



ANISUR RAHMAN

Murder of a bright star

If earthly justice is delayed or denied, justice from Allah will certainly fall on them -- this is our firm faith in Him, the Omniscient and the greatest Judge in heaven and earth.

HABIBUR RAHMAN

SHAHEED Colonel Quadrat Elahi Rahman Shafique, ndc, psc, was born on November 1, 1962 in Rangpur. He was a brilliant officer and was going to be promoted to Brigadier General when the Army Promotion Board sat in July-August 2009.

After passing out from Cadet College he joined BMA, and was commissioned on June 10, 1983. While undergoing military training he stood first in B Sc. from Chittagong University. Then he began his career as an officer of the 3rd Bengal. As a captain he was sent to the School of Infantry & Tactics (SINT) in Sylhet, and was appointed as instructor -- a post that is given only to the first boy in each course.

For the first time three officers were sent to the Institute of Business Administration (IBA) through its normal admission examination. He stood first in MBA (Marketing), bringing glory to the Bangladesh Army.

Thereafter, he went on a UN peacekeeping mission in Bosnia for one year. Soon after his return he was posted as brigade major (BM) in Bandarban Cantonment for a few months. Meanwhile, he appeared for the examination for Defense Services Command & Staff College (DSCSC) to get his psc. He came out with flying colours, and was sent to Malaysia for doing his second psc for a year.

After his return from Malaysia, he was again posted to SINT as a major to train a group of senior officers. From there he was posted as 2 IC (2nd in Command) of the 1st Bengal

Infantry Regiment in Sylhet.

Meanwhile, the government decided to open a Military Institute of Science & Technology (MIST) to impart education in B.Sc (Engineering), MBA, Computer Engineering etc., which was previously being done in Buett and other places. The army decided to put Elahi as an instructor there.

Soon, he was promoted to Lt. Colonel. As normal practice, after being promoted to Lt. Col., one is given command of a battalion. As a special case, in order to set up the MIST, the chief of the army posted Lt. Col Elahi there to design and begin the first MBA Course, which he did for one year.

After that, Elahi was posted as Commanding Officer of 18 Bengal Regiment in the Chittagong Hill Tracts. Two years later he was brought back to the DSCSC as Directing Staff (DS). After a few months he was promoted to colonel and posted as Senior Instructor (SI) in the Staff College.

He was sent to Sudan in 2007 with the UN peacekeeping mission as sector commander for one year. UN Secretary General Ban Ki Moon decorated him with the Medal of Gallantry, which only a few officers of the UN peace mission from Bangladesh have received so far.

When he returned from Sudan he was sent to National Defense College (NDC) for a one-year course, which normally is given only to officers of the rank of brigadier general and above. He successfully completed his NDC course in December 2008. While doing his ndc he completed M.Phil from Dhaka University.

I and my wife wanted him to finish his studies, go abroad, do his Ph.D and become a professor in a foreign university. He silently wanted to fulfill our desire and make us happy. However Allah's will eventually led him to join the army and be murdered by some BDR soldiers.

On January 11, 2009, he was made sector commander of BDR in Dinajpur. He came to Dhaka for observance of the BDR Week on February 21, 2009. The hellish BDR carnage occurred on February 25-26 in Pilkhana, Dhaka. He was a hostage in the Darbar Hall, and was reportedly shot in the head on the same day.

We were all sitting before the television watching the events taking place for three days and saw his name on the screen on the 27th afternoon. We were frantically trying to contact him but there was no response. He was so responsible as a son, a father and a husband that he always used to telephone or send messages wherever he was. But in this tragic event he did not make a single call or send any message to any of us because we would only worry and run hither and thither to find news about him for nothing. It simply proved how considerate he was!

A painful memory is that after finishing the BDR Week on February 27, he was supposed to take me and his mother to Dinajpur for a few days. Death is inevitable, but losing a son like Elahi is utterly unbearable.

Elahi was set to be a brigadier general. It is a pity he left this world in the prime of his career without a star (brigadier) although he proved himself a star in the Bangladesh Army. He was only 46 years and 3 months old.

Quadrat Elahi was a sweet and loveable person to his superiors, colleagues, friends and relations. He was most caring and dutiful to his parents, wife, child, brothers, sisters and all. He was even very dear to his drivers, batmen and

domestic help. He was soft-spoken and kind to all.

When his body was being lowered to the grave, one officer remarked: "Wherever Elahi has served his juniors or even his seniors had many things to take lessons from." At the same place a brigadier general in uniform said: "In the loss of Colonel Elahi the countrymen will never know what the army has lost." An officer with tears in his eyes said: "In the BDR Mutiny the loss we have suffered Bangladesh Army cannot be recovered in 50 years."

Out of thousands of BDR men only a handful of them knew him in 1 month and 10 days in Dinajpur. He had no enemies. Why were brilliant unarmed officers so brutally murdered? Was it a conspiracy to weaken the Bangladesh Army? Will the truth ever come out? Possibly not. We demand that the government unearth the mystery. The countrymen have a right to know the truth, and culprits must be punished.

Perhaps it was the will of Allah that he was so dear to all and He took him in His lap at the zenith of his life. May Allah the most magnificent and merciful grant him Jannat-ul Ferdous. Amen.

As I write the above lines in memory of my son, my eyes are becoming hazy, tears are flowing down my cheeks, my heart is bleeding. I cannot write anymore.

The heartrending cries and ocean of tears of those of us who have lost our sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, will certainly fall on the conspirators and murderers from the Creator Himself, today or tomorrow. If earthly justice is delayed or denied, justice from Allah will certainly fall on them -- this is our firm faith in Him, the Omniscient and the greatest Judge in heaven and earth.

Habibur Rahman is father of Shaheed Col. Quadrat Elahi Rahman Shafique.

Me and my life partner

He will never be there when I'll be in trouble, he won't be there in my loneliness, won't be there with me sharing my happy moments. I can't lean my head on that shoulder where he used to shoulder all my troubles.

MILI MOJIB

WE spent 25 years together in joy and sorrow, in happy moments and also in bad times. Our life was full of ups and downs. We used to be happy with very little things. He also used to get upset when the question was about his country. He was proud to be a soldier and, above all, he was proud to be a Bangladeshi.

His dream was to make this country resourceful, because he knew that his country had lots of potential. To take his country ahead he had plans which he wanted to bring to life after his retirement. Yes I am talking about Shaheed Col. Md. Mojibul Haque, my husband, whom I admire the most. From the day we were married, he taught me how to be social and loved by others. My husband was so patriotic that he always wanted me to wear local sarees, which I always did because I respected him for that. Our children were his life, and he always tried to provide them everything within his means.

Nothing would make him happier than being with his friends. He always loved to meet people and people loved him as well. There is a very small incident I want to share with you all. Mojib went to Pakistan on an official visit along with Shaheed Gen. Shakeel Ahmed. He took the opportunity to take a trip to Sialkot, where he spent his childhood and finished school.

His childhood friends received him so grandly. When his teachers came to know that Mojib would come to that



Life stretches out like the empty sea.

town just to meet them, they kept the school open -- even on a Sunday -- and gave him a grand reception. What a wonderful reception they gave him, and it touched our hearts when we watched that program on videotape. He had the best time when he was in Pakistan meeting his old teachers and catching up with his old friends.

I told Mojib that he should not have any regret in life, because he had received so much love and respect from the people he had barely been in touch with. He did agree, but now I can barely recall anything because they have taken away all my memories and my beautiful life. I can't hold back anything, and tell my children that this belonged to my husband, but they can never refresh their memory by holding their father's belongings. Those miscreants killed my husband brutally and threw him in the sewerage. Why, is my question? I often ask myself, why such brutality? He spent his whole life being a loyal and dedicated soldier serving the people of this country. He used to say that if he was to be born again he would again prefer to be a soldier.

He was supposed to retire from service on April 3rd, and wanted to spend his last days with his soldiers, which he did by marching in his last parade with his soldiers. After that parade he was very proud of his soldiers. He told me: "My soldiers performed the parade so well, I am very proud of them." I still ask myself, is he still proud of those who mercilessly killed the wonderful officers? Each officer had a unique quality, and they have left us with a lot of questions and emptiness in our hearts. This emptiness can never be healed. If we could ever bring justice for them, only then would their souls rest in peace.

Today is February 25, a day of sorrow. This very day last year I had lost everything good from my life. Its so real to me that on this very day last year we were having tea in our backyard garden and I asked him: "Aren't you getting late?" He said: "No lady it will take me only 5 minutes to reach Darbar Hall." After a quick conversation he left and, today, it is so unbelievable that he's never coming back.

I still can't believe that he will never come back and call out "Lady where are you?" I always felt unique whenever he called me lady. My heart breaks into pieces when I wake up and look for him -- but he is not there. He will never be there when I'll be in trouble, he won't be there in my loneliness, won't be there with me sharing my happy moments. I can't lean my head on that shoulder where he used to shoulder all my troubles.

Today I am alive, living without my soul, but I have to be alive to finish my partner's unfinished job. Please pray for me so that I can complete my duty as a father, duty as a brother, duty as a friend. We all have to move on with life and none of us knows what our actual destiny is.

Mili Mojib is the wife of Shaheed Col. Md. Mojibul Haque.

Another date in the history of Bangladeshi tragedies

It has already been a year since the mutiny, and there is still no sign of justice. In the first few months, the government acted as if the criminals would be punished and the families would be satisfied. All those families have nothing to want now ... no money, no happiness, no reward, no respect ... just punishment to those who snatched their husbands, sons, fathers away.

NAZIFA TABASSUM HUMAYUN

ON this particular day of 2009, 57 of Bangladeshi Army officers were killed by their very own brothers. The BDR soldiers had borne a grudge against the army officers for a long time, but on that day they transformed into animals and took the lives of many innocent officers.

We used to think that the army was our pride. They would protect us, our country, from any enemy from abroad and also from within the country. But who knew that they themselves would be killed by their supporters of the same family. On that day, there was a function at the BDR headquarters and many officers came to take part in the event. But the young BDR soldiers, who were mistakenly considered to be loyal to the officers, brutally attacked them with guns and grenades. They acted like such dogs that they even cut the bodies into pieces, destroyed every organ and even burnt their bodies just so that their existence could be

erased in every possible inhuman way.

Just think of the pain that those innocent families went through. The heart does not agree to accept the brutal truth. The mind denies to react to it. The children were waited for their fathers. The wives cried over their blood-stained husbands. They wanted to feel their touch for the last time, see their face and hear their heartbeat. But some of the wives were so unlucky that they could not even recognise their own husbands.

The mothers wanted the approval of their eye back. They thought about how proud they were when they used to think that their son was the hero of the country. They used to hold their heads high up in the sky feeling that their son was a patriot, and he could even give up his life in order to save his country. But what has happened now? After all the sacrifices he made, this is the reward he got? A death that is even worse than being hunted by savages?

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My cousin lost her husband at only 30 years of age. My little niece lost her father at the age of 4. She is immature, she can't even understand. I have seen my sister cry in pain and sorrow. I have seen her lose her senses. We can never lessen their pain by saying anything,

only the sufferer feels how much the pain hurts. But at least if we could give them justice, they could tell their lost ones in prayers that "although you're gone now, you left us in misery but also in pride that you went without committing any sin and the country which you meant to serve has justified your innocence." Now we can only pray for their souls to rest in peace and justice to take place. May Allah give the families the strength to continue their lives with each others' support. Ameen.

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