

# The Best Story Ever 2: Electric Boogaloo

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"Sit down, kids. I'm going to tell you the best story ever," I told Abida and Abir.

"Please, nana. Not this @#(U@ again. You did this last week," said Abida.

"Don't cuss in front of me! I'm 50 years older than you!" I said.

"But mom and dad say it to each other all the time," replied Abir.

"Well, @#(U@, son." I gave up.

"Nana, please tell us the story of your business in high school!" asked Abir.

"Ah, yes! That's... wait. I'm not supposed to tell you this. How do you know about this?" I asked.

"Nani told us last night before going to sleep. Something about how she should have never bought goods from you," said Abida.

"Hey, now. My goods were never bad. They were the best in the market if not the high school. That's just pure @#(U@" I said, flaring my nostrils.

"What did you sell?" implored my grandson while my granddaughter nodded along.

"We—Weepinbell. It was a Pokemon card. I gave your grandmother a discount as well."

"Why?"

"I just did, okay? If I didn't, you wouldn't be here, you runts," I tried out my stern voice.

"How are we here?" asked Abida.



"How old are you, Abida?"

"I am 11, nana."

"Do you have the internet?" I asked, since it's been a while I saw them.

They shook their heads.

"Well, when a man meets a woman, one asks out another and they get late everywhere because they either stay up at night talking or they go on dates all the time. If they are late too many times, especially the girl, a child happens. Bam.

No more questions. Now, my story," I finished.

"Nana, what were Pokemon?" asked Abir.

"What the heck did you just say about me, you little runt? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in the Pokemon Gym, and I've been involved in numerous secret adventures on the Hoenn region, and I have over 300 confirmed badges. I am trained in gorilla warfare and I'm the

top trainer in the entire Pallet Town. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the hell out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my words. You think you can get away with saying that @#(U@ to me over the Internet? Think again, @#(U@. As we speak I am contacting my secret network of spies across the world and your Pokedex is being traced right now so you better prepare for the storm, maggot. The storm that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your life. You're dead, kid. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can defeat you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my starters. Not only am I extensively trained in Safari Zone combat, but I have access to the entire arsenal of the Gary Oak's Little Weapons and I will use it to its full extent to wipe your miserable butt off the face of the continent, you little @#(U@. If only you could have known what unholy retribution your little 'clever' comment was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have held your tongue. But you couldn't, you didn't, and now you're paying the price, you goddamn idiot. I will @#(U@ fury all over you and you will drown in it. You're dead, kiddo."

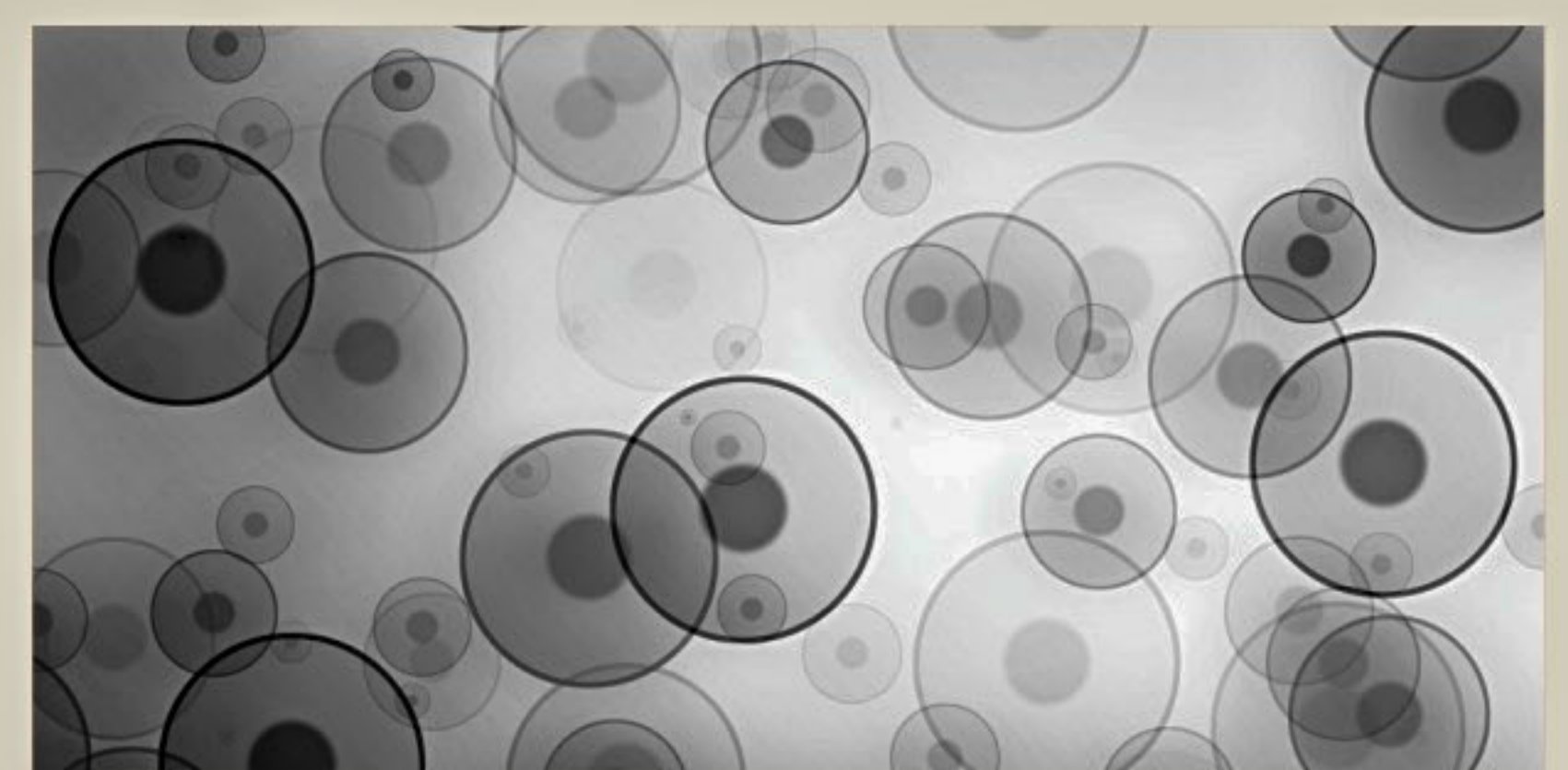
Six-year-old Abir ran screaming from the living room calling his mother with tears staining everything from his t-shirt to the carpet. Abida yelled: "MOM, NANA NEEDS HIS INSULIN SHOT."

## Jam on Rai

RAISA SALMIN PURBA

It is as though Bukowski rolled himself and his bitterness  
 And left a foul breath of words oozing  
 From the pores of my tongue these days.  
 You know, the kind of bland, diffusing bitter taste  
 Of stale coffee sitting on your bed on the sleepless nights  
 That you remember, with the guilt and the embarrassing zeroness of your existence.  
 I've been tasting that a lot lately  
 And not out of an idle mind like many will say,  
 Certainly not out of the influence of Plath or Wallace,  
 Who shared their self-doubt in their short-lived lives  
 Through the greatness they made (wrote) for themselves.  
 Believe me,  
 I know for a fact my words are not worth shit.  
 Perhaps I'm only selling bitterness because I seemed to have lost track of my life  
 That so swiftly slipped away like stray ribbons, out of my palms.  
 I miss it,  
 I miss the smooth bitterness of my morning coffee brewing in the mug that said  
 "Carpe Diem!" - "Seize the Day!"  
 I miss afternoon walks in the honking roads of a city I can no longer call mine  
 And I miss the boy who smelled of Neruda in spring  
 And promised to meet me in the horizon  
 Before he left to live in the sky.  
 But it took me years to see  
 That the clouds are ever changing  
 And though the eyes can betray,  
 The sky doesn't meet the ocean at any horizon.  
 I let my coffee go cold again  
 And today, of all days, when it's Neruda's birthday  
 I pushed him aside and stroked  
 The dog ears of Bukowski without a flinch-  
 This bitterness has made its home.

(Title influenced by Charles Bukowski's *Ham on Rye* )



## GRAY COLOR IS GONE

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

She stuck at the middle of her dream.  
 And her eye lashes carried the silver tint.  
 Cold breeze appraises of the mystic tone.  
 And her grey color is gone.

She wrote letters to Him.  
 Bare pages, though meant to her a lot.  
 Her salted cheeks got dry soon; she is no more lone.  
 And her grey color is gone.

She stood behind the horizon;  
 Reversed the color she worn.  
 Found the blue comfort zone.  
 And her grey color is gone.

Was there echoes that made her words being melted?  
 And she discovered a canvas that was long since painted.  
 Now, her dreams are not broken, eyes are shone.  
 Because her deep grey color is gone.

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