



The Obituary

by Reetu Sharma

SHASHA got up from her sleep and looked around her bedroom. At the moment it was hard for her to remember where she was. Just then something moved beside her. She looked down to see a stranger, sleeping on his back, her husband.

Oh, yes, now she remembered, she got married only yesterday. How could she have forgotten. She got out of the bed and went to take shower. After a long cool bath, she rang for the room service. She ordered a pot of black tea and morning paper and sat in the balcony watching the wave splashing on the shore. The service was prompt, within ten minutes both the paper and tea were in front of her. She smiled and gave the waiter a nod and made herself tea — black and strong as she always loved and started reading the paper.

After flipping through the international news, business and sports she came to the last page, there were a few condolence messages and she started reading it, until her eyes rested on a familiar face. Oh! She had seen the lady somewhere — but where? She started to read, "I convey my thanks to all the friends and relatives for the support I need in the time of sadness and mourning, I pray to Almighty Allah that my mothers soul will rest in peace. The name is..... Emam." She froze.

Her hands were stiff holding the newspaper. Her eyes gazing at the news. She was numb and emotionless. No tears left to cry. Memories came flooding back. Oh, how much she had tried to bury it away but why had fate been so cruel with her?

She was 21 at that time, just joined the medical school. Fresh and young with a great ambition to become a doctor. She was determined to show the world how caring and loving doctors can be. Her friends had joined commerce department in the university and she sometimes visited them there.

Being a Taurean by horoscope she was quite a mysterious person. She looked at the

world through her big innocent eyes as though it was all as innocent as she was. Her friends used to pester her to grow up but she was always her own fun loving self. During one of her visits to the university she met Emam. He was OK not so impressive and hardly the Mills and Boon hero whom she had always imagined to be her dream man in shining armour. Slowly she found herself liking him. Unconsciously she would be looking for him and asking for his whereabouts to her friends. He too started to be friendly with her and even helped her in getting her medical books from various libraries. One fine day he asked her out. She said "Okay, a Pizza will do". So they ate and chatted, before knowing their innocent chat turned into love. One day he hugged and told her, "you are mine and mine forever." So this she was determined that is what it would be.



He told her about his mother, who was the head of the business firm. His fathers had died when he was young so his mother had brought him up providing him with every luxury he needed. She did love him a lot but commanded or dominated more. And to please her he too had fulfilled all her wishes. Though he had wished to study medical science he had to study commerce to do MBA and look after the family business. So he used to tell Shasha how he loved seeing her in that white coat which once he had imagined would be his.

The days passed by, Shasha now finished medical school. Almost all her friends were married by now. And even Shasha's parents were starting to ask weird questions. So one day she approached Emam with it. He said, "Oh! yes, darling, we will meet me as soon as possible." So an appoint-

ment was arranged and Shasha was invited to have lunch in the great mansion. There she saw, for the first time, the lady she had heard to much about and had secretly admired. She had personality and had everything under her command.

She greeted Shasha warmly and told Emam to leave them together for a few hours. Emam left after a few feeble protests which was totally ignored.

Oh! where was Emam? She just ran out of the house. As soon as she reached home her

after her son and his family and never a doctor with ambitions to become a neurosurgeon. Shasha saw her whole life and dream crumbling down. She was too shocked to react to the straight forwardness of the lady. It was like slapping hard on the face after giving a lovely kiss.

On her 30th birthday she decided she would leave Emam. She told her parents to get her married to their choice. And this they did fast, not giving her a chance to think twice. Within two weeks she was married to Nayeib whom she had met twice. He was a doctor in the process of being an aspiring scientist.

Emam had sent her roses — a basketful of them with a card of congratulations. They were now on honeymoon and it was just one day since they were married.

Just then, she felt two hands on her shoulders and came to the reality. Her eyes again fell on the photograph of the woman who had ruined her life. Then she thought if only she had died two weeks ago they would be together — she and Emam.

But fate wanted it the other way and she looked up at her husband determined to make her life a happy one.

The writer is a MBBS final year student of Sir Salimullah Medical College.

phone started to ring. It was Emam and she refused to talk to him. He came and tried to reason out. He said they will elope, have a court marriage, go to the village and live there. But being a practical Taurean Shasha knew it would never work. She told him to forget her. She was 27 now. Going to be 30 — means middle age in our society.

A Bitter Sweet Romance

by Nahid Hussain

A shadow sharpened and became darker as Saif entered the living room. What did I do that it had to happen to me? Why did it have to happen to me?

Saif studied at the College of Arts and Science. He was one of the best students, a fine athlete, of an amiable and philanthropic nature. He was well known for his good deeds.

One day during practicals he was a bit absentminded as he was engrossed in his work that he forgot that I was there. An hour passed.

"What's wrong with Nahid today, I didn't see him; I wonder what juicy stuff he is doing at home."

"Saif, what are you saying," Shoeb said. We all were suppressing our grins with difficulty.

I was just talking about Nahid.

"Saif I am here," I said.

This brought laughter in the laboratory.

"Oh you are here. Good heavens! How come I didn't see you."

"You know Saif. You know," I replied.

After the practicals were over, Saif borrowed Prithi's notebook.

"Ugh, what perfume did you use? POISON?"

"Saif, my tastes are not as poor as yours. Besides I am such a nice person how could I think of poison as a perfume. It is Jungle Passion."

After a while everyone parted. I thought of how absentminded, Saif was at the practicals. A vicious grin appeared on my face.

The next day, I told everyone about my plan. They felt this was a good way to get at him for good. When he came, I started the assault.

"Saif you seem to have a different colour today."

"What do you mean?" he replied, surprised.

"Well judging from your stealthy books here and there, I'd say your up to something," put in Saira.

Hey man, keep your shirt on. I have done nothing as yet. What are you all trying to get at.

"Nothing. It seems that you stay a bit lost these days. Not so humorous as usual. Have you been turned off by some one? Look at his ears, they are turning a familiar red. Hey guys I think Saif has something to tell us. Come on Saif, tell us. Don't feel shy. We are all ears."

"You have got it all wrong Saira. There is no one as yet."

"What do you have to say Sharier."

What shall I say. You have taken the words out of mouth. Anyway it high time you fell for someone. Most of them are wild about you. I have thought of something. You are to go with us to the recently inaugurated Amusement Park in Uttara. No buts; no excuses, you have to go."

A short pause followed.

"What's wrong. Have you lost your voice?"

"Well as you are all insisting that I have to go, how can I desert you guys."

"As you have deserted us everywhere," said Shoeb.

"Me and desert you all. How could you think of something like that."

"Oh Allah, help us," Prithi exclaimed. "Now he is playing innocent angel."

A boisterous laughter followed.

At the amusement park, there was quite a crowd. If Saif hated anything, it was a large, noisy crowd.

"How did you guys talk me into this?"

"Like you said, you wouldn't desert us," replied Shoeb.

"Oh yeah, with friends like you at such times who needs enemies. I wish I were back..."

Bummp.

This was a turning point in his life which he never expected. If changed him entirely.

He bumped into a beautiful girl. This was the first time he forgot his manners.

Saif was so lost when studying her beautiful face that he did not hear the girls scolding.

"Saif, forget her comments. I know how you feel pal. Perhaps the sledgehammer will help you down," advised Shoeb.

"Shoeb, you must be mistaken. She was very nice when she spoke to me. No one could have been sweeter. Saif picked up the hammer.

Everyone was surprised and dumbstruck. What with him? We never saw him behave like that. What hit his head?"

Saira said, Saif let me look at you!

She took off her glasses, cleaned them, rubbed her eyes and looked at him again still not believing his ears. Prithi touched his head as if examining if there were any cracks!

He smiled and gave a heave-ho with the hammer. It went to the very top. This was really surprising. Shahrer almost fainted.

Only Saif had a great time that evening. When we parted, he said that was the best day in his life.

After a while Shahrer told Shoeb, you know what his Friday night has done to Saif.

"No."

"He is deep love."

Saif went to the hospital the next evening where he did his volunteer work. He was loved there by most patients and employees for his philanthropic and uncomplaining calm attitude. But tonight bells rang again in his heart. The girl he bumped into at the park was a volunteer worker as well. He couldn't think of a way to get her to recognize him. He went to the same ward she entered.

"Saif is it time for my bed time story yet?" a teenage girl, with a factured leg, called out.

Saif didn't have to do any-



Tales of Nasiruddin

Nasiruddin entered the inn with a friend to drink a glass of milk. They were in short of money so they decided to share a glass of milk in half. The friend said, "You first drink, your half. I'll drink my half with sugar."

"Why don't you give in the sugar now?" said Nasiruddin. "Then both of our milk will be sweet." The friend shook his head. "But I have enough sugar for only half a glass of milk."

Nasiruddin went to the inn keeper and brought some salt. "Okay," he said to his friend, "I'll drink my half salty and you can have your half sweet."

Mollah Nasiruddin was not a very educated person. But there were people in his vil-

lage who were far less educated. One of them asked Nasiruddin to write a letter for him to his brother. When the letter was finished, he said, "Mollah Sahib, can you please read out what you wrote, in case something has been left out."

Nasiruddin read up to "Dear Brother" then he couldn't figure out whether the next word written was 'box' or 'shame' or 'goat'.

"But Mollah Sahib, if you can't read your own handwriting how can somebody else read it?"

"How do I know that," said Mollah, "you told me to write so I write. Is it my job to read this as well?" The man thought

for sometime then nodding said, "Yes that's true. Besides, this letter is not written to you. So there's no harm if you can't read it."

"Quite, right."

Mollah called a boy walking by to bring him water from the well. Handing him an earthen pitcher, Nasiruddin said, "Be careful, don't break this," then he slapped the boy.

A passer-by saw this he said, "Why have you slapped him? He hasn't broken the pitcher yet."

"What a numbskull you are," said Nasiruddin. "Will it be possible to join the pieces of together if I slap him after the pitcher breaks?"

Nasiruddin had a sudden idiosyncrasy to make a new

gown. So he saved some money and went to the tailor. The tailor took the necessary measurements and said, "If Allah wills, you shall get your gown within a week."

Nasiruddin waited patiently for a week and went to the tailors.

"There was a small problem, Mollah Sahib," said the tailor, "If Allah wills you shall certainly get our gown ready by tomorrow."

But the next day Nasiruddin had no luck either. "Forgive us, Mollah Sahib," said the tailor, "Give me just another day. If Allah wills you shall certainly get your gown tomorrow morning."

This time Nasiruddin got extremely irritated and said, "May I know when I shall get my gown is not Allah wills?"

by Satyajit Ray
Translated by Zinnia Ahmed

Just for you

"Tushi, I just wanted to inform you that the number of ATP (Anti Tushi Party) members have increased to 18 as Ash and his gang has joined in. Don't start crying."

Nus

"Dear Bush, if you only can provide me 'Ajay Jadeja's poster, then I may consider to return your secret dairy."

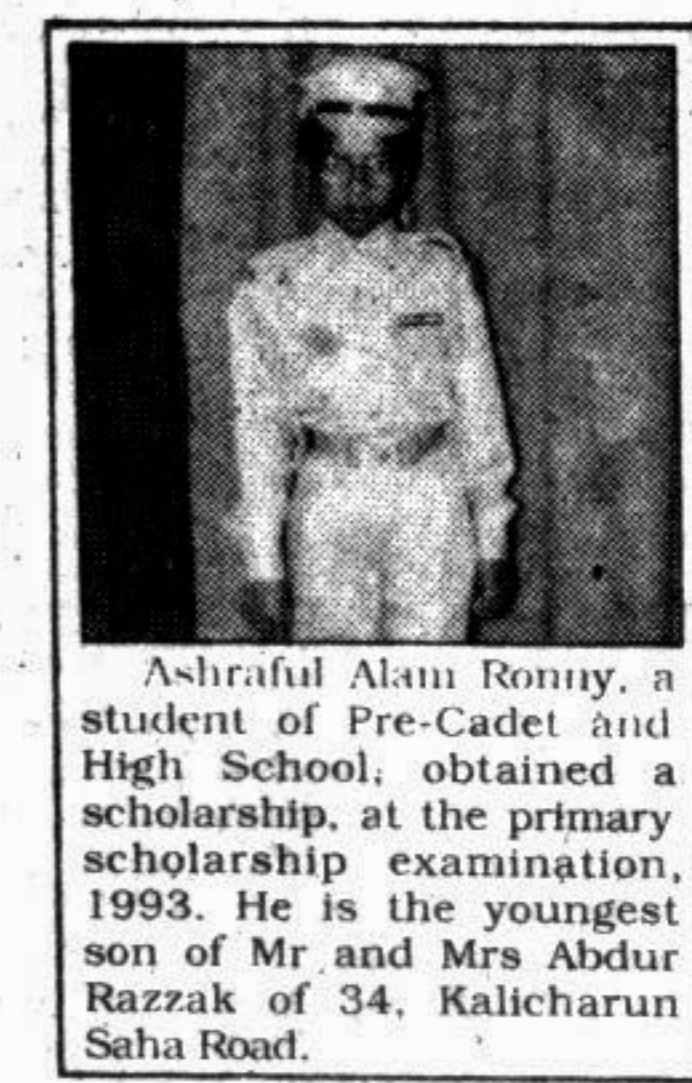
Your best pal
Nus

"Dear Nixon Bhai, Hi man, how is life. I'm trying my best to do something for you. You know what is my job. Anyway see you around."

From
Mahbub, Razeen.

Hope you are fine. The rumour you heard about me and your friend, is true. As there is a say, 'when there is a fire there is a smoke.'

From
Some one you know.



Ashraf Alam Ronny, a student of Pre-Cadet and High School, obtained a scholarship, at the primary scholarship examination, 1993. He is the youngest son of Mr and Mrs Abdur Razzak of 34, Kalicharan Saha Road.

'Land under dispute'

by Shahed Latif



I went to the patients, another doctor was there with the one in more critical condition.

Both of them needed four bags of blood, the one I operated had bullet injuries in his lower abdomen and the other just below his left eye — an inch higher, his eye would have been lost. But both of them survived and are still under treatment.

That day I operated on a dozen soldiers, the highest in my whole ten years career as a

whether he will survive or not. I was in my room when suddenly I heard Prema calling me nervously, she took me straight to Rehan's room. When I went to see him, everything was over, Rehan was dead. I just could not believe it happened. I tried so much to save my friend. For twenty six days Rehan fought against death and finally gave up.

Today Rehan was given a full military honour from Ruma before his dead body was flown over to Chittagong and then to Dhaka.

I was sitting all alone in the bank of river 'Shankoo'. No one was around me. I felt a pang in my heart. I thought to myself this is our country, our homeland then whom are we fighting against, whom are we killing, isn't it our own people?

This is our land we must solve our own problem we must try to help our people. As a Bangladeshi and a resident of a democratic country I believe in equal rights and no one should shed blood to meet their demand.

Everyone should remember that God created us all equally as humans, then why is there so much hatred against each other.

Whom are we killing our own friends, our own neighbours, our own families? With all these questions roaming round my head I began to walk back to my base all alone, only me and my lonely soul.

Only when I looked at the sky I saw a lonely bird flying away towards its nest, the birds home. I slowly walked towards our base, but I knew one thing, life will not be the same in this disputed land, unless somethings are resolved.

So Rehan ordered the soldiers to get ready. About 600 soldiers were under Rehan's commands, "we must attack those Shanti Bahini men and kill each and every one of them." Saying this he got ready and he was off to the battle. None of us could eat that night.

Six days have passed by since Rehan left with a contingent of 600 soldiers, another 1500 joined them. We heard that there were heavy casualties on both sides and both sides had equal number of destruction, but our forces had an upper hand and they were still fighting. Sixteen days passed by and the battle continued with more soldiers going in the battle field.

On the eighteenth day we heard the Rehan had been seriously injured two days back and he needed blood, we contacted with them somehow and asked them to bring him to the camp.

He was in a state of deep coma, I operated on him for eight hours and bought his bullet out of his heart just above his diaphragm. But he still he is in coma and god knows

thing. It was destiny. Sonia saw and recognized him. He went over to the girl and said, "Guess what I have for you today?"

"A bar of chocolate!"

"Right, how did you guess?"

"You told me last week that you would."

At least someone appreciated him and that made him smile which brought out dimples in his cheek.

All this time, though Sonia pretended that she was helping another patient, she listened quietly to Saif's story. She was touched by his patience in dealing with the kid. She was sorry about her obstinate attitude the other day.

After Saif was finished and ready to leave, she approached him.

To be continued

The Dish

by Mahruba Sameen Hussain

"AUNTIE Sums! I groaned. 'Auntie Sums!' The voice grew insistent. Please wake up!" I opened one eye and stared sleepily at Karina, my niece. "What is it?"

"Our dish antennae has flown away!"

"Yes," I said, "and three pink pigs have flown away with it, right?" I promptly went back to sleep. I had a hectic day at school and was very exhausted.

"Auntie Sums! Oh hell, what is it now?"

"Our dish antennae is now hanging from a tree!"

"Shut up and stop bugging me!" I was real angry. I covered my ears with a pillow and flew away to dreamland.

"Sameen! It was my Mum. 'Wake up, it is time to drink your milk. Groan. I hate milk. Anyway, I got up and staggered to the bathroom. After a wash I drank my milk (Yuck!) like a good girl. (Me? A good girl? Fat chance). Then I went to the veranda and got the shock of my life. Hanging from the tree was our DISH ANTENNAE! Was I seeing things? No I was not. It was real. There had been a storm and our dish antennae on the roof of the staircase had been blown away was now hanging from the tree."

I ran to my brother's room. He was asleep.

"Bhaiya, Bhaiya, wake up! I cried. He groaned. "Our dish antennae has flown away!"

"Don't be daft!" he said and went back to sleep. Convincing him was going to be a tough job.