Made in Bangladesh, Both Ways

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As a nation we have this unnerving, uncanny and unsavoury distinction, if you will, of soiling our achievements, howsoever unique and titanic the joy may be. We never seem to be able to bask long in the glory of our astounding feats before a counter weighing cataclysm, most often manmade in Bangladesh, tips the balance in favour of the ugly.

We have tarnished our recent Nobel Prize for whatever is worth the efforts of those who sing its praise for a model emulated worldwide, and of those who cannot equate microeconomics with peace and smell a conspiracy hitched with our politics.

With scant respect for Norgay Tenzing (the Sherpa who never became a Sir) and (Sir) Edmund Hillary, and other honest Sherpas and climbers, we have belittled the Everest by the doubts that have been strewn on its icy slope by those who are producing V-photos at the peak (???) and by others thumbs down with Nepali documents that vouch that our first 'conqueror' was scores of metres short.

We have deridingly mocked with the sentiment of our 'source of power', read people, and volunteered to be the laughing stock of the world, thanks to the antics of some politically motivated entities trying to trivialise the monumental event of the declaration of our independence, the greatest moment of a nation. While indeed a section have gained political mileage albeit from a prejudiced factional quarter, the younger generations by and large have not bitten the bitter pie.

We have seen the stupendous rise 2013 February of a youth-powered *mancha* demanding capital punishment for those who committed war transgressions and crimes against humanity in 1971. The

