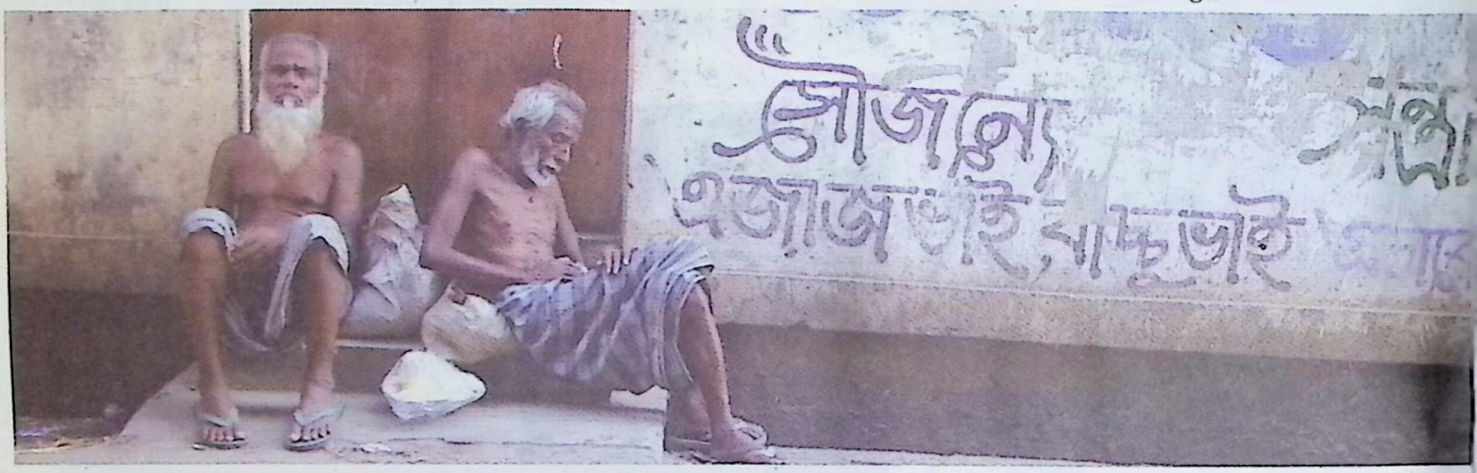
The 'Beggar'

Some time ago, there was a man begging in my college who told me his misfortune to have come to Dhaka to meet his son but had lost the address and now had no money or relatives in the city to help him return to his village. Having been stuck in Dhaka for a week, I felt sympathy for the poor man and gave him a TK 10 note.

I went on with my own life; a few days later I was on a bus and saw the same man begging. This time he was saying "my wife has met a terrible accident and is now in hospital, I've lost my all property, my two children are also injured, please help me." The beggar's plight moved some of the passengers who proceeded to give him money. I, however, was completely flabbergasted by the experience; there seemed no end to this beggar's creativity.

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Ways of Robbery

This is the story of a student who had graduated from our university and moved to Dhaka to do his Masters. One day when he was in the road no 27 of Dhanmondi residential area, a pack of young men greeted him in a friendly way; one of them said, "Hey! Don't you recognize us? Are you not Rafique?" He told them he was not Rafique. It did not stop the men, who continued, "Aren't you from Rajshahi and live in Dhanmondi?", to which he replied, "There must be a misunderstanding, I am not Rafique, not from Rajshahi. I am Ashik from Khulna." Suddenly without any warning the young man called out: "Give us all your valuables including moneybag, watch, mobile etc!" One of them had a gun and others were carrying knives. He was so astonished that such a thing could happen in daylight and on an open road. Out of fear and without a single word of protest, he gave them everything he had. He was left standing alone on the road.

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The Not-so-good Samaritan

After a hectic day at university and hours of strenuous classes, I was relieved to finally head home. Unfortunately for me, I missed the bus and found myself in the middle of a rush hour crowd, and we were all waiting for what would surely be an already ram packed bus. When it finally arrived, already full of passengers, hot, tired and carrying a heavy handbag, I moved towards it with the frantic crowd. With no free seats and many passengers standing like myself, it was unavoidable that I fell against the gentleman standing beside me as the bus drove on at full speed. Despite being accidental, the man could not help but show his irritation, saying that it was not proper for me to get inside the bus when it was already crammed. An elderly woman tried to be helpful and said on my behalf, "What else could be done if people wait for so long just to get home?"

The man indignantly replied that he'd given the opinion for the benefit of the ladies. I was slightly taken aback but remembered he too was uncomfortable standing in the bus.

Fortunately as more people left the bus, a seat became available between the old lady and myself. But before either of us could react, the same man who had proclaimed to be respectful towards women, without the slightest hesitation, quickly sat down himself and left us to stand beside him. The old woman, who was gasping from the laborious journey, couldn't help but curse the man for his hypocrisy. What astonished me most was how impervious the man was to the old woman's remarks as he got off, ironically dressed in a gentleman's suit.

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