on some ornamental peacock on some Dhakaiya's bed. "But yeah, I'll do it. Always up for some cash."

"Tie up its legs, you idiot!" the man shouted from 15 metres away. He seemed to be repelled by some invisible force because he was shouting and flailing about his arms yet he would not move an inch closer.

I noticed all of this because I too was repelled by a very visible flailing cow's leg. Our leader, who somehow still had the edge of his *lungi* in one hand, glared at me to get me to do some work. I only had a shrug that said, "I make artisanal wooden goods, my hands are too valuable."

"Go get a bucket," he spat.

I didn't know where to get a bucket, or even why. Nevertheless, I went in search. Walking with my hands behind my back, I whistled the tune to a once popular tune from a Qurbani Eid themed soft drinks ad.



RUMMAN R KALAM

G.O.A.T

Past one man. Past another. A feint to the right, rush out from the left. Men in yellow and blue jerseys covered in mud came to stop him but got stopped themselves. Used to the green fields back home, his footing was still sure in the mud while others slipped with every feint. The little magician was into the final third now, seeing the crossbar, he made a beeline for it. Joynal Miya cursed his luck as he witnessed Bodi the Black Goat dribble his way to freedom.

SEU holds national seminar and award distribution ceremony

Southeast University (SEU) organised a seminar on “Role of Media in Promoting Quality Education in the Private Sector” on July 31, 2019 at the Seminar Hall of SEU, Banani, Dhaka. Mohibul Hassan Chowdhury MP, Deputy Minister, Ministry of Education, was present as the chief guest. Prof. Dr. Kazi Shahidullah, Chairman of University Grants Commission (UGC) and M. Kamaluddin Chowdhury, Representative Member, Board of Trustees, SEU Trust attended as guest of honour. Saiful Alam, Editor of Daily Jugantor; Anisul Hoque, Associate Editor of Daily Prothom Alo; Joy E Mamun, Head of News, ATN Bangla; and Rahul Raha, Head of News, NEWS 24 were present as special guests.

Prof. Dr. ANM Meshquat Uddin, VC of SEU chaired the seminar while Syed Ishtiaque Reza, Editor-in-Chief of GTV presented the keynote paper. Mohammad Imtiaz, Director of BCPR, SEU delivered the welcome speech. Fourteen journalists from print and electronic media were specially awarded in this seminar. All guests of the seminar thanked SEU for this unique initiative. Among others, Pro-VC, Registrar, Chairmen, officials and senior journalists from different print and electronic media were also present in the seminar.

BIZ BEE launches latest edition of “Vision”



The launching ceremony of “Vision – Business Then and Now” by BRAC University Business Club (BIZ BEE) was held on July 29, 2019, inside the BRACU Auditorium.

Vision is the exclusive business magazine is a unique creation of BIZ BEE. Being the sole magazine published by BRAC University, Vision is not only informative but also reflects the different aspects of business. The published magazines are distributed among different business organizations as well as students of different universities, all over Bangladesh.

In the first segment of the programme, a panel discussion was held on the theme of “Business Then and Now”. The panel discussion was run by some young corporates like Syed Alamgir, Managing Director, ACI Foods Limited; Najmus Ahmed Albab, Founder & CEO, Lighthouse Bangladesh; Uzayr Hafiz, Assistant Director, Sales & Marketing, Quality Integrated Agro Limited; and Drabir Alam, COO, X Integrated Communication Agency.

The second segment – the launching ceremony – was blessed with the presence of Prof. Vincent Chang, VC, BRACU; Lt. Col. Md. Foyzul Islam (Retd.), Register, BRACU and other faculty members and students of BRACU. There were some short speeches delivered by the VC; Registrar; Syed Hasan Ahmed Anik, Chief Editor, Vision; Ahad Saykat, Chief Designer, Vision and more.



TEDx BUET organises second edition

TEDx BUET recently for the second time organised an event that brought stories of people who are successful in life. The event chronicles the tales of those who made the impossible possible, those who turned the unthinkable into the quotidian.

Speakers at the event were Akram Khan, former Bangladesh cricket team captain; Nishat Mazumder, first Bangladeshi woman to scale Mount Everest; Major General Abu Sayeed Md. Masud, Chairman of Jolshiri Abashon; Atiqul Islam, Mayor of Dhaka North City Corporation; and Dr. Celia Shahnaz, Chair of IEEE Bangladesh Section and Professor in the Department of Electrical and Electronic Engineering, BUET.

The attendees were greeted by TEDx BUET Moderator Dr. MD Sabbir Mostafa Khan; Co-Moderator Dr. Celia Shahnaz; Climate Change researcher and TEDx BUET Co-Moderator Sadia Binte Mahtab; licensee Maftahul Islam; and Co-Organiser Alif Al Arefin Prodhan.

TED is a non-profit devoted to spreading ideas, usually in the form of short, powerful talks (18 minutes or less). TED began in 1984 as a conference where Technology, Entertainment and Design converged, and today covers almost all topics – from science to business to global issues – in more than 100 languages.

IIT-DU organises workshop on DevOps

Institute of Information Technology, University of Dhaka (IIT-DU) organised a workshop on DevOps on Aug 3-4, 2019. The workshop was conducted to inform and train students and industry aspirants on the application and adoption of DevOps in software projects.

The two day-long workshop consisted of six sessions, conducted by industry experts Mohammad Mizanur Rahman (Brainstation-23), Syedur Rahman (The Jaxara It Ltd.), Ratul Basak (Secure Link Services Ltd.) and Bazlur Rahman Rokon (bKash Limited).

Fifty participants joined the workshop, which included students of IIT-DU as well as 13 software engineering students from universities across the country, and 12 young industry professionals.

The event was live streamed via Zoom, supported by Bangladesh Research and Education Network (BdREN). Secure Link Services Ltd. also assisted in organising the event. The institute’s DSSE (Distributed Systems & Software Engineering) Student Research Group initiated and managed the whole event.

As the first national training workshop on DevOps, this event works as a starting point to integrate DevOps in the national software engineering curriculum.

NUB organises inauguration programme of 100th birth anniversary of Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

The inauguration programme of 100th birth anniversary of Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was held at the Auditorium of Northern University Bangladesh (NUB) recently. Hasan Mahmud MP, Minister of Information was present as the chief guest and Dr. Mosiur Rahman, Economic Adviser to PM was present as the guest of honour. Poet Habibullah Siraji, Director General of Bangla Academy and Dr. Anwar Hossain, VC of NUB were also present as the special guests. Dr Yusuf Md. Abdullah, Chairman of the NUB Trustee Board and VC of Northern University of Business and Technology Khulna presided over the programme.

Hasan Mahmud MP said, “This research center has been established to preserve the history and heritage of the nation in the sincere efforts of Northern University Bangladesh. It will also help the new generation to understand the personality, heroism, honesty, patriotism, political insight, and integrity and leadership qualities of the father of the nation”.

There are many rare manuscripts and books published home and abroad are available in hard copies in the research center. Therefore, the authority expects that the research center will become an essential center for learning and research for many people including students, teachers, officials, staffs, researchers and general as well to know more about Bangabandhu. People of all walks of life are welcomed here cordially.

NSU organises seminar on preventing terrorism and extremism

North South University (NSU), in collaboration with Anti Terrorism Unit, Bangladesh Police organised a seminar on “Preventing Terrorism & Extremism Through Community Engagement” on August 5, 2019 at its own campus in Bashundhara. The objective of this seminar was to create awareness against negativity such as terrorism and radicalization among the students.

Kanbar Hossein-Bor, British Deputy High Commissioner to Bangladesh was present as the chief guest on the seminar. Freedom Fighter Lion Benajir Ahmed, Chairman, Board of Trustees, NSU; M. A. Kashem, Chairman Disciplinary Committee and Former Chairman, Board of Trustees, NSU were present as special guests. Md. Abul Kashem, BPM-Sheba, Additional Inspector General, Bangladesh Police spoke as guest of honour. Md. Moniruz-zaman, BPM, PPM, Additional Deputy Inspector General, Anti-Terrorism Unit, Bangladesh Police; Lucy Daley, Second Secretary, British High Commission, Bangladesh and Karl Clark, Program Director, U.S. Department of Justice ICITAP were also present during the seminar. Prof. Dr. Atiqul Islam, VC, NSU chaired the session.

Among others, high officials from US Embassy and Anti-terrorism Unit (ATU) of Bangladesh Police, Deans of different schools, Directors, administrative heads, faculty members, other senior officials, and students of NSU were also present during this seminar.

Be an Ambassador!

MD. ZAMILUR RAHMAN SHUVO

One thing that this generation has been blessed with is the plethora of endless opportunities! And campus ambassador programs recently started to gain a lot of positive attention because of the opportunities they present. It gives the ambassadors backdoor access to industry insights and be a part of an intensive grooming process. Nonetheless, if you are already into extra-curricular activities then the following ambassador programs will be the perfect next step for you. If not and you are new to this, well then, give it a shot and SIGN UP!

BANGLADESH YOUTH LEADERSHIP CENTER (BYLC)

Bangladesh Youth Leadership Center solely focuses on grooming and equipping the youth with leadership skills so that they can have a real and emphatic impact in the professional world from a very early age. Their campus ambassador programs, which they call their leadership training programs, have five different segmentations based on suitable and particular eligibilities. The earliest type of training program is open for secondary level students from grades 6-10. Apart from that they also have campus ambassador programs for students in college and university as well as young professionals aged below



30. Applicants have to go through a proper and holistic recruitment process for final selection.

Find out more: <https://bylc.org/how-to-apply/AIESEC>

This non-governmental organisation has been a part of the United Nations for quite some time now. Their purpose is to expand globally and spread around the message of peace and prosperity which is very much reflective of the United Nations' motto itself. But, AIESEC focuses on putting the youth in charge of their worldwide missions. Their ambassador program is designed to select volunteers who are willing to become that bridge of communication

between different age groups and youth internationally as well. And their best feature is that volunteers have the opportunity of traveling across countries for AIESEC's global leadership and internship programs at a minimal or free of cost.

Find out more: [https://aiesec.org/YOUTH OPPORTUNITIES \(YO\)](https://aiesec.org/YOUTH OPPORTUNITIES (YO))

Youth Opportunities has been operating with great success, and much of that is courtesy of their campus ambassador programs. Their programs are much more focused on institutional operation. The campus ambassadors are required to represent Youth Opportunities and promote the opportunities that are available for students. The world's largest opportuni-

ty discovery platform trains its campus ambassadors to learn how to lead, interact, communicate and execute campaigns. Students and young professionals between the ages 16-30 are eligible for this program. The incentives are aplenty and the outcome is fruitful, so what are you waiting for?

Find out more: <https://www.youthop.com/>

UNILEVER BANGLADESH LIMITED

The biggest operational multinational company in Bangladesh also has their own campus ambassador program, which is called 'SPARKS'. The campus ambassadors have the privilege of representing Unilever Bangladesh in their institutions and are trained by some of the brightest minds in the industry. Their goal is to encourage and inspire the youth to take charge of their own future and in the process, start making contributions in the professional world from an early age. Undergrads from second and third years are eligible for this program. If you are thinking global and multinational, SPARKS is the right next step.

Find out more: <https://www.unilever.com.bd/careers/>

MD. Zamilur Rahman is a self-proclaimed foodie and comic geek. He hates pineapple on pizza and white chocolate. Change his mind at shuvosanctum@gmail.com

Youth for Science: Evidence, Urgency and Action

A CORRESPONDENT

Farming Future Bangladesh, a comprehensive communications initiative under the auspicious of Cornell University's Alliance for Science, launched its "Youth for Science" campaign on July 27, 2019 at a hotel in Dhaka.

The campaign, entitled "Youth for Science: Evidence, Urgency and Action," is devoted to engaging and empowering youth in initiatives aimed at sharing evidence-based information and improving understanding of modern science and innovation, including the use of agribiotechnology to enhance food security, improve environmental sustainability and raise the quality of life.

Youth constitute one-third of Bangladesh's population. They have a significant stake in ensuring sustainable development, which they have expressed through their involvement in the movement to improve access to innovation and technology. It is necessary to have effective youth engagement to ensure their voices and actions contribute to improved public understanding of science, including innovations related to food and agriculture.

The official launch event was attended by youth and academics from 11 leading public and private universities of Bangladesh, as well as prominent scientists and officials from the public sector, agricultural industry and donor agencies.



"Youth can play a vital role in developing new technologies to overcome existing development challenges, bringing in new and traditional solutions with their dedication and creativity," said Dr. Jiban Krishna Biswas, National Consultant IRRI and Advisor to FFB, in the opening session.

Highlighting the urgent need for fact-based information-sharing, Dr. Hamidur Rahman, Advisor to the Ministry of Agriculture and Farming Future Bangladesh, said: "We need youth in agriculture and the food sector to eradicate hunger and hidden hunger from our country."

Prof. Dr. Md. Tofazzal Islam of Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman Agricultural University emphasized the timely initiatives of the "Youth for Science" cam-

aign. "We should invest more resources in youth and younger generation scientists for self-sufficiency of the research and innovation sector of Bangladesh," he added.

Dr. Aparna Islam, Country Manager of South Asia Biosafety Program and Dr. Sudhir Chandra Nath, Head of Business of ACI Seed shared expert opinion highlighting the importance of youth engagement for sustainable development of food and agriculture sector of the country.

"We are committed to engage and empower youth for better understanding of science and agricultural innovations, including agribiotech, through the campaign activities," said Arif Hossain, CEO and Executive Director of Farming Future Bangladesh.

Specific campaign objectives include leadership building, mobilizing youth and forming partnerships with science outreach youth groups and science clubs from the country's respected universities and institutes, as well as forming new organizations.

Scientists, academics and students identified the challenges and way forward through dialogue and participatory sessions during the program launch.

Farming Future Bangladesh will continue working with the public universities, including, but not limited to, the University of Dhaka, Jahangirnagar University, Sher-e-Bangla Agricultural University, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman Agricultural University, North South University, University of Liberal Arts Bangladesh, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman Science and Technology University, East West University, Independent University Bangladesh, Jagannath University and BRAC University, all of which were represented at the campaign launch.

Farming Future Bangladesh (FFB) is a comprehensive communications initiative to help improve awareness about modern agricultural innovations including crop biotechnology in Bangladesh. Based in Dhaka, it operates under the auspices of Cornell University's Alliance for Science, USA, with support from the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation.

Sampreeti-E-Progati Boot Camp and Workshop Prevention of violent extremism through societal harmony

As recent news trends and stories show, humanity is facing tough challenges every day. The hardships of the disadvantaged, the doubts in the minds of youth, the abuse of power by those in authority — all this and more are contributing to a world without harmony and peace. The dialogue among people is slowly muted, the messages remain undelivered. Violence ensues, lives are lost.

KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

The campaign “Sampreeti-E-Progati”, supported by Manusher Jonno Foundation and organised by Event Exposure, recently concluded after months of planning, campus activation rounds, an immersive workshop and boot camp and a grand finale.

Such a project had never been undertaken by any organisation. Under the broad topics of “harmony” and “violent extremism”, the project acted as a platform for the youth to speak their minds. These young members of the society shared their stories, opinions and suggestions; the open mic speech competition aimed to create “Harmony Ambassadors” in academic institutions.

The campus activation rounds of the project began a few months ago. The organisers, Event Exposure, arranged in-house open mic speech competitions at eight private universities: Asian University of Bangladesh, City University, Eastern University, Northern University, Stamford University, Southeast University, University of Asia Pacific, and World University of Bangladesh. Added to this list was College of Home Economics, Madrasah-e-Alia Dhaka, Uttar Badda Islamia Kamil Madrasah, and Misbahul Ulum Kamil Madrasah.

Interested participants registered and spoke on the podium for a given amount of time, on a given topic. The jury panel consisted of representatives from the organisers and faculty members from respective institutions. At the end of the day, a

total of two participants from each institute were selected to attend a boot camp and workshop ahead of the grand finale.

The boot camp and workshop was held at Bishwo Shahitto Kendro on July 23, 2019. The venue adorned banners and festoons carrying wise words and quotes from important historical figures, intended to plant the seeds of positivity and courage in the young minds.

The highly informative and interactive event of that day included sessions by renowned university professors and industry experts; knowledge was disseminated on topics that included international context and radicalisation in Bangladesh, cyber safety and security, possibilities of youth in social harmony, and many more. The speakers at the event mentioned that

Bangladesh was going through turbulent times and how hope and harmony could work as a preventative tool against violence and extremism.

The day began with the student participants introducing themselves to the present audience as the guests took their respective seats. An introductory video created with the numerous stories of the campus activation round was then displayed.

The first session was conducted by Umme Wara, Assistant Professor, Department of Criminology, University of Dhaka. Her topic was “Violent extremism in Bangladesh and its international context”. She introduced the students to some keywords and their definitions, explaining different concepts in the process. As part of this session, she presented the participants with



PHOTOS: COURTESY



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environment overall. The students, too, came up with their own interpretations and solutions.

After a short break, the second session took place. This was conducted by Deputy Program Manager of SAMPRETI project Shahjadi Begum. She illustrated the basics of preventing violent extremism to the participants. Emphasising on how harmony among people living in societies could act as a tool to combat radicalisation and build good relationships, the speaker connected with the audience.

The next session, albeit after a hearty lunch, grabbed full attention of the participants. Nazrul Haider, Associate Professor and Head of Health Informatics at Bangladesh University of Health Sciences, prepared a wonderful presentation on the topic "Violent extremism and cyber safety and security". He explained how generations have been impacted by information and technology, and that the future is very much at risk, referring to recent trends in cybercrime attacks. However, he believed in the youth's power to change the future for the better.

At last but not the least, the event was graced by the presence of Md Touhidul Islam, Associate Professor and Chairperson, Department of Peace and Conflict Studies, Faculty of Social Sciences, University of Dhaka. In his short but effective speech, he spoke on the topic "The possibilities of youth in social harmony". He commented on how mutual respect was the primary condition to promote peace and prosperity in a society. Touching on subjects regarding religion and radicalisation, he shared his own message to the young members to take it as a challenge to identify and correct the immoralities we see around ourselves.

The last segment of the day saw every participant take a few minutes to share their emotions and experiences at the



context and radicalisation in Bangladesh, cyber safety and security, possibilities of youth in social harmony, and many more. The speakers at the event mentioned that Bangladesh was going through turbulent times and how hope and harmony could work as a preventative tool against violence and extremism.

ment of Criminology, University of Dhaka. Her topic was "Violent extremism in Bangladesh and its international context". She introduced the students to some keywords and their definitions, explaining different concepts in the process. As part of this session, she presented the participants with many cases, creating a problem-solving





PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

FILMMAKING FOR THE CLUELESS

PRIONTI DIPITA NASIR

One day, in my adolescent confusion, I had fearfully acknowledged my interest in filmmaking. It came out of watching cinematic masterpieces and wondering if I could ever hope to be a part of the picture off-screen. I had pushed the idea back inside my head because it seemed wildly distant. But filmmaking as a hobby or potential career has become more accessible since, and it's about time we figure out itineraries to distant dreams.

Riasat Salekin is a young film enthusiast who just finished working on his directorial debut. His story takes him back to fifth grade, when he would find himself on IMDb all day, researching about the off-screen particulars of the filmmaking process. He eventually taught himself the workflow of birthing an idea, writing a script, taking it through development, finding producers, surviving production and post-production. Now a few ventures older, he advises newcomers to publicise their love for the art. This is how he found like-minded people in French lessons, music festivals and online.

"It's important to let your hunger to learn drive you in the early stages," he says, "I approached industry regulars unabashedly. Few responded, but I have since gone on to form strong bonds with them, and by the time I was 'of age' to actually attempt projects past the development stage, most of my support came from seasoned people in the industry."

Asif Mojtoba Kabir, having been a scriptwriter for many successful projects, provides similar insight. "It's okay to be a nag," he repeats confidently. "Social media is a powerful tool for those with palatable independent projects but no connections," he asserts, "and if you cannot reach the director, contact his assistants, and the assistant's assistants. It's okay to be a nag, really." I assure him I trust his experience. He also suggests forc-

ing oneself to watch repulsive Hindi and Tamil movies to understand what not to do.

Indie director and artist Shiron Mahmud is mindful that not everyone can put up with the financial investment involved. "Explore older cinema, learn how effects were achieved that would otherwise seem unfeasible," he advises. Technology was primitive then, but directors were creative enough to express the visuals they imagined even within limited technical capacities. Hence, Shiron does not believe minimal gear can impede cinematic brilliance.

It took me little effort to find a few recommendations for formal learning. Pathshala South Asian Media Institute is a one-stop solution for the absolute beginner. Goethe Institut, Alliance Francaise and Bangladesh Film Institute regularly arrange courses and workshops on filmmaking. EMK Center in Dhanmondi holds workshops on aspects such as sound design and scriptwriting. It also accommodates a full-fledged sound recording studio and editing panels. Most importantly, these places host communities of creative people.

When asked where one can find equipment at reasonable prices, Shiron names Bashundhara City and Multiplan Centre, and Asif recommends Buy and Sell groups on Facebook, especially known for great secondhand finds.

Riasat emphasizes that amidst a sea of technical knowledge to be garnered, it is also of utmost importance to gain perspective.

"Research, browse Reddit and Quora, be in touch with issues and trends in experimental projects worldwide. A filmmaker isn't solely someone who chooses lenses for a shot and screams 'Action'," he says, "He's an artist who paints fictional realities and weaves stories out of flesh-and-blood actors and real-life spaces. It's therefore equally important to know about culture, psychology, politics and the society to be a great filmmaker."

How to deal with guilt

AYSHA ZAHEEN

'To err is Humane; to Forgive, Divine.' Alexander Pope delivered a message that has withstood the test of time. Whilst we have shown our allegiance to the said popular quote, how much of it do we apply to ourselves?

We often make mistakes and the realisation tends to hit us pretty hard, even when it may not have been done deliberately. We dwell over it, unhealthily obsess, and denote self-worth down to that one mishap. Whilst it is necessary that we learn from our mistakes and do not transgress in a similar fashion further, we also need to learn to let it go. Learning is essential, blaming is not.

People with anxiety have a harder time dealing with guilt. The lack of confidence and self-deprecation that follows is extremely damaging. However, there are ways to deal with guilt.

HOW MUCH HAS YOUR MISTAKE AFFECTED THE PERSON

Whilst it is necessary that you learn from your mistakes and not repeat them, you also have to understand how much it has affected the person. If it has terribly harmed them, then you can try your best to make amends. Often, doing so gives one peace of mind. However, it is still okay to be unable to make amends, more so if you have ascertained all the places you went wrong and bear responsibility.

It is also quite likely that it has not really affected them much and merely made them upset. In that case, a proper, heartfelt apology would do for both of you. Apologies may not feel enough, but you also have to acknowledge your limitations and learn to be okay with it.

HOW WOULD YOU HAVE REACTED IF IT WAS DONE TO YOU

Whilst the perspective narrows itself down this way, you still get to have a different point-of-view. Were it done to you, would you have let it go and forgiven it or would you have thrown a fit and cut the individual off entirely?

Once hypothesised how you would have dealt with it, try to accommodate theirs to yours. If they behave the same way, totally justifiable. If they don't, still justifiable. What you are doing is putting yourself in their shoes and learning from that as well. That effort made alone should contribute to freeing you from the overbearing guilt.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

You have control over your own actions to not make the same mistake again. Hurting yourself is no way to repent just because you have hurt someone else. An apology should be enough when there is no other way to make amends. If you look back, you will realise you've forgiven people who have wronged you, too. If they deserve forgiveness, so do you.

You can also try using the Socratic Method if all else fails. The Socratic Method is when two individuals orchestrate a cooperative dialogue to trigger critical thinking. You can also hold a conversation with yourself. Ask yourself under what circumstances you made the mistake, where you went wrong, have you apologised sincerely, and if you're capable of making any substantial amends. Speaking with yourself is often associated with lunacy; however, it can ease your mind and help you relax.

Different things work for different people. Thus, I encourage you to find your own ways of dealing with guilt. Once you do, it gets a lot easier.

Aysha likes her coffee bitter and her tea sweet. Send her prayers at zaheenaysha@gmail.com



The case for **BOJROMUSHTI**



TALAT AHMED

For the longest time, I used to be of the opinion that the only value old, mainstream Bangladeshi cinema had was in ironic viewing. B movies of the past enjoy a sort of immortality online in the form of memes. In fact, Bangla movie stills make up a large part of the local content we see online. The grittiness of degraded film stock, tinny audio, costumes, and the sheer absurdity (at times vulgar) packed into the worn out formula of Bangla cinema shares all these characteristics with cult film theory in the West. While these characteristics don't necessarily make Dhallywood productions "cult", they certainly portray elements of the potential of *something* worth exploring, if we were to simply view some of the less acclaimed parts of our film history through a different, modern lens.

Around a month ago, YouTube channel ButtFiXx made a 1989 Dhallywood movie, *Bojromushti* (translated to ThunderFist) very popular online and has found its way into the memes of the week. While I didn't end up watching the ButtFiXx video, the stills used in memes piqued my interest. Especially the fact that the movie managed to toe the line of making a Chinese martial arts movie without being outright racist with its colourful approach to costume design back in a world that didn't care as much about racism. That being said, the movie has its sexist moments, but I think

it's fair to assume you already expected as much.

The plot revolves around the pupils of a martial arts master and opens with their graduation from his training. However, the master has only taught them the ways of one chapter of the ancient text and when asked why, he responds by saying that is all that one needs for self-defense and saving the lives of others. The other two parts being far too aggressive and powerful for regular humans. He secretly entrusts the book to one of the students and shortly dies after. But of course, our villain for this story, one of the other students, is hell-bent on getting his hands on the book. Doesn't sound half bad. Sure, it's not original in the wider world of movies, but for the 80s in Bangladesh, it's something new. The plot is made all the more funnier by the fact that all four students look like they're pushing well into their 50s at the time of their graduation.

The rest of the movie is spent behind how one of the students (it really doesn't matter what any of their names are) slowly picks off martial artists around the land, including his classmates, in search of the book. When fights break out in the middle of spacious fields and hills with men clad in colourful robes, set against the degraded VHS look, it's hard not to draw comparisons to watching the Namek episodes of *Dragonball Z*. While that might not sound appealing, the internet has carved out a

niche for this "look" in movements such as *vapourwave* or *synthwave*, and I for one welcome our version of *Kung Fury* (2015) with open arms.

Where *Bojromushti* excels in is (surprisingly) action and pacing. My usual gripe with action scenes in these kinds of productions from the region is that they're all the same. The fight choreography isn't the best, but it's a step above the pack on the merit of being simply different and holds its own against some of our more contemporary movies. And similar to the aforementioned *Dragonball Z*, half of the fight scenes are actually spent fighting while the other fifty percent consists of overly exaggerated taunts. Sometimes even devolving into two men just imitating the sounds of any given Jackie Chan movie while they flail their limbs around in preparation for something that never quite comes. The hero of the action scenes doesn't come from well-choreographed *Jason Bourne*-esque fights, but it is found in the comedic timing. So often we'll find ourselves laughing only at the "it's so bad it's funny" moments, but throughout a large chunk of *Bojromushti* it becomes very apparent that the comedic timing is done with purpose and a determined hand. While the action sort of gets a pass due to a low bar set, the pacing is truly something great for three quarters of the two and a half hour run time. The pace is quick, fights never overstay their welcome

on screen, and the small number of songs, though excruciatingly long, is a merciful count for *deshi* movies.

As we continue to live in an ever increasing post-postmodern culture and mediascape, our criteria for entertainment changes. Upon watching the movie, I can't see many people from the 80s enjoying it when it was released. As a standard movie, it doesn't hold up. But for millennials and Gen Z, the context with which we go into consuming content and media has changed so much since our forefathers. As seen with meme culture, the youth of today are perfectly capable of extracting their own versions of entertainment and takeaways from the content they experience due to such a wide net of context we have, thanks to the Internet.

Changing our lens or the way we approach something and opening ourselves to new forms of content and creativity can turn a dud into something worth experiencing. *Bojromushti* isn't perfect. It's not even particularly very good. However, certain images are stuck in my mind and there are parts that I loved and laughed at. In a world where pretty much all kinds of productions are polished for edges and sterile, to enjoy something simply for what it is, is a rare pleasure that cult, B-grade movies act as a safe haven for.

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A CELESTIAL AFFAIR

Yet another day is over; night beckons.
Says the Sun, "Oh Moon, take my light."
The sky watches the lovers, silent
Sorrow turns it blue, envy burns it bright.

PHOTO: SHEIKH MEHEDI MORSHED
TEXT: KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

