

THE DEFINITIVE
YOUTH
MAGAZINE

SHOUT

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THE YOUTH'S PERSPECTIVE OF THE

NATIONAL BUDGET

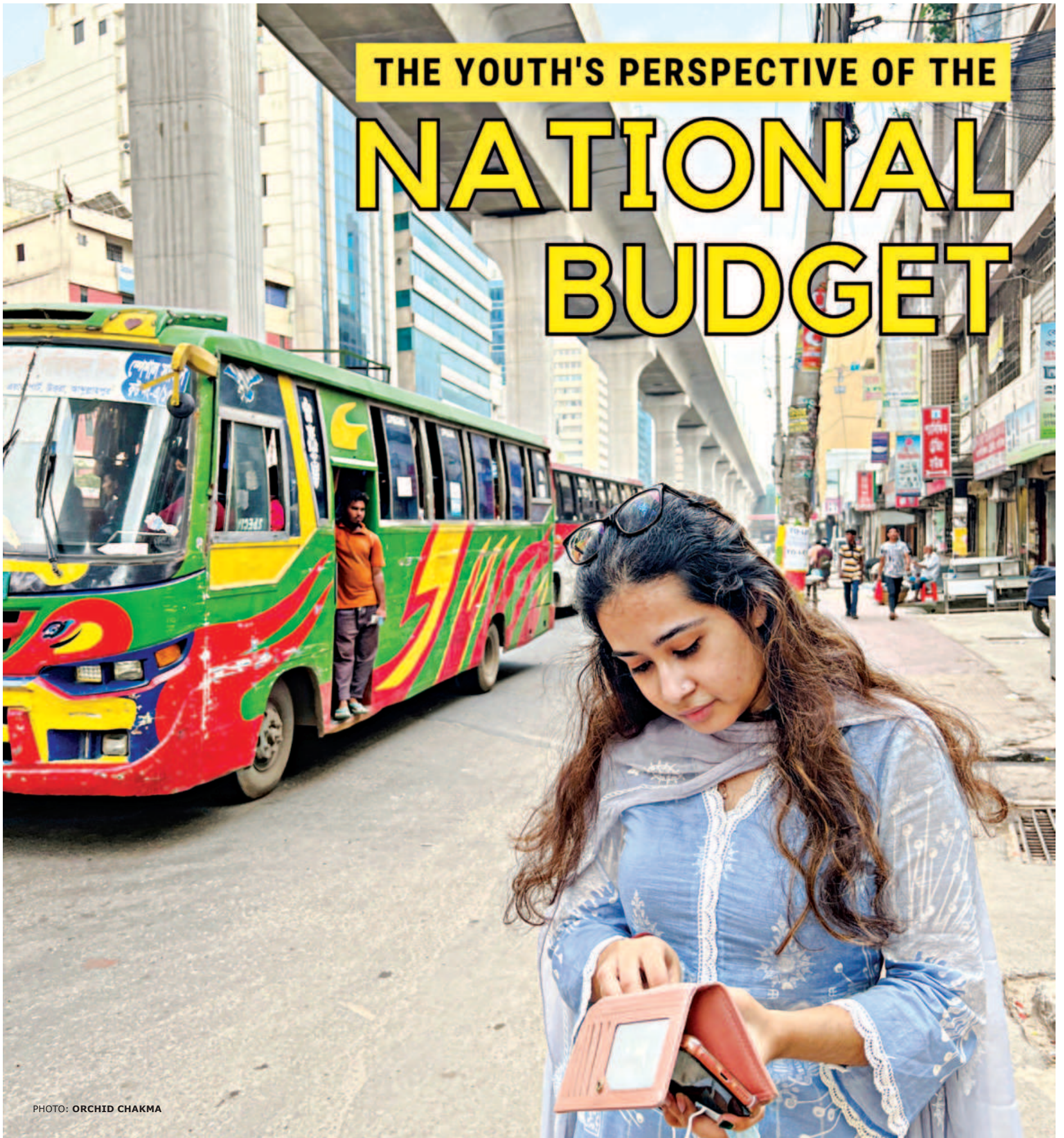


PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

EDITORIAL

When was the last time you and your friends, at one of your many outings, sat down and spoke about the National Budget? That you discussed how these government decisions would create ripples in your lives?

Probably never.

The National Budget is perhaps the most auspicious day in the economic context of the fiscal year. Proposals will be presented, decisions made and remade, inviting analysis, criticism, so on and so forth. And in my personal opinion, almost every sector that is discussed in the parliament has an impact on the lives of young people in our country. From agriculture to defence and education to sports, from ICT and housing to tobacco and energy – the youth has a relationship with each sector, and plays a significant (at times, invisible) role.

So, we ask, are our views, opinions, doubts, and support taken into consideration in the planning stage? There is an ongoing conversation on youth participation in national matters. However, when it comes to the budget, the youth and their perspectives are often put aside.

Do you not know that this budget that you're presenting, you're doing it for us?

-- Kazi Akib Bin Asad, Editor In-charge, SHOUT



PLAYWATCH

PODCAST



Stop what you're doing and listen to Dua Lipa's podcast

TAASEEN MOHAMMED ISLAM

Podcasts can be described as a sleeper hit amongst recent technological innovations. However, podcasts sadly get a bad reputation for either monotonously droning on about political and intellectual discourse or mindlessly spewing out tabloid fodder.

Luckily there's a middle ground, and it's *Dua Lipa: At Your Service*. This podcast manages to be entertaining and thought-provoking through articulate, informative, and engaging conversations with eminent personalities in entertainment, fashion, and activism.

Dua Lipa: At Your Service is a far cry from the glossy, disco, and glitter-infused image the superstar musician has curated through her work. This podcast portrays Lipa more intimately as a lifestyle guru than a popstar, delving into weighty and breezy matters with a high-profile lineup of guests from an array of fields. Throughout each episode, interviewees talk about their careers, failures, and what keeps them going.

Undoubtedly ambitious for a novice podcaster, Dua Lipa delivers on her promises through her surprisingly impressive interview skills and envious contact list. Guests range from obvious choices such as Elton John and Megan Thee Stallion to ones such as creative director of Balmain Olivier Rousteing, Nobel Laureate Nadia Murad, and best-selling author Lisa Taddeo to make for a fascinating listening experience.

Content-wise, we explore conversations both light-hearted and ponderous. Throughout the first season, we see heart-to-heart discussions on many of the struggles the guests went through. Olivier

details his personal and career struggles with being an adopted person of colour in a country like France. While Nadia recounts her emancipating escape from Iraq, Riz Ahmed reflects on the palpable Islamophobia he still faces despite being an Oscar winner.

We also get an insightful look at our personalities. Edward Enninfu talks about how his Ghanaian heritage influences his work at *British Vogue*, and Bowen Yang hilariously describes the status quo at *SNL*. Megan Thee Stallion explains how black women inspire her and how she plans to use her platform to empower them.

However, these musings are counterbalanced by moments of levity. We discuss the host's love for West Village, Elton John's wild nights in Studio 54, and the best Korean barbecue in Seoul. Then comes my favourite part – celebrity recommendations of places to go, things to do, and dishes to eat. Hotspots in Tribeca, Parisian patisseries, and the best English breakfast in London are animatedly discussed before the runtime ends.

In summary, *Dua Lipa: At Your Service* perfectly balances the conflicting opposites of the podcast world. It's brainy but exciting enough that it doesn't put you to sleep while simultaneously approaching current topics through a more sophisticated view. If you're looking for a fun, informative, and overall feel-good podcast, look no further, you've come to the right place.

Turns out Taaseen Mohammed Islam can write semi-decently at the expense of being able to do basic math. Send him pointers at taaseen.2001@gmail.com



TITLE OF YOUR MIXTAPE

| A | B |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Diamonds Rihanna | Posing For Cars Japanese Breakfast |
| When I Grow Up NF | Trust Fund Baby Why Don't We |
| Misery Business Paramore | No More Dream BTS |
| First Class Jack Harlow | Heart of Gold Johnny Cash |

Email us at shoutds@gmail.com with feedback, comments, and reader submissions within 500 words.

Is there a need to gender beauty and hygiene products?

NADEEMAHAFROSE MONDOL

Skincare is one of the most hyped trends in recent times. However, what caught my attention is the unnecessary division of these products, based on gender.

From packaging to the ingredients, it seems like the whole idea of designing and manufacturing beauty products was focused on keeping up with the idea of making these products usable for a specific gender rather than the effectiveness.

Let's talk about packaging first. We mostly see two segments of skincare products on the market – for men and for women. The main visual difference between its packaging is the colour. Most men's products have dark-coloured packaging, because darker colours are apparently "manly". Oppositely, women's products usually have lighter coloured packaging, like pinks and pastels, with striking designs to attract the female consumers.

The advertising for these products is different from one another, too. In the case for men's product ads, a common plot is men doing hard work or stunts and exposing themselves to external pollution and dirt. On the other hand, ads for women's prod-



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

ucts usually have a common scenario of girls sitting at home and being concerned about their skin conditions. Both these scenarios clearly normalise the issue of gender inequality and stereotypes about gender roles.

Moving on to the ingredients, usually the affordable men's products in the market contain ingredients and flavourings that are considered or labelled "manly". Charcoal and menthol are very common,

and the fragrance of these products are also quite similar, in most cases minty and musky. There are not many options for men, to be honest.

As there is an age-old stereotype that beauty and skincare are for females only, there is way more variation among women's cosmetics and skincare products. There are, in fact, numerous products for women which are made for different skin types. The products smell generally floral and fruity, as

these are considered "girly".

Now, are these differences and divisions useful for the consumers? As far as I have heard and observed, the answer is no.

Men have slightly thicker skin than women and their skin is more resistant to the damage. But the necessary process of taking care of their skin is actually the same as women. A large number of men choose women's products because of the actual benefits, results, and the various options. Although charcoal and menthol are labelled as "manly" ingredients, these are specifically for oily skin. So, men who have dry or combination skin can get negative results if they use these products.

Another important thing to observe is that most high-end and medicated beauty products are gender-neutral, which means the products that actually contain good ingredients for skin are suitable for everyone. So, choosing skincare and beauty products should be based on what skin type one has, not on the gender.

Nadeemah always wraps her head around the thought of what she's going to eat next and thinks that the glass at her bedside table is half-full. Say hi at nadeemahafrose13@gmail.com

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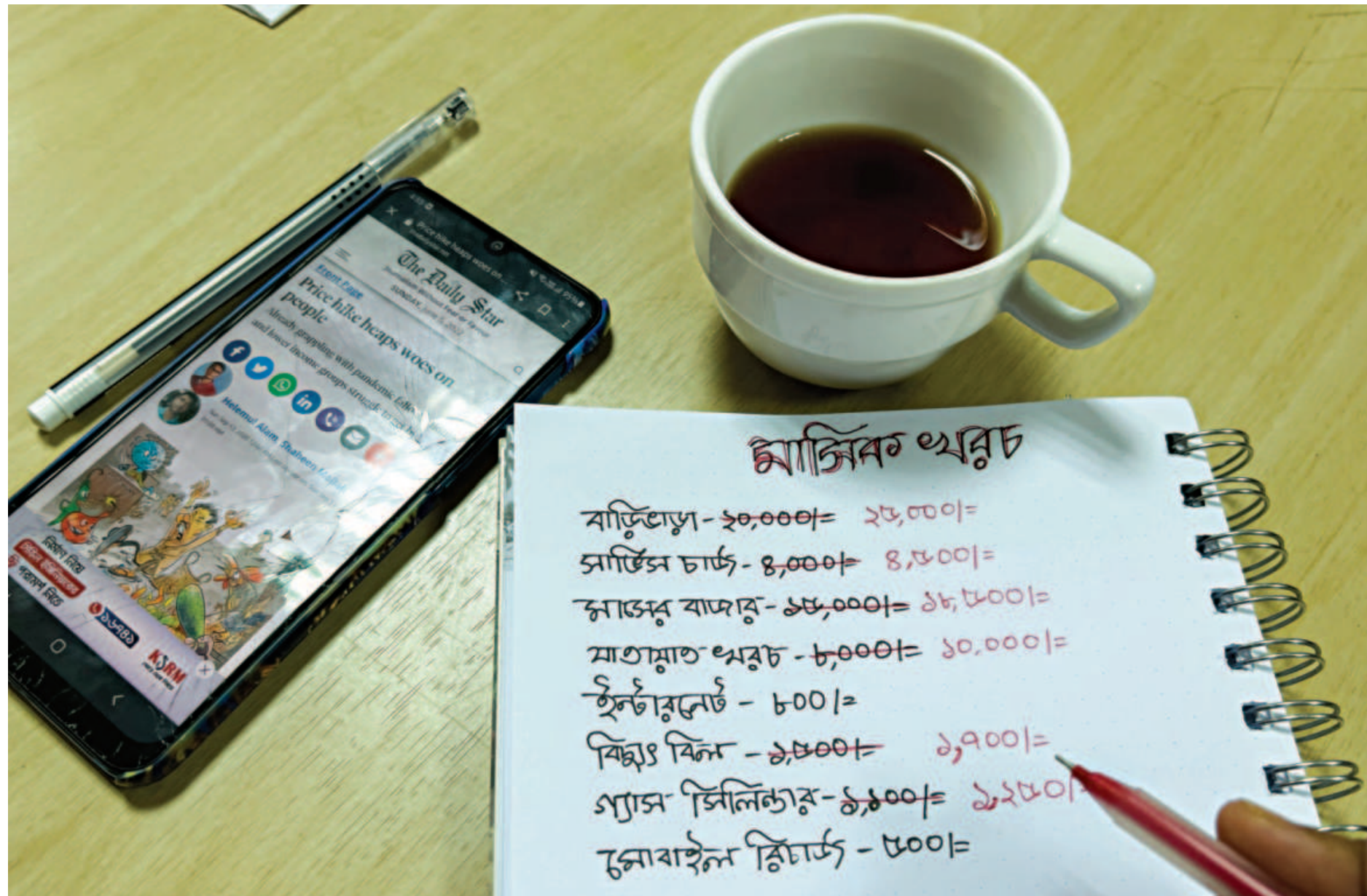


PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

How are students dealing with rising prices in this city?

FATIN HAMAMA & SHIMIN MUSHSHARAT

Living in a city as volatile in regards to economic fluctuations and living conditions as Dhaka has never been easy, especially when one's a student living on their own.

In a place where it's difficult to live decently even on a conventionally middle-class income, being a student with limited finances is quite the challenge when one factors in the recent price hike.

If you're currently a non-residential student in the city, you've probably encountered a spike in rent already, whether you're living in a shared flat or have a place to yourself. Even as residential students, related expenses have been high for many.

"My hostel rent went from 8000 taka to 9000 taka quite abruptly this month, but the quality of food and other facilities are still below standard," commented Rue Ahmad, an grade 11 student at Rajuk Uttara Model College, currently living at the campus hostel.

However, living expenses are only the tip of the iceberg. For most of us, the main concern is the consistent steep increase in transportation costs and food prices as being quotidian expenditures; these add up to a substantial number when one's

maintaining a strict budget. Although public transportation rates keep rising exponentially, we can do nothing but cope as ride-sharing options on the daily are way too costly, and the utter lack of pedestrian-friendly roads in this city make it almost impossible to walk.

Traffic being worse than ever, CNG drivers and rickshaw pullers now have another excuse to ask for extra money to compensate for their lost time. While their concern is valid, the commute gets more stressful every day. Some days it is better to not go out if we don't have any errands. Again, limiting our movement that is not "necessary".

The current prices of food items have already had hard-hitting effects on us, causing many to change their eating habits. At this point, the price of takeaway food and groceries are almost the same and it is especially hard on those who don't practice or are bad at bargaining. Cutting down on food allocations and switching to eating more frequently at hostel cafeterias, despite its terrible quality of food, are pretty common scenarios now as the absurd prices of vegetables, poultry, and grains make it difficult for many to afford cooking by themselves everyday anymore.

"We had to request our cook to use a lesser amount of oil for cooking as its price has risen tremendously. My flatmates and I have even reduced the number of dishes we consume per meal to save money," mentioned a student of IBA, DU who wished to remain anonymous, when asked about the compromises they're having to make.

Moreover, since even big scale sacrifices are not enough to make life a little easier as a student surviving solo, most of us have now habituated ourselves into letting go of the recreational activities vital for the wellbeing of our mental health, just for the sake of saving a few bucks.

Over the course of the past few months, I have had to cut expenses that are not "essential". For example, I haven't bought any books in the last two months, even though I am a voracious reader. Other little postponed things include, but are not limited to, taking random rickshaw rides, trying out new cafés, and buying flowers for ourselves. These seem too insignificant to even mention in the grand scheme of things, but leaving out all the tenderness and stripping life down to the bare minimum certainly takes a toll on our minds.

Last year, during a conversation with a close friend who lives abroad, the topic of

saving came up. At the time, we were living paycheck to paycheck. It was difficult to explain even then. And now, saving up for something seems like a very distant prospect.

At this point, we have more or less accepted the price hike. On this topic, the story about the boiling frog comes to mind. Once, a frog was sitting in a pot on a stove, and did not realise that the water was boiling until it became so hot that the frog could not jump back out.

Living in Dhaka and dealing with the cost of living is a parallel real-world example of the boiling frog story. Except, it was predictable and preventable. Living in this city, alone, as a student, was quite hectic even before. But now, with the unbearable heat, the traffic and pollution, and the latest hikes in prices, our living conditions and mental health are suffering greatly, if not perishing already.

Shimin reads everything she can find, talks to cats, and writes a lot of letters. Send her a book at shim.mush@gmail.com

Hamama's problems smell like daruchini because she's dweep into them 24/7. Send help at fatin.hamama003@gmail.com

The youth's perspective of the National Budget

RAYA MEHNAZ

The budget of the upcoming fiscal year (FY 2022-23) will be presented at the parliament today by the Finance Minister AHM Mustafa Kamal. At the time of writing the article, the initial size of the budget is set at Tk 677,864 crore.

This is the third budget since the outbreak of the Covid-19 in 2020, and it is believed that it will largely focus on economic recovery from the pandemic and the realities of the Russia-Ukraine conflict. This ambitious undertaking will have several significant implications on the lives of people of Bangladesh, and in this article's context, the youth.

The youth interest in the National Budget has been largely absent in the years before, and it continues to be a subject of disinterest, if not complete apathy. Even in sectors in the economy that dearly affect young people, budgetary discussions have often eluded youth participation.

Yet, the National Budget remains one such area where the youth agenda is often represented, if not properly marketed. Which is why it is extremely important for the younger generation to pay attention to this representation, and understand where their interests are being protected, and where they aren't.

After all, how can today's youth contribute to the national budget if they don't take part in the discussions?

According to the news, the government is set to approve a budget for Annual Development Programme (ADP) for the FY 2022-23, of which the transport and communications sector would receive the highest allocation of Tk 70,695 crore. In common understanding, the ADP will rely on megaprojects such as the Padma Bridge rail link and the metro rail project.

However, young students look at this high allocation in the transport sectors quite differently.

Tahsin Khan Pritha, a student of BUP, elaborates, "I have to commute almost every day to Mirpur 12 from Khilgaon, so I have to use public transport extensively. Most days I have to change buses two or three times to reach my destination. Moreover, I live around Malibagh, where there aren't any immediate projects that are being constructed that will alleviate some of the commuting hassles I have to go through."

"While I know projects such as the metro rail would be extremely beneficial, I cannot exactly rejoice now. So, when I think about more allocation for the transport budget, it's very difficult for me to imagine a reality where my troubles will be lessened in the near future," Tahsin adds.

From Tahsin's opinion, it's understandable that the increase in transportation budget might be an achievement of common good, however, individual realities often get lost within that understanding.

On the other end of the spectrum, NSU student Aidid Ahmed Suprio believes it means very little to develop mega transportation projects when implementation of law remains one of the ways the sector is falling behind.

He explains, "I have to travel almost every day to Bashundhara from Dhanmon-

di. In my commute, I get to see the grim reality of our country's transportation system, that is rife with unfit vehicles and safety violations. What is the point of developing new transport channels when our existing ones are overrun with such breach of law and order?"

Aidid represents a growing frustration among young people regarding this issue. Ultimately, more development of transport channels seems bleak when compared to the existing mayhem that young commuters often face on the road.

However, big budgetary decisions aren't limited to the transportation sector only. Considering the vision for a Digital Bangladesh, accessibility of ICT products both in quantity and price should be a given thing. However, since 2017, Bangladesh has put a duty on imports of tech products to protect

reflect few of the core foundations of the youth interests, imposing VAT on sanitary products and its eventual withdrawal in the 2021-22 budget also reflects the societal impact of the National Budget on the lives of young women.

Put a Period, a youth organisation, commented regarding the historic decision, saying, "We think that taxing menstrual products, in general, can really send a wrong message to society that such products are a matter of luxury, when they're absolute essentials. The tax exemption implies that such products are not being equated with luxury products, which is a welcome first step. It means that this wouldn't bar underprivileged women from accessing menstrual products and worsen the class disparity that already exists regarding periods."



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

local industries – a feat that has affected young people greatly.

According to Zahidur Rahman, a Brac University student, this heavy duty on imports is also facilitated by the fact that there are very few official retailers of these branded ICT products.

He shares, "As we depend on resellers to get our desired products, we also cannot do anything when they increase the price."

Zahid further elaborates why the average electronic product is costing more for young people nowadays, saying, "More importantly, local electronics production is still in its infancy. Because of that, we have to go through all these taxes, tariff, shipping cost when we eventually buy from resellers."

Where the transportation and ICT sector

actually require me to work full-time to pay for a percentage of my tuition. I cannot imagine the pressure it would create, not to mention, make it impossible for me to get out with a decent CGPA."

Thousands of students like Aidid share this view. The implications of potentially putting a tax on their education is much scarier than any budgetary discussions for these students.

However, one of the grimmer sides of the national budget lies within tobacco taxation, and its multifaceted impacts on the younger generation.

With Tk 28,800 crore that came as VAT and supplementary duty (SD) on cigarettes in 2020-21, Bangladesh remains highly dependent on cigarette and tobacco products. However, it is believed that the existing tier-based tax structure has failed to stop the smokers and tobacco users, making it tough for Bangladesh to be tobacco free by 2040. This tax structure has also failed the youth.

"When taxation is increased, it is generally believed that people will quit smoking. However, the level to which prices need to be increased for people to stop smoking just hasn't been done," comments Iftekhar Sadi*, a university student.

"A regular young smoker will have their own budget for smoking, cut from their pocket money. Normally, I'd smoke a premium cigarette that's less harmful for Tk 15, but if the price went up, I'd resort to low-tier brands," Iftekhar elaborates the process to which taxation invites more devastation for young people, instead of curbing the rate of such smokers.

Iftekhar reminds us that, while macro-level impact analysis has been done on population, there are some issues that the youth are more uniquely impacted by. That in itself is the reason the youth, more than any other section of the population, should divert its focus to the National Budget. Most times, such discussions have been put as something out of the younger generation's understanding and comprehension. However, upon closer inspection, it has been clear that these issues also affect young people, probably more so than originally believed.

*Name has been changed for privacy

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Raya dedicates this to all the Economics enthusiasts in her life. Find her at fb.com/raya.mehnaz



Talk about personal finances, respectfully

FABIHA AFIFA

Talking about money can be hard. Understandably since, for many of us, our savings, salaries and inheritances reflect our innermost desires, insecurities, and stories that are often too personal to share.

However, as I have recently realised, conversations about personal finances are unavoidable sometimes. Maybe you need advice, have to get something off your chest or maybe you are the one giving said advice.

In times like these, it is crucial to know how to broach this sensitive topic in discourses so that it's easy on you and everyone else involved.

HAVE A NEUTRAL TONE

What is a meagre amount of money to you, can be life-changing to someone else, and vice versa. Do not dismiss any amount as insignificant unless it's your own issue and politely clarify that it's simply your opinion. If you're talking about someone else's money, never shame them for poor choices or actions on their part that adversely affected them financially. This will only add to their distress and make them less likely to open up and seek help from anyone regarding their finances later on.

This also includes pushing people to behave a certain way or do things a certain way because it worked for you, or someone you know. The same approaches may not work for everyone, and pushing people to do this only perpetuates a culture of shame.

THE ADJECTIVE "PERSONAL" IS ACTUALLY UNIVERSAL

While your money is personal to you, someone else's money is personal to them as well. Although it sounds like common sense, many people often forget this fact and end up asking questions that are obviously meant to extort some information for gossip.

Thus, to not come across as prying, avoid asking invasive questions and let the other person tell their stories according to their level of comfort. If you sense that you're being pushed for unnecessary details, feel free to put a stop to the discussion and move on. On the other hand, tempting as it might be, never speak on another person's financial status, especially if your remarks aren't going to be necessarily nice and invasive.

IT IS NOT A COMPETITION

Please, never compare financial successes and woes. Of all the things I have learned from our neighbouring and school aunts, this deserves an honourable mention.

If someone is celebrating a financial milestone, celebrate with them. Do not try to one up them with a similar or better story of fortune and do not let anyone do that to you either. Likewise, if your intention is to inspire someone who is not feeling secure in their economic condition with a story of someone turning around financially, choose your words carefully so that you don't end up saying or implying they could've had it much worse.

Lastly, talking about personal finances is bound to give rise to some anxiety and awkwardness but like most other difficult conversations, an open mind and some empathy will take you a long way.

Fabiha is secretly a Lannister noblewoman and a Slytherin alum. Pledge your allegiance and soul to her at: afifafabiha01@gmail.com

The reasons why we feel sad at night

IRINA JAHAN

There is something about the warm rays of sunshine seeping through gaping curtains that seem to calm the internal chaos of one's mind, even if that very mind was particularly agitated the previous night. The emerging sun seems to not only illuminate the buildings and trees basking in it, but also our mood, even if only temporarily.

You may have had the sneaking suspicion that night time often leaves us sadder than usual, and you're not alone in this.

The night gives us plenty of time for self-reflection. After a long day, we are finally all by ourselves. During this time, our brains are guilty of entrapping us in the rabbit hole of old tormenting memories which then become intrusive to our peace. We end up ruminating over the little things and painful regrets only to find momentary respite in scrolling through our phones.

Once we close our eyes, the nagging thoughts reappear and we remain cruelly deprived of a good night's rest.

Most people have incredibly complicated lives and these recurring, racing thoughts at night are just part of the fallible human experience. It isn't always easy for one to keep unpleasant emotions beyond the fences when the tracks of our mind keep us coming back to them. Still, it is important to make sure we are doing all that is possible to not make this harder than it has to be.

This means steering clear of our phones during bedtime to avoid wasting time and more importantly, to avoid being exposed to the blue light emitted from electronic devices. This blue light can be extremely detrimental to our sleep and eyesight con-

currently, setting us up for a wrecked sleeping routine and moodier waking hours. Additionally, having caffeinated beverages even a few hours before bed can also wreak havoc on our mental well-being and dock off precious hours of sleep, replacing them with anxiety and sorrow.

Part of the reason why daylight feels so rejuvenating is that coming into contact with sunlight prompts our body to release hormones into our brains that make us feel happier and safer. Problems that may have seemed overbearing at night might appear to shrink the next morning. This, however, should not allow us to forget that some of our lifestyle choices if allowed to prevail, may increasingly make us more vulnerable.

While experiencing sadness at night may not always be due to depression, it is an indicator of some form of mental affliction or emotional need that needs addressing. Pay due attention to the indications, atone for bad habits and get help if needed. Your sleep cycle will surely be grateful and you won't need to wait for the sun to put your mind to rest.

Irina needs to make peace with her spontaneous need for cold coffee. Send your advice and suggestions for her at irinajahan17@gmail.com



PUTRESCINE

HASIB UR RASHID IFTI

"I'm not going to allow slackers in my course!" howled a voice piercing through the silence. It wasn't quite silent though. Shobo could hear the crackling sound from the ceiling fan with its blades covered in soot. Eyes still blurry from the nap, Shobo stared at the rust on the canopy of the fan glaring back at him. Shobo could feel the taste of rust on his tongue, from the time when he tried licking the tarnished grills in their balcony at Basabo that faced a gutter and smelled like drain water all the time.

Shobo stood up, looking down and staring at the bench in silence. His professor didn't tell him to stand up, he just did it instinctively. He's gone through the entire routine- waking up to screeches, standing up, getting humiliated and kicked out of class and so on. It didn't come naturally though, it took years. That one time in grade 8 Biology when he didn't look down in submission while standing up, he was smacked in the face. With each slap, each scream and each punch to the stomach in the bathroom stalls, he learnt the way of the human species. To keep your head down and to keep quiet long enough to tire the other person out and give up on you.

Shobo stared at his old sneakers as the voice kept fading away. Over the years, he trained his brain to filter out all the external noises until the humans were done establishing their authority and utter either 'Sit down' or 'Get out'. Shobo walked out of the classroom. The guard at the back gate was snoring as his clanky radio kept playing the same Manna Dey song on loop. Shobo didn't feel like waking him up. It was 11 am and his quota for human interaction was filled up. Shobo walked right through the wall by the gate. As he slipped past the bricks, he could taste the fresh acrylic on the wall. The map showed his house 3 and a half miles away and he decided he was going to walk the distance. Without an umbrella on, the scorching summer heat would hopefully exhaust him enough to make his head go blank. He loved the parts of his day when he'd be too sleepy to dream or too much in pain to ruminate on his emotions.

Shutting the front door quietly on his way to his room, he almost sneaked past his mother's room when she snorted, "Back from the palazzo, are we?"

Shobo knew that voice and the face she made with it without having to catch a glimpse of her face. With her putrid gums and maggoty teeth all red from the tobacco, that face was enough to make you want to bury yourself in your father's rotting grave.

"Your majesty's semester fees are at the top drawer. Take them on your way out tomorrow. And clean your goddamn room for once! It smells like a morgue out there," she said while spitting out the Paan in steel can, "Don't sons get all se-

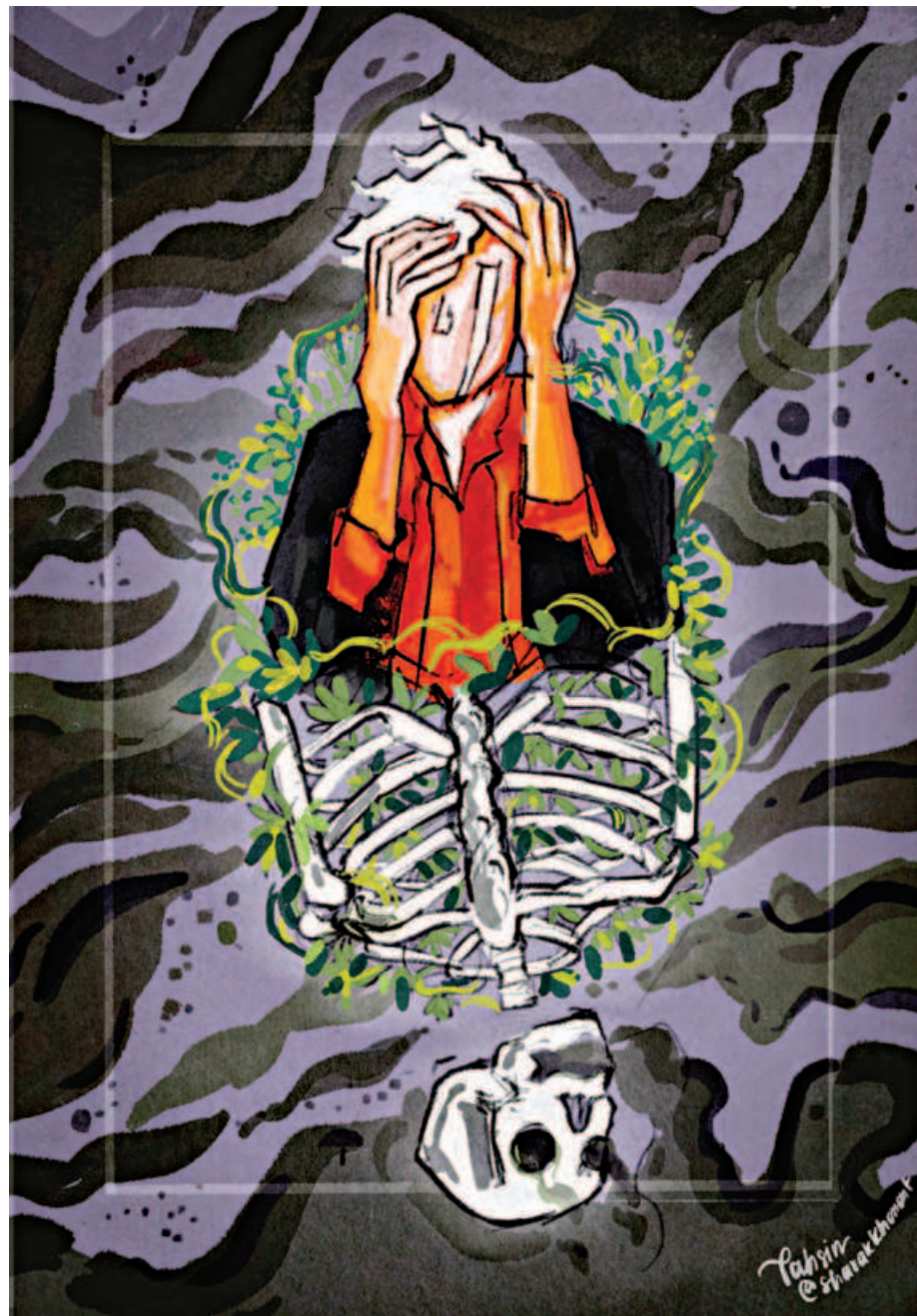


ILLUSTRATION: TAHSIN MOSTAFA CHOWDHURY

rious and mature when their fathers die? Wish he'd make you a bit more responsible on his way out. At least something decent would come out of that hangin..."

Shobo closed the door before she could finish the sentence.

He sealed the door tight. With surgical gloves on, he unlocked his closet. A lifeless chunk of flesh with hints of human

still left in it fell to his knees before he could catch it. The throat still had fresh marks on its neck. Kneeling down, Shobo picked up the corpse and made it sit against the closet wall. The cold body smelled like rust and petrichor, like cotton candy and popsicles, like a new cricket bat and spray paints. It still had Shobo's old clothes on – a polo T-shirt, ripped jeans

and Shobo's old sneakers.

"Amma's upset again. Her cold's getting worse," said Shobo as he somehow managed to find some space to sit beside the carcass. The body looked as if it was trying to raise its eyes, concerned about its mother's health. Shobo would've been worried as well if it was 2 years back and he was part of the body that sits beside him in silence.

"I got kicked out of the class again," Shobo sniggered, "He caught me taking a nap. In my defence, I haven't slept a good night's sleep in two years so microeconomics class would have to do. What else? Oh, I fed the cat on my way back."

The head lost its balance and fell against his shoulder with its eyes fixed on the cuts on Shobo's wrists. Pulling his sleeves down, Shobo hid them in embarrassment, "The guy in front of me saw them today. I felt so naked, so exposed. He didn't care enough to ask though, thank God. I need to start wearing longer sleeves."

"But don't you worry! I'm doing better," said Shobo while making it sit straight, "Not that you can worry anymore. But that's okay. You took a lot for me over the years. It's my turn to pay you back. Just a few more years. Amma will be gone too and then you and I, we can rest."

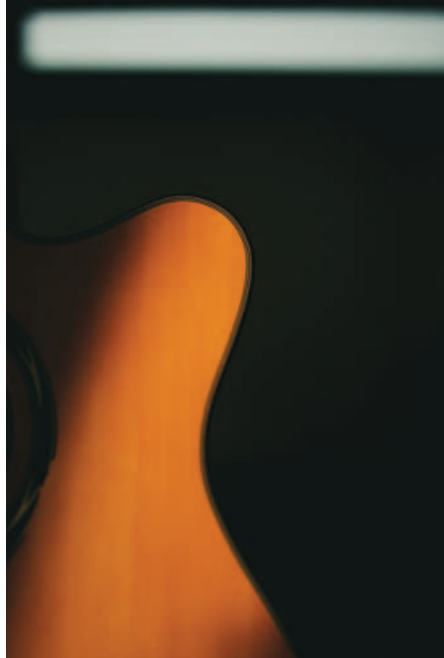
Shobo's cadaver lay gently against the pile of shirts, silent as a graveyard. It looked like it was at peace and that's everything his soul could ask for. Shobo tenderly slipped out of the closet.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I have a degree to earn," he laughed as he closed the closet doors.

Shobo could hear his mother growling in the next room. The sound of her choking on her own blood, struggling to cough it out, desperate to catch her last breath so precious and foul – he could hear it all. And he could hear the silence that followed. He sat quietly for hours in that griming silence until the smell reached his nose.

Drenched in the scent of Putrescine, Shobo's soul lay down and closed his eyes in peace, for the first time in years. He could go to sleep now.

Remind Ifti to be quieter at hasiburrashidifti@gmail.com



GLINT |

We speak of shadows,
Of darkness and of grief
But what about the sliver of light?
The stories of disbelief

PHOTOS BY NAYEM SHAAN
CURATED BY ORCHID CHAKMA

