Necessity is the mother of all inventions

Waheedur Rahman

As you walk through the dilapidated roads of our cities amidst the cranking of earth-shattering hydraulic horns and the intimidating cling-cling of rickshaws, you are bound to perceive the shapeless bodies moving through the narrow gaps between the grid locked cars. They are of all sizes and all ages. I'm sure most of us are familiar with Oscar winning movie 'Slumdog Millionaire', where the begging industry is exposed. While Dhaka city remains clogged day after day, it has become equally difficult to stand there for a while without getting haunted by these beggars.

Stranded in the traffic God knows for how long you start to think that you better had a portable home which could move about or a flying car with puffy sacks full of money so you could throw it all at the beggars. On the television and the internet whilst going through news, you see politicians in our own country going for each other's throat leaving the 'real citizens' aimless, staring blankly. This vicious array of cruel showdown continues unabated as on the other hand young talents from our country make a difference to the world by contributing significantly in a foreign land. Too bad we could not keep them in their own country.

But why would they stay back? Of course flying cars and portable homes are not the viable solutions for our roads. It is time to quit quixotic thinking and start embarking on 'serious' pragmatic stuff. We may be the infamous

