

#HUMOUR

Why do all fathers have a love for bangi?

Some mysteries of the universe will still remain mysteries. What came first - the chicken or the egg? And, why are fathers so obsessed with bangi? For our fathers, bangi is not just a fruit, it's an emotion, a legacy, a part of their soul, whereas for our generation, it's a fruit that tastes like sadness.

Fathers have an unbreakable bond with bangi. During the month of Ramadan, they head to the bazaar for jilapi or halim just before iftaar, but somehow return holding a bangi. You open the door, and your father enters, super proud, gently putting the bangi on the table, expecting admiration from each family member. Instead, we stare at it in horror.

Pin-drop silence stays for a while, we hear crickets chirping in our minds.

Fathers break the silence, "What a gorgeous colour! It was the brightest among all." We're not quite sure why we should be excited about its pale yellow colour.

"Baba, why?" we ask in frustration, the trauma of last year's bangi encounters still fresh in our minds.

Their disappointment is immediate. Thunder rumbles in the background, just like in old Bengali movies. Their gaze turns melancholic as if we have rejected our entire family heritage.

"You guys rush to eat unlimited pizza and burgers as soon as Ramadan comes, but when it comes to healthy food, your generation never feels like having it." Yes, Baba, because our dislike for bangi is what's truly ruining this generation.



Fast forward to iftaar time, Fathers sit with their plates, slicing bangi with a knife, chewing dramatically, and making exaggerated "Bah" noises. They look at us with their softest version of voices possible, "It's delicious, try it." We take the disappointing bites while they watch us like owls.

Emotional dialogues start immediately, "I went through all that trouble to bring this, and now you're refusing to eat it?"

Mothers join the chat, adding spices to the conversation, "Do you know how good bangi is for your health?" Ah yes, the classic dialogue - if it's healthy, we

must eat it, no matter how miserable it makes us. No, Ma, it might be healthy, but it isn't a cure for everything, especially not for our depression at the moment.

The unfinished bangi laughs at us, preparing for another face-off tomorrow. It knows it has won today, and it waits for the next day, when our father will push the last slices towards us once again, saying, "It's still fresh though."

The next day, You go to your friend's house, to avoid the trauma of the previous day. Finally, a

place where bangi does not exist. A fresh start. A new life.

With a sigh of relief, you enter the house. But then... You freeze. There it is, sitting right on the table.

Your friend's father starts, "I bought the bangi just for you guys today. Isn't the colour gorgeous? I got the best..."

Sigh! **Why do all fathers have a love for bangi?**

By Jawwad Sami Neogi

Photo: Collected



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