



# A Living Legend

## A Writer Who Understands His Fans

**A** writer's work is to discover beauty and explore it. This is my only commitment — says Humayun Ahmed — a living legend in Bengali literature. Humayun Ahmed is at present the most popular writer and dramatist in Bangladesh. It has been undoubtedly proved that his writing can enthrall all literary lovers, irrespective of age.

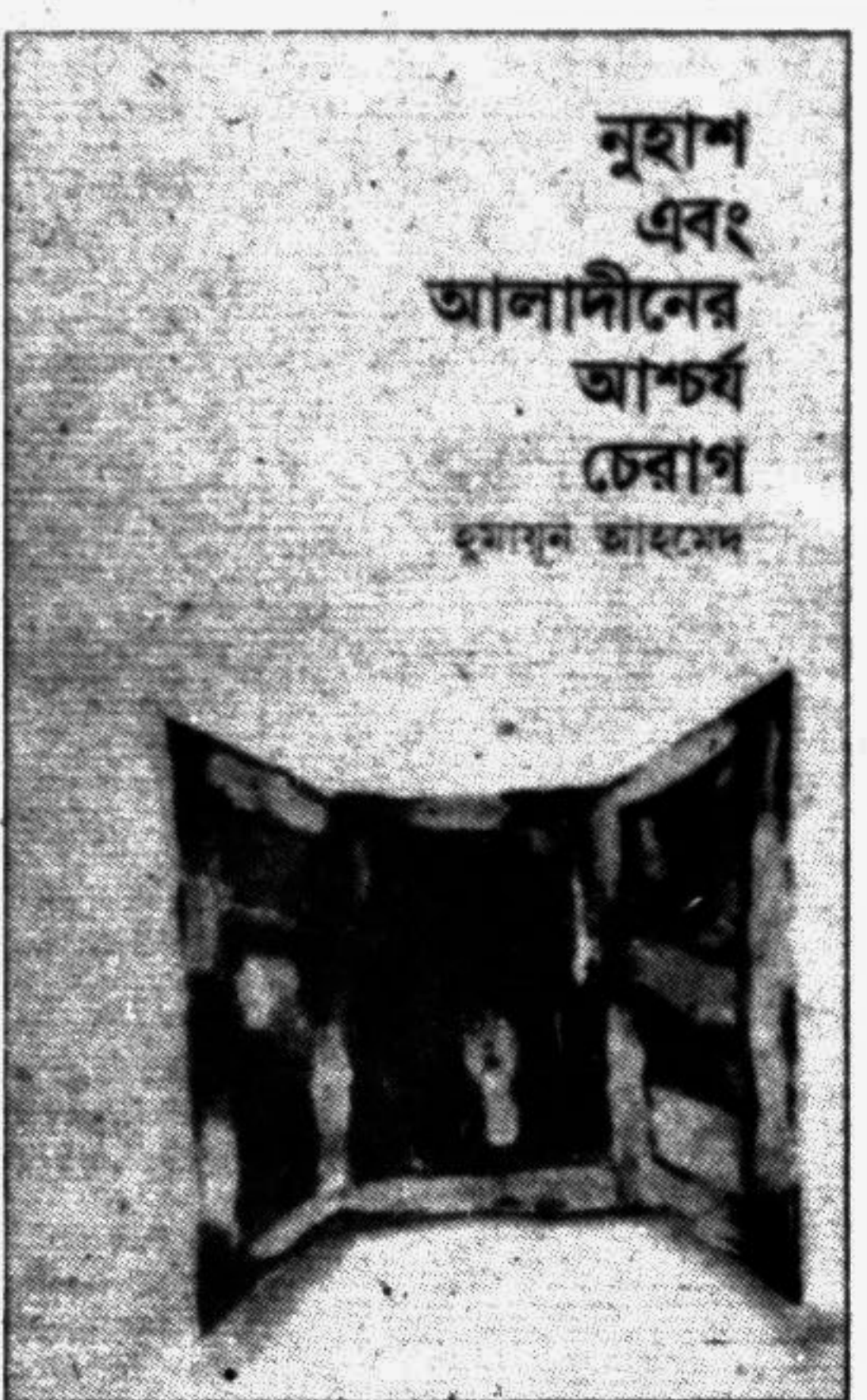
When a man expresses his feelings towards society by believing "El Din, Din Noi Aro Din" — *Aachhe, El Dinere Nebe Tara Shet Dinero Kuche* — he really exposes the quality of his heart and of his thoughts. Being a simple man in his external appearance he inspires the sense of justice, of right and wrong in the hearts of his countrymen.

Humayun Ahmed is a person who has the rare ability to entertain. First let's talk about his novels. He started his writing career with a masterpiece novel 'In Blissful Hell' or 'Nandito Naroke'. He has really turned to be a maestro in this sector of literature. He has been writing for more than twenty years and one noticeable thing in his writing is that he always tries to bring out some sort of social or political problem existing in country and society and he tries to portray that problem in an acceptable and agreeable fashion.

He never tries to overload his reader's mind and has a different, high style of writing. That is really his plus point. Humayun Ahmed's only real moment of happiness is when he writes. He never gets tired of writing as he thinks that this is his only commitment to the people of this country.

Humayun Ahmed understands his fans. He knows how to make them think about things that are most of the time left unnoticed. He at the same time writes things that are totally scientific, creative controversial characters like 'Hinu' who is very much controlled by his emotions and then 'Mistr Ali' who runs by logic. He has created both the characters so nicely that we, the readers, are touched — almost hypnotised — by the magic of his ideas.

His masterpiece 'Shankhaneel Karagar' shows another kind of his writing ability. Here he has drawn the picture of a very simple Muslim Bangalee family. There is love, hatred, peace, conflict, joy and sorrow and also a strong bond of relationship and understanding in them. On the other hand he has written novels about our liberation war. His book named 'Aguner Parashmoni' is a novel which can be, in a word, described as 'extraordinary'. In this book, he pointed out the brutality and animal like ferocity of Pakistan Army and at the same time talked about our great warriors. His character, Badiul Alam, a guerrilla freedom fighter, is a character who is every body's ideal. He is the symbol of pride and



honour of this nation. Humayun Ahmed has so beautifully created this character that it will be imprinted in our hearts and forever remain a source of inspiration to us the younger generation.

Humayun Ahmed didn't only write things discussing pure social problems. But he has also beautifully created characters like 'Naboni' or 'Opola' — who live in a different world — a world of love. He has, through his writings brought to us the mysteries of the universe. He wrote against the tortures of a society, against the godfathers of crime and against all odds and evils, and also of love.

Humayun Ahmed cannot be described as a writer only. He is the most popular dramatist in our country till this date. It is unbelievable but true that till today all the series dramas he wrote have been super duper hit that has earned him fame and also fans from all sections of classes. It is only his writing that made the people conscious and they demanded the victory of truth. 'El Shob Din Ratri', 'Bahubrihi', 'Ajumoi', 'Kothao Keu Naye' — all are super hit series dramas of BTV. Three of the

most popular weekly dramas of BTV are his 'Khadak', 'Aachinbrikha' and 'Matir Pujjar Modhye Bondi Holare'. He has a great power of drawing the people towards him.

Humayun Ahmed loves to work and wants to work in areas he knows he can do best, and for that reason he didn't turn out to be a poet. The most interesting thing is that his first published article was a poem. But eventually he found out that poetry is not his line of work and he was absolutely right too. Now Humayun Ahmed has also turned to be a film director. He has released one movie named 'Shankhaneel Karagar' and this movie brought the middle and higher classes of film lovers back in the cinema halls again — a rare happening nowadays. This movie is based on his



Name: Humayun Ahmed  
Place & date of birth: 13th November 1948 at Mohanganj village under Mymensingh district.  
Marital status: Married to Gultekin Ahmed with four kids.  
Did you know that: He got a PhD degree in Polymer Chemistry in 1982 from the North Dakota State University in the USA. At present he is a Professor of Chemistry at Dhaka University. As a writer he became famous at an early age. In 1981, he got the 'Bangla Academy' award. He also got awards from Shishu Academy and Lekhok Shibir.  
Compiled by Shahed Latif



second masterpiece novel 'Shankhaneel Karagar'. Humayun Ahmed has also finished the work of another movie called 'Aguner Parashmoni'.

Humayun Ahmed's writings have humour. John Steinbeck is one of his favourite writers and his humour inspires him. Humayun Ahmed believes that humour is an essential part of human life and for that reason he wants to bring it out. That's his another great achievement, everyone likes him because of his humorous and almost funny but exclusive style of writing.

Actually it is impossible for any one to write about Humayun Ahmed's literary life. He is such a genius in his own right. Humayun Ahmed is straight forward, always hammering on the truth.

He has recently built a house in Saint Martin's island and it is like a dream house. His wish is to live there, spread his eyes in the blue water and write more classic novels. We all hope that his dream will be fulfilled soon as we are really craving for more classics from him.

## ? A sister or a blister?

**by Susmita Roy**

**I**f you are like me  
Having a sister with an age difference of two or three  
Then with me you'll surely agree, vouch for me.  
And say, 'Hear ye! Hear ye!'

Sisters are a pain  
In having them, there's probably no gain  
(Moreover you might turn insane...)

Starting from the day your sister's born,  
You'll experience your hair being torn.  
She'll snatch your baby-cot away  
And with wicked eyes she'll stare all day.

When she's old enough to talk and play,  
She'll just take your book and scribble away.  
Even when you go out to play  
For her you'll have a horrid day.

When your sister's old enough to argue,  
It'll seem as if her victory is always due  
For them whatever you do  
There's never a thanks for you.

For my part, the cause of trouble is always she  
Since, the culprit, I could never be.  
I hear you say, 'Hear ye! Hear ye!'

But when you're in a better mood,  
And have enough time to brood,  
You may dream a life without a sister.  
(Oh what could be better!)

At mornings you wouldn't have to do her bed  
Through the day you'd have a cooler head.  
Oh, imagine a day without a duel!  
And she wouldn't be there to break your jewel.

You wouldn't have to help her  
When your exam's the day after.  
There'd be no sister to pester, you see —  
I hear you say, 'Hear ye! Hear ye!'

But then, without a sister  
You won't have anyone to bully and master.  
When you return home to find your room empty,  
You'd have to pretend not to be lonely.

The whole day's gossip you'd have in store  
But a sister, there is no more.  
When you bake a cake and cut in half,  
There's none to share it with a laugh.

When you quietly smile to a book,  
Where's your sister's quizzing look?  
When you wipe your swollen eyes,  
Who'll give all those understanding sighs?

When in trouble, or in fear,  
Who's to save you, but your sister dear?

So perhaps on a special day, or even today  
You will acknowledge that in many a way,  
A life without a sis  
Maynot indeed be a bliss.  
You might agree with me, even vouch for me  
And say, 'Hear ye! Hear ye!'

**I** woke up to find the day beautiful. The crisp fresh smell of morning breeze hanging over the atmosphere and the chirping of birds sounded through the air. This atmosphere reminded me of when I was a cat.

My eyes at once darted to the pink satin which was on the top of my dressing table. On my 12th Birthday I received Minnie as a surprise present from my dear father, together with the pink satin.

Actually the pink satin was given to me by my grandfather. It was really unbelievable for I hadn't expected such a present. The cat was pure white in colour and had a slight touch of brown. I kept her name Minnie, for Minnie was one of my favourite Disney characters.

## The Pink Satin Surprise

**by Nitisha Naurin**

The pink satin was used as a collar for her and looked absolutely beautiful. At first she was very small. It was kind of hard for her to walk properly. But still she tried to walk a little with all her might.

Our house was situated out of the town, in a quiet area with a little pond beside. Behind our house was a garden and it stretched on to meet a little woodland. My favourite place in the house was the garden. I would take Minnie out in the morning everyday. We would especially go to the garden. The morning breeze would sweep over our face. It would smell of fresh flowers and beautiful fragrances. She always wanted to go near the pond but I would hold her tight. The sight of the pond gave a mysterious feeling to me. It was most of the time obscured by dense water-hyacinth.

Anyway on my school days Minnie would always sit on the porch. She would wait for me and if a car sounded at the distance she would jump and strain her ears to listen. When I would come back from school she would always jump into my lap. Minnie was my best friend, although I had many friends at school, but still she was the apple of my eye. I would always

long for Fridays to come for that was the only day that Minnie and I were together. I would play with her from morning till night on Friday's. Years passed and both I and Minnie grew up.

The day was thirteenth July, one of my close friend's birthday — when Minnie got lost from me forever. It happened like this. My friend couldn't decide where to do her birthday. So I suggested her to do it at my place. In the woods. It was actually not a birthday party but a picnic. The picnic was held at the dense part of the wood for we

## Questions

**by Kazi Sarazeen**

The mist rose like a dancer's veil.  
Light rays fell like a wraith's trail.  
The sky opened.  
Blinding me with its light.  
Daring me to deny its glory and might.  
Then I questioned you, father.  
Can you brighten up this barren world  
Can you make the daffodils bloom.  
Can you make the dew's glisten  
With the rays of morn.

Yes I knew you can make me lift my veil.  
Open my eyes to dreams and reality.  
To give me promises to bloom  
And to make me smile.  
But Alas! father you can't make the flowers bloom.  
You nourish and strengthen me.  
Yet leave the flowers to their destiny.

The waves rose higher and higher  
And crashed down to the lowest shore.  
The wind danced to a violent tune.  
The world cried for mercy.  
And hush descended, as silence prevailed  
The world lay motionless & barren in its fury.

My castles broken, I cried.  
Trying in vain to put them together  
Mother you held me and showed me the way.  
To build castles with foundation of clay.  
You gave me life once again and I smiled.  
But Alas! mother why can't  
You make the storm die?

**F**ROM first to friendship to love. That is how it happened. And Farla loved me, not at least that is what I thought. Why else would she sit beside me during class, come to meet me at La Bamba whenever I told her to go, accept the cards and gifts I gave her? But when I finally told her about my true feelings for her, a camouflaged mask seemed to slip off. She treated me disdainfully and made acridulous remarks about me. Worse than that she flirted with my best friend right in front of me, while he apparently enjoyed it.

Life became a living hell. Close friends became bitter enemies, just because of one girl. Each day was like a nightmare filled with negative emotions. I was either hailing with anger or suffering from depression. Time is supposed to be the universal healer. Instead, my wounds were getting worse. Finally I found peace.

Phenyls! That was what carried me from day to day. My exams were only a few weeks away, but I no longer cared about them. I hated books, and I hated girls. My dad wanted me to be an engineer while my mum's wish was to see her only son as a doctor. But my aim in life was revenge. Revenge on a friend who became an enemy.

I started mixing with the bad kids in our local area. I got to know about their lives, habits, hobbies and friends. Presently I understood the meaning of the statement. Revenge is sweet, after I made him pay for what he did.

## Cruel Fate

**by Zinnia Ahmad**

Then I tried to shun my bad ways. But I was trapped. I had become part of a notorious gang in the city. And now there was no way out. I had become addicted to fighting, gambling, smoking, drinking and drugs. That was how my days passed by. Meanwhile, a part of me was bleeding away. I wanted to escape and I knew who could help me a girl. A girl who would love me. Would tell me to give up my present way of life. A girl whom I would love.

A levels started. I went to school just for the sake of it. I abhorred the teachers, subjects, students, everybody. Sometimes I would smoke in the common room, if I was alone. But one day I was caught.

14 Feb. 1994. Our Physics teachers was absent. The classroom was locked by someone and the boys engrossed themselves in cards while the girls took up gossiping. A few others were expressing their delight or anger in receiving anonymous valentines cards. I left my room and entered the common room. I was about to light a cigarette and wonder for the hundred thousandth time why my life was like this, when a voice said, "It doesn't help much, does it. Shubhro?" I turned around.

"I did not know her name, but I had seen his around several times and she usually said 'Hi' to me, although I never answered. 'I'm Ayesha', introduced herself.

We talked for the next half an hour or I'd rather say she talked, while I nodded or replied her questions. The monochatter was desultory. School, teachers, hobbies, politics, books, music, she talked about everything and — nothing, because I didn't care about all those. As the bell for the next class rang she said, 'Shubhro, there's no use blanking fate. Try to be practical. Try to accept life as it comes. Getting over emotional results in nothing. You have enough will power. You can stop yourself, then, bye, see you later.' With that she was gone.

The girl was a stranger. She did not know anything about my past. But I felt as if I had known her all my life. And that was the first day in the last 6 months that I did not take drugs. She is right, I thought as I lay in bed that night, if I have the will power to take revenge on a friend I can stop myself.

The next day I got to talk to her. This time both of us talked and smiled, joked, and laughed. For the next couple of weeks I was always with her. I found myself bunking classes just to be with her. I used to call her but hang up as soon as the call was answered.

Gradually, I realized that my feelings for her were more than only friendship. But I was afraid to let her know.

These were the happiest days of my life.

I had almost quitted that old life of mine. I tried to pay attention in class. I made friends with everybody. Then one day, I told her.

'Ayesha, there's something I wanted to tell you.'

'Yes', She asked calmly. A sudden wave of apprehension passed through me. What if she refused me? And there was every chance she might do so.

'It's one of the oldest statements in this world and yet the newest: I love you.'

I could see the shock that hit her. She sat their dumfounded staring at me. Finally she said, 'Shubhro, I always know you just as a friend nothing more nothingless and besides I am already...'

I didn't want to hear anymore. Why is fate so cruel to me? Why is it that I have to fight against life all the time? I wanted to escape from here I want to run away to some other place and time where there are no hardships and pain, where no one is hurt or deceived, where there is only love and peace. I know how to get there. But remembering what Ayesha told me the first day, I refrained from drugs.

I have given up hope on life. I have no wishes or dreams left. My life's now like a small boat on a calm ocean, helpless against the next storm of fate that shall break me into pieces.

## THE MISSING MACHINE

**By Sharier**

**JOY AVIK**

**SORRY... THAT WAS MR. UNCOOUTH BARBARIAN DR. JAMRUL. NEVER MIND, BE ON TIME - BYE**

**AFTER A WEEK**

**WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**

**ON BEHALF OF RUKUS GOVERNMENT I WELCOME YOU ALL TO THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE CONFERENCE**

**CAN YOU IDENTIFY THAT DR. JAMRUL? I WONDER...**

**BLAH BLAH**

**NOW OUR NATIONAL SCIENTIST DR. GENJAM WILL ADDRESS YOU NATIONAL STUPID!**

**ACTUALLY I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BUT I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING**

**To be continued**