



Tears of a Beggar

"What is looted can not be blotted." I got an example of this fact some days back. At about 10 a.m. and I was relaxing. Suddenly, I heard a beggar at the door. It was an old lady and I gave her some rice. She left. I was leaving my house sometime later when I saw the same beggar crying outside my doors. I asked her what had happened and she told me that she had gone to another house for some food but the master of that house was not as generous as I had been. He rebuked the old lady and slapped her violently on top of her ears. She could not hear properly with that side of her head for quite some time now. By now, she was crying hard, more from the insults of her assailant than her actual wounds. She started to tell me about her past. She was not always this poor. Once, she was quite wealthy and even had her house and all but the greedy clutches of the river Padma had washed away everything. She had to survive in some way and she chose begging as the last resort. This sad story made my very unhappy. Fate is a very strange thing and it can change at an instant. However, I must say that our sympathy and compassion for our fellow country people are changing even more drastically. We are becoming increasingly cruel with each passing day.

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False Hope

I am one of those people who have a lot of trust and faith in people. I had never been cheated before but it was not too long back that I was. That incident not only cost me financially but also mentally. I am a student of DU and like other students I wanted to earn some money and started to look for a private tuition. I saw some tempting advertisements in the daily newspapers that offered a lot of immediate tuition with high salaries. Being very trusting and inexperienced, I fell in their trap. I became member of two such media centres that offered immediate students. I was deceived by Baishakhi Media Centre at first and then by Dreamland. I contacted them several times but still today, I did not get any reply from them. I wonder how these institutions can coax the common people so easily and so openly. Who will punish them for their fraudulent activities?

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A Rickshaw Puller to Remember

It was a busy day. I just finished my coaching and was on my way home. Usually, I walk home but that day I was tired and decided to go by rickshaw. During the journey, I caught a glimpse of a friend of mine on the street so I offered him a lift. We were off soon and as it happened, we were talking in English. I dropped my friend off and

resumed my journey. Suddenly out of nowhere, the old rickshaw puller asked me, "Who was he?" in pure English. I was baffled and speechless.

Somehow I gathered myself and replied. From then on, we spoke in

English until he had brought me home. I asked him how he came to speak such proper English.

He said that he used to go to school, but that was cut short, as his family could not afford the expense. He became a rickshaw puller and earned money for his family but that did not hinder him from reading. Some of the money he earned, he kept for buying books and he read them at night. I was amazed and happy to have met this wonderful and I am sure that I will never forget this experience.

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