

Coincidence



THE dream suddenly blacked out and he sat up on his bed. His eyes glowing with utmost fright and his body shivering as an aftermath of what he has just seen in his dream, a night mare or a dreamlike vision? He took the glass of water and drank it ravenously to soften his throat which had turned arid like wood.

He was walking along the rail like, high above the lake flowing just below it. The express train has just left the station a few minutes ago and the line tracks were still warm. As far as he

could see in front, the sight was only of high, green trees overlapping each other. The ground was dark with green bushes and the atmosphere there was filled with thick, filthy air. As he entered the wood, the place turned shadowy and murky as the trees obscured the interception of sunlight. Suddenly, he felt dizzy, his brain nerves were almost bursting out in excess blood pressure. It was some kind of illusion formed round him. He started hearing voice which was totally diverse from any usual human voice. Few moments later, he realized

the voice came from the trees surrounding him. They said humans were destroying all the greeneries and unbalancing the world's ecosystem. So the mental pressure created inside him was only to make him understand message on how the trees felt when they were cut down and how hard it was for them to breathe through the dusty, smoggy and venomous air created by humans and their creations.

This realization process through human dream was to create awareness among humans about what threat they were creating to themselves.

One of the trees, stretched its branches and pulled him up. Another tree implanted a plant tissue in his brain which enables the human to feel a plant's distress.

A tree said that they implanted thousands of plant tissues on humans and its injurious effect was that whenever any plant would be destroyed, a human has to sacrifice his life as the plant cell in his brain damages the nervous system. The human was then let down on the ground and he returned back over the railway. Suddenly, a massive blow of wind displaced him from the rail line and he fell deep down in the lake.

Two days later, the man had seen this dream, he was found dead in his bathtub, drowned on the tub water. After a forensic report had arrived on the reason of the famous botanical researcher who was found dead on his bath tub, it was found that he died in epilepsy, a disease of the nervous system which causes unconsciousness. But none was aware, that it was just a strange coincidence with the botanist's dream.

The wait

The wait
The anticipation
My meanings have of my evenings
That which my evenings wait for your promises
That which my nights wait to dream of you
That which my sleep waits to be in your arms
That which my feelings have for your desires
Anticipation of a few miss demeanors
Of a few beautiful sins
I wait..... Wait.....
The wait for my sweet heart
The wait for my companion
For my heart throb, I wait
Flowers make the path exude a fragrance
My heart however, wither away
Like the autumn leaf
A sea of tears my eyes behold
For those few gust of winds...
For those wet nights.....
I wait..... Wait.....
For the cloud bursts,
For those showers,
For my very own rain, I wait.....
For my heart beat
For my breathe
To come alive, I wait
A rain cloud shall one day
Come blowing here
And my thirst of ages shall
Be quenched in moment
Having rested you to my arms
Time shall come to a stand still
You will see,
For those sanctuaries that are
For a life time
I wait...
..... Wait.....
For you to arrive
To have you for my self.....
So that you never return.....
I wait....i wait

By Kazi Dalia



The Nightingale and the Rose

I am going to share a sad story with you. The story is written by Oscar Wilde and is about a Nightingale who was willing to die for love.

There was a student who was in love with a Professor's daughter. She said, if the student brought her a red rose she would dance with him. The student felt sad because he couldn't find a red rose. A nightingale heard his sobs. She felt sorry for him and wanted to help him because she knew this was 'true love'. She stretched her wings and flew away hoping to find a red rose. She found three rose trees, but they had white, yellow and pink roses on them. Then she spotted a red blood rose tree beside the student's window in the garden. She went to the tree and asked if it could give her a red rose. The tree replied that a cruel storm had shrivelled up the rose buds and there were no red roses. The Nightingale asked if there was any way to get a red rose. The tree answered that there was a certain way to get a red rose but it would make her heart tremble when she would hear it. The tree said, "you will have to

give your life for the red rose".

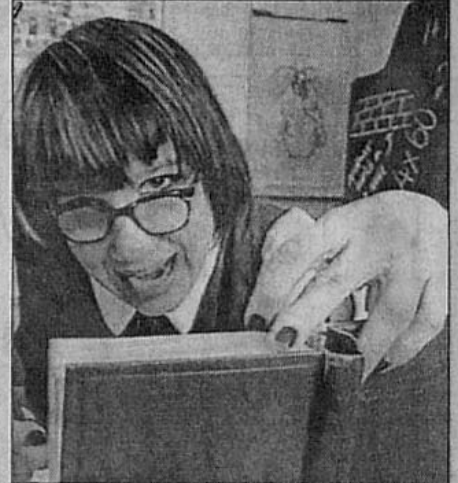
What do you think the Nightingale said? The Nightingale said "I am ready". The tree asked her to come back when the moon was up in the sky. When she came back the tree said, "press your heart against one of my thorns." She pressed against the thorn and all night long she sang sweet and sad songs. The thorn went deeper into her breast and when morning came life slowly ebbed away from her. All her heart blood went into the thorn and a blood red rose was born. The dead Nightingale was lying at the foot of the tree.

The same morning the student took the red rose and gave it to the professor's daughter. But alas! She did not want the red rose anymore because she had got three shiny pearls from a rich man. Then the student threw the red rose out of the window. A cart wheel crushed it. My heart broke when I read this. The poor Nightingale gave her life for a lover who did not know what love meant. I felt sorry for the Nightingale.

By Pavana Khan

The SAT

Fever



WITH several of my friends taking or about to take their SAT's, I feel jealous of all those having normal, sane conversations. Recently no one I know speaks without using ridiculously outrageous adjectives or at least three synonyms for each word. How long can one stand this nuisance? It is driving me insane, incensed and exasperated!

Let us consider a certain conversation I had with a friend.

Friend: I am in a quandary, predicament, dilemma! I need advice, counsel, suggestions!

Me: I know you learnt a lot of new words. You don't have to show off, you know.

Friend: I'm not showing off... just being a little ostentatious.

Once I was done with my 'counseling,' I sat with my journal to read my September/October entries... that is when I was studying for my SAT's. Sure enough, I was suffering from SAT fever too at that time. Instead of being my usual verbose self, I had turned into a girl of few words. I was awed to see my own brevity! How terse, succinct and laconic I was! Though I was still as loquacious and garrulous as I used to be with my friends, I felt an infinitesimal difference in my talking style. I tried to use all the new words that I had learnt, even if they lead to nothing but catachreses. My conversations with my other 'SAT-pals' weren't merely conversations, they were contests. We tried to emulate each other's vocabularies and often ended up embroiling ourselves in spurious squabbles! Our 'normal' friends looked at us with commiseration, praying for the end of this demented competition! I don't blame them. It must've been a real pain to have to listen to such useless jargon.

I always knew that my vocabulary was in an ignominious condition, but I realized exactly how egregious it was on the day that I finally sat down to memorize words. In a desperate attempt to stuff words in my already saturated head, my brain collapsed. The memory cells in my brain atrophied and everything around me looked bizarre and outlandish. Before long, I lapsed into a state of lassitude. My ephemeral memory exacerbated my immutable morose attitude. I had become the antithesis of the person I was. All of a sudden, my volubility became latent. You get the picture, don't you?

My sudden transformation baffled my father. Being the doctor of the family, he gave me a medicine. Without bothering to ask why I was supposed to have it, I started the dose. After two days, I realized that I held the right to know what I was having and why I was having it. When I asked him about it, he hesitated for a while before saying, 'To make you cheerful!' That did it. I chuckled, then chortled, until I was rolling on the floor with laughter. Was he saying that I was so depressed and despondent that I needed pills? The medicine did nothing to restore my blithe spirit. The answer did it all. I was back to my usual vivacious and jocund self. I learnt the words in the high-frequency list and considered that to be enough before I started my life as a hedonist.

(I hope this article was of at least a little help to all those people who are taking their SATI in the near future and who bothered to read this).

By Marwa