



Wrapped in Wreaths of Ghostly Mist

by Md Kabiruddin

LIFE appeared to be going on smoothly enough in Chandpur, but it was only a little later one of the incidents gave me a flutter of anxiety. As I said all was normal but on the day of 14th August I found out that my house was haunted. If you like, and if you are willing to bear with me for a while, I'll tell you about it.

On that day I was resting in my room. I was lying on the sofa, my head propped up by cushions. The sun was almost below the horizon. And then at last it grew dark and changed into a beautiful moonlit night. From there I could see the river. The moonbeams played upon the surface of the running water, that speeded unceasingly towards the sea, like men's lives towards the grave. I lay there listening to the sounds of the night. It felt good as if I was in another world. Only the noises from the room upstairs brought me back to reality. I stared upwards. No sounds now. Had I imagined them? My heart twisted tight when the sounds came again. It was a sound of someone shuffling. Maybe not quite that, but it was difficult to define.

"Who's there?" I shouted. No response. But the noise died off instantly. Maybe nice? I wished I could convince myself, but mice would never make noise like that. I was scared. I am not the type who leaves his bed in the middle of the night to investigate strange noises. There was no way I was going to go upstairs. No way. It could wait till tomorrow. The strange thing is that I didn't stay awake for much longer. I listened for a while, but soon, tiredness overcame even fear.

The sounds of tapping woke me, sharp noises in various rhythms breaking into my dreamless sleep. Someone or something was tapping on the door. I stayed where I was, my heart banging hard. I got up and advanced towards the door. Did I really want to face the thing that was outside? I had no choice. The banging stopped as if it knew I was on

Morbid Reflections

by Iqbal Hossain Rizvee

Now was I know, sad but true. It's time to face my Waterloo. My troops are massed on a hill by a lake. But I fear to look for heaven's sake. Is this a mirage, the carnage and slaughter? For we only see it reflected in the water. And when we look around, he's always gone. The iron duke, or Nepolean. On who's side is the army? That's the dilemma facing me. And as with the shield, and the gorgon's head, If we cut it off will we be dead? Or did I hear the producer say. This just an action replay? And there reflected, are the tears of a clown. Who's dead already, but he won't lie down.

A Night With a Ghost

by Latifa Haque

DURING my summer vacation, my aunt Miro, invited some of my friends and me to stay with her. It was a small town called Birmingham, twenty five miles away from London city. We were very happy to go there my aunt was great expert in telling stories. She told us ghost stories, and moreover said that there was a haunted room in her own house!

She said that during the war between France and England, that is before my uncle bought this house, a young English Duke died in that room and it was a mystery to all as nobody knew how he had died. But, my uncle and aunt did not know this story until they had already settled in there. So, my aunt had kept that room locked for 10 years, i.e. since my uncle died.

One of my friend Bess was a strong believer in ghosts and refused to stay in a house which, everyone thought had a haunted room. So, I challenged her that I'll stay that night in the haunted room. My aunt and my friends weren't at all pleased to hear what I said but they accepted my challenge.

I entered the room, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key which I had found in the lock within, holding a candle, looking around I saw the large room, with old furniture. It was dark every where. My candle failed to show the opposite end of the room, and left an ocean of mysteries and suggestions be-

SALMAN relaxed as he lay back on his chair in his office in Dhaka. His secretary came in and told him he had to sign some papers for the goods that his company would be exporting. He told him to leave it on his desk.

Yes, indeed, Salman had become quite a rich man in a very short time. Oh yes, and he prided himself in the method he used to obtain his wealth.

"Ah, when did it all begin?" He smiled. Yes, on that night, four years ago. It happened all so easily. It just took one slash at his bhabhi's neck; but his brother was not that easy. He didn't give up without a struggle. All he managed to do was tug at his shirt. But that was enough to drop his bottle of pathedin wrapped in his handkerchief. When he found out about this after returning to his home, he panicked. He thought that some how his 'little game would be up, that the Police would identify those to be his. But to his surprise, not a word was mentioned about it, they weren't even found.

When the villagers came to bring the news of his brother's and sister-in-law's death to his parents, he had put on a pretty good show. For the first five minutes he sat as if in shock. He then started to cry silently, and finally, for his master stroke, he ran out of the house and shouted, "Show me the infidel that murdered my brother!" He made sure that the villagers would be able to

Looking Funky; Being Safe

by Trishna

I N a city where muggers are the streets' best friend, girls are in jeopardy when they wear precious ornaments of gold. It's just not worth risking life for fashion, is it? Modern girls seem to have realised this, and they don't wrap themselves up in gold like their mothers did twenty years back, instead they've chosen a cheap but witty way of looking good and wearing ornaments.

Actually, to look good isn't what they really want now, but it's the funky and cool look that is more wanted today. They've finally decided to put away those glitters in the almiras and wear them only on special occasions like a wedding or reception. They no longer have golden flowers or 'jhunkas' hanging from their ears, instead they're wearing an oxidized skeleton or a peace sign.

Imitations, are their hot favourite and hence they prefer all those nice, fashionable trinkets nowadays. Bangles, earrings, rings, necklaces and even nose pins — all beautiful but take. Years ago, these so-called cool trinkets were scarce here and one used to buy them from abroad while others glared with envious eyes, once the person would put them on.

But today, if you just step inside New Market, you'll find those right beside your path

The Supernaturals — II

by Mir Saaduddin Ahmad

It. There were five bottles and a couple of syringes. He took one of each out. However, before losing the safe, something at the back of it caught his eyes. It looked like a piece of cloth. He pulled it out and then froze in terror. It was his red handkerchief, and wrapped in it was a bottle of pathedin.

"By the devil! How the hell did that get in here?" For the first time in his life he was really scared.

Then the phone started ringing. "Damn that Rahman, I told him not to take in any calls."

Temporarily, his anger took over his fear. He ripped the phone's cord loose. He wanted to get rid of those treacherous objects before anybody found out about them. But the phone kept on ringing.

"What the devil is going on," he said to himself. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello dear brother, is this a bad time to be calling?" God, it was Ruhail's voice!

"What do you want?"

"Oh, Rukeya and I have been waiting a long time to get you. Are you ready to come, or a bit too busy?"

He slammed down the receiver. This is too much, I'm not thinking straight," he said. "It's time I should consult

Revenge

by Taranum Laila

When one is innocent and happy, without any worry in the mind, another might come along with a plan, to destruct the peace inside.

Then, the innocent rages inside, tormented by his sorrows, and a hurt pride. He can only rest after taking revenge on the other side.

A revenge, so deadly that people might forget, what a good person he was only a little while away.

No Where to Run

by Nahid Hussain

A person who has received nothing in life is always despondent. He is in search of a kindle, to light a fire of happiness. As soon as he feels signs of love he feels he needs nothing else. What he is getting now off sets for everything he had to line with. Now he just wants to pursue this rechristened life of love which is the spanner to happiness and peace. But there are cruel eyes everywhere which makes the bands of love hard to bind. This divine gift from God is taken away just as everything else was in the past. Throughout his life he had to welcome only pain but this he could not endure. This was the beginning of a ruthless beast in him. He becomes a senseless monster unable to differentiate between good and bad. He only longs for and takes revenge, from whom? — innocent ones. He goes to such an extent from where a return is impossible. Bitter memories of the past make him go wild. A wild lion is most ferocious when injured so was he. But comes to an end very quickly. Is he really as bad as people depict him to be?

An Unexpected Punishment

by Hasheen, M. Ekramullah

WE'RE going to Aunt Cecily's house! Hip Hip Hurray!" Bobby, Linny's younger brother, "Oh Brother!" muttered Linny to herself. Aunt Cecily was a stuffy and haughty lady who lived in a twenty room mansion in an exclusive neighbourhood, with her daughter, Anne-Marie.

Anne-Marie, was a story by herself. Linny didn't like either of them very much and was rather intimidated by their airs and graces. So, you all can very well imagine why Linny didn't want to visit them.

Linny went downstairs and asked her mother whether she would go. Her mother, who thought Linny enjoyed their visits to Aunt Cecily's was shocked and said "why, Linny! You must go! Anne-Marie is eager to see you. And you must wear your new white party dress!" luck! Linny hated dresses especially the new party dress! It was very fancy, with frills and ruffles, and the very thought of, wearing it, made Linny's blood run cold!

She was told to go upstairs and wash up. Linny didn't know what she did to deserve this!

Linny went to her mother's bathroom and had a bath. Somehow, she managed to get the whole bathroom wet. Just

