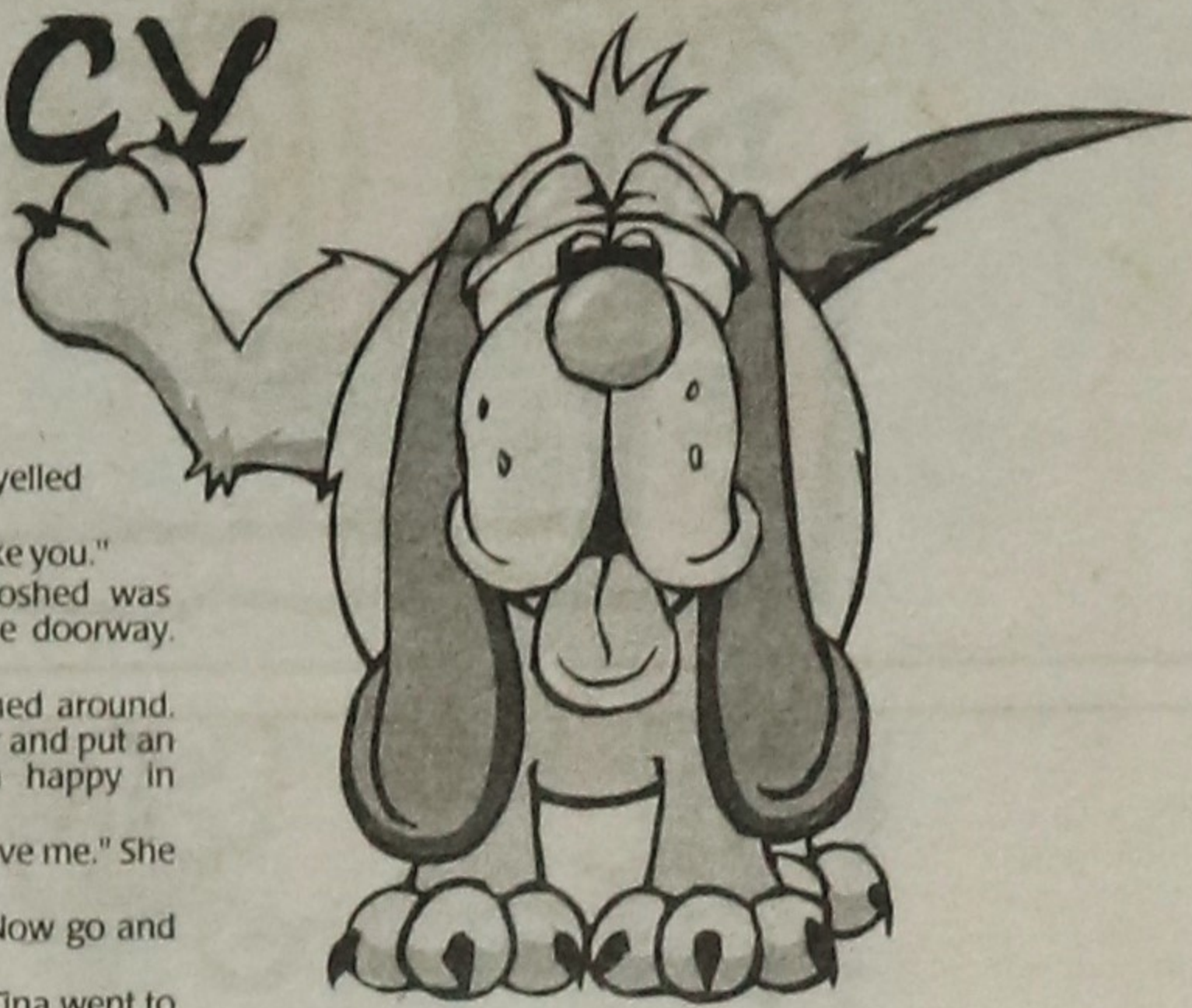


OBSTINACY

By Faria Mahtarin Huq



Tina, came verging down the stairs in the living room. Her long hair was flapping against her shoulder and there was a twinkle in her eyes. She ran to her father Mr. Noshed and put her arms around her neck.

"Daddy!", she said in her most candy-coated voice. Mr. Noshed hoisted an eyebrow at his daughter and asked, "Do you want something Tina?"

It was like Tina when she needed something she would coax her parents into getting it. Tina sat down on the couch across from Mr. Noshed's arm-chair and began, "Dad you know that when both you and mom leave in the evening I feel very lonely. There's nothing to do but watch those bogus old programs, listen to those same songs and talk over the phone with the same people..."

"Why don't you study then?", Mr. Noshed interrupted folding the paper on his lap. "And we don't go out as often as you have mentioned."

"Dad I need somebody to spend my time with!", Tina demanded her voice harsh.

"What are you getting at?", Mr. Noshed asked annoyed.

"Dad I want to have a pet!"

"A what?", he inquired puzzled.

"A small white fluffy pup.", she said.

"Why a puppy?", he queried.

"Dad in a way I will have somebody to spend my time with. I am going to have to feed it, wash it and train it. It will be my best friend, my friend Duffy." She muttered, "At least it will be better than those stuffed toys in my room!"

"Tina, keeping a dog is a very tough job. Beside it's very messy," Mr. Noshed began to explain.

"But Dad,"

"Don't interrupt me young lady. What I say will be my final decision. You can't have a dog and that's it."

"Dad please," Tina pleaded.

"Now go to your room and study," Mr. Noshed yelled pointing his finger towards the stairs.

Tina stood up and mumbled, "I don't need a dad like you."

Tina then went to the kitchen where Mrs. Noshed was working. She was greeted by a spicy aroma at the doorway. "Mom?"

"Yes sweetheart?", Mrs. Noshed asked and turned around. When she was Tina's tear stained face she ran to her and put an arm around her. To Mrs. Noshed keeping Tina happy in everything is her top priority.

"Mom I wanted a puppy from dad but he won't give me." She complained and broke into tears.

"Don't cry honey. I will talk to your dad okay? Now go and wash your face," she said kissing Tina's forehead.

Mrs. Noshed went to talk to her husband while Tina went to her bedroom and slammed the door. Through the closed door, the conversation between her parents drifted in. Mrs. Noshed was arguing with Mr. Noshed about buying her that dog. She gave a war whoop in her victory.

Quite a few hours later there was a knock on the door. Tina forced herself to keep a straight face and opened the door. What she was made her smile. A small puppy in a small basket was waiting for her to pick it up and cradled it. Tina picked it up and snuggled its nose with her.

At dinner she both thanked and apologized to Mr. Noshed. She asked, "Dad, how did you get that puppy so quickly?"

"Oh! I just got it from the guard of our club." Mr. Noshed said with a grim smile.

"Did you get it from Rahim?", Mrs. Noshed asked looking down at Duffy who was sitting beside Tina's chair.

"Yes." Mr. Noshed said simply and started on his food.

While they were having their dessert Tina she said, "There's something I want to tell you."

"What is it dear?", asked Mrs. Noshed.

"Well, mom, don't say no but I want a small white furry kitten!"

A REAL BUG'S LIFE

by Yeshim Iqbal

I carefully walked into the dark room. I like the dark, and my eyes are quite accustomed to it, so the dark wasn't a problem. The problem was that everywhere there were people who wanted to kill me. The people were everywhere! Everywhere! So silently I crept along, hoping that no one would spot me.

I found a biscuit lying around and inspected it, making sure that there was no poison in it. Yes, the bad guys even poison my food in their attempts to kill me! And once they even tried to suffocate me with some kind of poisonous gas. Luckily I managed to get away. They want my family and friends dead too, so all of us have to be very careful.

We have a secret hiding place that no one knows about. Anyway, the biscuit seemed to be okay, so I quickly broke off a bit and ate it. Nowadays getting food is hard, so every little thing is valuable. I wish someone would take a little bit of pity on us! Everyone hates my relatives, my friends, and me. They call us 'dirty' and 'filthy' and 'disgusting' and 'creepy' and a thousand other things. If we were dirty, which we're not, it would be their dirt that we're carrying around on our feet! As quickly as I could I crawled away to tell everyone about the biscuit. I had to hurry, or the human's maid might sweep it away. She might even try to swat us with that horrible broom of hers. But that's life for us. Us cockroaches have to fight to stay alive!

Eeman The Snail



By Kaneta Meer

One day Eeman the snail found a shell to live in. She was so happy that she sang about it and went to gather some flowers to decorate her new home. Singing gaily and with a handful of bright roses, she slithered back to her newfound home. But alas! What is this? She couldn't find her house. She began to cry out loud when Tuni the turtle came by and asked her what was the matter.

After hearing Eeman's story she began to laugh. "Silly Eeman" said Tuni, "You are supposed to carry your house on your back; that way you will never lose your home again."

Next day Eeman found another empty shell and this time taking Tuni's advice, she took it on her back. From then on, wherever Eeman went, her home went with her, and she never lost it again.

One day my family and I went to the sea-beach to see the sunset. After we had reached there we saw that the sun was very big and very red. It looked like it was a big ball of fire. I was spell bound at the beautiful sight. The sun went under the water and the moon took over and lighted the whole world. The calm breeze blew and the moon covered the sea and suddenly the stars appeared. It was so beautiful. Slowly when we had seen the sight we had to leave. I never have seen such a beautiful sight in my life and I hope I could see it again.

Sunset



By Farhan Anadel Choudhury

Ivan: A Short Sketch of a Warrior

The Russian's are of fighting stock. The word "Russia" comes from the word "Rus" meaning "warrior band". Ivan was the name commonly applied to the Russian soldier, in World War II and afterwards. He was the most dreaded nightmare of any German soldier in Russia, during WWII.

Tough, aggressive, fearless, he was a most formidable opponent. No matter what the odds he chose to attack. Alert and industrious, he was a master of improvisation. He would take an empty vodka bottle fill it with gasoline from a stalled vehicle, tear cotton batting from his uniform to make a fuse and hurl this deadly cocktail into the treads of the approaching Nazi tanks.

The Russian snow, dreaded by the Wehrmacht, was Ivan's

ally. Camouflaged in white wrapping his weapon in white cloth, carefully smoothing his tracks, he would sink into the snowy background like an animal made of the snow and suddenly emerge to wreck havoc on the enemy's flanks and rear. Any German soldier, who was alone at any point of time, especially at night, was secretly petrified of being impaled on the cold steel of a Red bayonet, like a grotesque insect impaled on a pin.

To the perplexed Germans, outfoxed in a thousand different ways, Ivan was not even a human being, but an animal, insensitive to freezing weather and oblivious to pain and suffering. Truly, Ivan was the last World War's best guerrilla fighter.

Adeeb A Choudhury

An Odd Experience

By Tuhin Zahur.

Don't laugh when you go through this small article. I know very well that whoever will go through this article can't stop laughing, but it is still a request, 'please, don't laugh.' You might laugh at my stupidity or at the odd feeling I experienced.

The story is set in a morning when I woke up quite lately and started to brush my teeth. My mom was in the kitchen doing her work. As usual, a fish-seller was attracting the attention of all the housewives in our street by shouting out loudly, 'Rui mach! Ellsh Mach!'

My mom wished to have those fishes but she was tangled in some work in the kitchen. So she called out to me, 'Tuhin, quickly go and call the fish-seller or else it will go away. Quick!'

I don't know what happens to me when anyone says 'quickly'. I lose my patience and take some really wrong steps.

That time too, I was hurrying, my mouth full of foams of toothpaste, saliva and maybe blood (I am not sure whether my gums are that poor). Instead of throwing out those whitish/pinkish foams into the basin, I gulped them down through my throat and it went into my stomach.

At that moment too, I could not understand what I did. I called the vendor and it was over; my mom's work was done. But later, I started to feel sick and my throat was burning with the minty foams, (never knew cold things cause burning). I had to clear my throat every time before talking and I felt something was going on inside my stomach, and that feeling made me sicker.

Never knew I was so stupid!

The Last Request

By ?

I still remember the day we first met and I'll never forget the way you looked into my eyes But now I sit here in the pouring rain can't seem to bare this pain and it is you I think of in my lonely cries. I knew someday, I had to pay the price for all my foolish lies but now I think it's much to late to build a love so strong that nothing ever would go wrong and it's all due to my mistake. Now I am on my beaded knee asking you to forgive me for all that I have done I promise to do to you all the things you want me to and never let our love burn. Now if you please, take my hand let no one come in the middle stand and I'll do anything that you say. Let my dreams come true, let me share my life with you it is you I think of as I pray.

(Dedicated to Sumaya)

King & the Devil

By Reshad Rasul Kazi, Adnan Habib, Fahad Rezwan Khan

There was a little prince, Cute and strong was he. His father was none other than The King of Normandy. The prince little Benson Was Happy and Merry. His face shone more brightly, Than the sun of January. One day when he was Walking in the woods; 'Cloony the Savage' Took him with his goods. Later in the palace, The king was playing chess. When a servant came to give a message, Written by 'Cloony the Savage'.

The King flared in rage When he read the whole page. He cried, "Cloony the Savage! I shall throw your flesh in garbages!

How dare you abduct my Benson, And ask for ransom." The king set off on his horse To the 'home of corpse' Where the savage dwells. The king reached the savage's den. He left back all his men. Then he called out Cloony's name Again and Again.

Cloony came running With his big flashing spear. The king fought with the cunning Without showing any fear. Though Cloony was brave, He soon was in the grave; Because the king was smart. He drove the sword in Cloony's heart. Benson was full of joy When he saw his father. The king picked up his boy And took him to his mother.



The Sun

By Shejuti Haque Priya

The sun is bright, Which gives us light, Its rises in the east, And sets in the west, It gives us heat, Which keeps me fit.



One to six

By Shejuti Haque Priya

One little boy is trying to write, Two little girls are crying for sprite. Three little pigs are making their way home. Four little boys are going to Rome. Five little cows are pulling a cart Six little girls are looking very smart.