

HASHA 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 remem bered, 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 namaze ...... 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 persons. She looked at the

Nasiruddin had a good rela-

tionship with the king. One day the king had some fried

brinjals, in a hungry stomach

and commented, 'Is there any-

'Indeed,' said Nasiruddin.

There is nothing better than

The king then ordered. 'I

He had brinjal twice a day

shall have brinials everyday

for 5 days. And on the 6th day

be suddenly said, 'I am sick

less foodstuff,' said Nasiruddin.

bearing this. But did not you

say that day there is nothing

'I am here to flatter you.

Your Majesty, replied

'Brinjals are really a taste-

The king was surprised on

thing as tasty as brinjals?'

from now onwards."

and tired of brinjals."

better than brinjals?'

brinjals.

The Obituary

by Reetu Sharma

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

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 medial 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 ma as soon as possible." So an appoint-

ment was arranged and Shasha was incited 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 igafter 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.

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



nored. She turned to Shasha and started asking about her family, past life, education, future plans etc. Finally often one hour of interview she said she would be pleased to have Shasha as her daughter-in-law, but it was not possible under any circumstances. She said she wanted her daughter-inlaw to come from a rich business family who would look

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.

phone started to ring. It was

She looked at herself in the mirror her face which used to be so fresh and bright - was there a sag, was her skin going to wrinkle? Aren't there any other men in the world? But she had never thought about any other, had she?

The love she had Emam turned into hate and frustrations. He was a spineless creature, couldn't even stand for his own right, for his love. He could not say no to his mother's decision but he could not leave Shasha either. He was torn apart. He told her to wait and she waited for another three more years.

Now she was 30, well into neurosurgery. Professionally going on very well, achieving her goal. But on her personal front everything was rattling. The harsh and cruel words she had to hear every day at home and the uncertainty in Emam's eyes were making her crazy.

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 Nayeeb whom she had met twice. He was a doctor in the process of being as 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.

gown. So he saved some money

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

Mollah Sahib, said the tailor, 'If Allah wills you shall certainly get our gown ready by tomorrow

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."

extremely irritated and said. 'May I know when I shall get my gown is not Allah wills?" by Satyajit Ray

**Translated by Zinnia Ahmed** 

## A Bitter Sweet Romance

by Nahid Hussain

shadow sharpened and became darker as Saif antered 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 forget 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." Shoeib said. We all were suppressing our grins with diffi-

was just talking about

'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 every one 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 dif-

ferent 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 '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 turn-

ing 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 ev-

erytime', said Shoeib. '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 fol-

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 Shoeib. Oh yeah, with friends like you at such times who needs

enemies. I wish I were back:..' This was a turning point in

his life which he never expected. If changed him en-He bumped into a beautiful

girl. This was the first-time he forgot his manners. Saif was so lost when study-

ing 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

Shoeib, 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 heaveho with the hammer. It went to the very top. This was really surprising. Shahrier almost

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

After a while Shahrier told Shoieb, you know what his Fri-

day night has done to Saif.

'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-

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

'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

After Saif was finished and

ready to leave, she approached

# Nasiruddin, 'not the brinjals.'

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

"Ajay Jadeja's poster, then I may consider to return your secret dairy: Your best pal Nus.

Hi man, how is life. I'm try-

\*Dear Nixon Bhai

job. Anyway see you around. From Mahbub. Hope you are fine. The ru-

there is a smoke." From



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, Kalicharun Saha Road.

### Tales of Nasiruddin Nasiruddin entered the inn lage who were far less edufor sometime then nodding

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

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-

**1** and those who were

not dozed off. And when the

driver pressed his brakes, they

dashed their heads into the

I was the only one who was

awake in the bus along with

bus was running like a wind

down the lonely road as we

were leading towards Ruma, a

remote place in Chittagong hill

tracks. The roads were almost

empty people walking down

the road with a basket on

Our bus stopped near a

small tea stall at around 4:30

gers inside got down to have

tea and I went along with

them. The driver said that we

would halt for thirty minutes; I

thought it would be perfect for

were crowding the tea stall

and I always hated crowd, so I

took my cup of tea, paid the

man'in advance and sat at a

distance, enjoying the light

break we started for our jour-

ney towards Ruma. The sun

was setting on the western

horizon, it looked plain and

tired but the surrounding was

road with ever great speed.

After two hours we came near

a small crowded bazar, this is

known as the Ruma bazar.

From there one road goes to

Cox's Bazar and the road on

the left hand side is marked

Ruma. So we followed to that

marked angle. After about an-

other four hours we arrived at

Ruma bus station. Two of my

associates who arrived a week

before me, came to receive me

We were racing down the

After our thirty minute

The passengers of the bus

me to look around.

afternoon breeze.

just marvellous.

in the afternoon. The passen-

seat in front of them.

their back.

ALF of the people in

the bus were sleeping

keeper and brought some salt.

'Okay,' he said to his friend,'

cated. 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

Nasiruddin read upto 'Dear Brother' then he couldn't figure out whether the next word written was 'box' or 'shame' or

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 wrote so I write. Is it my job to read this as well?' The man thought

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 and went to the tailor. The tailor took the necessary measurements and said, 'If Allah wills, you shall get your gown within a week.

'There was a small problem,

But the next day Nasiruddin

This time Nasiruddin got

# Land under dispute

by Shahed Latif

at the station.

They made 'Chicken birani' for me, one of my favourite dishes, we talked about many things during dinner till late at the driver and his helper. The night. I said my journey to Ruma was simply wonderful my friends replied that they also felt the same a week ago when we arrived, but now we' can understand how dangerous and unpredictable this place is." I said, "why, what can be unpredictable in this beautiful

place." All they said was "you have been transferred here as a doctor and you will soon find out, just wait till the morning." There is another lady doctor also, her name is Prema.

She is pretty, they informed.

We gossiped through the whole night till four o'clock in the morning, we went to bed just for an hour. I was very tired from my long journey and this one hour sleep did me

Suddenly I was awaken by violent shaking from one of my friends he literally pulled me up from my bed and said "there is an emergency operation two soldiers were seriously wounded in a fierce gun battle with the Shanti Bahinis and they need to be operated upon right now otherwise they are going to die."

Without knowing what to do I quickly washed my face and changed my clothes and ran to the hospital where I saw those two soldiers in a pool of blood. Actually the whole room was smelling of raw blood and there I saw Prema. She is just like an angle I thought.



other doctor was there with the one in more critical condi-

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

Today is 19th of July 1994. Four months have passed by since I came here. Life is now becoming very boring and uninteresting, the same job every two hours operating upon a soldier.

this beautiful land could be so\* monotonous and so much dangerous. But to-day we decided to go to the Shankoo river about an hour's drive from our

We returned to our base by six O'clock. Rehan, Prema's friend, and the captain had been stationed here with the rest of the army men to fight against the Shanti Bahini . That night as we sat down to eat a news came that the Shanti Bahini men had attacked the Ruma Bazar and killed and destroyed everything and captain had to go. News were also received that the local people resisted them but eventually they surrendered.

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 I did not know that life in 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

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 peo-

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 their 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.

#### smile which brought out dimples in is 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.

To be continued

### The Dish by Mahruba Sameen Hussain

UNTIE 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 AN-TENNAE! Was I seeing things? No I was not. It was real. There had been a storm and our dish antennae on the root of the staircase had been blown away was now hanging from the

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

"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

### Just for you I just wanted to inform you

\*Dear Bush. If you only can provide me

ing my best to do something for you. You know what is my

mour you heard about me and your friend, is true. As there is a say, "when there is a fire

