

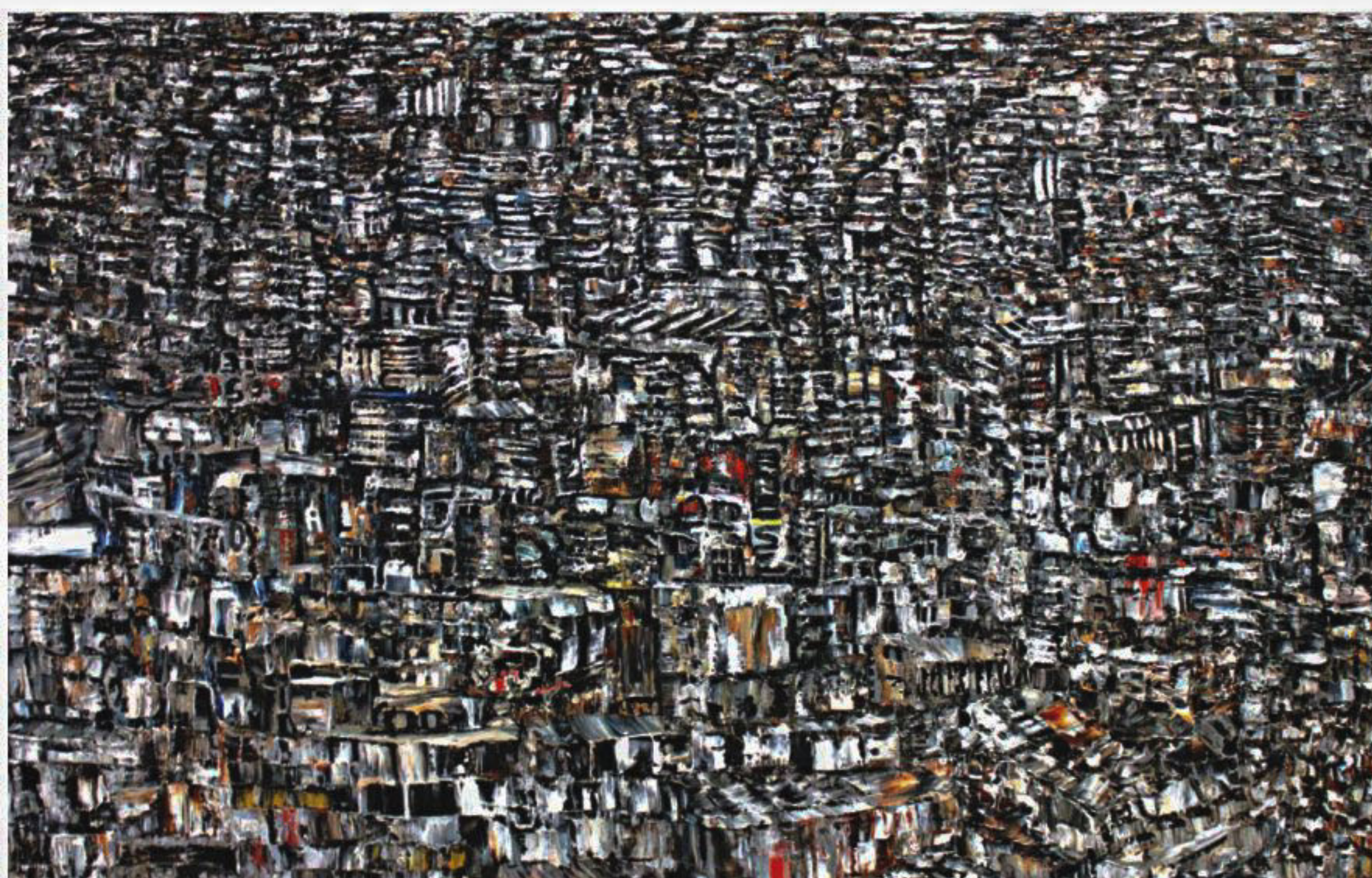


# CAPitalicised

BENJAMIN HASAN

Rising, advertising, zing.  
 Buy my shoes, buy my ruse  
 Product.

Forever and ever:  
 Buy my service, by my  
 service,  
 Indentured Servant.  
 Invisible money,  
 Stolen by names' funny:  
 Our broken backs.  
 Big bucks in trucks,  
 Hauled by crushed lucks  
 What're you looking at?



# Lost & Scared

NAWSHIN ANJUM ANNIE

I live in a modern and a so called glamorous city. I was born here, I grew up here and everything I have, is surrounded by this city. When I was a kid, I used to play on a little piece of yard in front of our house. It had wild colorful flowers, shiny green grass, and a huge tree at the corner. I've seen butterflies, I've smelled wild flowers,

I've seen birds. I found my life in that. It wasn't long back but it's gone... Now, my house is sandwiched between four skyscrapers. From my room, I see nothing but a filthy, broken road and a tiny piece of sky. I hardly remember walking barefoot on grass. I don't remember the last time I've seen perfect rain. I haven't seen fireflies for ages. All I see now are heartless pale souls, heartless eyes, and heartless lives.

# MISFIT

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

Ayesha was studying late that night for the quiz the following day. Interrupting her study sessions, her phone rang to life from an unknown caller.

"Hello" she muttered nonchalantly answering the call.

"It's me," came an unfamiliar voice.  
 "Do I know you?"

"You don't know who I am, how the bloody hell do you reckon I'm not hot," he said with a failed effort to pull off a British accent.

"Honey, don't embarrass yourself and the Brits with that ghastly accent. You're calling a random person at midnight to chat, meaning you're an unpopular loner, way down the high school food chain, begging for attention. Nobody hot is that



"Yes and no," said the voice.

"Is this some kind of a joke?" she murmured ending the call.

Momentarily, the mysterious caller had the guts to call back.

"Don't cut the call please, I just want to talk."

"This isn't depressed loners hotline okay? Where did you even get my number? Oh my god I have my very own stalker!" Ayesha screamed, "Before you say anything, I have a boyfriend and I'm a black belt."

"You're a blue belt. And get over it Ayesha. Just talk to me for twenty minutes and then you'll never hear from me again. Ever."

"You know my name. You *are* a stalker!" Ayesha retorted, "And what makes you think I'm going to take you up on that offer? I have to study for a test."

"You and I are both well aware you were texting your douchebag boyfriend under the math book. And I know you will talk to me because Ayesha Arman is a sucker for mystery. Right now I am your enigma," the caller said.

"You don't know me" Ayesha said.

"Get over yourself."

"You're from school," Ayesha stated.

"Doesn't take a genius to figure that one out." The unknown caller chuckled.

"Wow this is totally like some cliché chic-flic. Except, you're not a hot Brit with an accent," Ayesha sighed.

low, trust me I know."

"YOU DON'T KNOW BULL AYESHA," he screamed in anger, "Just because your perfect life is aligned doesn't mean you know \$#@% about others."

"You're telling me you're popular, huh?"

"Popularity and happiness don't come hand in hand. They're not the same. Trust me I know. I know what it's like to exist in a place where all you feel is suffocation, asphyxiated from being fake and not fitting in really. When everyone thinks you're living the teenage dream but inside you're just a misfit, broken, battered. I know status doesn't bring you real friends. All it brings you is a poor excuse of a best friend who's too coiled up in her own self-centered perfect universe to see her best friend is a dead man walking. A man who might as well be dead altogether. I just needed a reason, dost. I needed you to give me one. But I guess I was wrong. Goodbye, Ayesha. I hope you have a blessed life," with that he cut the call.

To say Ayesha was flabbergasted would be an understatement. She had a hard time falling asleep that night. The following morning her mother came to her room and hugged her tight. Ayesha was informed her best friend Zarif had died last night in an accident. Ayesha didn't know what to say. She recalled last night's caller. Was Zarif's death really an accident?