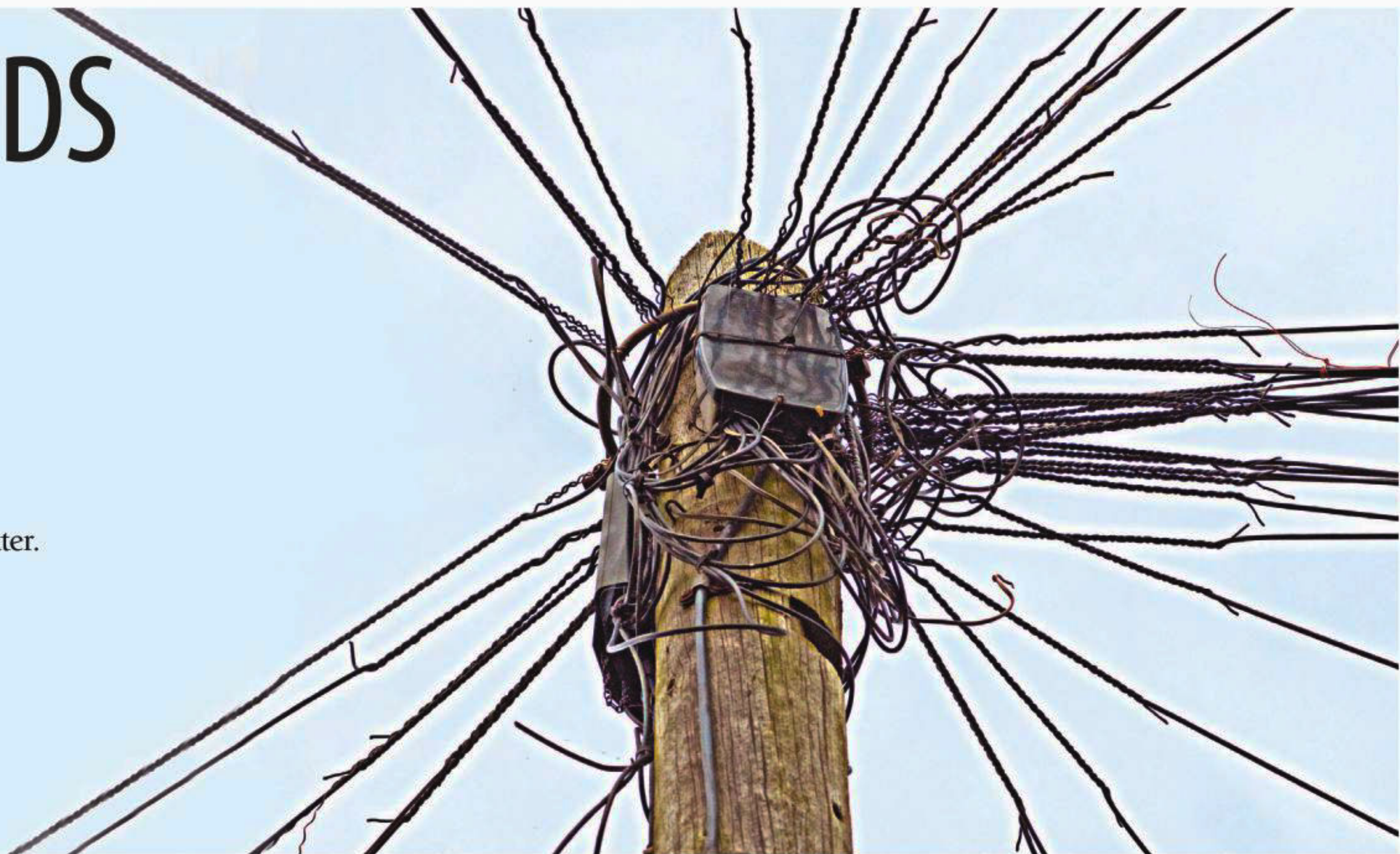


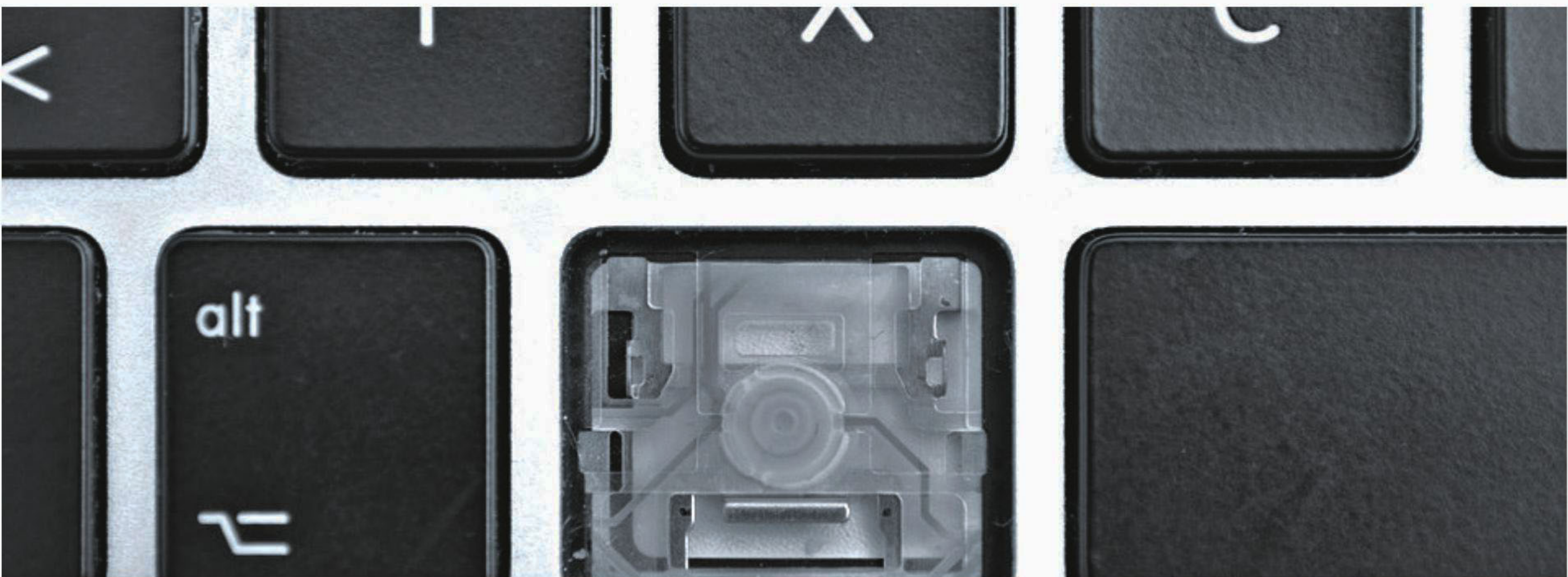
# SHATTERED BY WORDS

SHOUNAK REZA

Telephone wires do not exist anymore.  
 They went extinct in my house  
 Twelve years ago.  
 Phones don't shatter lives anymore  
 The way they shattered one fifty years ago.  
 My historical alter ego looks at me in dismay  
 I have learned nothing from her.  
 Her eyes do not exist anymore. Even our names start with the same letter.  
 And there is another letter that haunts us both.  
 She was informed of the cracks by the telephone.  
 I was informed of mine by words -  
 The very words that once made my life.  
 I cannot cry anymore. My eyes are dry.  
 So I decide to resort to paper  
 And shed words instead of tears.



# WARRIOR



ARAF MOMEN AKA

"Fool!" he typed on his keyboard, with fervor and angst. He knew he was right. He knew they were in the wrong. Someone had to do it. Someone had to put those buffoons in their place. Someone had to point out that their opinions were in the wrong. His own opinions could never be incorrect. So why can't it be him to stick it to them firmly?  
 "Fool!" he typed on another thread before slamming the left-mouse button with his index finger.  
 This is too easy. He always knew it wouldn't be much trouble striking down others' opinions at breakneck speed, but he could never imagine that it could be this easy! Until...

\*Ping\*

He heard a notification sound from the speakers of his computer. Someone had mentioned and replied to his retort with a long paragraph, asking him to be "more mature" in an argument instead of punching in "childish one-liners"! The nerve of this anonymous individual on a random internet forum!  
 "I'll show him CHILDISH!" he exclaimed to himself, yelling it out loud in his room. He didn't bother. He lived on his own anyway. He could do anything within the confines of his little room without having to bother about what others might think of him. Ah, that's the life.  
 He braced himself. It's going to be a long and grueling experience this one. Anonymous72 wanted a proper count-

er-argument, right? Well this random netizen's about to get what he/she asked for!  
 He took a gulp of his soda and started slamming down his fingers onto the keys of his keyboard. Line after line, paragraphs after paragraphs, he wrote on and on until he couldn't come up with more of his self-assured axioms to bolster his arguments. He hit "Send" again. He was sure Anonymous72 wouldn't have the gall, nor the brains, to reply to his logic.  
 Oh no! There's that \*ping\* again. "Well this is going to be a long day," he thought to himself, preparing to sit down and read the counter-argument.  
 Looks like there are other people joining in with Anonymous72, and they're helping him out too. He braced himself

again, getting ready to write as much as he could.  
 Again, he furiously started typing away on his keyboard, slouching down in acute concentration, breathing down heavily on his monitor. He'll produce a retort so undeniable that there will be nothing the anonymous people bashing him online can come back with. And for good measure, he'll throw in some personal attacks too.  
 It's done. Now the replies are incoherent blabber of anonymous people on the internet. They can't come up with any proper counter-arguments. They're all personal insults, and nothing but personal insults.  
 "I've won," said he. "It's not easy being a warrior, but someone has to do it."