

Which “Coffee House Er Shei Addata...” friend are you?

ADHORA AHMED

Coffee House er shei addata aaj aar nei... Aaj aar nei...

This timeless song needs no further introduction. Just hearing the first line brings you and your parents back to the golden afternoons spent with friends. Penned by Gauri Prasanna Mazumder, Manna Dey sang about a specific group of people hanging out at a coffee house, but the appeal is universal. Every friend circle has a bit of Nikhilesh, Moidul, D’Souza, Roma Roy, Amol and Sujata in them. Which one are you?

NIKHILESH

They are the talented ones, hiding many tricks up their sleeves. They’re also extroverts, and thus the life of the party. However, these friends are like meteors; they dazzle everyone around them only for a brief time, because they mysteriously lose touch with the squad after settling abroad. Due to their lasting impression, they are missed at every reunion.

MOIDUL

They are popular like the Nikhileshes, but for different reasons. They’re the social justice warriors, posting long statuses on Facebook about various socio-economic issues. Being strongly opinionated makes them vocal in every *adda*, occasionally getting into fights with other friends having different opinions. These fights eventually



PHOTO: AVIPSU ARKO

cause a rift within the group, to the point where they can cut off ties. You won’t see them at reunions. Therefore, the Moiduls are quite polarising figures.

D’SOUZA

They are the wise and quiet ones, never striving to be the center of attention. Instead, they’re glad to be a fly on the wall. They’re also excellent listeners. Other friends, whenever in distress, turn to them for support. These qualities earn them

respect within the squad.

ROMA ROY

They are the hopeless romantics. When they fall in love, they fall hard, but not for long. They celebrate monthly anniversaries with their significant other, because rarely do their relationships last a year. After breaking up over trivial things, they go through a heartbroken phase, until they get a new crush and the whole cycle repeats itself, while the other

friends roll their eyes inwardly.

AMOL

They are introverts like the D’Souzas, but they struggle to fit in with the cool kids. Despite their best efforts, they only exude a weak presence, and are overshadowed by their more popular friends. Hence, they’re likely to suffer from an inferiority complex. Eventually, they become best friends with the D’Souzas.

SUJATA

They are the ambitious opportunists. Their astuteness helps them work any situation to their advantage, simultaneously avoiding bad blood with anyone. In this way, they remain well-liked within the group. You’ll see them sharing motivational quotes on social media. They’re likely to be the most successful in the circle, not shy to show off at the reunion parties.

Each of the characters in *Coffee House* is unique, yet they are bound by camaraderie. This demonstrates the power of friendship to bring people of different personalities together, forgetting about their differences and embracing their common humanity. The next time you listen to this song, become the Sorting Hat and wonder which category each of your friends fit in.

Adhora Ahmed tries to make her two cats befriend each other, but in vain. Tell her to give up at adhora.ahmed@gmail.com

THE TANGENTS OF GRIEF

ROSHNI SHAMIM

A few months earlier, my uncle had passed away. Although him and I were not particularly close on a one-to-one basis, there was something very fatherly about the way he treated all of us children with the same demonstration of love and care. Therefore, when the news of his death reached me, I processed my turbulent emotions in a very alien-like manner.

How do you react to a person’s death who you were not close to inherently, but held strong respect and regard for? Despite processing the sadness that was submerged deep inside of me, on the outside, my face remained impassive. I assumed at the time that it was normal to feel this disconnect between reaction and reality; not everyone reacts the same way, after all.

Yet, my flowing sadness elongated when I spoke to my late uncle’s daughter who also happens to be my childhood best friend. As soon as I heard her cry, I felt something shift within me. The sadness which was previously submerged no longer felt abated, it was now rising in waves. I reflexively touched my cheek, expecting the moistness to make contact with my fingers. Yet, there was none. Only a feeling of utter helplessness kept building up, like an endless pool of darkness you’re infinitely falling into.

This undefined emotion that I felt then is what we collectively identify as *grief*.



PHOTO: KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

Growing up, my outlook on mourning always implied a bout of sadness that produced tears. Through the years, I have come to realise that mourning is not complemented by sadness. It is moulded by grief.

In so many different moments and walks of our life, we process the emotion of grief and don’t even realise it. When we

finish a book that we thoroughly enjoyed reading, that familiar feeling of emptiness that settles within us is actually a form of grieving that we do. It is also interesting to note that as human beings, we are very reluctant to let go of people, places, memories and connections-- even when their journey with us ends. So when our regular emotional scale is thrown off balance,

we accidentally end up in an uncharted territory. Here, we do not gush out tears or even heal overnight. We face instead a slow journey ahead, filled with an inexplicable sense of loss and existence.

When grief comes knocking on your door, momentarily, it consumes you. It sits like a hollow weight on your heart, attuning you to constantly feel as if you are sinking. Sometimes, the grief can linger for a long while, invariably becoming your seasonal companion. It often comes and goes, but it is nearly impossible to not expect a single visit of grief in our entire lifetime.

I have come to terms in accepting that not all grief can take the same form and neither can it be healed in the same way. Grief has many tangents and through each one of them, we get to take away a lesson of our own wounds and the ways to treat them right.

In such times of helplessness, my favorite mantra has now become the ever-present reminder that time heals all. Even when it feels like an eternity, we eventually do bloom once again. Inevitably, the only thing that remains continuous is time, and the changes that it brings along. So the next time you feel that insurmountable, invisible pain in your heart but are incapable to react to it, remember that this too shall pass.

Share your thoughts to roshni.shamim@gmail.com