

OLD DAYS

I still remember my old playful days when I used to be careless and played with whatever I got in my hand. I still remember those days when I would sit in front of the TV with my whole family and watch shows together. I can still remember my family: my brother, my parents, and I. My Dad was a social worker and he would be very tired when he would return from work but whenever he met us there would be a smile sticking to his face! My Mom worked in an NGO and well, she was also tired whenever she came from work but the same thing would happen with her! It was the perfect couple one can ever think of! It was a nice and small family with all the happiness in the world! But now it's all gone! Why did it have to happen and especially to me?

THE VILLAGE

We always went to the village to meet our grandparents, my cousins and the rest of the family. We always went there to spend our Eid vacation and this time there was no exception (why couldn't there be?). We went there and I had the best Eid I have ever had in my life but who knew that it would be the last Eid we would ever spend together!

THE ACCIDENT

It was a really stormy night when we started for Dhaka. It was raining so hard that it even



BY Rajiv Ashrafi (RA)

drowned the sound of my Discman! It was so dark that even with the headlights on at full charge, we couldn't see what was 3 feet ahead of us! Mom was telling to stop the car in a safe place but Dad was as stubborn as he was (I forgot to mention that Dad was a really stubborn guy!) and kept on driving at quite a high speed! All was normal for some time and then it happened! Out of nowhere a blinding flash of light came and hit us and then I don't remember anymore!



THE HOSPITAL

When I woke up I found myself in a hospital with lots of doctors and nurses around me! I felt a sharp pain in my leg and then I fainted again. When I woke up again I saw that I was in a room and a doctor was beside me. I tried to get up but I couldn't as he stopped me. I asked him about my Mom and Dad and my brother but he didn't talk a bit. I thought that this was a terrible nightmare and it would be

over quite soon! After awhile, my uncle came in and told me the whole story!

THE STORY

The blinding flash of light which had hit us was a big truck with a drunk driver in it. The collision had destroyed our whole car and my whole life! A person going by the road quickly called in the hospital and that's how I got there! I asked him about mom, dad and my bro but he cried and said nothing. I realised that something terrible had happened to them! Later on he told me that all of them got killed in the accident including the truck driver.

WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW?

That's when I realised that life isn't a bed of flowers! I faced the harsh truth and I wished it were all a nightmare but it wasn't! I was released from the hospital after a few days with no scratches on my body! I was adopted by my uncle & aunt who were as kind as angels and loved me as much as their daughter (they didn't have any daughter!) but I still remember those days when all of us would sit in front of the TV.

LIFE DOESN'T STOP HERE! IT GOES ON!!!

This is my first writing and I dedicate it to Abbu, Ammu, Mitu, Sonia, my friends, my pals, my buddies and to all of the TLC fans!!!

THE BUSIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

Busy days are a part of our lives. There is nobody who has not experienced a busy day. Like others, I had a very busy day, too.

It all started yesterday. I woke up late and was late for school. I hurried to school and had to give an explanation to the teacher to get into the class. So, the start of the day for me was bad but the busy part was still to come.

After coming back from the school, exhausted due to the activities in school, I came to know that my mother was going to take me with her to the market. I bathed quickly, finished half of my lunch and went with my mother. The day was boiling hot. My mother moved around many markets and made me carry all the things she bought. It was a tiresome job and the continuous walking on a hot day like that was too much for me. I was kept busy the whole day, going here and there in the market. At last my mother made up her mind to stop shopping and what a relief was that for me.

I planned to sleep for a year after going home. My wishes were shattered pieces as I heard that my mother was going to visit an uncle of mine. So, then I had to go to my uncle's house.

We reached my uncle's house by an uncomfortable ride on a rickshaw. When we reached our destination my aunt was making my cousin move some furniture here and there. My mother told my aunt that I would be happy to lend a hand to my cousin. I couldn't say "no" and had to work. My cousin was also in my state, sweating very

much. As my aunt and my mother talked, sitting under a fan eating refreshments, I worked like a donkey pleading to god for mercy. After the work, I told my mother to go straight home and go nowhere else.

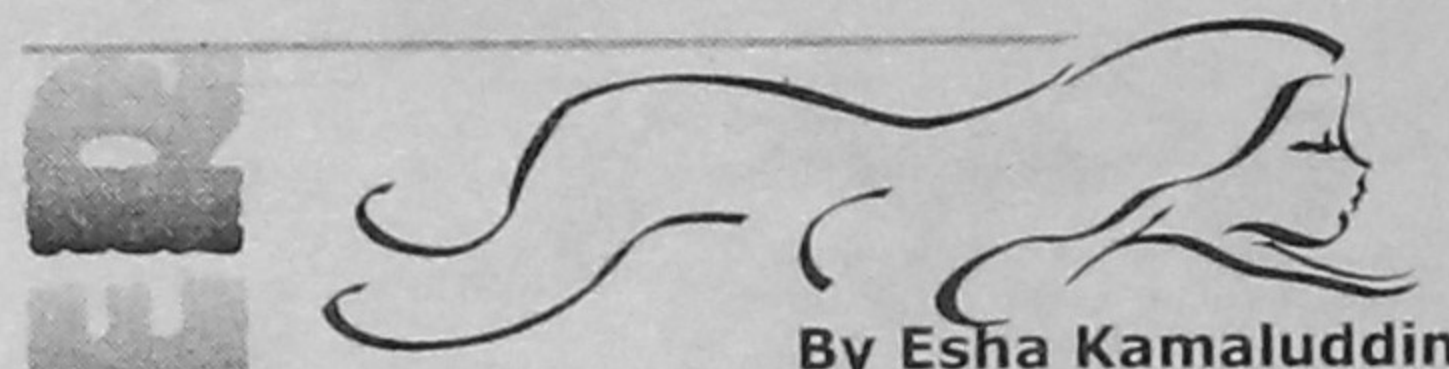
After reaching home I rested on my cozy bed and closed my eyes. A ringing noise opened my eyes. Mother picked up the phone. Then she told me to get ready because a relative of ours was coming from India and we had to go and greet them. It was 8 o'clock at night and I had to go to the airport. This was turning into a nightmare!

It was at the airport that I met my father waiting for us. We heard an announcement, which said that the plane coming from India would be two hours late. It was now 9 o'clock. This meant that we had to wait till 11 o'clock for the plane. I felt like kicking myself for coming here. I was feeling sleepy but was kept awake by my parents. At last the plane arrived and I was made to carry the entire luggage, as there were only old people in our group. Our relatives went to a hotel after talking to us for a few hours at the airport.

Immediately after reaching home I locked the door of my room and fell on the bed.

That day was busy, tiring, exhausting, breathtaking and very uncomfortable. I hope that a busy day like that will stay away from my life because one busy day is enough for me.

NOTE: The writer was indeed busy, he/she forgot to write his/her name on the script he/she sent.



By Esha Kamaluddin

Her expression is unreadable. You can go on debating with yourself, trying to find the right word to describe it. It is hard to tell what is going on in her mind, at this very second. Did that little dimple, occasionally occurring on her right cheek indicate a quiet rage trying to be kept under control, or did it merely show signs of a suppressed smile. It is hard to tell. The rhythmic swings of her legs... they are signs of impatience and restlessness... or perhaps a movement that succumbs to her bad habits. A small smile appears on her lips, a mischievous gleam flickers in her eyes, and then they are suddenly gone. Was it really there, or did my imagination play a trick on me? I study her very closely. I wonder who this stranger is. There's something in her that makes people stop and take notice.

As she stands up and walks past me, I can't help but notice the grace and elegance with which she carries herself. There is something extremely feminine and sophisticated about her, something soft. Yet she seems so cold, so uncaring, and so indifferent to her surroundings, portraying the picture of a perfect "Ice queen". It makes one wonder how two such opposite characteristics can blend into each other to make one person. I turn around to look at her again.

A woman has just come up to her, perhaps a friend. In an instant a heavy curtain seems to have been lifted.

Her mouth stretches into a broad smile and her face is flooded with warmth, affection, love and true appreciation, as she embraces her friend. A few minutes ago, her face showed no signs of emotion. She laughs; a low gurgling laughter that seems to have come from deep within. A genuine laugh, I reflect. I look at my watch. 4 o'clock. How time flies! It's time for me to go. I glance once more at her. I smile to myself... quite awed as I realise how this stranger has left me captivated.

Author's note: The character in this passage is NOT fictional.



By A S M Nurunnabi

A firefly is an interesting creature in the world of insects. To a child brought up in urban areas, a firefly is an unknown thing. Only in the villages where there are jungles and bushes, fireflies may be seen. They are fascinating objects with their blinking points of light.

Fireflies are luminous insects in the beetle family. They are also called lighting bugs or "glow worms". They are soft-bodied beetles with special light organs on the underside of the abdomen. The flattened, dark brown or black body is often marked with orange or yellow. Some adult fireflies do not eat, but some others feed on pollen and nectar.

Both males and females of fireflies are usually winged and luminous. The larvae, sometimes luminescent before they hatch, live on the ground and feed on snails and slugs.

Most fireflies produce short, rhythmic flashes in a pattern characteristic of the species. The rhythmic flash is part of a signal system for the female insects. Both the rate of flashing and the amount of time before the female's response are important.

Some authorities feel that the flashing is also a protective mechanism. Some frogs, however, eat such large numbers of fireflies that they themselves glow.

Firefly light is produced under nervous control within special cells richly supplied with air tubes. Only light in the visible spectrum is emitted.

Fireflies living in big clusters in bushes can be an enchanting spectacle, particularly, for children. Children in urban areas have little scope for viewing such interesting sights.

"The Moment Before Nightfall"

By Farzana S Islam

Darkness setting
Air putrid, weary,
This-descending haze
Where escaped convicts
stray dogs
and fallen trash cans
become paramours
under a nebulous canopy of bouganvillea
And by fire-fly light, palm trees shiver,
Darkness sets

Now-far-flung hearts stop beating
The storm begins to stir
spent petals fall
Indigo cloaks the sky
slowly fermenting
indifferent clouds
obscure a frigid moon
Crows hidden in black nests cry out
one last cry
Alley beggars dissipate
Darkness.

Selective Amnesia

By Farzana S. Islam

She can remember, she says,
the time between birth and being
when the world was too loud, or too quiet
and too dark
A time of music-
the cadence of gurgling breath
and a steady heartbeat.

She remembers when she was two
and one day had washed away with rain
leaving behind the night
In the semi-darkness, she had stapled her thumb
And it hurt, but not too much.

She lives with childhood injustices
Of [painted] pencils and scented erasers
stolen by trusted best friends
and being the last one chosen
for the soccer team-
that was before she became goalie-
But her memory also awakens to the delight
of a soft satin [party] dress
as black as he liver's night

But last night
she walked in distant dreams
to swim through gossamer clouds
and to love someone.
But in the moment
between sleep and waking
and recognition
The dream is forgotten.