



The Girl from Nowhere

“But, in a case like this, the family gets a lost child back but loses dignity at the same time.”

When I first saw this girl, she was shivering in cold cowering in a corner of a roadside seat. The footpath was busy with homecoming people who were going home to take the safest shelter from the unbearable cold out there. The coldness was being increased to a great degree by continuous drizzling. Nobody was paying any heed to this lonely girl who was possibly passing the worst winter night of her lifetime. Maybe that's why I felt something for her at first sight. We all were wearing heavy jackets and sweaters to get rid of the cold weather but she was sitting on the footpath wearing a thin and weird cotton dress. That might be the reason for my being emphatic to her. However, I went to her and asked why she was out there in this extremely cold weather. She didn't look at me let alone replying to my query.

Whenever I asked something she cringed more and took refuge in the seat from the menace I was creating by questioning her. Then, I asked her the same questions in Chittagonian dialect, this time, she looked at me with those pale eyes. I can never forget that intense look. Those eyes actually had nothing on them except hatred for this world and the people dwelling here. Our interaction was confined only to the eye-contact. She gave me a blank look and I became blank having no question left to my question bank. In the meantime, some curious people gathered

around us. And there was a police station nearby, so she was shifted there in no time because of her silence and the effect of bad weather. A police officer asked her a series of questions but couldn't get one word in reply. I followed the girl to the police station and gave my contact number to the police officer and told him to inform me if her identity wasn't found and no one came to aid her.

After two long days, the officer called me as I was the only person who cared a bit for this girl from nowhere. The officer allowed me to bring her home with me after knowing my identity. That day, this girl seemed quite happy and relaxed with me, maybe she understood that she was unwanted to everyone in her surroundings. I gave her a job at the garments factory where I work as an AGM. I also managed a room for her. Surprisingly, all this time she never told a word but she gave a look full of gratitude every time I looked at her. She never understood my speech unless it's spoken in Chittagonian language. Everyone at her workplace thought she's mute. But, for some unknown reasons, I've always got a feeling that she could talk.

After three months of working, she turned into a beautiful woman leaving behind the miserable health and mental condition. And like every other love stories, a guy fell in love with her beauty and behavior despite the fact that she's mute. When he came to know I am the one who brought her here, he rushed to me with a proposal I couldn't refuse. This good guy wanted to marry her. I tried to make him understand that he'd get nothing except the bride. But he seemed really desperate. So, I agreed. They got married and she was quite happy. The couple worked together and lived together. I used to visit her workplace and never saw her without a smiling face. A perfect married life that all of us may envy.

Things were going to the way as it's supposed to go. But one day, she spoke some words for the first time. A long desired good news for every woman of this mother Earth. This news completes the entity of a woman. She was blessed with the fruit of her love, she got pregnant. Mistakenly, she couldn't help expressing happiness on that very special day and uttered the news to her loving and caring husband. Yes! She spoke a few words carrying this heavenly message of getting pregnant. For a moment, they celebrated together until her husband realized that she could actually talk. After knowing the fact that she could speak, the husband started to ask her hundreds of questions about her past and identity. And, that gave birth to a brand-new problem instead of a new child. Things were getting worse as the past of this girl was not a usual one. She was a Rohingya who fled to Bangladesh and took shelter in Teknaf. Sadly enough, she fell into the trap of a broker who allured her with the hope of a better future. He brought her to Chittagong. The attitude of this broker frightened her and assuming the danger ahead she escaped from him. That's when she was found in the first place. After this revelation, she lost her

'stranger' identity and got back the previous one of a Rohingya refugee. She was the girl from nowhere but now she is tagged as a Rohingya girl by the society. Her husband, as well as, Bangladeshi law was against her. The husband preferred an unknown girl rather than a girl having this sort of known background. Love doesn't always win against all odds. Isn't it strange? We tend to love a stranger more than someone whom we know very well. The girl was shocked and broken into a thousand pieces when she heard what her husband had to say. Everything became upside down. She was brought back to the Rohingya camp with a tiny life in her womb.

She was highly expected there, her relatives also shifted there as a refugee. They were waiting for her return all these days. But, after knowing the story they also abandoned her. And the news of the pregnancy was the last thing they heard from her. They never believed her wholly and accused her of being a whore, which she's not. Life is the most difficult for a girl who goes missing for some days, months or years. Things will be never as before for them in this part of the world. It's better to go missing forever. At least, the family will wait for her endlessly and the girl will be remembered with a sense of grief. ***But, in a case like this, the family gets a lost child back but loses dignity at the same time.***

Since then she stopped explaining herself and became mute again. She never talked again as she never felt the love what she did for her husband and started to survive instead of living. She was among her countrymen in another country, hated by both the countries. Her situation is like that of every Rohingya people. They are hated for their identity. They are accepted neither by their own country nor another country. They live in between the two countries with a head which is not ever high.

I was busy and happy with my life until the thought of her pregnancy hit my mind last month. I visited the refugee camp to know her whereabouts and it was very easy to get her news as almost every one of the refugee camp knows her tragic story though they don't believe it. She died while giving birth to a baby boy. Before death, she named him after someone and those were the last words she told according to the midwife. I couldn't talk for hours when I came to know that this little boy shares the same name I do. Maybe I was a brother to his mom whom she loved till the last breath. I failed as a brother and I failed again as an uncle this time.

Poetry Section

Every Teardrop Is a Waterfall

Every teardrop is a waterfall,
Every drop of blood is an ocean.
Every criminal act is a murder,
Every murder is death of a nation.

Humanity dies in the hands of its savior,
The burden of injustice is getting heavier.
Almighty wants us to act mercifully,
But we spare no chance of being the bully.

God has created a world open for all,
We are severing and creating border wall.
He bestowed us with all His supreme grace,
But we deprive each other of our own race.

Religion is meant to bring peace in our life,
But some people are misusing it as a sacred knife.
They are killing people and causing genocide,
Following some misguided spiritual guide.

It should be wholeheartedly realized by all-
Every teardrop is really a waterfall.

My Lady

She doesn't have a clean skin,
Nor is as fair as the snow.
A freckled face she has and
Fatigue makes her oily skin glow.

She can't pose like a model,
Nor has a body filled with lust.
Tries to dress a bit trendy but
Modesty and decency is a must.

She doesn't use heavy makeup,
nor has beautiful legs or arms,
But has those eyes of a deer
Full of pure love and charms.

She doesn't write so well but
Sweetens me by her lovely voice.
Doesn't use any perfume but
Her smell becomes my choice.

She's not a blonde but
Her hair rouses envy in girls.
Doesn't have pretty teeth but
Her smile shines like pearls.

She often does mistakes but
Cares my every little thing.
Never fails to amend and
To my love, she adds the zing.

She can't sing well but loves to dance,
Always impresses me, if gets a chance.
She is ordinary yet of a rare kind,
Has a good heart and a beautiful mind.

She's not someone highly expected,
But wherever goes she, is respected.
She's a human and nothing like a fairy,
I'm the luckiest as she's whom I'll marry.

My Prayers

Problems arise,
Probabilities are imprecise,
Bliss becomes grey,
When nothing comforts me,
To You I pray.

Mishaps take place,
Might loses the race,
Troubles turn to be grave,
When nothing gives hope,
To You I crave.

Expectations enhance pain,
Endeavors end in vain,
Errors are inept to mend,
When none can help,
To You I bend.

Life is a maze,
Liabilities give a gaze,
Salvation seems vague,
When nothing goes right,
To You I beg.

Appeals remain unheard,

Atheism thrusts so hard,
Debates deny Adam and Eve,
When arguments go on,
In You I believe.

The Offshoots of Love

When you're in my arms,
Life's nothing but your lovely charms.

When your hands are in my hands,
I'm ready to make any amends.

When you're afar for any reason,
It seems to be the longest season.

When you're here in my sight,
I fear nothing; no earthly might.

When you're there with a grin,
I think of beginning to preen.
When I see you in a frown,
I wish I could gift you my queen's crown.

When our chances appear to be narrow,
I feel the emptiness of a tightened arrow.

When I give up, am about to cope;
You come up with a sun of hope.