

The Missing

A One Act Play by Syed Shamsul Haq

A park. Late afternoon. All manner of people can be seen: clerks, beggars, prostitutes, joggers, street urchins, lovers. Some are seated on benches, while some are walking by, vendors hawk their wares, prostitutes freezing momentarily in their seductive best pose.

MAN: No. He is not here either. I thought, may be I would find him here at last. Oh, I was so certain.

CITY MAN: This and no further. I'm going, this time, definitely.

CITY MAN: A photo, I say, do you have a photo of him? If you have, go to a newspaper, put an ad in the missing column along with the photo.

MAN: Here is everything in this park he loved. Trees, people, birds, water.

CITY MAN: I can see where he is heading. To further and greater madness. Now my pressure would go up. I must jog. Hop, one, two, three.

MAN: Wherever you may be, please, come back. Your mother is in her death-bed.

MAN: Yes. The newspapers. The missing column. A big ad. Perhaps a full page. I will pay with everything I still have.

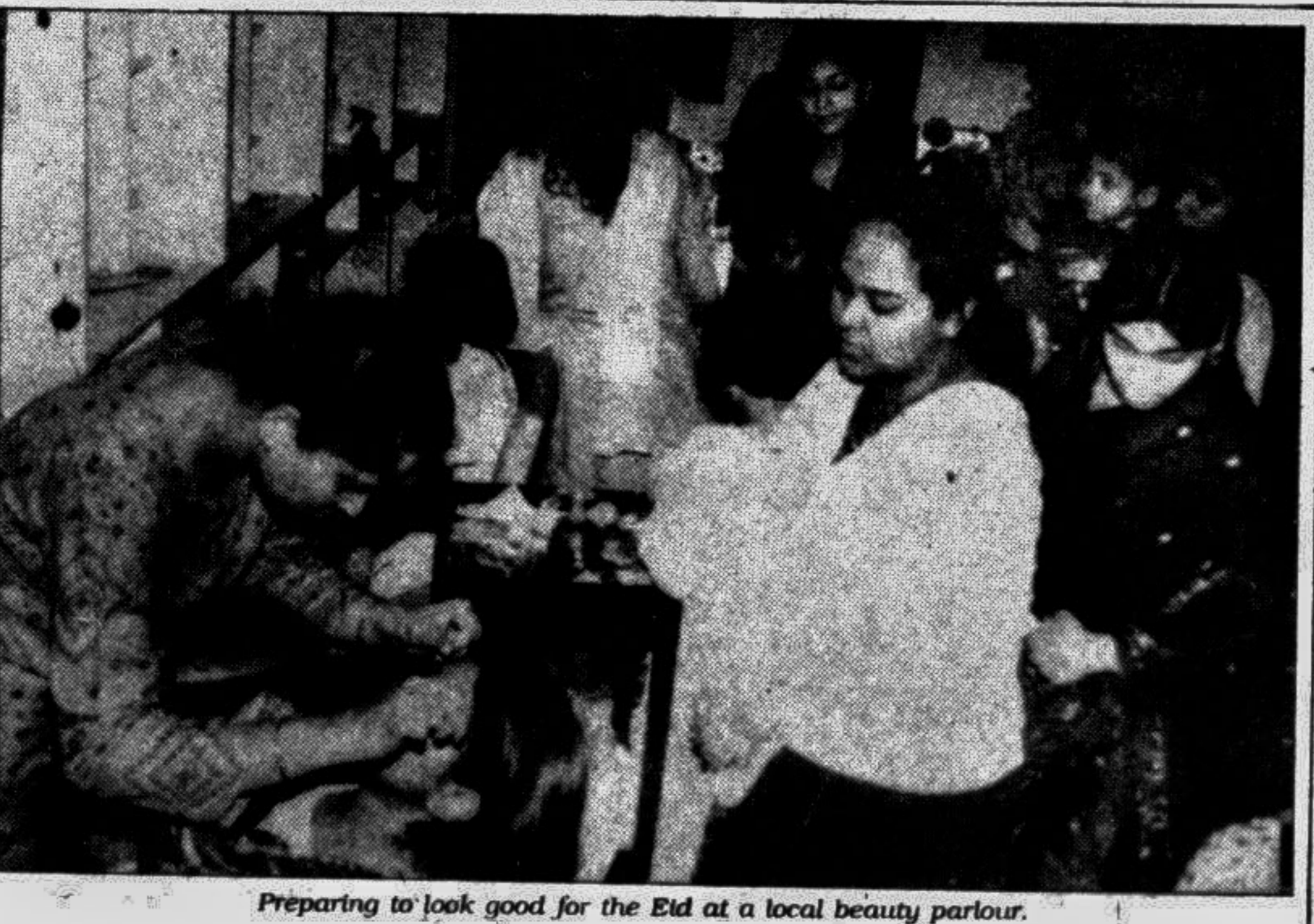
THE EID FESTIVAL. Continued from page 9. The festival, thus, varies in scale and scope from class to class. Even children hailing from all classes, for whom the Eid festival appears to be much more attractive and much more-waited-for than it can be for anyone else, do not or cannot celebrate the Eid equally.

Diplomacy in Islam. Continued from page 10. many envoys from different heads of states for concluding an agreement of peace with Muslims after the defeat in wars. Generous treatment was accorded to envoys and they enjoyed immunity.

The truth is, I'd become a fastidious schmaltz by then. You turned my babbles into sages, had me rediscovered. I got you all to myself, what you never knew was whether you've won me.

The Words by Abu Taher Mojumder. The words I longed to utter. Years ago with passion and hope. Remain untold. The path we were to tread together.

Nazrul rightly sang: "Of equality I sing, / Man comes first, / And there is nothing nobler than him, / Differences of caste or creed, / Of ages or countries / Matter little, / Wherever men are, far or near, / They are comrades and friends."



Preparing to look good for the Eid at a local beauty parlour.

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