

# Rising Stars Independence Day Special

## The Martyred Son

by Shahneela Nawasheen



Dr Fazole Rabee

It became dusk on the night of 15th Dec. 1, accompanied by my aunt Mrs Rabbee, her children and other relatives, went to my uncle Dr Fazole Rabee's grave with candles and flowers. As it was my first visit to his grave, I expected it to be an ordinary one. But I saw that my uncle's grave was covered with many wreaths. And thousands of flowers — an indication that he was still alive in the hearts of many people. The wreaths bore the names of different institutions. We made our way through the people to his grave. My aunt sat there silently for a while, her eyes full of tears. Other visitors were weeping too. After prayers, we lit many candles around his grave. It was indeed a magnificent sight. I was overwhelmed by the view. I never knew that a grave could be so beautiful. The light of all the candles illuminated the grave. Then I

heard people talking about his good deeds, his honesty and courage while they were leav-

ing the graveyard. This was the time when I really felt proud to be a member of this family which had a great man like my eldest parental uncle Dr Fazole Rabee — a famous cardiologist and a brilliant son of our motherland.

From that instant, I planned to write about him as it was one of the touching moments of my life.

Stories have a beginning, a climax and an end. A story has a protagonist who is the gem of the story. The deeds and the chivalries of him are so interesting that the real deeds of a hero can be compared to a story written by imaginative novelists. The life of my eldest uncle was full of many remarkable incidents that I call it a story.

Dr Fazole Rabee was a well-known cardiologist and a professor of Medicine and Cardiology at the Dhaka Medical College. He was born on 22nd September 1932 and was brought up by his father Afsaruddin Ahmed and mother Sophia Ahmed in the district of Pabna.

He was a brilliant student right from his childhood and he always stood first in all his exams. He also stood first in the MBBS exam from Dhaka Medical College and was awarded a Gold Medal and received a double MRCP from London and Edinburgh University in the shortest possible time. In England, he worked in the Hammer South Hospital.

As a person he was fun-loving, benevolent and charming. He had a great liking for music, literature, swimming and other sports. He was also very fond of children and could easily relate to them.

Dr Fazole Rabee loved his country dearly and was interested in politics. He actively participated in the language movement and spoke on the issue about altering 'Shaheed Minar' which the occupational army did not approve. He was the first doctor to think about a general mass-oriented medical policy which he thought was necessary for the progress.

He played a very important role in the 1971's Liberation War. He went and secretly treated the freedom fighters endangering his own life. He even helped many families of the martyrs financially and

physically and saved a lot of lives during the war. He felt deeply for the poor and the sufferers which the then regime did not like.

His motto was, 'All patients are equal even if they belong to different castes, religion or creed'. He stuck to his motto until his last day and even attended one non-Bengali patient on the day of his martyrdom.

His role in the liberation war, providing services at the risk of his own life proves his patriotism. He, like others, too hoped for a free Bangladesh. A great man like him was heartlessly killed by the Albadar on the night before Independence. He was shot dead in his heart. His dead body was later found along with the other martyrs in the Rayerbazaar.

According to Mrs Rabbee, the Albadar asked him to go with them. He knew that they were taking him to kill him, but he did not argue and instead went willingly and bravely and sacrificed his life for the independence of the

country. In spite of the constant requests of his wife, children and relatives to go into hiding, he answered, 'What will I do by living when all the juveniles are dying'. He was courageous and because of his heroic involvement in the war, he was killed before he was allowed to see the sun rise of an independent country.

I really feel proud and honoured to be his niece. I feel really happy to see his pictures on the stamps and to see 'Dr Fazole Rabee Sharak' which was named to commemorate him. He earned respect and love from the people due to his brilliant academic career and for his heroic role to save the lives of many freedom fighters endangering his own life.

Dr Fazole Rabee's name will never die from the hearts of the people of our independent nation — Bangladesh. Although I was not lucky enough to see him, I will always cherish his memories as a treasure in my heart.

As Monira was a very active member, no-one wanted to take the risk of giving her shelter. She passed the month of April like a nomad. In the first week of May her team consisting of other members and leaders, started for Agartala. They carried money, food, clothes and other bare necessities. They left Dhaka at dawn. They passed Dhaka on foot and by rickshaws. They reached Kapasia in afternoon. People welcomed them warmly. Life was still calm there, the people were united. Like any Bangladeshis, they dreamt about liberty. Many of them had left for war.

Monira was moved by their hospitality. After a late lunch, her group started again. It was a long journey. The group travelled on foot and by rickshaws. At last a driver gladly carried them to Comilla by his vehicle. The highway was almost empty. Few peasants and day-labourers were on their way back home, so were the birds. The evening shadow shaded the huts and paddy-fields. The sun set over villages. The group reached Comilla. They stayed overnight in a hidden place and again started the next morning.

In the group were two babies and when the journey was resumed, the little ones were crying out as they were of the agitation. She understood that she was not safe. She listened to BBC. Pakistani government had imposed curfew throughout Dhaka.

On the 27th, the curfew was relaxed for a few hours. Monira went out to Dhaka Medical College (DMC), the headquarters of the movement. People were rushing back to their villages. They ran for lives carrying bare necessities in small bags. Babies were crying, old people were too tired to walk any further. Still they had to run. Shattered buildings carried the sign of bombings, smoke was still visible from the slum areas, the university halls were almost empty, clotted blood scattered everywhere.

Monira met other party members at the DMC. The leaders instructed some of them to leave for Agartala, India. From there they should participate in the Liberation War. As Monira was a very ac-

## A Journey

by Korobi Quassem

One morning, the two ladies started again. They walked through villages until they reached the border. Indian government had not sealed it but the Pakistani Army guarded it round the clock. It was, in any case, safer to cross in the dark when the soldiers would not notice the movement.

The ladies spent the evening in a villager's house. Night came. Stars were bright and the moon gleamed. They made their way through dark bushes. They were as quiet as cats. They approached the Army camp, which was guarded by armed soldiers. Their voices, laughter and the sound of boots were

worn out. The other members were cautious. They proceeded through fields, bushes and along narrow paths. Whenever they entered a village they were warmly welcomed. By noon, Rokeya was too ill to move. They had to pause for a while in a house and there she started throwing up. Everyone understood she could not continue. Monira stayed with her as the rest of the team continued.

Rokeya had pox. An unknown man gave them shelter. Monira nursed her day and night. Rokeya came round soon, but severe pox attacked Monira. She was cured with Rokeya's nursing.

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The two ladies hid under the corpses and lay breathless. Monira heard footsteps coming towards her. Her heart sank. She was sure of her death. She heard the angry voices of soldiers. They were searching the bushes. Monira was frightened and turned white. She felt her heart beat loudly. Then she heard the soldiers going back. They did not think of checking the ditch. Both she and Rokeya were saved.

heard at a distance. It was almost impossible to break through the security.

Monira found an alternative. The ladies crossed the nearby stream on foot and walked across the jungle, where the security was not so tight. But a guard noticed them and fired at once. They jumped into a nearby ditch. It was muddy and there were other dead bodies of unfortunate young boys. The two ladies hid under the corpses and lay breathless. Monira heard footsteps coming towards her. Her heart sank. She was sure of her death by the Army. For a moment, she remembered her home and family. She then tried to find a possible way to escape. But she was trapped. She heard the angry voices of soldiers. They were searching the bushes. Monira was frightened and turned white. She felt her heart beat loudly. Then she heard the soldiers going back. They did not think of checking the ditch. Both she and Rokeya were saved.

They reached Agartala. Rokeya joined the freedom fighters' camp to fight against the Pakistani Army. And Monira! Oh, she became a nurse of the freedom fighters' hospital. With great care, she saved lives of many warriors. She is my mother.



Preparations for Liberation March 1971. Photo: Rashid Talukdar — Courtesy Dhaka 1971

## BANGLADESH

by Joan Baez

*Bangladesh  
When the sun sinks in the west  
Die a million people of Bangladesh.  
And the story of Bangladesh  
Is an ancient one again made fresh  
By blind men who carry out commands  
Which flow out of the laws upon which nations stand  
To stage a sacrifice, a people for a land.*

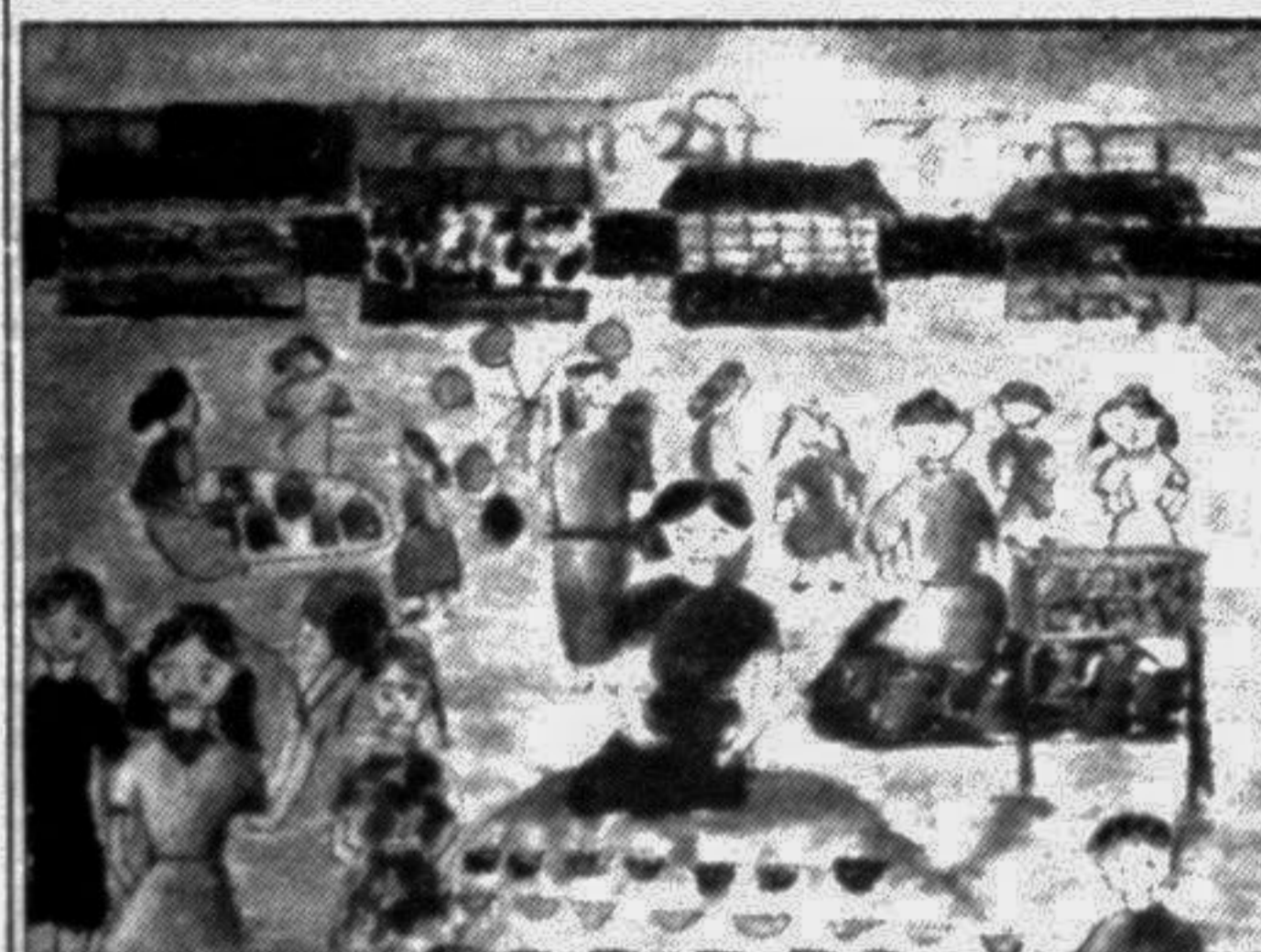
*Bangladesh  
When the Sun sinks in the West  
Die a million people of Bangladesh.  
Once again, we stand aside  
And watch the families crucified  
See a teenage mother's vacant eye  
As she watches her feeble baby try  
To fight the monsoon rains and the cholera flies.  
And the students at the university  
Asleep at night, quite peacefully  
The soldiers came and shot them in their beds  
And terror took the dorm awakening shrieks of dead  
And silent frozen forms and pillows drenched in red.*

*Bangladesh  
When the Sun sinks in the West  
Die a million people of Bangladesh.  
Did you hear the army officer's plea  
The donor's blood, it was given willingly  
By boys who took the needle in their veins  
And from their bodies every drop of blood was drained  
No time to comprehend and there was little pain.  
And so the story of Bangladesh  
Is an ancient one again made fresh  
By blind men who carry out commands  
Which flow out of the laws upon which nations stand  
To stage a sacrifice, a people for a land.*

*Bangladesh  
When the Sun sinks in the West  
Die a million people of Bangladesh...  
Courtesy: Asrarul*

## Story Writing Competition

CONGRATULATION!!  
The winners of this competition are Korobi Quassem a student of Class XII of University Laboratory College and Shahneela Nawasheen.  
Please come and collect your prizes from The Daily Star Office on 24.12.95 after 4:00 pm. Thank you once again for your Participation keep up the spirits of our Independence.  
RS Editor



Baisakhi Mela by Subehee Shahrin Ahmed

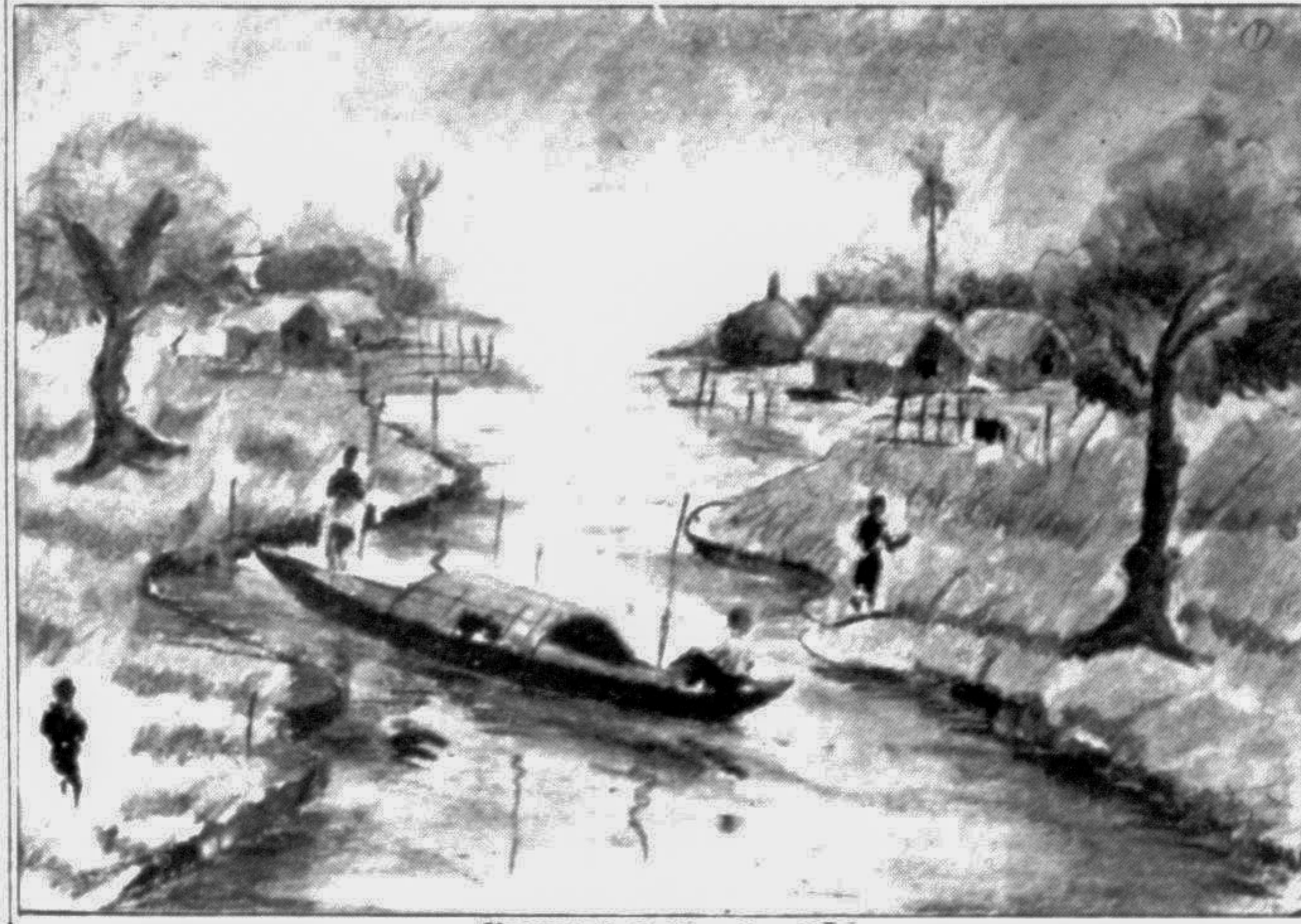


A village scene by Shihan Abrar

## Drawing Competition

CONGRATULATIONS!!!  
The best entries have been printed here. First prize goes to Prathama Komal Nabi, a student of Class I of Sunnydale school. She is eight years old. Two other consolation prizes goes to Subehee Shahrin Ahmed of Class I of Scholastica and Shihan Abrar of Class VI of Aga

Khan School.  
Thank you for your participation. Keep up the good work and keep sending your drawing to us. Please come and collect your prizes from The Daily Star office on 24.12.95 after 4:00 pm.  
RS Editor



My country by Prathama Komal Nabi

## Musa's Journey

by Shaheer M Hussam

MUSA Kamal had been walking on the road next to the rice paddy since noontime. The sun was now setting and he was tired, but he tried not to show it, lest his father and mother think he was a weakling.

Musa knew he was not a weakling, because when he lived in his town, he was the best nine year old soccer player and runner there was. Now, his family was escaping to the countryside of Bangladesh, hoping to escape the wrath of the invading army.

Musa was the youngest in a family of eight, four sisters, his first-born brother, and his parents. His brother, Ibrahim, was fighting with his cousins in the west, while his father, Khaled, and mother, Jamilah, were leading him and his sisters eastward, towards his grandfather's small cottage in the graham, or countryside.

Musa was not especially close with his older sisters Zulekha, Khadija, Aleyah, and Latifa, but he never got in fights with them and he knew that they cared for him.

Musa had a medium built stature for his age, with a shock of black hair, and shining deep brown eyes, much like the rest of the family. His family looked and worked like the average Bengali man, his father fished from the river Meghna and sold his catches at the local bazaar. At home they maintained a small plot of farmland, some chickens, two goats, and a cow. Musa and his sisters went to school, and at home helped around the house, did their home work, and kept up with their prayers. Musa reminisced about the good times, but now he had to walk.

As the sun set, his family stopped for evening prayer, and after prayer his father distributed some samosas to him and his sisters. It was another two kilometers to his grandfather's house.

"Khaled, we must stop for the night, it's too dangerous to travel in the dark and we are all tired," pleaded his mother. "But if the army advances, it will be too late, and we

might not live anyone anyway," said his father.

"Why don't we look for lodging, and if we find some, we'll only stay until dawn and then continue on," considered Jamillah.

"Alright, then we'll hat." His voice was drowned out by the piercing shriek of a bomb as it landed with a definite explosion in a large pond several hundred meters away. This was accompanied with the screaming of the people running on the road and fire erupting from a nearby village. "Quick!" yelled Musa's father as he grabbed him with one hand, "run!!"

Musa and his father ran behind his sisters and his mother, who were running and screaming towards a large grove of palm trees in the distance. Musa was terrified as he was half-carried, half-running with his father, who was trying to make sure Musa didn't get trampled. As they ran with the other people, Musa heard a cry for help from an embankment by the rice paddy.

"Father!" yelled Musa. "someone's hurt, they're asking for help!"

"Where?" questioned his father.

"Down there by the rice paddy," pointed Musa urgently.

Musa's father took a quick glance at the injured person and a quick glance at the advancing tanks and the airplanes above.

"Musa," said his father, "run as fast as you can to your mother, run carefully, and tell her that I will come as soon as possible, now hurry!"

Musa wasted no time. He ran the fastest with energy he never knew he had. Only once did he look back to see his father hoisting the person onto his back and jogging as fast as he could. Musa's father had become muscular from years of hauling fish to the bazaar, but now he was visibly tired from the running. Musa continued to run, and soon he safely reached his mother and sisters by the palm trees.

"Where's your father?" questioned Musa's mother.

"He went back to help

someone hurt," said Musa, "he said he'll be back as soon as possible."

"May God be with him," prayed his mother, who was obviously worried.

It was now nighttime, and children from some families were dozing off, safe in the cover of the palm grove. The tanks had turned to another direction, towards the river harbor, but bombers were still circling above, and anyone who was not under cover was in danger of being hit.

Musa, Latifa, and Aleyah were sound asleep, but Jamilah, and his two older sisters were waiting for Khaled. Khaled staggered into the grove carrying the person on his back. He carefully laid the person on a clean patch of earth, as Jamilah came hurrying over.

"What happened? Are you alright?" asked Jamilah, whispering so as to not disturb the others.

"This man was bleeding very badly, so I had to secure a tourniquet, right under his knee. He is unconscious," said Khaled.

"Are you alright?" repeated Jamilah as she bent down to examine the man.

"Yes, I'm just aching," replied Khaled as several other people rushed to the aid of the man. "I'm going to sleep."

"Yes, me too," said Jamilah, yawning.

The next morning Musa was up and jumping around as he learned that his father was back safe and the army had passed over the area. The sun was up and shining and everyone was making preparations to start walking again. The man who his father saved was an old village doctor named Zakiriah. His leg had to be amputated over the night and now his knee was banded up. Zakiriah was talking with Musa's father and Musa decided not to bother them. Musa wandered off to the edge of the rice paddy, to explore the graham. He walked into the ankle depth water, looking at the little fish swimming around his feet. Musa had alarmed several animals in the water, including a

poisonous water snake. The snake shot through the water and bit Musa squarely on the ankle. Musa jump into the air with a great whoop. He ran to his father and showed him the bite.

"Musa, how did this happen?" asked his father.

"Something bit me," said Musa, was unfamiliar with snake bites.

"It is a water snake bite," said Zakiriah, as he bent down to examine the wound. "Quick, we must hinder the poisoned blood's progress. Get a strip of cloth and tie it above his ankle very tightly."

Musa's father proceeded to do so as Musa began to cry. His father tried to comfort him but it was no use. Musa was scared and hurt. Meanwhile, the village doctor lifted himself with the cane and went searching for something between the palm trees. After a while he emerged with a clump of green flowers in his hand. He crushed them into a juice in his hand and carefully rubbed them onto Musa's wound.

"This should help get the poison out from under his ankle," said Zakiriah, "Keep the cloth on for another three hours."

Musa felt comforted by the old man's words. His family and several other people were around helping and soothing him. It was going to be alright.

Later Musa learned that if the Zakiriah had not been there he would've gone into very high fever and gotten hurt very badly. He was lucky. Musa had arrived at his grandfather's house at mid-afternoon safely. The tourniquet was undone and the bite was starting to heal. The surrounding graham was now safe because the invading army was beginning to retreat.

Musa learned that because of his father's heroic deed he was indirectly saved from the snake. Musa learned that if you help someone in some way, God will somehow get that help back to you. Musa learned a valuable lesson that will undoubtedly help him in his journey to grow into a good, mature person.