

#CONTEST

THE BEST OF LOVE

Our Valentine's Day contest's top 4 winning stories

As Valentine's Day unfolded with heartfelt stories and expressions of love, our Facebook contest brought together voices that captured the essence of romance, connection, creativity, and love for life.

After much deliberation, we are thrilled to unveil the top 4 participants whose entries stood out for their originality, emotion, and storytelling. Each of them has

left an imprint with their unique take on love, making this celebration all the more special.

Stay tuned as we showcase their work and honour their contributions to this heartfelt event!

Keep an eye on the Facebook group, "Lifestyle Pulse" for more exciting competitions.

Love you so much, Bably

More or less everyone has some dreams and wishes about their loved ones, sometimes they want to disappear somewhere far away, across the horizon, beyond the borders of distant countries.

I am no exception. I also want to get lost somewhere far away with my loved one.

I have a dream in my mind, I will listen to the silent roar of the sea with my beloved person and listen carefully to the thousands of unspoken words of both of them. There will be a mischievous-sweet relationship between the two.

I will walk the endless path holding hands.

Sitting by the sea, I and that beloved person will see the full moon rising in the night sky!

Keeping that full moon as a witness, I want to tell my beloved, my unspoken words, the movement of thoughts in the depths of my mind, breaking the hesitation!

Love doesn't change. Not just young

love. Love does not end with age. Love grows with age. Like you're growing all over me, growing.

What a different feeling, a different moment!

The memory of you will remain in my mind for ages.

— **Arsane Adib**



A love that waits, a heart that heals

There's still a part of me that waits, a part that hopes. I once read about a girl, who waited just like I did — heart full of longing, mind full of unanswered questions. Each letter I sent, each word I wrote, was an attempt to bridge the distance between us. But I received nothing in return.

I told myself I would stop, that I'd erase 'waiting' from my heart. But my heart didn't listen—it kept sending out love, full of unspoken words. No matter how many times others told me you wouldn't come back, I couldn't stop hoping.

But today, something feels different. Waiting doesn't mean standing still. It doesn't mean being stuck. It teaches strength, patience, and self-worth. It's about learning to live without the thing you once thought you couldn't live without.

Do you remember the river by Shiulitala? The one where we made promises? I named it Roopkotha because it felt like our story — beautiful, fleeting, and full of dreams. But now, the river that once carried our

promises flows with nothing but silent echoes of what could have been.

The garland of flowers I once imagined on my forehead now lies wilted in the pages of memory. And yet, that's okay. In all this waiting, I've learned something: love isn't about holding on forever. It's about finding the courage to let go. Even when your heart feels like it will never heal, it can—and it will.

So, I let go. I let go of the idea of us, of the future we imagined. I no longer wait for you. Now, I choose to wait for myself.

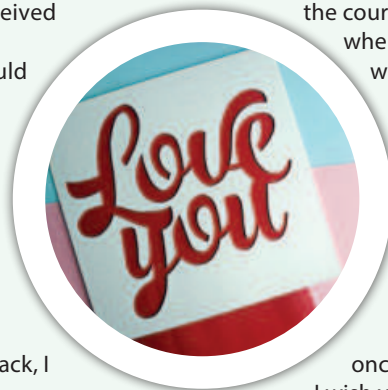
And to you, who once taught me so much: I wish you a love that's real—a

love that doesn't ask too much, and a heart that understands the value of letting go.

If you're reading this, know that you are not alone. In the quiet moments of waiting, you'll find your peace, too. And love—true love—will come when you least expect it.

Waiting taught me that love isn't just about holding on—it's about knowing when to let go and finding the strength to love yourself first.

— **Israt Zahan Oishy**



A letter to my guardian angel

Dear Nana Bhai,

I can still hear the hum of your motorcycle early in the morning; its sound cutting through the quiet streets of Dhaka as you patiently waited for me while I took my sweet time getting ready for school, as if the world could wait for me. You never made me feel the weight of my parents' absence when they were busy with work. Those simple moments, Nana Bhai, were enough to fill my heart with love and happiness.

You were never the loud type-your love

wasn't about grand gestures or expensive gifts. Instead, it was in the quiet moments of care, when no one was looking, in the steady rhythm of your presence.

You were a doctor by profession and a magician by choice, and you truly left behind a legacy of love, compassion, and sacrifice. Yesterday morning, I woke up with a sharp, crushing pain in my chest, and I tried to call you, because I always ran to you—even for the smallest inconveniences. But the phone rang and rang, and it was then, in the unbearable silence, that the cruel truth hit me—you're

gone. Gone forever.

Thank you for being a healer in more ways than one. You held our family together after losing your own, silently carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders, never once complaining, never seeking rest. Were you ever able to breathe, Nana Bhai? Or were you always too busy tending to the needs of us and everyone around you? Even though you aren't here with me today, I know in my bones that I will make you proud, and your generosity and kindness will live on through me. I feel your love every single

day—in the way I try to help others, in the way I can go above and beyond for my family and in the way I carry myself with integrity.

You have indeed taught me that love is not necessarily about grand gestures. It lies in the ability to show up every single day, without fail. You always showed up, Nana Bhai.

I will always be your little girl. And you will always be my first love, my guiding star.

Forever yours, Prottasha.

— **Kazi Farbeen**

Love for Life

It is so peaceful to lie down on this mild winter morning, with a blanket over my head, as if all the sleep has just been absorbed by my eyes. What a smile the sun reflects on the clear glass of the window! He seems to be grinning a little too much today. What a sweet smell! Has someone entered the room wearing perfume? What a beautiful fragrance! I

can't remember the last time I smelled a marigold — my favourite flower.

I really want to have tea. I haven't had tea in a long time! Well, wasn't there also a cricket match between Bangladesh and West Indies women's today? I didn't watch the game.

The doctor said I would recover soon. But it has been two months, and I am still lying there. Yesterday, I saw the

people of the house wiping their eyes in the background. Why do they do this? Don't you know how much I love them? It hurts me to see tears in the corners of their eyes!

Well, won't anyone come to see me in the morning? I know, the doctor is lying to me. I won't be good again. I don't let them recognise that I understand everything. The little one is no more.

Lately, I often dream of walking towards the light. I have even secretly written a letter to my family. I have never told you how much I love you all! What! Am I dreaming again? A light is coming towards me. My eyes are getting dazzled, and the sweet smell is getting stronger.

— **Mahabuba Sarmin Kolee**
(Translated from Bengali)