

Homage To The Pawns

RAIHAN MUSA

Eight mighty titans,
Unleashing their wrath!
Noble sons of Leonidas I,
They roar: Freedom or death!
Entering the jaws of death,
Staring into the dark abyss,
With pride blazing in their hearts!



DESIGN: **ABIR HOSSAIN**



DESIGN: **SYEDA AFRIN TARANNUM**

UNFULFILLED DREAMS

ANGELINA NODEE FRANCIS

The scent of burnt tobacco had been around for a really long time. Although, I'm not sure if it's my memory that brings forth the smell of burnt tobacco when I enter Orindom's room. He would tell me, "Didi, I swear it's just a few puffs... I won't get addicted." Even if I did tell anyone about it, they couldn't care less.

Having a conversation with him was an arduous task. It would seldom last more than five minutes and even when it exceeded the short time span, it would never end in a pleasant manner. He would paint the person talking to him as the provocateur – blaming them for things that happened years ago. It was mentally taxing for the person who fell to the clutches of his outburst. So much so that it never made them want to talk to him again.

He would be perturbed by the most inaudible of noises. Orindom could not withstand it. He would shut the door loudly or the leave the room immediately. When something did not go according to his will, Orindom made sure that everybody else suffered along with him. One would expect a grown man to be a little more mature but the most insignificant form of inconveniences created chaos and if somebody was to be held accountable for that, it would be Orindom.

It wasn't as though his family didn't try to convince him to seek help when he needed it. He just wouldn't budge. With each futile attempt, they grew more helpless. Naturally, the only they could hope to do was keep a watchful eye and observe him throughout the day.

If one of the members slightly changed their tone towards Orindom, he would stay outside the house for hours until his anger subsided a little. As the days passed, it only got worse. Hours turned to days, and days turned to weeks. Eventually, it got difficult to even

track him down.

Although, he usually came back by himself, nobody really bothered asking where he had been. Either way, it would lead to more trouble than one could endure.

Orindom used to come over to our house regularly when we were teenagers. He loved staying amidst nature, having longer conversations with trees than with humans, petting any cat that he would come across, lying on the ground filled with grass and staring at the sky for hours.

Somewhere along the line, it all went wrong.

He used to outperform all his peers, paint, and sing a little too. In fact, Orindom was planning to pursue a degree in Art but that wonder, that ceaseless curiosity of his waned as he grew older. He could sense the weight of expectations that were placed on him. It was frustrating to have so many people constantly talk so highly of you. I would often find him curled up in an isolated corner of the house, crying. I would hug him and sit there with him for the rest of the day, until he felt better.

"Didi, I cannot do this anymore, I want to give up," he would say, with a shaky voice.

When I told his parents about it, they said that he could handle the pressure.

I hope that the stuffy odour of nicotine never leaves his room. Because it allows me to think that Orindom is still here and forget about every terrible thing that he was put through. Maybe the demons inside him rest in peace now, knowing that he no longer has to withstand any of it anymore.

Angelina Nodee Francis enjoys cracking self-deprecating jokes and running away from her problems. Send her memes at angelinafrancis004@gmail.com

Send your short stories, poetry and illustrations to shoutfablefactory@gmail.com