When Farzeen, my sister, hired a cab from the railway station, she asked the cab-driver whether he knew the address where her dormitory is situated. He informed her that he knew the place and off they went. Sadly, the cab-driver wasn't exactly sure of the address and it took them some time to reach the exact location! Upon reaching the place, Farzeen gave the cab-driver £12, which was the fare being displayed on the fare-meter. To her utter shock and surprise, the cab-driver refused to take anything more than £5! He said "It was my mistake! Why would you pay for it?"

Hmm... Makes sense, a lot of sense! Why wouldn't a country with such honest and hard-working people prosper and be a world leader in terms of technology, political influence and almost everything else for that matter? A situation where it would have been more usual in our country to hear whinings about increased fuel prices and increased *joma* to the cab owners, someone has actually foregone valuable time and fuel because it was his mistake! Will we ever be able to do that? Most of us have a burning temptation to blame others whenever something goes wrong and we fail to think how we can hold ourselves responsible for it.

Take the case of our much talked about traffic jams. Lack of roads, lack of walkways, lack of law enforcement, lack of this and lack of that. It is easy to blame the government while we ourselves continue to contribute our share in further increasing the problems. More often than not, we see ourselves breaking the traffic rules; to cross the red lights when driving, to step on to a busy road when there is a foot-over bridge nearby, insisting the cab-driver or rickshaw puller to take the wrong way(against the traffic) and a countless more similar examples. It becomes absolutely essential for us to talk on the cell phone while driving or while crossing the road. Although one must admit that there certainly are lacking in the traffic system, we must change ourselves first before demanding more from the authorities.

Perhaps a little more can be said about our streets. The majority of us pounce on the first available opportunity to talk about how dirty and filthy the streets of Dhaka are. But little do we care when we ourselves throw a can of coke or a tissue paper from our car or while walking. Little do we care when, without a second thought, we store the construction elements of our high-rise (and low rise too!!!) buildings right on the streets. Almost as if the streets were meant to be used as a warehouse of cement, sand and bricks and not for the free movement of traffic!

Hold on! What am I complaining about? How clean is the street right in front of my house? And what have I done to make it better? Nothing I guess. I too have been busy whining and complaining rather than doing something productive! Definitely a point to ponder I suppose!

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Valentine's Day With Fire

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14th February, a special day to the people involved in romance. All lovers planned from long before to celebrate this day with their loved ones but I had no such plan. I woke up at 7:30 am, like any other day, to go by the 8:00am train to campus. I was waiting for the train at Jhautola station with my friends. At 8:15am I got into the train in the third compartment but was overwhelmed to see the adornment with balloon and wall writings on that compartment. The compartment was named 'FIRE' by a group of students of the Institute of Forestry and Environmental Sciences Department of Chittagong University. Boys and girls put on special dresses to celebrate the day. They were very cheerful and were singing different love songs. The main attraction was the distribution of a stick of tube rose (Rajanigondha) and a love chocolate to everyone present in the compartment wishing a Happy Valentine's Day. All of them were singing popular numbers one after another accompanied by thumping on the wall. Finally, we reached the university station enjoying an unforgettable Valentine's Day morning. Thank you, all the members of FIRE to offer us such an amazing Valentines Day.

