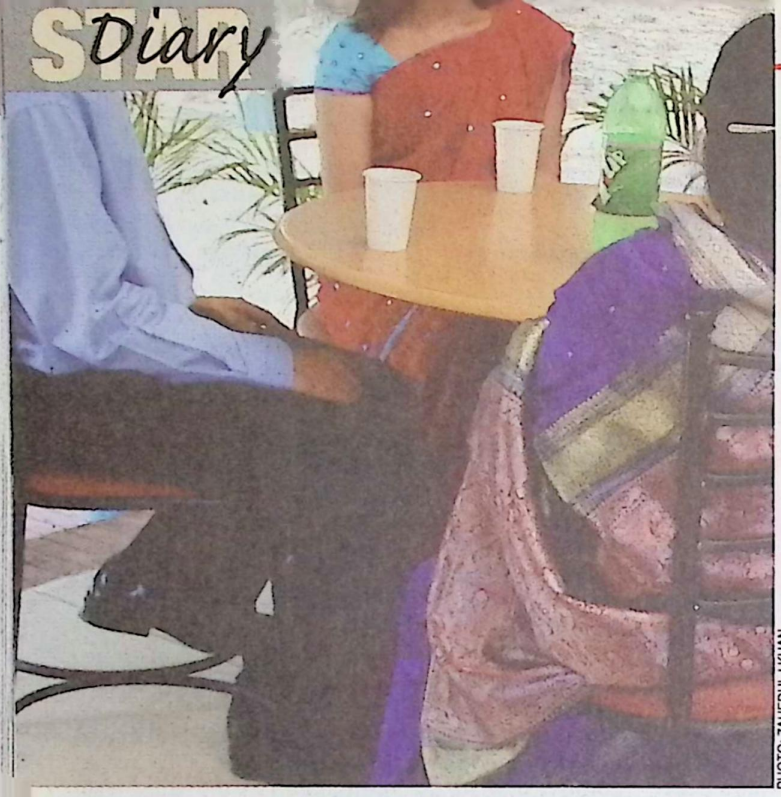


PHOTO: ZAHEDUL I KHAN

Deceiving Appearances

A few weeks ago, my parents let me know that they had found the perfect woman for me to marry. They have been pestering me about marriage for quite a while, so to avoid arguments I agreed to meet her for dinner at my uncle's house, as her parents were acquainted with my aunt. The woman was strikingly pretty and intelligent, and she had my attention from the moment I set eyes on her. She held a prominent position at a well known bank in the city which impressed me immensely. Dinner went well and at one point, she excused herself to use the bathroom. My aunt directed her to the one attached to the master bedroom as the only other bathroom in the house was occupied. I was not aware of this and went in the same direction to wash my hands. When I entered the bedroom I was completely taken aback at the sight that awaited me. The woman was going through my aunt's jewellery box and putting a pair of earrings (which I later learned were gold and diamond) into her purse! She looked horrified to see me, but only for an instant after which she quickly composed herself and smiled saying she had dropped her own earrings in the box while trying to adjust them and walked right past me. I didn't speak of this until she and her family had left, trying to give her the benefit of doubt, but when I asked my aunt to check if she was missing a pair of flower shaped earrings, I found that the enchanting young woman was also a thief! Needless to say, her parents were informed and there was outrage and denial and in the end the earrings were never recovered, but on the upside, my parents haven't brought up arranged marriages ever since.

Aiman Chowdhury
Via email

A Helpless Soul

There is a window in my room that overlooks the house next door. My neighbours seemed like very nice people, until one day, they brought a puppy home. The puppy was adorable and of a foreign breed, perhaps a golden Labrador. I loved watching their children play with the puppy in the garden throughout their winter holidays, but as soon as school started, they seemed tired of the puppy and left him alone. He was no longer welcome in the house and slept out in the garden at night, shivering in the freezing weather we experienced this winter. I noticed that he was only fed once a day and no one bothered giving him any water. I went over a few times to beg my neighbours to give/sell me the poor animal so I could find him another home but they refused, saying the children were attached to him. One night, I heard the puppy crying pitifully, but noone paid him any attention. The next day I heard that he had died. He was only three months old. They left his little body in the community dumpster, from which I retrieved it and buried him in a little garden like space we have in our apartment complex. I think I was the only one who shed tears over the little guy. The children acted like nothing had happened when I saw them that day. The next week, they informed me that they had bought another dog. I stopped looking out of my window after that. I have noticed that many people in this city will buy pets because they are a status symbol of sorts and most, don't know how to take care of them and leave them on display like furniture. I really wish we had a proper animal rights organisation that could be contacted to rescue these defenseless animals when they are subjected to cruelty and neglect.

Shaina Gulshan
Via email