

The other day, we were driving to my grandmother's residence in Uttara. We had to stop at the traffic signal near Shangshad Bhaban. It was raining and the road was crowded with cars. As the signals switched to green, our car got ready to move forward, when suddenly a man crashed on the side-door of our car. My dad thought he had hit someone. The traffic police immediately stopped the car. But the story was totally different. Three men threw a taxi driver on our car. They were beating the driver, since his car had scratched a bumper of another car in the traffic. The poor lad was bleeding. His nose was broken and cheek was cut. On a cosy, rainy day, that was indeed a very painful scene that we had witnessed.

*Sunaiya Salauddin
Dhanmondi*

Road act

Fashion in school

It was my first day in class-7 after being promoted from class-6. After a long time I saw my old friends back in the school and noticed a lot of new students as well. The new students were mostly from the well-known and expensive English medium schools in Dhaka. These students were kicked out from their previous schools for not being able to do well in their exams and also for certain indecent acts on their part as well. The girls come to our school wearing high-heeled sandals, dark lipstick, long earrings that happen to be against the school policy. They don't wear the proper uniform when they come to school. They wear short dresses, tight t-shirts to show off their bodies. The boys are probably the worst. They bring gels with them to school. In every break of a period they go to the washroom, use lots of gels on their hair and make rubbish hairstyles. They think they look good I think they resemble hedgehogs. They wear their pants under their waists and show off their expensive boxers. School is for education where students come to learn new things and also be disciplined. But these students are more inclined towards fashion and know nothing about education.

*Imran Salauddin
South Breeze School*

The Sewage Plant

I have a Sri Lankan friend named Marcus. Now, this friend of mine is a big fan of Bangladesh. He is fascinated by our cultural traditions, and by the history of our independence. So one day, he requested me to send him pictures of Dhaka city. I collected pictures of Sangsad Bhaban, Ahsan Manzil, Baitul Mukkaram Mosque, Shriti Shoudho and other places, and mailed them to him. A few days later, he replied, saying, "Bangladesh must be one of the fastest developing country of this world. Not only do you have a rich cultural heritage, but you also have a very effective sewage disposal plant." It took me a while to realize what he was saying. But after I understood what he was trying to say, I couldn't resist myself from having a good laugh. The sewage disposal plant he was talking about was none other than our very own Buriganga River, whose water has become black with pollution!

*Redwan Islam Orittro
Maple Leaf Int. School*