

Fight your Fate

FATE is such a gamble that most of the modern people don't believe in it. But after any sort of failure, most people curse fate or misfortune. A few months back, I met a very successful person. I asked him, "Don't you ever think that your success can be attributed to fate?" He stared at me for a long moment with his childish eyes and smiled. He said that everything around him had happened so fast that he hadn't even had the time to think about it. He was so dissatisfied and so restless about his career that he never seriously thought about fate. He further added, "Maybe this restlessness is going to bring about my

downfall. It's going to burn me out one day." He seemed to be a little ambivalent. "What theory do you follow for such a row of successes?" I asked. "Just three lines can change your life and make it successful, he replied with confidence. "One, don't look back; two, don't let any part of your life intersect with any other and three, never fail to do hard work, just fight with your fate". That day, I had met one of the most popular and successful persons in this subcontinent—Shahrukh Khan.

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*Where
Angels
Fear to
Tread!*



DEATH
TRAPS

AFTER a scorching summer, monsoon makes everything saturated and soppy. This particular season symbolises joy and new life in rural communities. As for city dwellers, it is quite a different experience altogether. For us it means two months of broken and muddy roads to conquer along with numerous woes. The other day, while I was looking out the window during a torrential downpour, some street urchins were playing on the road near an open manhole (which had its lid broken a long time ago). They were frolicking around and having the time of their life. I feared that one of them might trip and accidentally fall into the manhole. My dread soon took shape as they started to scuffle among themselves and to my utter horror, one of the lads suddenly slipped and fell into the manhole. By the time I caught my breath, the boy had somehow managed to lift himself up from the mucky water and scampered to safety. His peers started to laugh at him, oblivious to the terrible danger he had escaped. He could surely have drowned that day. I wonder why our authorities do not repair such death traps. Do we want incidents like "two boys drowned in a manhole" repeated in the future?

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WHenever I miss my university bus, I return home by the local Number 9 bus. But one strange ritual that has recently developed around the local buses in the Science Laboratory area is that they are always stopped by sergeants. These *ustads* come up to the buses and ask for licences and other documents from the bus helper. The helper quickly runs up to the driver and the driver hands him some money, usually a Tk.50 note for the 'problems' with the licence. The bus then goes on its way. This sort of harassment is quite rare with the buses with 'gate-lock' service but is an everyday happening with local buses. What is the definition of law and order in Bangladesh? Sometimes, I am so angry I want to do something. But who am I to stop them. How can I dare to venture "where angels fear to tread"?
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