A Rare Treat

Some days ago, my friends and I were going to KFC. On the way, a little street kid approached us to beg for some money to eat. We were ignoring him for a while, but he kept following us. He told us that he was hungry and he had no money to buy food. We felt sorry for the child and asked him if he would like to go with us to KFC. He immediately agreed. Then my friends and I took him with us and ordered the same thing for him that we did for us. He was really happy as he never got the chance to eat such food. He never thought he would be able to eat in such a place. We asked him about his whereabouts. He told us that he collected rubbish and sold those for a living. His mother worked as a domestic aid in Dhaka and his father sold bananas in his native village. He had two little sisters who went to school. But he couldn't since he had to help the family earn a living. I really felt pity for the little child. Like him, many children hardly enjoy their childhood due to poverty. They cannot even afford to go to school. These little buds die before they could even bloom.

Maeesha Ryaan
Via email

Stop Thief!

Last week I went to my friend's *holud*. As per every modern day *holud* ritual, we had to get on a stage at one point and dance to a bunch of popular Bollywood item numbers. Despite my excitement and nervousness, however, I didn't forget to leave my purse with my parents who were sitting at a table with their friends. When the show was over and I went to get my purse, it had mysteriously disappeared. My parents could not for the life of them fathom how it had been taken from right under their noses. I had about two thousand Takas and my credit card in my purse so the incident was quite upsetting. I immediately cancelled my credit card and had it announced that my purse was missing. An hour or so later, I heard another announcement saying my purse had been returned. Relieved, I went to find out who had returned it but noone seemed to know this person who mysteriously disappeared. My credit card and cash unfortunately went with him. This kind of incident is sadly very common at weddings and there seems to be very little one can do to stop it. Would a security check at the door and surveillance cameras be a tad much? I certainly don't think so.

Sayera Shamsuddin
Via email



BATTLE OF SURVIVAL

A few days ago, my friend and I went to Polashi to have a cup of tea. As always, there were people there hanging out chatting. Among them, we saw a rickshaw puller standing in a corner desperately searching for a passenger. He pressed his front pocket with his finger and again looked for someone to call out to him. His eyes were sad and his face tense. When he saw a group of people he came forward to check whether they needed his service. I was there for almost an hour and the whole time, he was standing there. I offered the him some food but he thanked me and refused instantly. When I was about to leave I saw the rickshaw puller staring at me and I felt so bad I practically forced him to take some money to buy himself some food. The man was very humbled. I realised that these people need to be respected because for them every day is a war and they battle either with the scorching heat, or with rain and cold. We sit behind with a plastic cover to save us from the rain or use the shade of the rickshaw to stay away from the burning sun but these poor rickshaw pullers get no such reprieve. Their business is extremely limited and it is becoming harder for them to survive everyday. We must remember this when we deal with them and respect these people and do something to ease their lives just a little.

M M Rahman
Via email