



K-pop vs parents

The Relentless Struggle Of Making Our Parents Understand Our Love For K-Pop

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Have you ever heard of Blackpink, Red Velvet, Everglow, GOT7 or BTS? Duh! For sure. Who hasn't? Well, there is someone! (Hint: Think 'P' as in...) Today, Korean music is the talk of the town and has found a place in al-

most every Gen Z and Millennial's playlist. Howbeit, there is still one section of society that still is too wary of it - the Baby Boomers, our loving parents who just cannot process this alien world.

The looks on their faces and the grumbling sounds they make every time we are listening to K-pop is exactly like how a deer caught in



Imaging: Deepak Sharma, GT Network

headlights reacts. You might think they would be used to it by now, considering how much the younger generation listens to it, but well... Every time we put on K-pop on the TV or speakers, the first question is always "Yeh kya laga diya? What are they saying?" And we'd think that the question was meant in a sincere form, so we finally have the opportunity to pull out our well-devised PPT filled with extensive knowledge of Korean culture and musical acts we adore. But not much of it is registered by our loving parents who seem to think we have started speaking fluent Korean as well and have become incomprehensible to them. They ask us how we can even understand what is being said. Sometimes, they even go "Why can't you just listen to songs in your own language? Do you even know what you are mumbling to in the name of chorus?" Of course, as parents, they want to ensure that we, as young impressionable minds, are listening to the right kind of music (simply put, the one they understand and maybe appreciate). As the tussle continues, our parents half-heartedly accept defeat, but that is not to be mistaken as giving up. They don't miss any chance in pulling our leg, asking us to sing along to the "song that is your favourite" and giggling at watching us struggle

with our broken or non-existent Korean speaking skills. But all this is done in good nature, because after multiple attempts, we finally manage to sit them down and explain some translated lyrics to them. We make them watch music videos, most of which carry English translations of the lyrics in captions, and they finally see that maybe the language spoken is different, but the feeling that these songs carry is just the same because human experience is universal. Maybe they also understand that as young adults, it is important for us to listen to meaningful lyrics, like the ones BTS speaks of in their discography, to not only find our own path in this world, but also to develop our EQ that is more accepting and understanding of others who are different from us. Maybe our parents don't understand or want to understand K-pop on the same level as we do, but it cannot be ignored that they are still trying their best to accept it (or ignore it), even though we might run into some hiccups every now and then. Maybe they will finally be more lenient when Jung Kook and V sing Sonu Nigam songs or when Lisa dances to famous Bollywood numbers, but until that happens, all we can say is thank you to our parents for at least trying to understand an entirely new alien concept only for the sake of their children. *Gamsahamnida, bumonim* (Korean for 'Thank you, parents!')

A pawrspective

So What If They Cannot Articulate Their Love For Us? We Know It In Our Hearts!

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Why isn't she up yet? Maybe I should woof. But no, she was working till late last night. She must be so stressed these days. I think I should let her sleep. Even mom is letting her rest today. But what should I be doing then? Never mind, I'll just chew on her slipper till then. Okay, now, enough of the sleep. I'll climb onto the bed and pat at her head. In a moment, she scrunches her face as I lick her nose. She realises that it's another day and that she shouldn't be wasting her time anymore in slumber. At least, that's what I think.

She gets up and hugs me (I must say she almost squeezed me). Today being a weekend, I hope that she has planned her whole day keeping me in her mind. I hope that she would spend the day with me. Still in her bed, she talks to me in a baby-ish voice. She loves me and treasures me, I know, but what are you even saying, Annie? I act like I understand because she cares so much for me. I've been with Annie since forever. She's my best friend. "Come on, let's go for a walk!" she

says. I scurry behind her before she puts me in my favourite leash. I usually get startled and freak out when I am outside. There's this huge white puffy cat. He appears innocent but he is not so innocent. He lives at the end of the street and makes a grumpy face whenever he sees me. I figure he hasn't taken a bath since forever. Even I don't like taking baths,

but Annie gives me cooked chicken treats after every shower. I wouldn't miss that, now would I?

I want her to take me to the new community pet park but as I drag myself to the left, she pulls me back. I think it's because she's talking to her boss. Annie's tone seems stressed, and she has these

lines on her face. She hangs up and starts to walk back towards the house. I haven't even finished pooping but she pulls me back. We reach home and she rushes to the washroom to get ready. But where's she going anyway on a Sunday? We'd barely been spending any time together. She comes out of the washroom and rushes towards the door. I don't want her to leave so I will do what I'm best at. I clasp her legs with my paws. She looks at me and pauses for a mo-

ment but her phone chimes relentlessly. "Now don't give me those puppy eyes, Bruno. I will see you in the evening. I wuv you soo much!" Annie says to me in a mollycoddling voice while she strokes my head. And then, she pulls herself out of my paws and slams the door on my face. There goes another day.

I climb onto the bed and lie there, thinking of how life was when it was just me and my best friend. She is now 26 years old, my Annie. When she was young and did not have to look after so many things in the world, we would go for long walks, meet new friends and cuddle all day in bed but, these days, it's just me. Wait, I can hear someone's footsteps. I run towards the door waiting for her to burst it open. It was Annie! She puts her arms around me and kisses me on the head, "Wuv you, Bruno." she said. "I love you, too!" I yapped. That puppy face did work, after all!

I climb onto the bed and lie there, thinking of how life was when it was just me and my best friend.

