

RISING STARS

A Living Legend

A Writer Who Understands His Fans

by Tasin Ahmed

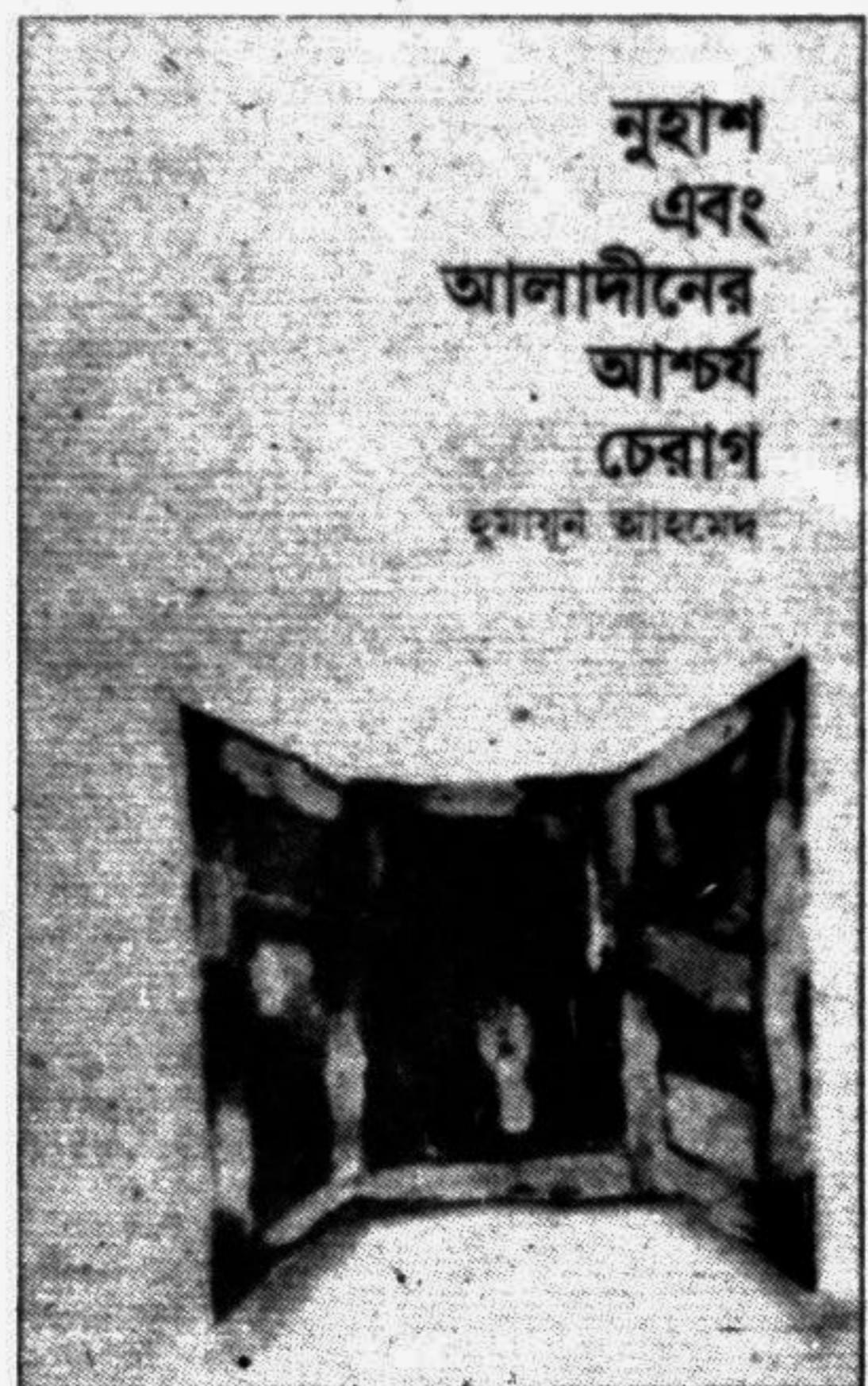
"A writer's work is to discover a beauty and explore it. This is my only commitment" — says Humayun Ahmed — a living legend in Bengali literature. Humayun Ahmed is at present the most popular writer and dramatist in Bangladesh. It has been undoubtedly proved that his writing can enthrall all literary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

When a man expresses his feelings towards society by believing "Ei Din, Din Not Aro Din Aache, Ei Dinnere Nebe Tara Shei Diner Kache", 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 Naro'. 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 'Hnu' who is very much controlled by his emotions and then 'Astr 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 Bangladeshi 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 Parashmont' is a novel which can be, if 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, Baduli Alami, a guerilla 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 then demanded the victory of truth. 'Ei Shob Din Ratri', 'Babubrihi', 'Ayomoi', 'Kotha Keu Naye' — all are super hit series dramas of BTV. Three of

most popular weekly dramas of BTV are his 'Khadak', 'Aachinbrikha' and 'Matir Pinjrar Modhye Bondi Hotare'. 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.

Martial status: Married to Gulrukun 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 Parashmont'.

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.

properly. I called her name but it was of no help. There was chaos among every one and the party had to be put to an end.

My friends formed a search party to help find Minnie. I thought of the pond and at once went there, and as I had expected I found Minnie's pink satin lying near the pond.

It glistened in the sunlight, but still there was no trace of Minnie. We gave up searching Minnie and there was nothing else to do. My friends soon left as it grew dark. I still waited for her all night long and my mother came to comfort me. Many years has passed since then when Minnie has left me. But till today I wonder what had happened to her and always wait for her solemnly.

?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 do 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 will 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!"

Questions

by Kazi Sarazeen

The mist rose like a dancer's veil, Light rays fell like a wrath'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 dews 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?

The Pink Satin Surprise

by Nitisha Naurin.

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

gradually, I realized that my feelings for her was 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 there 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.

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 teacher 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 the 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. But I was trapped. I had been

part of the same gang. 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 who was

going to stop me.

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 who was

going to stop me.

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.

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.



To be continued