

CHRONICLES OF SAM Q



BY SAM Q

Chronicles of Sam Q

Dearest Diary,

During Ramadan all my family and friends are under strict instructions that nobody can visit, call or talk to me before seven in the evening. I must be some holy terror, because they actually comply with my wishes. Today, Shef, my somewhat timid friend braved my cannonade of words and called me to find out how I was faring my third day of fasting. Lucky for her I was still lucid at three. As Asif might say, I am at my best difficult, but what can I say Diary? Without my caffeine fix, I am at my lowest ebb. Only after I see the cortege of goodies lined on my table, with my mug of tea, with spirals of wispy smoke floating upwards, I allow myself a little smile. Uff... how horrible I am coming across. But as the McDonald's ad says, "I am loving it."

Anyway Diary, let me give you a quick recap of my solitude-filled day. I wake up to Oprah show at eleven, and then I mosey out of bed to freshen up and then I amble off to my son's room-cum-study, put my music on full blast to jolt me out of my last vestige of sleep and get down to business. I am at that time my frowny best. Oiled hair with an equally oily T-Zone, loudest kaftan with my



glasses perched on my black head riddled nose, I get down doing what I do best (being the bibliophile that I am) reading, cutting and pasting recipes, organizing albums, updating my to-do list, cataloguing my CD

collection and so on. Basically, I'm doing stuff which gets pushed back during normal times due to lunches and shopping expeditions. What can I say Diary? Since I have retired from the workforce, I am leading the

typical suburban housewife lifestyle. Rising late, too many lunches and too many designer dinners. I am just so tired putting on my "face" everyday, if you know what I mean diary. Anyway, I think I am done with my Me, Myself, and I ranting and get on with the agenda.

This summer again, as I left my son behind and came back to Dhaka, I was again clutching at the straws for some emotional stability. What can I do diary? I miss him. So, what did I do? I went ahead and forcibly adopted a couple of girls to fill my emotional void. The first one is my niece, Shaan, who is back in town and we are bonding crazier than Crazy Glue. Then there is Farina, far away in L.A., but always in my heart and lastly a band of three beautiful sisters whom I have decided (AHEM!!) on behalf of my son, that one of them cannot be his sister.

Anyway, to cut short my ramblings, let me tell you why they are my Chosen Ones. These girls have such flair for putting stuff on paper. So diary, I want to share some of their work with you. So, here goes... "Life" by Farina (7th grade), "Rosary of Faith" by Mahera (8th grade) and Shanzeh (8th grade).

Life

By Farina

Life passes you by so fast,
With a stab in the dark and a hole in the heart,
Having good times and bad times,
Rejoicing good people and bad people,
Life is like a river that flows within,
Along the way rocks are sent in,
Having stopped the river and making it filthy
Out and in,
Life gives you sadness and happiness,
But it always takes away less and less,
It is something so precious, yet we still want
To give it away,
Pondering about who is special to you in life?
Who do you want to leave behind?
Who do you want to stay?
Life gives us chances and chances,
As humans we let them go away,
Life gives us ups and downs,
But we should always tell the truth,
So that we don't get in trouble,
And lying will only make it double,
Life gives us so much yet we still want more,
Never let go of your people,
Because if they go away, you then realize
What they are worth for,
Life isn't always about money,

It is made of love and affection,
If you don't have that then you don't have
Anything,
Give importance to everything in your life,
They are all important in one way or the other,
Life is priceless,
Enjoy it and go on adventures,
Make life as pleasurable as you can and don't
Lack
Never do anything you will regret on,
Because then you won't be able to bring that
Night back.

Rosary of Faith

By Mahera

Standing still as time crawls by
Hands pass over, guided by a weary eye.
A flaming red insignia on a silk black cloak;
Shown as he prays for some poor old bloke.
Clutching the brown rosary close to his chest;
A hundred beads passed signifies a wish at it's best,
Words of faith are imparted with;
In the hope that sorrow & scarcity,
Will transcend to myth.
Through selfless interest Nirvana may

be reached;
Only then will all sins of Pandora's box
Be retrieved.

A little bit of winter break

By Shanzeh

Faraway places, seasons gone by,
Strange events made you laugh, made you cry
From playing to reading and back again,
To spending time with a great friend.
Sitting on my bed
Tall mountains I have scaled
In the pages I have read, seven oceans I've sailed,
In just two weeks, no school included
Imagination raw wild I never felt
secluded Mind's mystery solved, truth seen with great visibility, never a match for mine, or anyone's abilities.
Also in my world, there are no possible failures,
For everyone is a winner in his own wonderful way. With no school, no borders, no one to rein you away,
To let your Imagination run free
No homework, no gym clothes to worry about
No need to follow a certain route.
To putting the feet up and letting your mind go free
No studies, science and math you see!
A time for relaxing, and drinking Kool Aid
Winter vacation is simply great.

Diary, aren't their works simply amazing? I just could not be so selfish in enjoying them myself...hence my magnanimity bursts forth. And by the way, humility is one quality I seem not to possess. So Diary, I am off to enjoy my iftar, and since I cannot offer you any, I can do the next best thing...give you a recipe.
Have a good day the Sam Q way

Instant Bread Pizza

Ingredients:

10 bread slices
For the sauce:
Tomato sauce - 1/3 cup
Chilli sauce - 2 tbsp
Chopped tomatoes - 2
Chopped onions - 1
Salt to taste
For the topping:
Mix together grated cheese - 1 cup
Cooked keema - 1 cup
Chopped canned pineapples - 1 cup
Capsicum slices

Method:

(1) Spread the sauce on the bread slices.
(2) Top with the cheese, keema and pineapple mixture
(3) Lastly add in the capsicum slices
(4) Bake at 250c for 3-4 minutes or till the cheese melts and the bread is golden brown.
Serve hot.

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