Unusual Visitor

Diary from Chittagong

Something unusual happened the other day in front of the Chittagong Medical College (CMC). It was the presence of a large number of police and RAB officials checking everyone entering the CMC. On my way to class a RAB inquired my ID. "What's the matter?" I asked. "The PM is coming to see the Kalurghat victims," he replied. As the JMB activities were very prominent at that time I did not mind the horrible waiting and decided to wait a while till the gates were opened to all. However, after I went inside the hospital after class, I found all the gates closed. Doctors, and even patients, were getting late to enter the hospital although the PM was not there at that time. I saw a man crying before a policeman, as he was not allowed to see his sister who was to undergo surgery very soon. Traffic jams occurred in the road, as the gates were permeable to very few VIPs only. An ambulance was blaring in the jam. I did not know who the unfortunate patient was, since no one was concerned. A hospital not allowing access to patients due to the presence of the PM (same thing happened when the opposition leader was visiting as well) probably can happen in our country only.

Tanin
CMC

Happenings at Dhanmondi Lake

A few days ago, I was returning home from coaching. As it was getting quite late at night, I asked the rickshaw puller to hurry. As we were passing by Dhanmondi Lake, I noticed some boys of my age smoking cigarettes. There were also some teenagers who were stopping pedestrians, trying to sell their goods. It took me a while to understand that they were actually drug-dealers! But the most shocking thing was that there were some policemen, who were having snacks at a makeshift tea stall idling away. When I asked them why they weren't taking any action, they replied with a smile, "Bhai, they are not illegal traders they regularly pay rent." I couldn't believe my ears and just went on my way. Dhanmondi Lake, which was made for recreation is now being used as a meeting place for illegal dealers. It is also a pity to see law enforcers, instead of stopping crime, joining forces with them.

Redwan Islam
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On a Rickshaw

I was going home from Shantibaag one night in a rickshaw with my dad when he suddenly pointed to a van laughing. I asked him what was wrong because I could only see the back of the van. "Delivery Van" it read. However, once our rickshaw went to the other side I could see the reason why my father was laughing. The vehicle was a delivery van for baby products. "WOW! Modern age mobile DELIVERY Service for expecting mothers!" I thought to myself, chuckling all the way home...

Mushfek
Rampura Banasree