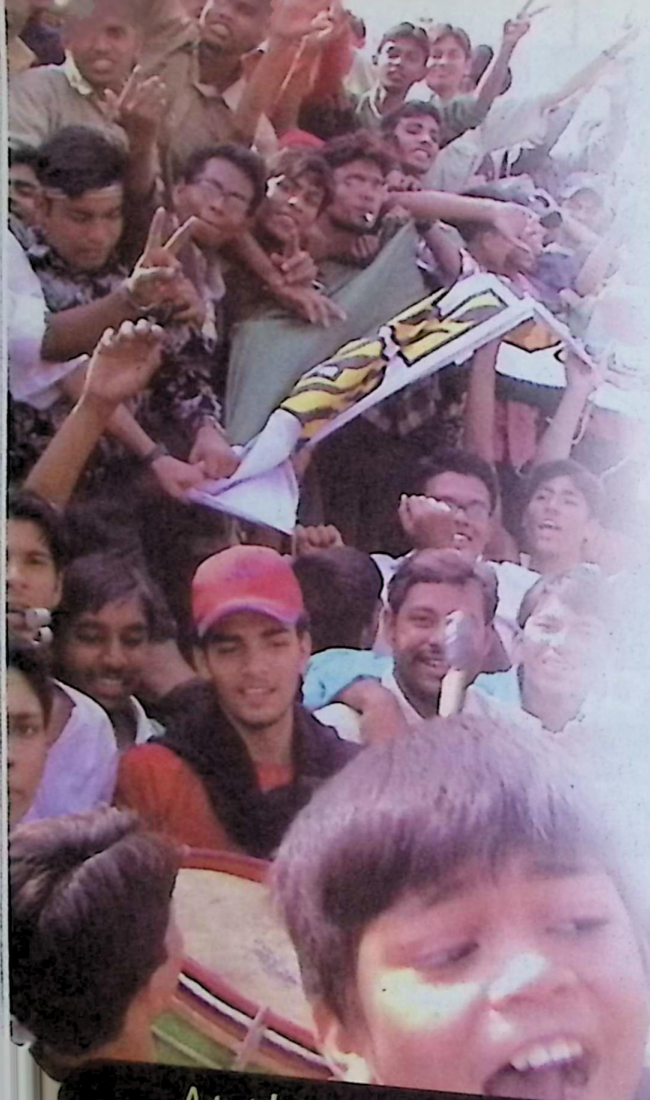


Cricket Crazy Nation

Last week, I went to the hospital to get my X-ray report. Not surprisingly though, I saw everyone in the hallway, nurses, doctors, receptionists even patients glued to the TV watching the cricket match between Bangladesh and Srilanka. Some of the patients were so into the match that they even requested the hospital authorities to increase the television volume. Realising their ultimate duty of keeping their patients content and happy, they did as they were told. It really turned to be quite a while at the hospital, every one scrutinising every moment of the game. I also was very excited about the game and took a seat, all ready for action. As the two players hit the winning run, everyone broke into a roar:'SHABASH BANGLADESH!' I am sure that half of the patients there were probably half cured then and there by the marvellous victory shown by the team. It' s a wonder how these players away on the field get a huge amount of support from every corner of the country, even a group of patients sitting in a hospital and waiting their trun to see the doctor!

Tausif Choudhury
Segun Bagicha

At the traffic signal

Everyone knows that Dhaka has become a city of beggars. It's really a matter of sorrow that this has become something of a business. Last week I was stuck in a jam at the Tejgaon-Sonargaon signal. A middle-aged woman came and begged for money, claiming that she didn't have any money to feed her baby son she was carrying. I looked at the little boy and gave her some money. The very next day, at the same signal, the same lady came up to me and begged for money. She said that she didn't have enough money to feed her baby son she was carrying, only this time, her son seemed a little different. I looked closely at the baby and saw that this baby was a little thinner than the one I saw the day before. It was definitely another child! When I mentioned this to her, she walked away quickly. One can only wonder about how things are going to take turn for these people on the street if this business grows any bigger than what it is now.

Faisal (Arup)
DRMC

A ray of hope

I was jogging the other morning in Dhanmondi and had a pair of earphones stuck to my ears, listening to music from my iPOD. I had just received an iPOD nano from my aunt in Florida. It was wonderful outside in the cool spring breeze, listening to music and jogging. Nothing was going to go wrong now, I said to myself. This would be the perfect place to be. I was so in peace with everything around that I was even reconsidering my decision to apply to a university abroad and finally settling down there. Dhaka wasn't all that bad after all. I could feel hope gushing in and could literally see light in front of my eyes, when I was stopped by a gang. They mugged me in open daylight, in front of all the other joggers and took my money and cell phone away. So much for a hopeful future!

Jamil Haider
Moghbazar