



THE BEAUTY IN PAIN

NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

All you could hear was the whimper
 As I hopelessly glanced upon the night sky ,brightened
 by the city lights.
 There was nothing more to want
 For those dismal traumas had turned my desires into
 unsatisfied memories,
 And the fire that once burnt so passionately in my
 heart, had burnt down my dreams and hopes into
 ashes.
 I thought of nothing but the storm,
 That tore up my roots and separated my branches from
 me.
 You see,

The beauty in pain
 Is that somewhere hidden , there is a revival of joy.
 And when the storm comes back,
 With the blackest clouds ,the fiercest waves and the
 roaring winds,
 You can face it with a stronger heart.
 I knew I could too,
 But you would never see me smile the way I used to.
 You will see the sparkle in my eyes fall away as
 glimmering tears.
 You will feel my hands freezing and stiffening.
 You will hear the thunder in my voice break through.
 For things will never be the same again.

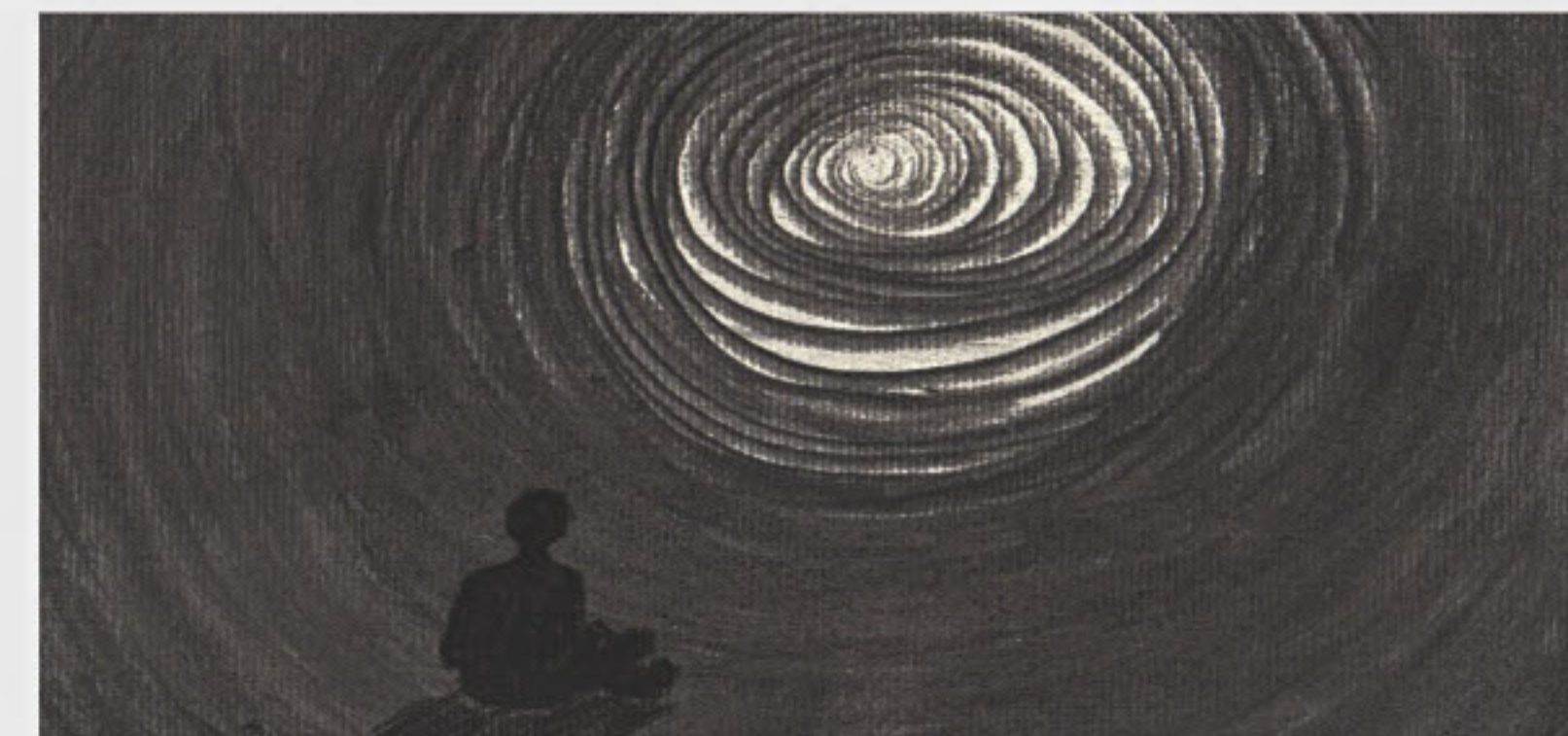
The writer is a grade 7 student of Sunbeams School.

TRACES OF HOPE

NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

I found a little beauty in the silent awakening
 of the morning sun
 After a sleepless night.
 I found a trace of hope
 in the songs of a child.
 Hope that came about
 from innocence and courage .
 I found a little pain in your eyes when
 you said you were alright.
 I've felt the emotions in your silence
 Emotions of loneliness , I suppose.
 I've realized the importance of fate's harshness and
 negligence towards my meaningless crying.
 It taught me to be stronger and prepared for more.
 I found a little beauty in learning from my mistakes,
 Not fretting upon them.
 So I won't waste my time trying to find pieces of myself,
 helplessly wishing I could undo the past.
 I will create a future from dreams I have fabricated ,
 not letting my mistakes influence my goals.
 I will be stronger in facing tomorrow.

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DRAFTS & DRAGONS

NUREN IFTEKHAR

My drafts are always terrible. And I don't mean that as a statement on their quality (they are dreadful on that aspect too) but I mean how ill mannered they are. If my drafts were a person they'd be that one guy who cuts in line every damn time.

I wrote a murder mystery once. But I threw it away because I didn't like how the killer turned out to be the dead girl's mother like some clichéd 1 am noir movie. The crumpled up paper called out to me few sentences into my next draft. He had a worn out overcoat on and a pipe lazily hanging around what you would hesitantly call a mouth. He told me with a perfect Boston accent "It wasn't the mother after all, Larry. She took the fall for her lover." I reminded him that my name wasn't Larry and that I was the one who wrote that story. He screamed at me for not realising what a mad, mad world this is but I was too tired to listen to his rambling.

With hopes of sounding Kafkaesque, I wrote a story about a man who cut off his legs because he

was convinced that fairies were living there. Turned out he was right and that the fairies were most displeased with this sudden dismemberment. I threw the story away when I realised that just because it had an improbable scenario didn't mean the story was surreal. The crumpled up paper asked me if he could make up for it by turning into a cockroach. I assured him that the fact that a scrunched up paper is talking to me is surreal enough. He didn't seem too convinced as he folded himself into a snake that slowly ate itself

until nothing was left. To be perfectly honest I can't say I wasn't glad.

I enthusiastically went for a medieval fantasy next, determined to turn things around. The hero was a peasant who befriended a griffin. He stormed through my fantasy world to get revenge on the evil dragon that killed his family. But I lost interest when I realised that the evil dragon had a more interesting character than my hero ever did. When this discarded draft turned into a miniature dragon, this whole shenanigan started to feel tedious

instead of incredulous. I get his evil intention but forgive me for not paying attention to a turtle sized dragon nibbling on my toe. I was just biding my time till it tried to breathe fire and self-immolated as a result.

Now you might say I'm just stereotyping if I tell you that my failed poetry turned into a fair lady in her twenties with a smile that hid her past, but I'd be lying if I described it any other way. She was my favourite though, not because I have loose morals but because she didn't crave my attention like the others. I think she took a liking to the detective. Wouldn't be surprised if they're in a jazz club under my drawer, but I've never been the one to pry.

In spite of the annoyance that comes with them and the fact that they, well, shouldn't exist to begin with, I think I'm kind of looking forward to seeing what becomes of the love story I'm writing this time. But I'm not seeing any particular reason to rip apart these last few A4 papers because I kind of like how my protagonist finally asked out that girl from the coffee house who happens to like Tame Impala just as much as he does.



ILLUSTRATION: RUMMAN R KALAM