all big and small toys known to him: all the existing toys at home; the ones pointed out to him on earlier occasions that had not appealed to him; the ones not at home; others that have categorically been denied to him; toys seen and played with at friends' places; and toys kept out of bounds at some other friends' houses. He asked untiringly, putting his newly acquired knowledge in perspective. I think it helped him place all known species of people in neat compartments of the rough ill-drawn pencil sketches on that sheet.

Of course, I couldn't really tell him what the people living in the last two sets of buildings did for, and with, those heaps, because frankly, here I found myself as ignorant as my son was. Pointing at the biggest bungalow on paper, I said with modulated finality that the children in these houses would perhaps be playing with the kind of toys he wanted me to buy for him. Did he now see how far removed in size our house was from theirs? Was it possible for us to buy it? Besides, the toys he was used to playing with were just as good, and just as interesting, so there was little cause for feeling low.

He nodded his head quietly admitting he understood. But then, just like those people on the road who request others for money, why couldn't we too ask for more money from others. I told him that was not the right thing to do, as one must learn to spend only that much money as is available to him. The people on the roads had tried their best to earn some money the way we do, but somehow, no one was willing to give them a job as they looked dirty, and had not studied at schools.

He said he understood, and that he would no longer throw tantrums for those fancy toys he had wanted for his birthday. I couldn't have been happier, and patted myself blue!

Trouble was, just when I thought all had ended well, he wanted to know why I didn't want to be very rich, richer than how we are now, having more takas than we have now. I told him nonchalantly that I was happy with what I had.

That, perhaps, wasn't convincing enough for him. "But mom, it is always good to be better, isn't it? You always tell me that. So try. Please, so we can buy that toy later. Please?"

Frankly, I had no answer for that!

Admission Going on...
Delta School
Dhanmondi Branch
PG to Std VIII
All Subjects
Lab Facilities
O' Level
A' Level
Physics, Chemistry & CS LAB
Mathematics | Accounting
Chemistry | Economics
Biology | Business Studies
Law | Computing Studies
Entry Requirement
O' Level


O/A Level Branch
Unique Trade Centre (UTC),
Level 13 & 15, 8 - Panthapath,
Dhaka - 1215.
Phone : 914 5566.
PG to Std VIII: Branch
49, Satmasjid Road,
Dhanmondi, Dhaka.
Ph: 911 9576.