



# Freckled Sky

LILIA HASSAN

The sky is looking different today  
 The clouds are dotted in a way  
 I glanced up high and saw,  
 nothing but a freckled sky.  
 They look like small pieces of cotton candy  
 floating in the air,  
 like shattered glass,  
 shaken with fear.  
 I lay down on the soft grass  
 As the clouds made patterns in the sky.  
 So much comfort, have I felt  
 My eyes were sleepy, so I slept,  
 I slept and slept  
 and moments passed  
 But finally, I wake up.  
 With dull eyes, the sky no longer felt bright  
 It took me seconds to realise  
 that it's night.

*The writer is a class 5 student of Dhanmondi Tutorial.*



# The Silent Night

SHOUNAK REZA

The night draws in,  
 Gentle, dark,  
 And right inside,  
 Has stopped singing the lark.  
 Fallen has the curtain,  
 It's silent for certain,  
 The silence is silent,  
 The lark is not resilient.  
 The night is dark and alone,  
 Not like any other,  
 The eyes themselves close,  
 Quietly sits the petal on the rose.

*The writer is an A level student.*



# Believe me I'm a liar

TASNIM ODRIKA

"I've been thinking about you lately," Phoebe said almost absentmindedly gazing outside. The first snow of the year had just started to fall and she loved watching the greys of the cobbled streets turn into white. The slight chuckle of her partner made her reluctantly shift her gaze towards him. "I regret us. I mean a part of me always regretted leaving you", she said looking into his eyes. "I'm surprised I even cross your mind. And it's hard to believe you. The only time you ever think about me is when you've reached rock bottom and you need someone to drag you up. I've learnt that over the years and I'm not falling for it again." Phoebe looked outside again at the snow covered Chrysanthemums adorning the window sill of the cafe they were in. The bright purple was almost gone now. "Part of what you said is true. But there's a reason I keep coming back. There's a reason I think of you every time things go wrong. You're not that great an advisor

really. Your words can't turn my life back around. It's just you. Your presence. It gives me comfort. Do you remember when we used to call each other at night and just sleep with the phone on?" she paused to take a deep breath and then chugged the entire coffee in front of her, then added, "I guess what I mean to say is that I've never felt at home with anyone else but you."

*Silence*

The snowfall was getting heavier now, almost emulating with the atmosphere inside the cafe. "Ugh, thanks, I guess. Listen, I think there's going to be a snowstorm soon and it's also getting pretty dark outside. I better get home to the kids. Steph has been taking care of them the whole day. She must need a break. Oh, and do say hello to Mark from me."

*Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika\_02@yahoo.com.*