



I have just been pickpocketed. What luck! At last I have been pickpocketed. I had this long plan to change my wallet for the last five years. It was chrome yellow. Torn and tattered. I lost two girl friends for possessing this wallet but since I am a true Lazy Bum (LB), I had not changed it.

As a matter of habit I used to keep this wallet in my back pocket. To make it lucrative for the pickpockets I filled it up with papers inscribed "fool you".

The pickpocket who took it from Nihket while I was going through some second hand books has been fooled. I provoked him to take my wallet. Yes I did! I had seen him taking it but I was nonchalant, smiling and thinking "take it you stupid".

So, happily I was returning home on foot. (By the way, I forgot to tell you, I also kept a few hundred bucks to pay my math teacher who is crazy about my goat like ears). I was near the Dhanmudi Club playing ground. There's a goat. Good of amazing goat. Meek and serene innocently grazing, eating every thing it sees. It had four, I repeat four, beards oscillating with the occasional wind. Its eyes reveal inner peace. It was chewing a pair of shoes.

From the corner of my eyes I saw this baby-taxi coming. On the other side of the road, a sweeper of the Magdonals restaurant, had just come out through the door with a broom in his hand. He was sweeping out the hotel's garbage including noodles, rice, chicken bones, rats, cockroaches etc on to the main road.

The baby taxi came nearer. Screech! Badongggg! What's that? I turned around. The baby taxi was skidding towards the restaurant on two legs. It's right side was kissing the main road hard. I see it now, it's right wheel came out from its domicile. Now it was running frenziedly towards the sweeper.

It all happened in seconds.

## I have been Pickpocketed

by Sharier Khan

The sweeper started running. And the free wheel zoomed inside the restaurant through the open door. Bump! Crash! — Uri Maa (oh mother!) Mori Gosi (I am dead!) some one cried out from inside the restaurant.

The wheel came back victoriously as if it had completed a mission. It made a few circles (like dogs chase their tails) and then went flat on the road.

The "Uri Maa" man came out from the hotel door, limp-

"Hey!" screamed the driver and started following the kid. The angry passenger followed the driver he wanted to fix and the "uri maa" man of the restaurant followed them all demanding compensation. I also followed them to see what had happened.

At last the driver caught the kid the passenger caught the driver. The "uri maa" man caught them all. In addition a policeman joined the show.

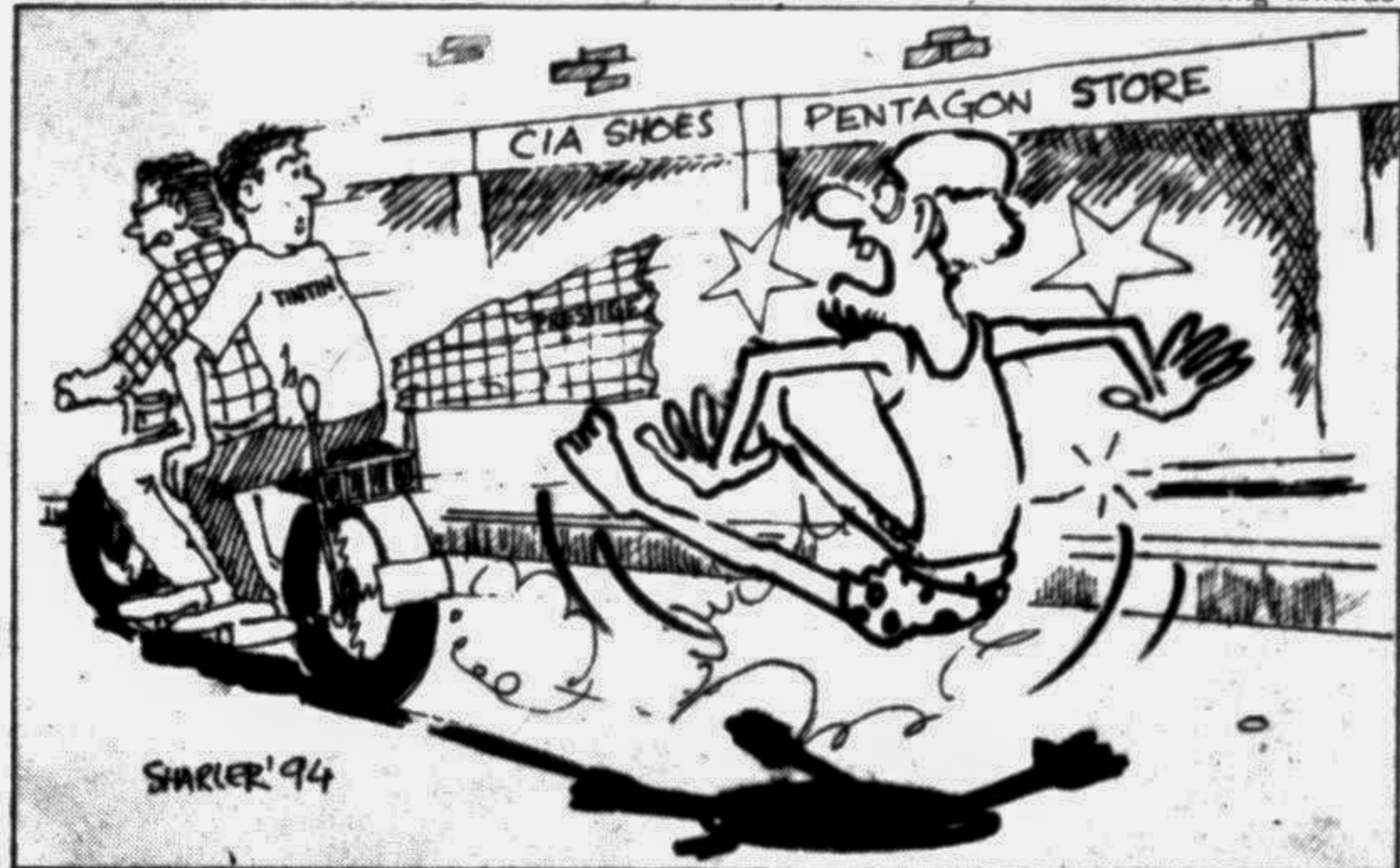
Suddenly I noticed that the

uncouth?

I could not let him pass such a sweeping remark on my taste, especially when he himself was wearing a magenta colour polyester trouser, lemon yellow shirt. Even his keds were cyne blue. How shocking! And he calls me uncouth! I started chasing him.

But he jumped on to a running minibus. I had to give up.

But not Out or nowhere I saw a friend of mine on his yamaha bike coming towards



ing screaming names at the free wheel.

Meanwhile, the passengers of the baby taxi came out of the semi turned-turtle three wheellalopy. He grabbed the driver by his neck, "son of a crow... why did you not check the nuts of the wheel before driving... I will fix you!"

A crowd had already formed to see the free full action show. A pesky little kid jumped in to the scene picked up the apple of discord - the wheel- and started running away.

passengers was no other than the pick pocket himself. "Hi" I said in an effort to show him my gratitude.

He hi-ed back. But paused, "Do I know you?"

"Not much but you are supposed to know my yellow wallet better..." I smiled.

"What yellow wallet... yellow? I mean you are the owner... Gah! yeach! Such bad taste-you are uncouth..." the pick pocket said and started running.

I had no intention of demanding my wallet. But me

me.

Stop! He stopped and asked me, "wh-wh-wh-what's up?"

"Never mind the stutter," I jumped up behind him "Chase the minibus!" I said and explained to him in brief what had happened.

He listened and then "Vroom!" The minibus took a left turn to Elephant road. We followed. But then there was this huge traffic jam and we were stuck. The minibus however was not and was getting far away.

I was almost tearful. He had called me uncouth and was getting away with that.

Wait, the traffic jam had vanished at the Bata crossing. My friend drove his bike on top gear-he was determined to catch the 'pickpocket carrying minibus'. Whopps - an old man in lungi-genji is crossing the road. My friend ignored him and dodged the path of the road-crosser. FRRRRR!

What's that? The hind-side of the motorcycle hit the old man. "why you -mangy dog, swine, road hog!" the oldman screamed at us. I turned back and saw this flag fluttering in the air. The flag was hoisted a top the signal light of the bike. It was the old man's LUNGI!

The old man stood there naked, frustrated and vituperative. He was trying to hide with both hands what should be hidden and jumping left to right in protest of the assault we had committed on him. Forget it. What had been done, had been done. Good news it was time to look ahead. The minibus had stopped.

I jumped off the bike and so did the pickpocket (from the minibus). But this time, he could not escape. I served him black and blue (plus yellow). He was full of "uri maa" type of wallings.

"Take back your money bag," The pickpocket handed over a dozen wallets to me. They were full of money too. But I was not interested in the money. I demanded an apology for the sweeping remark on my taste.

"Ok. Ok. You are a man of high taste." The pickpocket wept and added, he himself was uncouth and swore that he would not wear gauzy clothes again.

It was a lovely day. I dumped the yellow wallet in a dustbin. Now I have 11 wallets all very tasteful. As for my biker friend, has got a new mop to wash his bike. The mop is the same lungi that once belonged to the old man on the street.

## They Call Me Fire

by Naina Ahmad

They call me fire

I lick, I bite.  
I harm and wreck and cripple.  
Just as I wish.

They call me light  
I can light up the world.  
I can throw them into darkness.  
Just as I wish.

My gift to mankind is civilization.  
They remember I transmuted them  
From barbarous savages to civilized men.  
When I desired.

I am ready to aid and serve  
If only they use me properly.  
If only they valued my usage  
I'd be their servant and serve them well.

They can use me  
To incinerate and destruct.  
They can use me  
To light, heat, civilize

They call me multimorph —  
Yes that's what I am —  
Now red, burning, crackling, licking:  
Now yellow, glowing, flickering.

I may be a conflagration.  
Burning coal, tinder,  
Bonfire. Or a  
Diminishing spark.

I may be food  
For I scorch and braise.  
I poach, I bake, I griddle, I brew.  
I barbecue, grill, simmer and stew.

I may be light  
To illuminate the world.  
I may be heat  
To aid mankind progress.

I am hungry —  
I incinerate, enkindle and ignite.  
I roast and toast, engulf and consume.  
With my scorching flames.

I am appeased —  
I withdraw my flaming scorching swords  
Into my glowing ashes  
Where they belong.

I have a prolonged life  
Lingering in the jaws of death.  
But I must extinguish — once and for all.  
But slowly... reluctantly...



## All That I Want Is You

by Yeimen Hafiz

HERE will come a time  
And there will be a day  
When you'll be mine,  
and once again the lights  
In my life will start to shine.

Right now I'm crazy  
I'm losing my mind,  
and I'm falling behind  
in all I do.  
But remember girl  
What my heart holds for  
you.

I'm not in love with another  
one  
I do not need another love  
All I want is you.  
There is no saying for how  
much

I love you.  
Words fail to express it  
I can not afford to see you  
cry

If you were mine, I'd never  
let any tears fall.

It hurts me to see you cry  
And I'll try to let you know  
why.

I am so much in love with  
you.  
Without your love I'm ship  
lost at sea

When I have you, I'm me  
Because loving a girl like  
you  
Is my destiny.

## Jokes

A patient whose doctor advised him to get away to the seaside for a rest and a change came back after a week, and went to report to the doctor. "Well, did the rest and the change do you good?" asked the doctor. "Not much," said the disgruntled patient. "The doorman got my change and the hotel got the rest."

## What are You Doing This Summer?

by Raffat Binte Rashid

WHAT are you actually doing now, i.e. in your summer vacation?

Besides listening to Mariah Carey, Meat Loaf or Feed Back or reading Danielle Steele, Mills and Boon, Asimov or Humayun Ahmed, (of course not to forget that time-keeping — minute to minute detailed report of the girl or boy next door) how have you planned this summer?

After being a real lazy bum and spending the best part of the day day-dreaming and of course the daily three hour talk on the phone, the rest of the day just goes by, waiting for tomorrow again.

It is at this time when you could do something more rewarding, like a summer job. Of course nothing is for free, so what if you are still in the ninth grade or just completed your SSC or O'levels, this extra money is what makes summer jobs so exciting.

Ok, first of all doing this job is not going to stop that weekly allowance from your parents, after all hunting for jobs is a kind of job itself. Then there's the possibility that you may not even get hired.

There's a thousand and one kind of exciting work that you could do. Like suppose business, if you can paint, make cards, not like the one's found in the market something exceptionally your idea.

During that three-hour conversation over the phone, your friend must have expressed his or her troubles with parents or teachers, not necessarily his girlfriend always. You could illustrate something funny and colourful to ease that problem and sell it to him for maybe Tk 30 to Tk 35. After all, the card is one of its kind. Atleast give it a try.

If you can sew or do embroidery, or even batik make wall hangings, napkin set, cushion cover, but remember all small size to medium, because anything big might take up the whole summer. Then again, if you happen to live in those modern apartments in any housing society, then every evening is business hour. As it is summer, fruits are abundant, buy pineapples, mangoes papayas, purple berries or even lemons and make juice. Those kids with red cheeks from playing in the hot sun downstairs are your target group. A glass of iced pineapple juice for Tk 5 or Tk 6 is not bad business at all. The initial investment could be from your weekly allowance or

your parent could help you out too, but make sure you pay back, even your mother for using her blender, be absolutely professional in money matters.

While you are still thinking what you could do, just clear the store room or those big bookcases or almira for your mother, make sure to sign a contract before doing anything. So what your free now, your labour is not for free. But here is a small tip working for fathers is profitable, clean his car, or his cabinet, anything, he is going to pay you even more.

If you have computers at home, then business is real hot. Help your elder brother or

advertise, (not on TV or newspaper), just by yourself, that you are looking for small jobs. It doesn't matter whether it is odd or not, it's the experience and money you will count at the end of the summer. You could even see if any hospitals need volunteers or not.

Trying out things or even experimenting with your talents might land you somewhere real and exciting, somewhere where you've been only in your day dreams.

At the end of the summer even if you have made only a single big one — Tk 500; remember its your first hard earned money. Don't spend this on something trifle.

Ok you can buy or girl-



sister typing their thesis or any report, also help out their friends. A thesis is nothing less than Tk 800 to Tk 1000 — check the market rate. Always be a few bucks less than the ones already doing this job, you'll get more orders that way. But never take money in advance, it's a bad habit that may tend to linger further.

If you want to do a real job, see if those big departmental shops needs any extra help or not. Those offices need anyone with the knowledge of computers to do a temporary job. See of any one need things to be translated or transcribed. Basically be on the look, be alert make yourself available to any kind of offer, in one word

friend a lipstick or your boyfriend a shirt but buy it from Bangla market, its cheap there. Oh! don't forget your parents, buy your family an ice-cream cake and invite them for tea (in your room). Save the rest, open up your own bank account and this will be your first balance. Wohl you'll be proud of yourself without a second thought.

This summer will be your first step towards that "hard-working, sincere, diligent, innovative," man or woman (with a bank balance) that you always dreamt of being, in the future. Try and see what happens. If you can get nothing to do, learn a trade, anything, it'll be an investment also. Good Luck.

## Just for You

\* Susmita Roy

Thanks a lot for your superb poem 'A Promise to Earth', which has given me a lot of pleasure. Along with you, I too promise, my love to this beautiful earth crying for peace inspite of being burdened with villains.

Binyo Barman Narayanganj

\* Rabeth

It is a pity you've misunderstood the substance of my article 'I am Tokin to You Guys.' It was addressed to a certain group of boys, not to boys in general.

Zinnia

## Physical Romance Spare the Academic Places

by Ahsan Latif and Sami Noor

I was filled with shock as I heard my younger brother, Tanvir, describe, with enthusiasm, the activities of couples in his school. "The boys and girls of the senior classes were cuddling and hugging and..." he was saying, chuckling, when I stopped him midway with a rebuke.

"What's all this nonsense you are talking about?" I snapped, incredulously, at him, a class IV student. "Believe me, it is the truth," Tanvir insisted, "that is what they do almost everyday".

So, next day I went, along with Sami, to receive Tanvir from school, half an hour before the final bell to discover for myself the genuineness of my brother's story. As soon as we entered the school campus, we were taken a back by the physical intimacy of the students.

Couples loitered around the school building with the boys unhesitatingly holding their girlfriends around their waists. Nonchalantly, we walked around behind the school building only to discover a couple fervently kissing each other. Feeling ashamed ourselves as the couple defiantly continued kissing, indifferent to our presence, we turned away only to notice, with shock and embarrassment, enthusiastic peeping eyes, from the windows of junior classrooms, contemplating the couple in their passionate distractions.

It is not uncommon of college students to have such intimate relationships, but what really disappointed us is the callous attitude of couples, to the adverse effects their actions had on the fragile and naive minds of children around them.

These activities were not so open even a few years before. Such intimacy in public places seems to be the modern trend among the young generation. Can we inculcate the advent of STAR TV network to the cause

of such deviations? It is true that through this network, we are aware of the important events of the day, introduced to the different societies and cultures and acquainted with the rapid progress in science and technology.

The network has to only shrunk the world to our TV screen, but has also, instituted a feeling of responsibility as a global citizen in each of its viewers. However, owing to the liberalisation of this network, the disadvantages of this network in our country, apparently, outweigh its advantages.

Movies like, Santa Barbara, Baywatch, Doogie Howser M.D, etc profoundly instigates the maturing minds of the teenage generation, who have become so much attached to these type of movies that they are not interested in the decent movies and versatile documentaries shown on the same network.

The minds of this generation are affected to a considerable extent by watching the frequent passionate and steamy scenes. Teenagers, when carried away by passionate and steamy scene. Teenagers, when carried away by passions, attempt to imitate these scenes. In other words, nowadays, physical romance, among teenagers in our country, seems to have become another sign of manhood.

Is this physical romance in public places appropriate in a conservative society as ours? It is true that with the mingling of our culture with that of the West, we have become more broad-minded, but have we become so liberal as to overlook the recent trend of such obscenities even in academic places.

A relationship does not necessarily have to be distinguished by physical vulgarity in public and we should at least try to keep the sanctity of our schools and colleges.

## A Bitter Sweet Romance — II

by Nahid Hussain

YOU are very good with children. They seem to be very fond of you as well.

Saif put an act. "I think I have seen you before. Oh yes! You are the one from the amusement park."

"You've recognized me! I am very sorry for my earlier rudeness. I considered you were like all other guys and — Yes I understand what you mean. He intercepted. But I don't blame you for what happened."

"From that I understand you've forgiven me. By the way, I am Sonia."

"I am Saif."

"I know, the child called you a short while ago I am new here. My family just moved here a few days ago."

This was the start of a beautiful friendship. Throughout the hospital, he was hailed by others of the hospital. This increased Sonia's respect for him. Before she knew it, she was in love with him.

"As I am new here, I have to get to know this place," Saif understood what she wanted to say.

"I can help if you like."

"Good, I almost forgot. I will study at the College of Arts and Science."

"What a coincidence I study there. I'll introduce you to my friends tomorrow."

Next day he came to the usual hangout spot. Everyone was surprised to see the renovated Saif, who usually sparked a beautiful colloquy, pick several flowers and pull out the petals. I saw the gleam in his eyes and cued Shahrier and Shoeb to take advantage of the situation.

"Beautiful day, isn't it Saif?" inquired Shahrier.

"Yes And so is she."

"She, who is she?"

Saif, still putting out petals, continued.

deep purple. Everyone broke into laughter. He got up, ready to go.

"Oh look, Saif's dream girl is coming." Prithi informed attracting everyone's attention.

"Hi Saif. How are you?"

"Hi Sonia, what a pleasant surprise. Let me introduce you to the others."

As time flew by, the two love-birds become closer than before. The more Saif knew about her, the deeper was the abyss in his heart. However Sonia was disgusted by a few of his habits. Saif was puerile at times. She came to know from the others that he had a large collection of teddy bears in his room and he used to sleep with one regularly. He was often late. Sometimes he spoke to her as if she were a spoon-fed child.

One day it had to happen sooner or later, they got into a big fight. They were with us these.

"Saif, look at that motorbike. Imagine you at the handles and me with you."

"Saif, what wrong? Come on lets go for a spin."

"Can't you think of anything else, except that motorbike. And about your spin-it can go to hell for all I care!"

With that outburst he left, muttering to himself.

"What's wrong with Saif. He was never like that with me. Unshed tears took life in her eyes. Saira explained so as to clear her doubts.

"Well its like this, Saif had an elder sister, she was very fond of motor bikes. You could say, she was obsessed. But one day she was hit by a truck. From that day, Saif vowed never to get on a motorbike. He has developed a phobia. He was angry because he doesn't want the same thing to happen to you. As he is usually outspoken he couldn't explain his problem.

Everyone let out a deep sigh. Sonia was very sorry and now felt she had to break him out of his phobia. She searched for him after classes.

"Saif, you have to be strong and get rid of that fear. Please I want you to take everything normally again," coaxed Sonia and after lot of pleading he finally agreed to give it a try.

The gang was weakly pleased especially when they saw the couple come to college with Saif's super YAMAHA 450RX.

"We congratulated her on her success. But it was short-lived.

That night Saif was very happy. It was a full moon night. Saif felt that Allah had given him all he could wish for.

"Saif, Shahrier is on the phone-he seemed very tensed up," called his mother.

"Hello Sharier, whats up old pal."

"Saif I have some bad news you better go to the hospital, now. Its Sonia, she is ..."

"What's happened to her, Shahrier what are you trying to say?"

Deep inside he felt the same fear creep into his heart as he had experienced before-but this time it was Sonia. He prayed for it not to be true.

"Will someone tell me whats going on there," Saif spoke.

Shahrier and I felt neither of us could tell him but Shoeb felt Saif had to know.

"Sonia had an accident when her motorbike brakes failed. She is in a coma now. The doctors say the chances are very slim.

Saif's heart sank deep inside. Without a reply, he went to her room. He knelt beside the bed and held her hand. We were all quiet. We stayed overnight.

At about one clock in the morning, she came to her senses 'Saif, Saif, I am sorry.'

"Yes Sonia. Tell me."

"I am sorry Saif. I have to leave you."

"No you wont have to. The doctors will save you. Its too late, I love ..."

With that she blanked out. The pulse indicator was dying down.

"Sonia, Sonia, someone get he doctor quickly."

Shahrier raced for the later. The doctor came and after examining her, he said sorry.

"No doctor, You must be joking. Right guys. Sonia hasn't left me. Why are you all so quiet. Nahid tell them."

"Saif brace your self. She is gone, you have to believe us."

"No I wont. With that he broke into tears."