

# Acting Like A Human Being



By Yearmin Arafat

If someone knocks at your door in a very stormy, rainy day you will obviously wonder who it is. It's not going to be your Pop or Mom because they are at home. You would obviously think that it is a helpless person stuck in the storm. Then will you let him enter your home? Perhaps you will but most of the time you won't. It could certainly be a dacoit and when you open the door he may stab you with a dagger.

Do you ever notice why people have become thieves or gone into bad sectors? Well, there are many reasons and each case is different. If a little boy steals a watch he becomes a thief. Now, he may be hungry and might have stolen the watch to exchange it for food.

At first robberies didn't take place but it increased gradually, for the negligence of one human towards another. For example, if a beggar wants a Taka from you, most probably you will tell him 'maf koren'. Sometimes kind people may give him some. But if we all helped him he won't remain poor any more. So this is our negligence to the poor, and we hate them because they wear worn out, torn clothes, don't bathe and live under the open sky.

We must hate ourselves, only ourselves, because we took them into such a position. If we helped them they may also be educated and may also be writing to RS and also be able to play with the rich people who we say are the 'borolok'.

Well, sometimes we say that life is boring due to so much of studies. Now, if you witness the ones who are not educated (except the ones under 5 years) can you say that again? You should say that this is a pleasure having a path to study and should pray to God.

Now if you take your TV, Refrigerator, your Cassette Player, and

all of the accessories in your home & count their cost then you will find that it will exceed 1 lakh Taka. And if you count the cost of the accessories of the people who live in Karwan Bazaar Basti then you will find that the cost barely reaches 200 Taka. You could feel sorry for them. But your mourning doesn't prevent the hardships followed by them. Could you help them? Well you could by gathering the money that you get for your tiffin in school and give them that money. But does that change anything? They may take the money and may go to a good hotel and may have delicious meal, which they may do once in a year. If you have sympathy for the poor you couldn't help them because you may think that the neighbours wouldn't like you for your relations with beggars. Secondly your parents won't allow you to help the poor, and they will discourage you from making a good relation with the beggar types of 'human'.

If you look at the literacy rate of our country you would say that is a shame to us. Well, I would say that this is really a shame for us because we're not helping the ones who are uneducated. Starting a process to make the people of the country literate will take at least 10 years. And the political parties just make some worthless sounds such as 'Sonar Bangla gore tulbo'. They will talk this kind of nuisance till the last day they remain in power, then when they lose in the election the next day they may say that they have made Bangladesh of Gold. But all that glitters isn't gold.

The Golden Bangladesh will become a reality when the little poor fellow can eat properly, when he can wear proper dresses, when he sleeps not under the sky and when the difference between the poor and the rich will lessen so much that my entire article becomes an incorrect one regarding the poor fellows.

# Intellectual Pleasure Indeed!!

By Narmin Tariqa Banu

I jabbed the back end of my Red-Leaf ballpoint pen into the slender waist of Taslima, while boring a hole with my eyes into the open copy in front of me. The chair beside me screeched loudly on the floor as its occupant leaped, with a trying-hard-to-suppress grunt. Oops! This time it was too much. I braced myself for our Math teacher to slowly turn his bespectacled face in our direction. Fortunately he continued on embroidering our white board with his green marker. I looked at a deformed circle in my book, which is probably called an ellipse and silently counted off 5 seconds. Then my eyes darted. Taslima was still shaking with her hee hees. I better not disturb her again, next time she'll burst- too risky. So I concentrated on Urmee instead, the at the moment quiet girl was sitting right in front of me with her two pony tails hanging temptingly over her hunched back. Boy, can she concentrate!

No sooner had I raised my right leg to nudge her --uh!-- did I receive a blow on the head with a Heineman Modular P3 book. I looked disgustedly at Ahmed for daring to intervene; however he satiated my anger on the spot with a stern glare. I settled back in my chair deflated.

"I can bet this question is coming in the exam next week," Taslima whispered seeing me frowning at the back of the blue check shirt of our Math teacher. I was actually wondering how in the world could this man call Math an 'Intellectual Pleasure' when it was nothing but a pain in the neck. "Copy it down idiot!"

"You don't have to bet," I snapped under my breath. "I know it's in."

I started scribbling the questions as my mind roamed the basketball court right below our window.

"What's the answer?" someone mumbled punching away the calculator.

Answer? Huh! I was still jotting down the last line of the 1st question.

"(7,8,2)", a reply came from the other end of the class.

Crap! The meaning of the question was yet to hit my brain cells.

"(7,8,2)." Eek!

"Yeah, yay! I got it."

Oh no!

"You people got it?" Sir trailed a slow stare all over the class as several enthusiastic mathematicians in the making proudly declared "yes's" and "yup's". Of all the math geeks present in class, our teacher's stare had to freeze right on top of me! "Tariqa, what's the answer you got?" And my heart froze too.

I importantly frowned at the calculator and looked at the first line of the solution in my copy (which was empty) and bit my lower lip and opened my mouth to... The bell rang and I exhaled in relief.

"Let's go play volleyball", Ali yelled.

"Yup!" I made a short cut across the class over the tables followed by half a dozen others.

"Tariqa, the problem," Urmee yelled as I stood at the door. "Solve it now. Weekend starts tomorrow and the exam's on Sunday. You won't get time, and also there's a problem if you take the eigenvalue common in the factorisation part..."

"I'll do it at home," I yelled back as someone dragged me out of the class and I moved on. The next 45 minutes were great!

I pulled myself out of bed early morning on Sunday, planning to quickly do a thorough revision of the last two class days. All throughout the weekend I had explored the four Math books in my collection with tentative steps and close inspection, and now pretty much knew my way through the jungle.

So I plunged myself into the copy and that was when I got the shock of my life. There it sat untidily stretched out on the 10th page of my copy lazily staring at me with a murderous smirk. Question no.1 from Thursday's class work - still unsolved. Oh my God!

Oh, well, I still had about an hour's time to solve this thing. Moreover I'd done similar problems only yesterday, so I should be able to de-puzzle it now. I was wrong.



to tackle it. I had no time to worry about whether I'll beat it or not. So I plunged ahead with whatever ammunition I had, - calculator, pen and the formulas. I proceeded smoothly till the part where I'd have to factorise the thing. Uh oh! Taking common won't work. So what was it? Think, think, think! Oh! Ahmed's lecture, yes, I remember faintly, vaguely... yes. I jotted down some points and suddenly knew what to do.

The factorisation went smoothly and I landed myself on safer grounds. I took a moment to congratulate myself for having avoided the head on collision with mistakes and proceeded on with matrix multiplication.

"Three minutes," the teacher declared. "Staple your papers and write your names..."

I was almost done. 7into1 plus 0, 3into2 plus 2into1, 4into2 plus 3into2, is (7,8,14). Aha...Huh!

"One minute..."

Oh my God! The answer was (7,8,2) as far as I could remember. Oh my God! Any moment and my paper will be snatched away from me. Oh my God.

My eyes darted to the wall clock, to the teacher's face, to the question paper and then finally to my one page long solution. How can I solve this mile long thing in less than 30 seconds? My ears picked up the shuffling noise from the rest of my classmates who dutifully were arranging their papers. My table was still a mess of loose sheets, scale, eraser, pencil, calculator and an unsolved question. Eek!

"Hurry up!" the teacher ordered.

I knew my hope was gone and my heart lurched. Serves me right for being such a fakeebazzi. I mournfully stared at the blue plus sign between the 4into2 and 3into2, and wondered where it came from. The previous line declared that there should be a... Yay!

With a shaking hand I put a minus there instead and the answer became (7,8, 4into2 minus 3into2) equals (7,8,2). The magical (7,8,2)!

Rrrring!

Yup! I was done. Paper completed. It was then that I wondered whether this is the reason why our Math Sir terms Math as an 'Intellectual Pleasure'! There indeed is a challenge between Mathematics and fakeebazzi and somewhere in the middle I think lies the pleasure!

## THE GRAVES OF

# MYSTERY

BY AYESHA SATTAR

Pressed in like the graves of mystery,  
Burnt deep within the collection of secrets  
Echoing thoughts of remembrance call out  
From the hidden doors of memories far away.  
I could recall a dream embedded with love  
But streams of light disguised the fantasy,  
I yet retain the soothing touch of emotions  
When the wings of the wind breezed past me,  
And sinking in the arms of the ocean  
The final flicker of radiance gently appeased my heart.  
The full moon shimmered in the velvety light,  
As the mild shade just melted away.  
The sparkling stars cushioned sweetly  
Within the moonlights glister beaming a cuddly smile.  
And as I muffled in harmony  
My vision of illusions went on  
And the jewels of the sky slowly murmured good-bye.  
Speckling with the tint of glory  
The unique ripples of tenderness broke away  
And the ecstasy of pleasure and heartache  
Shattered the frozen wall of my bitter hatred.  
Fluttering treasures of the past whispered so many things  
I could feel the solemn touch of her hands just flying away  
The blinking second stood its ground,  
And with the still silence so stood I.  
Although its value will be cherished forever,  
But that precious feeling tore me in shreds  
Made me cry and made me regret.  
That enlightened sight had lost its colours  
And lost in the depth of the sun  
The debt of life she paid.  
Those cruel despised tricks of nature  
Made me grieve and broke my heart  
Nothing but the emotions of pain flamed over my destiny.  
And dappled in the sea of dazzling blues  
Depressed my spirits deep, deep down  
Time has floated by,  
But the silky waves of senses faint back.  
And again the desire, the wish leaves a smudge in my mind.  
Like one of those tears tumbling down from my eyes.

## Notice

### Oh No! Not Again!

Does Shakespeare appeal to today's youth? Well, sort of

### O Romeo, O, Like, Wow



AT THE END OF the school year, my 14-year-old daughter's Ting Ting class studied Shakespeare. I was asked to give an oral report. Having listened to her talk on the phone, I can tell you easily imagine just how it went.

There is a line in a real page and play about the dark Romeo and his dastardly Juliet. They had names like that 'cause it was like the real old days, before MTV. So, no one had names like Romeo or Juliet. Or Romeo and Juliet. They all had really goofy names like Romeo and Juliet and Marcus. Anyways, these two families, see the Montagues and Capulets, who were fr-

Dear Readers we got yet another case of shameless plagiarism! Two weeks ago we ran this "Romeo & Juliet: The Modern Version" story and it turned out to be an 'edited' copy of an article printed in the Readers' Digest March 1996 issue (see photo). Shame on Rayya Hossain for cheating the readers. If you can't write anything- don't write. We are tired of mediocre people trying to print their names by giving us plagiarised works.

We thank our readers (we got three people writing to us with proof) for pinpointing the plagiarism.