

Organised **C** rime

A few days ago I was standing near a densely gathered local bus to go to Motijheel from Jatrabari. A man was pushing me aside to go near the window as he was going to vomit. Though I became annoyed, I tried to make the path clear for him. But another man became very angry at the person and started to mumble to himself and passing comments, like how the man possessed no common sense whatsoever. I became more annoyed at the man because of his rude behaviour towards the person. Suddenly, I felt a hand entering my front inner pocket of my pants. As I tried to catch hold of the hand, both the ill passenger and the rude person, along with two other people lurking around, jumped down from the slow running bus and disappeared into the mob. That was when I realised that I had narrowly escaped from being pick-pocketed by a group dealing in organised crimes.

Sharif Ahmad.
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On the day before Eid-ul-Azha, I along with my father and uncles were going to the Gabtoli haat to buy our cow. On our way there, we found a lot of people answering questions regarding the price of the cow that they bought. Just before we reached the haat, I saw two young boys, along with a boy directing the cow that they bought from the haat. But the thing that amused all of us is that the boys were continuously shouting '17'. (Shatero!). I did not realise what was going on. After a while, I realised that these boys were actually informing the rest of the people that the price of the cow was 17,000 taka. I guess they were simply too tired to answer at every step, hence just letting everyone know even before the question would arise!

Atiqur Rahman
DC

To 'pork' or not to 'pork'!

My mother and I were going to Dhanmandi from Rampura in a CNG, enjoying the busy streets of our beloved city. We had asked the CNG driver to take the fastest route, and he politely obliged. Within 40 minutes, we were at Panthapath. The traffic signal was red hence we waited. Suddenly, my mom burst out in laughter and had tears in her eyes! I

asked what happened and she simply pointed to a roadside sign reading "PORKING NISHED" in Bangla. It was a No Parking zone, but unfortunately, whoever made the road sign forgot to put the "A" on the "Pa" letter of the Bangla alphabet.

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