



UFO CREDIT: DARSHAN CHAKMA

From Outer Space to Dhaka

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Dear Diary,

I have been assigned a place called Dhaka, to study the human behaviour there. I wish to contribute significantly to project "Self-Destructing Planet" this year as I am expecting a promotion. It will be late December by the time I arrive there and it is mandatory I remain vigilant. They cannot find out I am not from here.

December 27, 2016. Planet Earth.

The smog cleared and I saw a city teeming with two-legged beings wrapped in different coloured packages. I sent a signal back some 600 light years away and morphed myself into one of the typical species: thinning black hair, an extended lower mid-section, and a third eyebrow over my upper lip. Many creatures donned this extra eyebrow which was odd. Charmingly odd though.

I got in into one of the large containers that held many humans and carried them to different destinations. What surprised me was the container barely moved. It stood in one place for such a long time that it made me question if it was something these humans actually enjoyed. I was thankful for my ride which I could summon any time to avoid what they called the "Gabtoli traffic jam" but I decided it was best to avoid attention.

I reached an area called Gulshan where every other structure had nutrition-recharge centres. A key point I have interpreted is this species is always hungry and always angry. They like to hurl profanities at one another whenever they get a chance and recharge themselves by devouring all kinds of fuel ranging from solids, liquids to even gases from thin finger-like pipes. I also witnessed

how they always kept a small device close to them and liked to stare at it every few chronosteps, and then contort their muscles. Apparently, this abnormal behaviour was called "taking selfies" but I could not figure out why it had to be done so frequently. Perhaps it was their lifeline.

I picked up conversations and learned something called *kacchi* was worshipped here. They were all planning for this particular event and kept repeating "Mamma, purday hobe purday". I think I was slightly suffering from an extra-terrestrial culture shock.

I found out that many structures got illuminated with moving lights after sundown. I made it to one of the enormous establishments which supposedly held 3000 of these creatures at once. Need not be mentioned, that it took me another lifetime to reach there sitting in another box; I could have travelled to the planet Nibiru and back by this time. I had decided to hire a box they called "Uber" to go with the latest hype here but then observing the peculiarities of these beings gave me more reasons to report back home to leave this city alone. They have started to scare me a little.

As I was making my way into the building, I saw some creatures wrapped in shinier packages than usual and curiously they had their necks and ears covered with armours. Perhaps this was for protection. At the end, a huge platform had been installed upon which sat two humans, glitteriest than all present. Everyone was in a hurry to get on that platform and get visually documented.

I decided to spend the night on the streets where I observed tiny versions of these beings resting, playing away with discarded objects, and laughing quite a lot. I wondered why they did not stay in one of those tall struc-

tures and recharged themselves at the nourishment centres. But they somehow looked happier.

I had reached the conclusion that this is a place best left alone, especially due to my last experience after dawn. Just to diversify my understanding more, I was experimenting with my looks, growing the black fibers on my head a little longer, standing in a secluded corner just when I sensed I was being observed intently by a quite a number of beings, who looked rather frightened. Before I could react, I was under attack and abducted. Oh, the irony.

I woke up in a place which according to my geographical location sensor was not very near to the city. Something had definitely hit me. It was a dark place and I was surrounded by threatening looking humans. One which exhibited long facial hair and almost no clothes ran towards me and kept hitting me with what they called a "jhaaru". Their words made no sense to me whatsoever but I heard them referring to me as "Jinn". A few small humans ran up to me and said, "Doitto, amar teen ta iccha puron kore dao." I wish I knew what they meant. But all I do is emit electromagnetic signals.

I was rescued after some megasteps with the humans being almost paralysed with fear when my scoutship arrived. Of course, they would not even remember any of it, but I felt sorry for myself.

Dear Diary, I have been scarred.

Iqra suffers from wanderlust, dreams of discovering the Loch Ness Monster and occasionally complains about Economics. Tell her to get a life at iqralaqa@gmail.com or https://www.facebook.com/iqra.l.qamari