The Art of Theft

The other day my friend and I went to eat out at a restaurant. A waiter with a welcoming smile ushered us to a table. Another couple was already having their dinner at the table next to us. Their child was running around while his mum was trying to coax him into having dinner with them. Suddenly I noticed a posh mobile lying under the table of that couple. The child might have dropped it. After finishing the dinner, the couple was leaving and I was about to tell them that they had forgotten the phone. But to my surprise, I noticed that the waiter rushed to the table and quickly picked the phone up. He started to clean the table, pretending that nothing had happened. I shouted at the couple to stop and asked them to check whether they forgot anything. The man realised that he had lost his phone. Sensing the confusion, the manager came up to us and politely asked if there was any problem. When the truth was out, the manager apologised on behalf of his employee and returned the phone. The waiter was surely given the sack afterwards!

Samiul Raijul
North South University
Dhaka

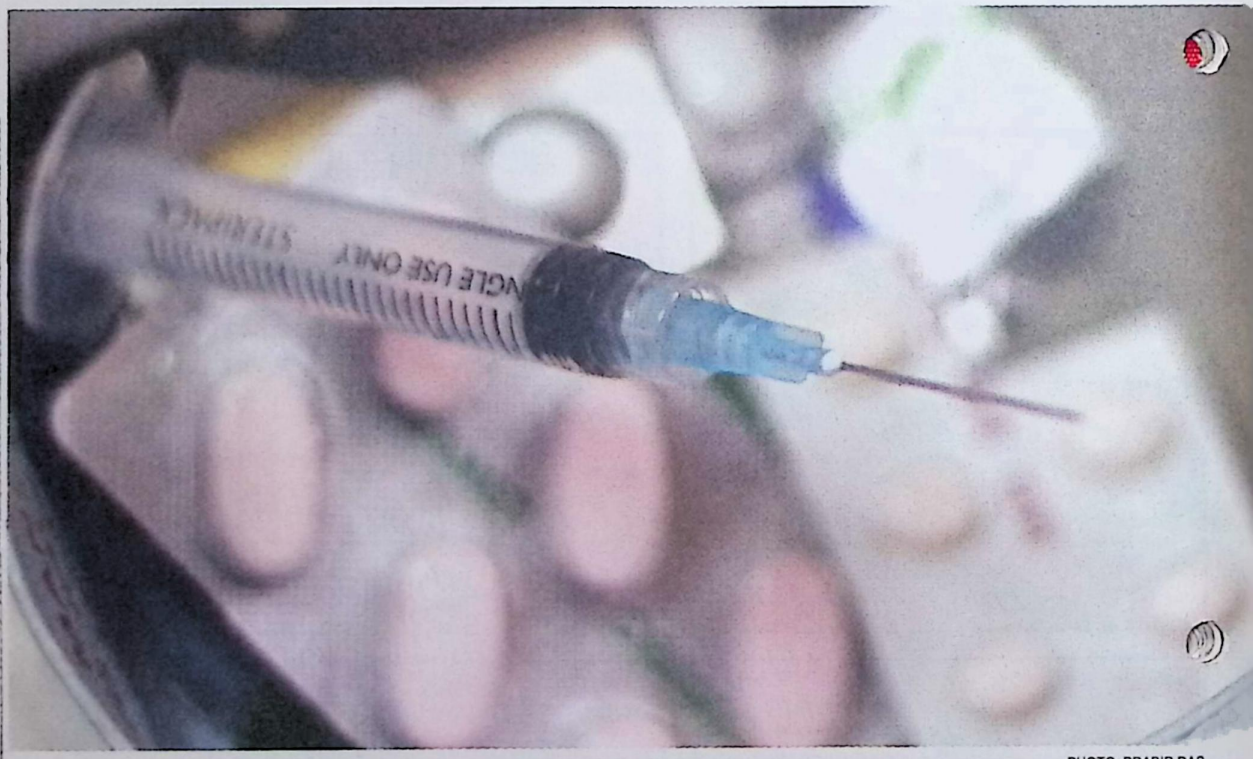


PHOTO: PRABIR DAS

Inhumanity in a Noble Profession

A few days ago, my mum had a serious stomach ailment. To ease her pain, my father bought a pack of drinking saline. Even though she had eleven packets of saline mixed with water, it didn't seem to fasten her recovery. She kept complaining that the drinking saline tasted different and that it was too sweet. Later we checked the packets very carefully and even consulted with our doctor regarding it. He confirmed that the saline was a fake but you'd have to scrutinise the packet very closely to determine the differences. I had read the Star Magazine's 'Dealing in Death' which spoke about fake medicines. I didn't think that something like this could happen to my family. What if my mum's health worsened? (Fortunately, she got better after a few weeks).

Rayan Rabbani
Scholastica
Dhaka