

satire.

# Man shocked that food doesn't cook faster if you scream at waiter

**HASIB UR RASHID IFTI**

Newly discovered information on basic human decency takes the youth by storm as self-proclaimed sigma male realises food doesn't cook itself faster if you scream at the waiter. As Greek alphabetical males across the country finally figure out that they cannot treat people outside home the way they treat women at home, mass hysteria shakes the nation.

After getting kicked out of a restaurant in Dhaka for howling at the waiter, the alleged sigma male told the press, "As superheroes, we deserve more respect from society, least of all from the people that our false sense of pride lets us scream at – the waiters, rickshaw-pullers, chauffeurs, and security guards. Our superpower is that if we scream loud enough, we get prioritised the way we want to and get our work done."

"Take a typical day at my household, for example. Maybe my mother's sick, our helping hand couldn't come and lunch is a bit delayed. But that's none of our concern. We use our superpowers, that is, we scream. And boy does it work! If it doesn't, sometimes my father will join in. We force my sick mother to get up from bed and cook for us because our glorious Bengali culture combines with our fragile male ego and it doesn't let us enter the kitchen for any reason other than asking our mother what's available for lunch. It's a bird, it's a plane? No! It's my genetically



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

inherited delusion of social superiority. It's Bengali Man!" he went on.

"I grew up watching my father use his superpower almost the entire time he was home, keeping everyone on edge 24/7," sigma male continued.

"The first time I watched my father assault a rickshaw-puller over 10 Taka, I found my idol. My father, like every other Bengali parent, wasn't aware of the fact that children learn from their parents and currently wonders why I turned out the

way I did. With each violent interaction my father had with my mother, my urge to grow up and emulate my dad and use my superpower to scream at the women around me increased exponentially. They say your dad's your superhero. Well, my superhero taught me that whenever something doesn't go your way, screaming is the appropriate response. When that scream hits my ears, it's not just a call. It's a warning, it's raw energy, it's power. It's power that I want, and will have," the guy couldn't stop.

Sigma's tendency to scream grew exponentially over the years. However, all hell broke loose when sigma finally realised, he could spread his screaming expertise outside home.

"When I went to the restaurant and saw someone else get the food before me, my natural reaction was to scream at the waiter. However, when the manager took me to the kitchen and proved that the chicken wasn't getting grilled any faster no matter how harshly I cursed the waiter, it broke my reality," whimpered the sigma.

Since this incident, restaurants across the country have started to hang up signs to let patrons know of their newest regulation. "Do not treat waiters the way you treat your mum" – signs read.

*Remind Ifti to be quieter at hasiburrashidifti@gmail.com*

## Growing up a third culture kid in Bangladesh

**BIANCA HASSAN**

During a parent-teacher meeting, my mother spent an unusually long time listening to unsettling words from my teacher.

I was falling behind in language acquisition; when I spoke, I was often incomprehensible and my writing was equally illegible. Little did the teacher know that I was trying to absorb two dominant realities – the foreign language spoken by my mother and the Bengali culture and Bangla practised by my father – and that it was normal for someone like me to have difficulty in the language department.

Initially, these situations create a state of confusion for many as the essence of both languages seep in unfiltered. Later on, this quality has the potential to become a strength.

For third culture kids, or TCKs, there is a constant and simultaneous oscillation between the different "places of belonging", like a pair of antagonistic muscles. The term was coined by sociologist and anthropologist Ruth Hill Useem, and can

present itself in various scenarios.

Your mother could be from one country and father from another, but you live somewhere else entirely; both your parents could be from the same place but you live in a different place; you could be born somewhere, your mother and father could be from different places themselves but you live in one of their countries of origin.

For me, the answer to "Where are you from?" becomes long and convoluted. It's one that I keep moulding. It can sometimes feel liberating, being able to shape an identity for yourself. Having an exposure to multiple philosophical, political and social perspec-

tives and the difference in values allow me to create a personal value system.

Like the cautious observer, you take conscious note of verbal and non-verbal cues. Sometimes you miss the humorous reference and have to pluck up the courage to ask someone in the group for an explanation.

People are surprised to hear me talking about a Bengali folk singer for instance. Sometimes I forget something simple but on the other hand will know many things characteristically distinct to Bangladesh.

I will find myself gaining unique skills to demonstrate to one half of the family, almost like

show-and-tell, such as how to cut open a jackfruit, how to bargain, how to swerve through busy streets, how to wholeheartedly defend spicy food and so on. I follow the local newspapers of two countries and resort to Radio Garden to listen to my passport country's radio. When I visit my mother's country, I try to fill myself in on all the things I had missed – pop culture references, opening of a new restaurant, my aunt's new job and a new parliament bill about to be passed. I have developed a strange taste in music that can only be described as patchwork. Nearly everything else becomes a patchwork too, threads of contrasting colours woven together.

As a cultural chameleon, "home" and "identity" are tough terms to describe but they grant their own freedom and beauty and a suitcase of experiences never to be taken for granted.

*Bianca is trying to get herself going on walks in the morning. Reminder to do that at hassanbianca01@gmail.com*

