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MEANINGLESS SUFFERING

A few days ago I was stopped on my way by a group of strangers. All of them were in shabby, torn clothes, and were asking us to help them with some money. After speaking to them in detail, I came to understand that they were poor labourers from Nilphamari and had come to the city some days ago in search for work. But they were unable to find work or earn any money due to the continuous blockade programmes called by the opposition that went on for almost two months. They didn't even have the money to return home. My friends and I gave them some money and asked them to return home, where they could at least be with their family. "What is their fault?" I keep asking myself, as I don't think the government or the opposition will even want to answer this question.

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Collecting Hope

The northern region of our country is the worst affected during winter. As we wanted to alleviate their sufferings in whatever way we could, some of us friends decided to collect old warm clothes from different houses of the city. Interested donors would leave the clothes at a designated place, and a couple of days later we would collect the clothes from the said area. One day we decided to go door to door to encourage people to donate their old, unused clothes. A woman gave us a packet with some winter wear in it. Looking at the freshly pressed clothes in the bag, we told her that there must be some mistake and that she might have given us the wrong bag. To our surprise, the woman said, "There is no mistake. This packet is definitely for you, as we had ironed the clothes keeping the poor people in mind." I didn't thank the woman but did thank the almighty for granting me the opportunity to be born in a country which is filled with people who feel such empathy for fellow human beings.

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