



ENVY

Abrar was very disappointed. He had been a very good boy this year so it really annoyed him that Santa Claus didn't visit him this year. He wondered what the reason could be. His grade one teacher had told them that Bangladesh was a highly populated country so it was possible that Santa might miss one or two kids. But he had been so good. It hurt knowing that other children – who clearly behaved worse than him – were getting more presents.

He envied the little kids who were running around in Christmas jumpers, trying to look all cool and festive. He knew he had to find a way to get his hands on some presents. So he sought the help of his mentor in crime; his older cousin. By

the time he explained everything to his cousin over the phone, it was bedtime.

He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. And there he was, Santa Claus looking as jolly as ever and staring directly at him. "Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas," said Santa. Abrar was in no mood to mess around. He looked at Santa, narrowed his eyes and asked sharply, "I don't know what's wrong with you Santa but I don't get many presents!" Santa replied, "Well presents are not the only way to tell who's been a good boy this year. We have a machine with big scales that evaluates how many presents you get. Kids who have families to love them and aren't happy with material things usually get only a few presents because you already have

all that you need. The most presents go to those who are most lonely and ignored by their parents and don't have brothers, sisters and friends.

Abrar was having trouble believing all this, but after some careful thinking, he said "I've thought about it, and it doesn't bother me anymore. I'll try and be happy for those kids instead of envying what they have."

The next day, Abrar woke up and went downstairs to find five presents under his name, waiting to be opened. His cousin had delivered them to his parents late into the night. Smiling, he rushed over to open them and muttered under his breath, "Thank god real Santa showed up, dream Santa was a complete nut!"

WRATH

Mariha had an anger issue. Actually, it was a serious anger problem. Her last boyfriend ditched her in the parking lot, broke into a car, drove a few hundred miles out and changed his name and address. It was at that time when she realized that she needed a fix. Being super pretty was just not cutting it anymore.

It was just getting too dangerous and people were starting to be afraid of her. She had considered going Goth - to complement her angry self - but she didn't like the outfits much. Anger management

classes were lame and yoga required too much patience. Also, last time she was at a therapist's office, she had punched a picture frame of a puppy that was hanging on the wall so that was out too.

So she devised two possible plans. The first plan would be to take out all her anger on someone she didn't know instead of repressing or taking it out on her friends. She decided the unlucky numbers would be her ex's friends. She knew them but oh well. She tried it out by calling her ex's favourite broski and screamed at him till she was numb.

It had worked. But, she needed a back up plan for when she couldn't get a hold of someone on the phone and very soon it hit her. She could road rage! Get into a fight while driving and give the other party a good piece of her mind. She'd scream and yell obscenities. Now that was a plan.

And there it was; the answer to all her problems. Well, it was the answer up until she ran out of ex's friends to call and encountered a 12 year old girl on the street who knocked her out cold following a few minutes of heated exchange.



GLUTTONY

Imran lived in the fattest city of Bangladesh. This did not mean that the city had wider streets but it meant that the behinds of the people walking down the streets were wider than the behinds of the people in other cities. Being a resident of the fattest city, he was honoured to be number one at something.

He loved to eat and so did all of his friends. He knew it was a lot easier to find a fast food shop here

than to find a store that sold skinny pants. Other people would call him a compulsive eater but he didn't care! He knew if Dhaka had a marathon, the short version would be half of the people "power waddling" to the nearest King's store. Plus he didn't really mind the doctors warning him about being super overweight. If his weight became too much of an inconvenience, he could join the army and in the next war, strategically sit on the enemy and

that would be victory. He also knew getting thin might affect him emotionally because right now he was confident that he was "too big to fail." He was heavily inspired by Fast and the Furious movies and believed that one should live a quarter mile at a time and eat every quarter mile too.

Besides if he wasn't getting any fatter then there would be no point of having amazing shows like the biggest loser!

PRIDE

Samir was a proud man. He was proud the first time he drove a stick and the first time he wrecked it. He was proud of his custom furnished apartment and his corporate job with a big tobacco company. He was proud of his pacman record and his kill-death ratio in Call of Duty. But what he was most proud of now was his new model wife.

Yes, he had just married Anya and was enjoying their honeymoon at a 5 star hotel in Dubai which just happened to have an incredible

indoor pool. On the very first day, he decided to show off a bit for his new bride. He noticed that the pool area was super crowded but that didn't stop him. He readied himself, took a run up and did a perfect swan dive. Feeling quite pleased with himself, he swam until he could touch bottom and started walking towards her.

To his amazement, Anya was laughing hysterically. She was laughing so hard that in fact there were tears rolling down her face. Samir got out of the pool and made his way to her to ask her what was

funny but she couldn't stop laughing. Finally, she shakily raised a finger that pointed towards the diving board. That's when Samir noticed that his swimming trunks were stuck there! Looking down, he realized that he was completely naked in a room filled with people.

As Samir rushed for his hotel room, using his hands to shield himself and swearing that he'd not come out again until it was time to leave, he could hear Anya shouting japes in the background.

By Naveed Naushad

