Honour and Respect for Bangladesh

A few years ago, I visited Chennai for medical treatment. When my family and I had some time off from the hospital, we decided to visit the malls and shop around. We had enough time in the afternoon and were looking about leisurely in the shops. When we were about to enter a big mall, I noticed an elderly security officer with a lot of medals on his uniform. The officer noticed me stopping to take a closer look at his medals. He politely asked me what I was looking for. I enquired about the medals. With great pride in his voice, he told me that he had acquired these medals for his outstanding performance and bravery that he displayed in the Liberation War of Bangladesh. At this, I took special attention and asked him where he was posted during the war in Bangladesh. He vividly narrated that his troops had a fierce fight in Brahmanbaria, Kasba and Ashuganj. I was moved by this and told him that I myself belonged to Brahmanbaria and was here in Chennai for medical treatment. To my surprise, the security officer immediately stood straight in attention and saluted me with full honour. I was so moved at this event that tears rolled down my cheeks to see the honour and respect for a country and its people for which this soldier had fought.

Faruqe Ahmed
West Rampura, Dhaka



Stand Up Against the Goons

It was one of those hectic days, I was going by Dhanmondi Road 11 A, when suddenly a small crowd caught my attention. As I neared them, I realised that five or six young men were beating up a teenager of not more than 16 or 17 years of age. I was really shocked and stunned at the sight - the kid was bleeding profusely from his head. More surprisingly there were some others, of the same age group, who were actually enjoying this scenario. So I approached a few passers-by and with their aid we were able to rescue the boy and then take him to the nearest clinic. From him what we learned was that he was being beaten just because he supposedly showed 'disrespect' to some of his seniors who happened to have some 'power' and were usually referred to as the 'genjam' people, because they were always involved in some kind of fights every now and then in 11 A. Where do these youngsters get the courage to beat up others in the street in broad daylight? It is high time that the authority looks upon these matters, because until and unless some firm steps are taken against these petty criminals, these incidents will keep on happening over and over again.

Aabeer
West Dhanmondi
Dhaka

Life's Lesson

A few days ago, I was on my way to my hall in Dhaka University from my uncle's home in Banani. It was after midnight and I could find practically no public vehicles to take me to the campus area, not even a bus. I approached a line of rickshaws instead, with sleeping rickshaw pullers sleeping inside. I woke one rickshaw puller up and asked him to take me my hall. On my way, I suddenly discovered that my wallet was missing. Immediately, I asked the rickshaw to stop since I had no money to pay him. He moved on instead and took me to my hall. I offered him my cell phone number and asked him to come back later so that I could pay him. He left the area, saying that his parents taught him to help people in distress and trouble. As I watched him leave, I realised that the rickshaw puller actually taught me a one of the best lessons I could ever learn from life. I found my wallet later on at my uncle's place in Banani.

Mostafa Kamal Molla
Hazi Muhsin Hall
Dhaka University
Dhaka