A Bright Life Cut Short

Ananya Rubayat

HIS name was Ahmed al Faisal. He was 24 years old, a student of the civil engineering department in BUET. Two weeks ago he was probably looking forward to a bright future, within two months he would've graduated. Today, He is no more.

On 6th November, he was going home to Chittagong to wish his sister good luck for her admission test. His journey, and his life, along with lives of so many others were cut short by an acid carrying truck. One instance of carelessness, and so many precious lives lost.



In Bangladesh every year thousands die in accidents on roads and rivers. We have almost gotten used to watching the pictures of families weeping beside the corpses of loved ones.

Things like road accidents don't seem outrageous anymore. Everyday we walk out of our houses knowing that a careless driver may stop us from returning.

As immune to shock at injustice as we've become, tragedies like this still makes us shudder. Just when will the

Exams are like a rollercoaster

AS I write this it is 3.34 am in Singapore. I know I would be better off snoozing in bed preparing for another hard day of analysing Samuel Beckett plays. Or better still if I actually for a moment stopped procrastinating and got down to reading the stacks of papers piled sky high on the kitchen table. Yes for officially 4 days now, my kitchen table has been my new refuge because of the exams. So much so my parents have been reduced to eating meals old school style on the floor with newspapers spread so as not to dirty the carpets or my mother's pride, the marble white floor. I know so far this seems nothing more then an outlet for me to express my exam frustrations and procrastinate my work even further, but I assure you dear reader this is not so.

Here's what triggered off my article. For the past 2 weeks there has been a constant theme seen on my IM's as well as facebook statuses. And you guessed it; it's all about the finals. From online freak-outs and self-declared death statuses, this theme never left my computer screen. From Bangladesh to Singapore and even down under in Australia, us students are having to deal with our monster exams. Yes, we all share the common sentiment of hate for the month of Novemeber. As I was complaining to my best friend



Rezwana Manjur

with much vigour, I saw something that made me initially scoff but later grow to accept. One of my friends had this exact quote written "Exams are like a roller coaster, without which life would be

Experience of being an Editor

Ashim Kumar Paul

TODAY I shall share with you one of my unforgettable experiences that linger on even now. It is of being an editor. I often dream of editing a literary magazine that will be a mirror of contemporary literary activities. It will hopefully act as a platform of expression for those who can contribute significantly to our literature. It will work to create a link between the well-famed and new writers.

Editing, to me, is always a challenging task. It contains an assortment of responsibilities, reverences and sincerity. With this purpose, when I began to make a plan of publishing a magazine, I had to first think how the people could be informed about this periodical that they might send their write-ups. I came up with an idea of giving an advertisement in some popular daily newspapers. To raise funds for my magazine, I along with my few local-mates went to some local