A Medical Treat

This happened a while ago during my SSC examinations. My mother suddenly began to have a severe stomachache. We took her to one of the renowned medical care centres in Dhanmondi that has got a first-rate label for its high-quality service. But it did not live up to our expectations. There was hardly any space left for a new patient in 'Momota', the female ward, which was very narrow itself. The environment was extremely suffocating for a healthy person to endure let alone feeble patients. The entire ward contained only four beds and at the same time, the number of ailing people coming and getting admitted were outnumbering the beds. There were only three doctors in charge to look after this huge number of patients. Moreover there wasn't even a desk to maintain the official paperwork. The nurses were sitting on the floor. In a nutshell, the atmosphere of the ward was terrible. To make matters worse, we could not get any space to sit or wait while the treatment was going on and had to place my sick mother on the staircases of the ward. Eventually, my mother lost her temper in the midst of all the pain and asked to speak to the doctors or the ones in charge. Immediately, my mother's college friend, head female surgeon of the ward, came in to see what was going on. After listening to her, she said to the staff, "Don't you know that she's a lawyer? Behave decently otherwise she will be sending us all to the jail." My mother was eventually sent to the post-operative room. I would like to draw the attention of the concerned authority to these unjust mismanagements of all the so-called distinguished hospitals in the country.

Zihad Azad
Govt. Laboratory High School



From the Top

Recently, a friend of mine, who has the knack for pranks, decided to view the world from the roof of a bookstore in Dhanmondi. Surprisingly enough, everything down on the streets seemed to run at a very fast pace from the roof up above, he said. Everyone and everything around seemed to be on the run at all times. A young man was shooing off a beggar while busy purchasing a packet of cigarette for Tk 88 and using the other hand to shout out instructions on the cell phone. Groups and individuals walking swiftly on the footpath carrying books and briefcases, while the balloon man stands unnoticed on one side trying to make some money for a living. What really hit me was how he described the fact that everybody was always in a hurry to get somewhere, either to meet someone, or to get a task done or maybe even to go home to watch television. While we develop ways and techniques to connect with the outside world, I wonder if we are somehow losing out on connecting with ourselves.

Asma Khan
Dhanmondi, Dhaka

Cox's Bazaar Diary

Littering Nature

Last week, my friends and I went took a break from work and decided to visit Cox's Bazaar after a very long time. Once there, we were driven to the Inani beach, which was located a little away from the main beach. Not only was it a little less crowded as compared to the other beach areas, this particular location can probably be described as the heaven on earth. The sunset and the peaceful waves had made everything seem so serene and calm, that we actually spent an hour or more simply loitering around the area. Even the locals in the area were very friendly and the children were more than ready to sing to us and keep us entertained. It was like moving into another realm. What angered me, however, was how this particular area was being ignored. No doubt, the beaches on Cox's Bazaar are an asset to the country and are not taken care of. This area in particular was all the more isolated and the clean sands and the small ponds that developed in between the rocks were seen floating with empty juice cartons and empty pop corn packets. I wonder when we will finally stop spoil the true natural beauty that we have in this country.

Ikram Hossain
Banani, Dhaka