



WHY DIDN'T I HELP?

PHOTO: ZAHEDUL I KHAN

While veering to the left on the way from Kuril fly-over, my bus suddenly hit a motorcycle that was coming from the wrong direction. We witnessed a terrible accident. Our bus hit a pillar to evade the motorcycle, leaving the bus assistant dead on the spot. I escaped out of the window, unscathed. I was too scared to rescue the other passengers on board. I still can't understand what had gotten into me. I stood there watching people crying for help but was unable to do anything about it. In the meantime, traffic policemen showed up on the spot and tried to control the situation. Later on I realised that I should have helped the helpless passengers on the bus. Ever since then, I have been feeling guilty and conscience stricken.

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Music for the Soul

Last week, I went to a CD shop to buy a copy of a recently released Bangla music album. After sometime, two young men entered the shop in search for the latest Hindi movie songs. One of them started talking about the melody and superb composition of Hindi music. Meanwhile, I got the album I wanted and checked it to see if everything was fine. A melodious Bangla song wafted in the air. The two young men were attracted to the melody and I noticed that when the shop attendant went to turn the music player off, the two men requested him not to. They then bought the album and left the place. It felt good to see the young generation being inspired and attracted to the music of their own country.

MA Akad Masud
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BABU

Hot Kebab

Sharier

