# In memory of my student Fowzia Sultana Tumpa

Dear Sir,

It is about six months that we sought blessings for an ailing student Fowzia Sultana Tumpa, who was suffering from cancer at a hospital in Bangkok. Everyone prayed for her, as she was too young to leave the earth. Moreover, she was a person with rare kind of qualities. Yes, it is about our student, a sixth semester student of English Language and Literature, at Premier University who has died young.

Tumpa succumbed to the deadly cancer and passed away on the 17th October 2008. It was a heart-rending news on that day for us to receive, for Fowzia was a apparently healthy girl with an indomitable spirit to perform her duty. She was friendly to all, gentle and mild. She had a mind that was always sympathetic to all her friends. On the campus, she made frequent appeals to the authorities to extend free studentship to the students coming from poor backgrounds. She was the founder member of the Drama Club at PU; she formed the debate club too. And her spirit was so heightened that she did not sit idle afterwards: she was an active performer of drama on stage, she was a debater and on top of all she was a great organizer of events.




Tumpa's acting performance on stage as the Prince of Aragon from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice,* and as Isabella's encounter with her brother (which she did just prior to her departure to Bangkok for treatment) in the prison scene in *Measure for Measure* was outstanding. None, at that time, however, could anticipate a disaster of such a catastrophic height --- her getting infected by the deadly cancer, which ultimately led to her untimely demise.

I, like her friends, find no words or thoughts of respite as the thought that she is no more keeps haunting the mind. I was in contact with her through face book and e-mail I used to encourage my students to make a good use of the computer with regard to improving their English language and inculcating a writing habit eventually. And as I reckon today, how depressing was her tone while talking about the torments of the cyclone SIDR-affected people; and at that very moment I saw a busy Fowzia running around forming a fund - raising enterprise to help them. They managed a modest amount of money and some other essentials as well.

We will always miss Fowzia. May the Almighty grant her soul eternal peace.

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## A Dissonant Dirge

"Death also is trying to be life
Death is in the sperm like the ancient mariner with his horrible tale, Death mews in the blankets- is it a kitten?"

... I always forget to wish my friends on their birthdays, and on Sadaf's birthday there was no exception. Besides I had been busy with my one-day trip to Dhaka for consulting dad's doctor. I had this prickly feeling though that something had slipped my mind. Finally when it hit my head, I rang up Sadaf. But it was already 48 hours late and she was like "old nick's inflamed sense of infuriation" the old school way! So I had to cook up excuses...

... What are birthdays? Why should we rejoice it? What great things have we done for which people should not only remember the dates of our birth but also rejoice? Life is just a flicker between darkness and darkness... today I am alive... tomorrow I will be resting in pieces... feeding worms and what not ... right? Then again, rejoicing a birthday is actually welcoming death, no? You are rejoicing a year being lost from your life span!

17 October, 2008: Fowzia Sultana Tumpa, a sixth Semester student of Department of English Language and Literature, Premier University; died of non-Hodgkin Lymphoma in a hospital in Bangkok...