



## Wrapped in Wreaths of Ghostly Mist

by Md Kabiruddin

IFE 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 mice? 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

ALMAN 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 brother'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 pathedan 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

## The Supernaturals — II

by Mir Saaduddin Ahmad

calm him down only in front of a big crowd. The next few days were child's play. He just sat down and acted as if he were thinking of nothing. Actually, he was thinking of his future. Of how he would get out of that miserable village!

Naturally, the whole business went to him. He stayed with it for a while, then sold it off and went abroad. From then on it was easy. It was just a case of cheating, blackmailing and murdering. And that was how he had so ruthlessly risen to the top.

He smiled. "Yes, none of this," he thought, "would have been possible without his companionship." This companion of his, that lay within each bottle of pathedan. It was this friend who had inspired him to kill. And he loved this friend of his, for he knew that it was none other than the Satan himself.

Speaking of the devil, Salman thought, "It's time I had another chat with him." He got up from his chair and locked his door. Then he buzzed his secretary, "Rahman, hold at all calls for me. If anyone comes, tell them I'm not in."

"Yes Sir," came the reply. He then lifted a painting a painting from the wall and opened the safe that lay behind

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 pathedan.

"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!

"Oh, Ruhail, 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

him."

He filled the syringe, sat on his chair and jabbed the needle in him. He waited. Yes, it felt nice; oh really nice.

"Feeling good?" a voice behind him said.

"What?" he exclaimed, "that doesn't sound like him."

"Of course not," came a reply. "It's not the devil. I'm your own kin just for the sole ownership of a little business. I must admit that you had great foresight. Who would have imagined that you would end up here?"

As they spoke, it seemed as if they were getting angrier. and to Salman it seemed the more angrier they got, the more horrific they became.

"This can't be happening. It's not real. I killed both of you with my own hands."

"Ah," Ruhail said to Rukya. "he finally confesses."

Salman went on, "No, no, you can't be real, you're dead, both of you."

"Yes, we're very dead indeed," Rukya said. "But, you see, we've come from the place your friend usually comes from."

"You see," Ruhail added, "to come here, we had to strike a deal with the devil. He actually wanted your evil soul all along, and he knew he was going to get it when you died. But since he couldn't wait that long (and neither could we) we thought

## Revenge

by Tarannum Laila

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

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.

Thus begins the brawl between the two furious sides.

There's no one to stop them, from their horrible fights.

So the game goes on, both sides trying to out-hurt each other.

Whee, deep within their soul, they wish they could stop the fight.

Enough of revenge! cries another.

From today and onwards, we shall stop the fight.

There is no need to fight each other.

## Joke

A doctor advised a very fat man to take up golf for exercise. "That's no good to me," said the patient. "I've tried it before. If I put the ball where I can hit it, I can't see it, and if I put it where I can see it I can't hit it!"

## 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 live 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?

## 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 Napoléon. 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 we'll 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

YOND its island of light. By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension.

My mind, however, was perfectly clear. To pass the time, I spoke to myself saying that nothing supernatural could happen. I tried to keep myself busy in that topic. I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. The darkness of the room troubled me. Suddenly, one of the window burst open, and a gust of cold wind came inside, putting the candle light off. However, with great trouble I closed the window. My first match wouldn't strike, as I succeeded with the second, something seemed to blink in the wall before me. I turned my head and saw a pair of angry red eyes looking at me. The candle fell from my hand, I picked up the candle-stand, I threw it towards that — thing. It disappeared for a moment, then again reappeared, at the exact place looking at me more angrily than before. I flung out my hands, in a vain effort tried to scream, but surprisingly my voice didn't come out. Then with my head bowed and my hands over my face I made a run for the door. But alas! I had forgotten the exact position of the door. I bumped into the corner of the bed. I have a vague memory of battering myself to and fro in the darkness.

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 furnitures. 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-



## An Unexpected Punishment

by Hasheen, M. Ekramullah

WE'RE going to Aunt Cecily's house! Hip Hip Hurrah!" shouted Bobby, Linny's younger brother. "Oh Brother I" muttered Linny to herself. Aunt Cecily was a stuffy and haughty lady who levied 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

as she was about to come out, the rug caught her foot, and she fell, pulling down the new Chinese lamps with her! CRASH! It broke into smithereens!

Luckily her mother didn't say much to her! Just as went to her room, Nikki, her friend, dropped in. She had come to give Linny her maths test paper, for she had left it at school. Linny had scored zero, absolutely nothing. Her mother, chastised her mercilessly she told Linny to go upstairs and when her father came home, she would have a suitable punishment ready.

As Linny lay in bed, she caught what her punishment would be. The most horrendous thoughts filled her mind. Would her parents make away her phone privileges? Would they ground her? Not let her go to the carnival? Or worst of all would they make Linny visit Leedly on a regular basis?

Linny's father came home and she went down feeling rather frightened. Her mother told her that as a punishment, Linny was not to go to Aunt Cecily's today!

Linny was so happy that she almost hoped with joy. But she refrained and tried to look and pensive. Linny's punishment had turned out to be a blessing in disguise!