

TO MY AUTHOR

MAISHA NAZIFA KAMAL

The book is opened and the story starts
With your words, but with my voice,
With the plot you wove, but with the life I live
A story that is both of ours.

You gave me the eyes you always liked
The lightest of blue, the darkest of black.
You fashioned me with the ever-humour you had,
Tempered me with the grace you always lacked.

Half of me you painted with the soft shade
That you tried so hard to not let it fade.
Half of me you shadowed with your deepest hue
Recklessly, like the sinister thoughts within you.

I climbed the snow-capped mountain
Like you always wanted to do.
I filled the chasms, bore your scars
Saw the meteorite like you thought you would.

And you altered that lonely campfire of your life
Into mine with friends you never came across.
You made your secrets mine; for me to steal
And boldly say them like you never could.

And so drops of ink fall, an obsidian treachery.
Stardust upon you, sunlight dapples over me,
As you breathe in the light and write me.
Our chapters are short, cleverly strewn,
People read me never knowing it's also you.

But now your skin decays, I still stay the same
We laugh but tears cascade down our face.
You are gone, I dutifully stay;
But our story never ends.

*The writer is a class 11 student of Birshreshtha Noor
Mohammad Public College*



AN OFTEN TOLD TALE OF A RICH GIRL AND POOR GUY

KHALED AHMED

When our hero first crashed into our heroine in the middle of a corridor in their college, none of them were aware of the life-altering incidents were about to follow. Our hero was annoyed because this hold up meant he would be late for class and our heroine was annoyed because she was now late to her first date with her seventh boyfriend in as many months. Oh and by the way, our hero is called Raja because apparently that's what lower middle class people name their sons. Our heroine is called Tina because that's what rich businessmen who are often called Chowdhury name their daughters.

The next time they met would be the very next day and this time Raja would be caught gaping hopelessly at Tina when their paths crossed in campus. Of course, Tina noticed and glared at Raja and then walked away with such an exaggerated sway to her hips that would make you wonder how awfully painful it must have felt. But Raja didn't wonder that, he only realised that it was no surprise she was now dating a seventh boyfriend in as many months. He realised he desperately wanted to be the eighth. His friend/sidekick who held no meaning in this story said to him, "Look away brother, that's Chowdhury's daughter and she is way out of your league." Raja promised himself he'd prove the friend/sidekick wrong, and made a dangerous pledge that otherwise... he'd do a dangerous thing.

Opportunity presented itself as Raja was returning home after class and he spotted Tina walking by herself. Suddenly, a gang of goons arrived at the scene. They were sent by a business rival of Tina's father, Chowdhury, in attempt to kidnap her



PHOTO: STAR

because obviously, Chowdhury was in a business that included dirty play. Although he was untrained in the arts of combat and our story presents him as a gentle person, busy with his studies, he miraculously attains fighting skills right on cue and beats the hell out of those goons. In summation, a person with no reason to be good at combat beats a gang of goons whose only necessary skill would have been ability to fight. It seems illogical, but isn't love illogical too?

Things take a drastic turn in the relationship of Tina and Raja because Tina falls in love with her saviour, and they sing and dance to make everyone aware of that fact. But, her father had other ideas. He had a business partner with a suitable son and in his mind, this match was made in heaven. So, one fateful evening when Tina and Raja were walking together down a deserted alley, another gang of goons attacked. This time, they were Chowdhury's men and having heard of Raja's herculean fighting skills, they brought hockey sticks. That seemed to do the trick because after extensive **dhishum dhishum** Raja seemed to be down and finally out.

Raja woke up a day later, in the arms of his loving mother. He had mumbled Tina's name in his sleep, and on waking up, all he wanted to do was to go and save her. Raja asked his mother for the never-failing tonic of "*Mayer Dowa*". Raja's mother didn't comply. Instead, being the wise woman she was, she said, "Son, you have a CGPA of 3.95 and you've aced your GRE. Do you really want to throw all that away for *her*?" Raja stared at his mother with steely eyes and pondered for a moment, before saying, "Yeah, you're right. I have a bad headache anyway. I'd better catch up on some sleep."



SOLITUDE

FYROZE SHAFIQUE

Never again was the night void
The stars were the only witnesses
Of my existence.
No footprints there anymore
To follow,
When all the petty world just
Swiped away!

It was then, only then, my soul,

As tactile as the sea,
As explicit as the dandelion
Could get the best of me.

All the times of anonymous casts
That I was never meant to play,
Nostradamus tales came true at last
I was a star made of clay.

*The writer is a class 11 student in Viqarunnisa Noon
College*