

Crazy Biker

The other day I was on the bike with a friend, when we got stuck in a traffic jam near Shanti Nagar. While waiting for the jam to move on, I caught site of a motorbike, all new and practically shining. Moreover, it was gaudily decorated, while a middle-aged man sat on it looking mighty delighted with himself. This was very unusual to me. I asked the man if he had just bought the bike. He replied that he had bought this bike at least six months ago and never takes it out during rainy days. He takes special care of it and tries to keep it clean and decorated all the time. I was dumbstruck by this answer of his. What is the use of buying a bike in Dhaka city if you don't want to take it out on rainy days? My friend, however, did tell me that maybe we should appreciate the man's youthful desires and enthusiasm. I for one, have never seen such a passionate bike lover ever before.

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Nuisance at North Tower

Last Saturday I went to North Tower, a shopping complex at Sonargaon Janapath in Uttara. As I was having an ice cream outside the 'Archies Gallery' a group of youngsters were staring at me and before I could realise what was happening, I saw one of the boys taking my picture with his mobile camera. It made me feel disgusted at them and the developing generation, who misuse the technological gadgets and make life insecure. Is this why technology is so useful and important? When will our people learn to respect their own identity and live for themselves? I pray for a better world everyday only because such incidents are still continuing all over the world.

Nooe-E-Sabah
Uttara

A Beggar's Choice

The other day we were heading towards New Market and as usual, when the cars stopped at the sight of the red traffic light, hoards of beggars stepped in and thronged the cars, begging for alms. An elderly woman, apparently a beggar, came towards our car, and at the car window, started begging for alms as she had been starving and had no livelihood to sustain. My mother, who was with me in the car, got touched by her story and fished out two ten-taka notes from her purse. The beggar cordially accepted it and was about to head towards the next car when she abruptly stopped in her tracks. She held one of the ten-taka notes and said that she cannot accept it as it had its corner torn. My mother cared to explain that those were the smallest notes she had, as the rest were hundred taka notes. The woman then had the audacity of asking my mother to give her a hundred taka note in exchange of the ten taka notes. My mother then replied that she would gladly accept the defective ten taka back to give to the other beggars, if she did not need it. Fuming, the beggar then left us with the defective ten taka note, while mumbling nonchalantly under her breath.

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