Respect

On the occasion of 21st February, our Mother Language Day, I saw that the Bangla alphabets were written on many walls to show respect on the day. What surprised me was that the artwork was done where it should not have been, especially the one done next to the dustbins and drains. I saw this on Noorjahan Road near my aunt's home. To add to it all, there were some who were also peeing against the same walls. Our country does not deserve this kind of disrespect.

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Fake Doctors

I heard this story from a friend. A few days ago, he had gone to Chittagong Medical College Hospital to get his aunt admitted. However, he had to wait in the corridors of the ward since no visitor can enter the wards between 9 am - 1 pm. The gate of the ward was locked and there was a watchman stationed there as well. Suddenly, three girls, attired in white aprons came and asked the watchman to open the gate. From their appearance and attitude, they seemed to be medical students. But the watchman could smell something fishy and asked them to show their ID cards. The girls could not show any ID and went away. The watchman smilingly told my friend that these girls were not real doctors. They were just pretending to be doctors to get an easy access inside the wards during rush hour.

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The Syringe Attack

I never believed the stories about *burkha*-clad women roaming about in groups, injecting a syringe into passers-by amidst the crowds in Chandnichawk and the like, until I was victimised myself at the recent Boi Mela. It was the last day of the fair and so I took my younger sister to visit the fair for the last time this year. Because it was the last day, the area was crowded and moving from one stall to another seemed like a Herculean task. While going towards one of the stall, I waited for a few seconds while a group of women passed by. Some of them were in *burkhas*. Suddenly I felt something sharp enter my left thigh. Immediately, I caught hold of one of the women. I asked all of them to show their hands. Their hands were empty. I asked them what they had inside their *burkhas*, something very offensive. If they were really innocent, then I was sure they would scream at me and demand the reason behind such a question. Surprisingly enough, they were not angry at all! Instead they answered all my questions very sweetly, that too with a smile in their voices. Since it was crowded, I could not do much but let them go. The rest of the night, I was trying to observe my left leg to see if anything happened. Nothing did, thank God. But this was definitely a very scary experience.

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