violation of the basic safety laws stop? Isn't it unthinkable that acid could be transported so casually?

I didn't know 'Faisal bhai'; he was two years senior to me. I never saw his face up close until there were posters everywhere in our campus seeking help for his medical expenses. In BUET the last week of term is insanely hectic, I am ashamed to admit that I didn't have a second to sit and truly think about what had happened, until I heard the news of his death. On the afternoon of 15th November, Ahmed al Faisal lost the most difficult battle of his life.

I can never comprehend what a loss this must be to his family, to his friends. The only information I have about him is from the Internet. I googled his name and found his facebook profile. That profile told me he was just like any of us. He hated politics, he enjoyed traveling. He had described himself as-"I am happy with all of my sorrows". Today he is in a place where no sorrow can touch him. In his profile picture he is smiling. Forever frozen in that pleasant and sunny smile.

His friends are continuously writing him messages. Messages he will never read, but if there is any justice in the universe; then their prayers will be answered, and he will rest in peace. From the messages one can paint a picture of how he must have been. Helpful, jolly, generally well liked. A simple person who didn't deserve this immensely complex and tragic ending.

This is a very sad time for all of us, when I'm writing this, 15 victims of the accident have already passed away. How many of the others are suffering horrible pain?. How many lives will be lost like this, until something is done? How many sacrifices will be required to ensure order in this chaotic system of ours? I pray with all of my heart that this disaster, and tears of so many innocent people will bring about some positive changes, and another Faisal will not suffer so cruelly ever again.

(Student of Level-3,Department of Civil Engineering, BUET)

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just another boring train ride."

"What's so bad about a train ride? I ride the train everyday to school" I thought. And it hit me. Oh my god, if I had to take the same train ride with people shoving me at 830 in the morning when I am still groggy from sleep I would rather die. (I know, it is a little mellow dramatic, but I haven't cleared my license to get a car) My probably delirious friend was right! Exams are like a roller coaster. They have that element of fear and frustration that you feel while waiting in the line, not sure if you will come out alive yet still wondering why your turn isn't here yet. Followed by the rush of adrenaline while you are on that fearsome ride that you think ended way to fast but which you are glad did. Lastly, the pride! Oh yes the pride of being one of the cool kids able to take on that monster ride. Now doesn't that sound familiar? I am currently scared out of my wits as to weather I will ever be able to clear that pile of notes resting on the kitchen table and I just cant wait for 27th November when my final paper ends. Also judging from past experiences, 2.5 hrs will fly by and I will surely come out of the examination hall complaining that I still had more to write. But at the end of it all I will be glad. That the finals are over, holidays are here and it is time for me to head back to Bangladesh and enjoy the cool winter breeze.

About 35 minutes has passed since I sat down to write this article. I hope this positive spin to the exam may help you as it has helped me. If not anything, I hope I have entertained 5 minutes of your time. Give a thought to it, maybe exams are not horrible and terrible after all. Anyway, I know logically there can be a lot of good that comes out from exams but for now I won't as far as to campaign for it at all. But this much I will do, write an article, as I sit here deciphering my friends IM status where I should really be heading back to my books where dear Mr Samuel Beckett beckons to me. Truly, this is the mark of an expert procrastinator.

(The writer is a Literature Sophomore, Nanyang Technological University, Singapore.)

Shop-owners to give advertisements in my magazine. Fortunately, we got a hopeful number of advertisements.

After a few days of publishing the notice, the readers as well as the writers began to send theirs writings from different regions to me. It was, truly, a big event in my life. I was overjoyed when I found the writings of some well-known writers. I could see the path of success.

I have forgotten to tell you the name of my little effort. It is '***Moitree***' (Friendship). It was published on the occasion of the International Mother Language Day. It was full of various types of articles, for example poems, short stories, essays etc. Most of them were about our language as well as its glorious heritage. I first chose the good write-ups. Unfortunately many writings had been discarded due to the fact that they were not riveting enough. In addition, there was limitation of space in the magazine. However, I made up the rough copy of the periodical and finally prepared it for publishing.

Finally my efforts paid off, as it was the day my magazine *Moitree* was published. Though my mates and I had to face some unexpected situations and work hard, we forgot our misery as our efforts attained the praiseworthy remarks from the readers as well as the writers. I would like to dedicate all the success of my ***Moitree*** to almighty God who always stands by us.

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