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Transport Dilemma

The south-eastern part of Dhaka lacks low-cost public bus service. Rickshaws have been barred to ply over many busy roads. The auto-rickshaws are not affordable or easily available. The inhabitants of the area, from Bashabo to Tantibazar, have to suffer the lack of quality, and affordable transport. The government has been increasing the number of buses of Bangladesh Road Transport Corporation (BRTC) since the last couple of years. It is a commendable measure by the government for the common people. I would like to urge the BRTC to introduce a bus route from Bashabo to Tantibazar via Shajahanpur flyover, Rajarbag Police Hospital, Purana Paltan, Zero Point, Gulistan and Bangsal. A few thousand people will be benefited as they can avail the proposed BRTC bus service every day.

Md Ashraf Hossain
Bashabo

Glory Tarnished

I used to visit my village home [Kishoreganj district] at least four times a year. It's a small safari park like homestead covered by age-old trees covering no less than 80% of its actual space. Within twenty-feet from the bungalow-like-house where I used to sleep, there is a big tamarind tree going forty feet high in the blue sky. Ten years ago I asked my mother, "How old is this tamarind tree?" She replied, "It is nearly double my age." She continued, "When I came to this home at the age of thirteen, the tree was of the same size at is today." Few years later my mother was annoyed with me for selling about twenty small branches of the said tree. In fact, I did it to relieve the tree from its heavy weight and also to help it withstand cyclonic storms. I couldn't convince her, however, as she asserted, "Had your father been alive today, he would never have cut down the branches," warning me not to do any further damage to the tree. Hundreds of people from nearly ten villages visit my house every year to see the tree and collect raw as well as ripe tamarind. They ask about my mother, adding that she had been a very kind and friendly woman. I lost my mother last year and grew to love the tree as much as I had loved my mother. When Mollah Shafi made the sexist, criminal comments on women comparing them with tamarind, I felt like had my mother been alive she would have been thoroughly disappointed and insulted.

M Mahbubur Rahman, PhD
Formerly with the UN Int'l Civil Service