

The Kindness of Strangers

TRAPPED in one of Dhaka's traffic jams at New Airport Road and Kemal Ataturk Avenue, my companions and I spotted a man with a stick, weaving precariously from the traffic island into onrushing traffic and back again. After expressing bewilderment at his behaviour, we realised that he was blind, and was attempting to cross the road. However, the traffic was especially bad that night and there was absolutely no break in its onslaught. We were shocked

at the man's act of mad desperation when suddenly out of a nearby taxi jumped a lone young woman, well-dressed in a beautiful sari, obviously going to a party. It at first seemed that she was abandoning her taxi in frustration at the traffic situation. However, we watched her go to the island and began asking people there to help the blind man across the street. Unperturbed even as her taxi began to move away, she finally convinced one man to take the task. Satisfied, she ran back to her taxi. We were in traffic just long enough to see the blind man led safely across the street and to wonder at the inspired moment of generosity this young woman had shown.

*Juditha Ohlmacher
Dhanmondi, Dhaka*



The Generation Before

SOMETIMES, the generation gap can get extremely hilarious at certain points of life, especially while keeping up with the everyday developments happening so fast. After a busy working day of running errands and doing assignments, I reached home and came face to face with my mother. She wanted to speak to my sister and wanted to use my cell. I got her to give me some money to buy a Tk50 pre-paid Grameen card, as I had to recharge my phone. I scratched the card to reveal the hidden number and insert the numbers. Suddenly, "What are you doing, boy!?" my mother screamed out. "You just damaged the card you were supposed to insert into your mobile! Why in the world are you scratching everything off? I paid a good 50 Taka for that card!"

It took me some time to explain the whole process to my mother, especially since I was trying my best to keep a straight face all throughout.

*Sumon,
29 Kathalbagan, Dhaka*

Chittagong Diary

A couple of Fridays ago, on our way back to Chittagong from an excursion to Bandarban organised by our department, one of our buses were stopped for a routine check at the entry point of Bandarban. A military personnel, wearing a long, brown overcoat, got into the bus and stood on the stairs at the door. Some of the junior boys and girls of our department were singing at the backseats of the bus and didn't notice him. As they continued with their merrymaking, the man suddenly burst out in a rage and roared, "Who is singing? This is not a place to sing!" He got excited, went towards the backseats and screamed further, "Which one of you were singing, you bastards?" Another uniformed person, probably of a lower rank, followed him and raised his voice as well. Finally, the senior students got up from their seats and explained that as he was standing on the

Military Maniac !

doorsteps, wearing an overcoat, the students were unable to see him from the backseats. The two were still grumbling and mumbling away but finally got down from the bus, without apologising.

These people like to exert their power on civilians. However, neither the PM nor the President has the right to call someone a 'bastard' and abuse civilians. On behalf of the students of my department, I demand a note of apology from the highest authority possible for this kind of behaviour towards a group of students who were merely having fun.

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