

Mother Earth

NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

Her eyes are like lightning
 Fatal but wondrous.
 Her virtues are irreplaceable
 They're all you need to live.
 The changes in her emotions
 Reflect upon our daily living.
 Oh, but the love in her soul
 Is what binds nature with you and me.

But when you treat her wrong
 Exploit her gifts,
 Her tears shall warn you

But soon drown you in an ocean of helplessness
 Her revenge is anything but a mere portrayal of her
 anger
 It is a fire that shall never burn out.

She is beautiful
 For all that she can take
 But give so much more.
 Until
 You take it all.

*The writer is a grade 7
 student of Sunbeams
 School.*



PERFECT BOND

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

She is a plant-hollow;
 Only beautiful to those who love silence.
 She spreads her branches over the parched soil
 Like a mother spreads a blanket over her cold son.

He is the soil-uneven;
 Only powerful to those who admire what they are made of.
 He lets her roots grow strong inside his depths
 And she springs from his skin like a guardian.

The morning birds run into her crown
 When the Ocean claims the sun.
 Living entities seek refuge under her lowly hung branches
 When the sky is blue and the sun is flame.

What a perfect bond the plant shares with the soil!
 Lifting each other in drought and withering,
 Synchronizing with each other in growing,
 Helping the planet in breathing.

*The writer is a grade 11 student of Birshrestha Noor Mohammad
 Public College.*

Cat Chicken

MASHIAT LAMISA

Some stories begin with a "He looked at the distant shore and a seagull appeared" while some start with "I walk an empty street on the boulevard of broken dreams". This story, however, does not start with either of the sentences. Instead, this story takes place in a very ragged setting with an aesthetic indie track playing in the background. There are two oranges and one piece of fried chicken placed on a decorated ceramic plate and a white cat with a big belly is lying by an open window in a well lit room. The story proceeds with one riveting, extraordinary event that occurs in the room but to tell you that, I need to first introduce you to Meena. Now remember, Meena is the protagonist of the story—not the cat, nor the fried chicken.

Meena is not an extraordinary character. She definitely is not the one you used to watch on TV. But this I can tell you that Meena likes hazelnut cookies and has a thing for biscuits in suits. She uses cough tablets as mouth fresheners, and the front pocket of her backpack is full of chanachur. These details about her may seem unimportant but if you are someone who likes to read between the lines, by now you must have guessed that Meena is a 76 year old creature from outer space that has come to collect different specimens from earth. Right now, Meena is sitting on a high bench with a cup of liquid aluminium in the well lit room and is quietly observing the cat with a big belly. What Meena does not know is that the cat too is observing Meena with a keen eye because one skill the cat has acquired while living on earth is to always grab the fried chicken before someone else does.

From her backpack, Meena takes out a small revolving machine and holds it towards the cat to

read its mind. Meena, although a creature of an advanced universe, does not understand the importance of fried chicken in balancing the ecology of earth. So when her machine beeps and reads "Chicken fry on my mind", she religiously starts believing that the cat identifies as a chicken when in reality, all that the cat wants is to take a bite on that crunchy little fried chicken and go to sleep.

Quite satisfied with her hypothesis, Meena grabs a handful of chanachur from her bag and stuffs it in her mouth. This is when the story gets a killer plot twist. The fried chicken that was placed on a decorated ceramic plate in a well lit room suddenly comes to life and jumps in front of Meena and the cat, now dancing to the indie track that has been playing since the beginning of this story. Meena and the cat both jump up on their feet, ready to fight the fried chicken now approaching them while doing the Macarena. Hoping to shoot the fried chicken in the leg, Meena stumbles while trying to take out the Space-O-Gun version 3.0 from her bag and it is right then that the cat attacks the fried chicken and gobbles it up at once.

Now traditionally, this story would end with a very meaningful moral like "Never underestimate a cat with a fat belly" or "Aliens are dumb LOL" but you

might have already guessed that this is not so much of a traditional story per se. Hence, it would only suffice if I end it by telling you that no matter who you think the hero of this story is or what the title says about this story, you have to understand that Meena, a 76 year old creature from outer space is the protagonist, the cat is not; nor is the fried chicken.

Mashiat Lamisa believes in unicorns, flashlights and everything nice. Prove her wrong at mashiatlamisa@outlook.com

