

Creative



Issue 1 [November 2022]

Chief Editor



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“Words, words, words.” – *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare

Writing is all about ‘words’. It is words that help to create literary magnum opus. Words find their fullest expressions in books, magazines, and so on. A literary magazine is an excellent way for people to connect with other writers and share their work with the world. The publication of the literary magazine called "Creative" is slated to prove invaluable in the creative community. The journal is available both in print and online formats. Notably, it features fiction, poetry, and essays from up-and-coming writers from the ELL department, UCTC. Certainly, this is a great opportunity for students to showcase their work for readers to find new and exciting reads. The launch of this magazine comes at a time when the literary world is in need of fresh voices, and I do believe that "Creative" will indeed be enjoyed by many!

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1st Prize Winner



The Legendary Phoenix

Farzana Jasmine
6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

Let me rise and shine again
From all those scattered bits of my soul
Six times to ten and then
To escape the door of burning hell

Behind the scars of intense pain
Sometimes never stops at all
The strongest self; the most awaken
The release of the angel, fallen

Painted the angel in gold leaf wings
Spreading the smell of ever-lasting flame
Like the fire moving through the veins
For the spaces in-between, never broken

Born with the spirit of a brave heart
To grow the strength of light and hope
Even though it is meant to be a fresh start
Never give up or extinguish the scope



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2nd Prize Winner



A Disbeliever's Note

Md. Tanjiul Hasan Rifat
3rd Semester, ELL, UCTC

A man says there is no God, then he has a fever and gets sick.
He criticizes God even on his deathbed. Soon, he passes away.
He lives in the grave, in the dark, like a prisoner, and calls for HELP.
HELP! HELP! HELP!

He cries in fear, his suffocation meets the horror of death till the angels come.
He sees some light, not of hope. Light of glossiness.
His grave finds no light, but darkness. Permanent darkness.
For the first time he utters God's name- Oh god, show me some light.
He sees some light again and believes in God's existence. But, the light disappears and his
hope goes in vain.

The days of his death are tenacious.
He feels boiled, warm, his brain has been cooked. He screams, "Is there anyone to save me?
Is there any God?"
The grave quakes like hell, then he starts to tremble with fear. He hears a sound, "I'm God,
the creator of you and this Universe."

Prove it if you can, the man says, and asks God to stop the torment of the grave.
The hellfire switches on and off.
His good and bad deeds are revealed.
He burns, God sends angels for his quick recovery.
He starts to believe in the punishment of the grave, realizes God's existence.
The cries turn into blessings like rain and shed on hellfire.
He asks for a second chance for salvation but God denies.
God says, "There is one life to live and to die."



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3rd Prize Winner



Present Time

Robayet Jahan
Alumna, ELL, UCTC

Ashamed I am
Speechless as well.
Do you know why?
The world is crammed with the
So-called artistic individual!
Some apply art to raping
Some in murdering the innocent.
That evil art smothers humanity and takes lives away.

Alas!
Do you know that you are not safe in an independent country?
Do you know that you can lose your loved one today to a human devil?
Do you know that there is no guarantee in your life?

Alas!
Hey law, answer me,
Where can we get protection?
What is going on in the world?
Come, let's do something to save women, to save ourselves!



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Futuristic Story

Sayeda Mustafa Nasrin
6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

Year: 3099

Location: Central Super-Science Laboratory

Robot scientist Reagan told his colleague Trigon, “Brother, is there any logic to sustain human life? They just eat and sleep. They do not get out of bed rather than contribute to the advancement of science. Life is just about brain sex and eating robotic food. For the sake of our medical science, it seems that each of them will live more than a thousand years. No one seems to have died in the last five hundred years.”

Then, Trigon said, "Brother, don't say that. These people are our creators. Moreover, they have accumulated knowledge and science. This is the rule to show them respect.” Reagan replied, “Break your rules. The seventh species of robots works to create robotic food for humans along with the government. They are getting dissatisfied with people day by day.”

"Seventh species of robots are shaped like humans, somewhat like humans, so they do it occasionally," Trigon said sympathetically. In response, Reagan said, "Bigger than that, we're all made up of people."

Trigon turned his silken-coated smooth hand to the pancit-colored sky outside the transparent roof above and said, "Okay, but all scientists are ninth-generation robots, our intelligence is much higher than others. An intelligent being cannot seek the destruction of another intelligent being.”

In a somewhat sarcastic tone, Reagan enquired, “Do you think people are still intelligent? By the end of the twentieth century, they have abandoned their education system and handed over the responsibility of imparting knowledge to robots. For the last five hundred years, they have not gotten out of bed. Surprisingly, however, genetics have discovered a lower-class animal called a pig which suddenly changes and it becomes a very intelligent animal. But, these pigs

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are not attracted to the earth. Now, they have made a huge spaceship and traveled to the Nihian Galaxy. The advanced civilization of the pigs has spread throughout the Nihian galaxy.” Suddenly, he changed the topic and said, "Meanwhile, have you seen how people are shaped? One now weighs ten tons of nuclear battery."

The ninth species of the robot has a very mild level of grief. In Trigon's mind, that unfortunate grief for this unfortunate human species spreads through his delicate mechanical body. He blackened the transparent roof and by then a robotic light shined inside.





Accessing Information and Safe Communication

Shakila Akter Barsha
6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

When it is digital, it is a part of ICT, which is the short form of Information and Communications Technology, a huge umbrella term. Though there is no universal definition, ICT generally refers to all devices, networking components, applications, and systems facilitating interaction with the digital world. Sometimes, the term "ICT" is used interchangeably with "IT" or "information technology." But, ICT is more comprehensive, including more computer and digital technology components. In this modern world, ICT has helped us a lot in our daily lives by providing us with email, online shopping, video conferencing, e-learning, and many more.

In our country, December 12 is celebrated as national ICT day, and worldwide, it is on April 4. To this day, it aims to give girls and youthful women a chance to observe and know its usefulness and advantages in their daily lives and careers. ICT Day means a lot to me as it allows girls to go everywhere, and this day is actually for girls and young women who need to explore themselves in this modern world with the help of ICT. I celebrated this day with a lot of enthusiasm and I discovered many things that will help me in the future. I applaud this day with my friends, and I tell them how I get benefit from ICT. I let them know about all the positive and negative sides of ICT.

Khadeja Islam is my classmate at university; while we were talking about ICT's positive and negative sides, she started telling me her story, which she faced. She was chased by a Facebook comrade whom she unfriended months ago and to whom she provided all the essential data that could get her into trouble, such as her home address, school address, and even cell phone number. At that time, she was too young and worried about handling it, so she told her father who complained about it later. This incident was very traumatic for her and her family. After this incident, Cumilla police organised awareness programmes where all the students were told not to send their details to any outsider.

When I was in 9th grade, I got my first mobile phone and was introduced to the world of the internet. I opened my Facebook and Gmail accounts in 2020 during the COVID-19 pandemic. At present, I am familiar with all the common apps. An interesting fact is that we had a computer at our home since my 6th grade and I started typing to help my father from then. I feel lucky that I have never faced any issue regarding ICT usage. I think it only could happen

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due to my self-awareness and my elder brother's care. I always use PINs and patterns on my mobile phone and do not share my device with anyone. It is very important not to install unknown applications and avoid fishing websites.

Moreover, neither I make friends with unknown people nor share my personal information in public. I guess it is very important for personal safety. I always check the facts about using social media and other applications and discuss them with my friends. Sometimes, I need to use my university library computer. I suggest my friends not to save passwords on any device because there is a chance of security leakage. I think the government authorities, for example, the cyber security team need to be more active to reduce cyberbullying. The most important thing, I always feel that the parents need to know about ICT well to monitor their children. The teachers can encourage the students to know more about cyber security and make them self-aware. I wish to know more about education policy, children's education, and apps for learning. In this case, I plan to do some courses on app development and cyber security policy and design.

I really cannot think of modern life without ICT. Nevertheless, we cannot deny the misuse of ICT. It has both positive and negative impacts on our lives. If I use ICT as a knowledge house, it will be beneficial. At the same time, if we use it carelessly and without awareness, we will be in trouble. So, we need to be smart and careful to ensure the excellent use of data in the realm of using communication technologies.



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Love

Rojina Akter

6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

Your eyes wanted to tell me something
Those furrowed brows tell me what you like and what you don't.
Your smile makes me happy
And your busyness makes me think.





Trust, Covid-19 and Rohingya

Mohammad Shoaib
6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

The matter of faith can be of many kinds. For example, a man believes another man. Ever wondered why he believes? We say in between faith is something to be achieved and the acquisition process may be much more complicated. We believe in science because science gives us evidence. Almost everything we match based on evidence and reasoning is what we define as belief. But, is there anything we believe without seeing? Yes, there is. We believe in the Creator without seeing Him, which we can define as a religious belief.

Belief in one's religion is more or less present in almost all people. However, the Rohingya community is far ahead in this regard. Their religious beliefs are very strong. If I give you a couple of examples from my brief understanding, you may get the point.

1. Let's start with a familiar slogan- 'No more than two children, one is better'. This slogan is disliked by them. They do not agree at all with the method of birth control and the only reason for this is religion. They think that it is a sin. Their straightforward point is that when Allah is the owner of the child, then who we are to control it. Allah provides food for him before He creates man.

2. To the Rohingyas, it is religiously obligatory for girls to take umbrellas when they go out of the house. They think that by taking an umbrella, girls can hide themselves from the eyes of the boys or it is a kind of screen for them. (This is the experience after a week of conversation with them in mid-2018). My personal opinion is that they try to explain almost everything in their daily lives with religion. They are much more religious. Besides, the people involved in religious work are also much more acceptable to them.

Here is another contemporary topic - When the Covid-19 virus was controlling the whole world as its own, the Rohingyas began to shelter themselves from that control through the interpretation of religion. In their words, Corona is a punishment given by Allah and our life and death are the will of Allah; if anyone dies due to Corona, then he will receive martyrdom. With such interpretation, they were living.

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But, were their thoughts right? Skip it...! I will not go there, otherwise, my religious beliefs may be in question! Some aspects have taught me one thing- Explain to them as they are. The point is that since they believe so much in religion, try to explain them in the language of religion. Although many have made such attempts, I am talking about these two NGOs, Dam, and DSK. This is because, over time, I have been able to understand the experience of these two NGOs. What they do is enlist the help of mosque imams, muezzins, and MAJI to spread Covid-19 awareness among the Rohingya community.

Religion and people involved in religious activities are much more important to the Rohingya community. When they hear the same thing from a common man and an imam, then surely they give more importance to the words of the latter. Because of this importance, Dam and DSK create awareness among the Rohingya community. New beliefs are created in the form of beliefs. What the Rohingyas believed was that if they died of the Corona epidemic, they would be martyred, a variant of it. If someone dies without treatment, without effort, he will not be a martyr because it is Sunnah to take treatment.

We can also define it as a primordial change or a paradigm shift. In the beginning, the idea of religion was main among the people, but later, the NGOs are determined to bring those ideas from the primitive age to the medieval to the modern age. They do meeting sessions, medical services, go door-to-door, etc. In doing so, they face many challenges and limitations. After all, these are bringing about a change in the Rohingya community.

Another important issue is 'third-gender people'. Inequality is visible in their community as well as in our society. What kind of Inequality? This is a huge discussion. It will take a lot of time to start and finish. All I can say is that it is a pain to deviate from one's place of birth, along with another pain of not having equal rights as a human being. Their religious beliefs are also different from all others. Sometimes, I think, how diverse people are! How diverse their beliefs are!



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Dear Me

Ayesha Rahman Khan Shimu
3rd Semester, ELL, UCTC

Is it you staying with me forever...?
Yes...it is!
In my loneliness you accompany me!
How many hours have I talked to you?
I say in my mind, "Is it not a conversation?"

Is it you staying with me forever
With so many memories?
Those happy and sad memories!
Yet you were and are by my side!

You were my constant companion during the journey!
Annoyance! What is it?
When you were always with me,
I was immersed in myself all the time!
Did not realize I was alone!
I did not get a single chance to feel so.

Yes, it was you
Who kept me out of my loneliness and despair
For a long time!
I am not me without you.
You are a living thing in me!
Yes, that is you! A true friend!



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The Day My Hope was Restored

Kashpia Ibnat
5th Semester, ELL, UCTC

The day we
first met we were
standing next to an office
That initial meeting of ours
will reside in my mind
as a showpiece.

The day we
first caressed we were
sitting alongside an edifice.
That first welcome love of ours
will reside in my mind
as a showpiece.

On an overcast seashore
we first got drenched together
by the rain
This is the best memory
we have ever gained.

I met you when
my heart desired to be recovered.
I met you when
my mind wanted to reassess.
I met you when
my body wished to be revived.

I met you when
my soul craved to be reborn.
I met you when
my eyes dreamed to recapture.
I met you when
my lips felt to be re-felt.
I met you when
my days hoped to be restored.



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Cage

Nusrat Jahan Mohona
6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

We live in a cage,
The cage of present days,
The cage of social nets.
This cage is surrounded by the time,
It tastes like great wine.
We live in a cage,
It takes our lives to a sinister stage.
We live in a cage,
Sometimes it is created by the people
to stop other people's bonanza blockage.
We live in a cage,
Sometimes it contains people's narrow mentality.
We live in a cage,
The cage of a woman's restrictions.
We live in a cage,
It stimulates people to think differently
We live in a cage
Where animals are treated better than the masses.
We live in a cage,
It finds every sphere of life's stage.
Notwithstanding, we can impair that cage,
Being united, causing a breakage.



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That Aged Man

Mohammad Ali

6th Semester, ELL, UCTC

I am unanimous. I reside in Tongi in the city of Dhaka. It is a place where open sewers overflow during the rainy season and the surroundings become muddy. Giant mosquitoes like flies breed indiscriminately. Pieces of red bricks rise from the roadside and enhance the landscape; the light posts occasionally keep on taking a break to reduce costs. These lamp-posts stand like a guard and are not turned on though it is not a hassle to me.

Everyday, I take smoky plain rice with boiled potatoes, eggs, carrots, and all green veggies and try to avoid salt, sugar, and oil because of my high blood pressure. In my meal, I endeavour to maintain a balanced diet chart and my morning starts with going to the office.

Unfortunately, death stands around us in different guises. Grimy food on the sidewalk, dust from the streets, smokes coming from wheeled buses and vehicles, shimmering rays of the sun, broken-shabby houses, and open man-holes here and there all scare me and these hassles make me feel forty. In this busy life, I spare time with my wife three days a week. What a pity life I lead! To keep my body fit and healthy, I immerse myself in doing exercises and yoga. My day starts in the morning when the sun smiles with a rejuvenated hope and desire.

After all, I am terrified of death and do not feel interested in worldly things like turbulence in life, households, land, money, or the number of ambrosial books filled on my cupboard. My indomitable yoga has to leave and suddenly I enter the merciless fire with outstretched arms. I, therefore, like walking to keep my body fit. The crossroads from the house will be two kilometers. I reach the bridge close to my home on foot. To me, walking is auspicious for health and one's pocket as well. Otherwise, it is an auto. Auto means intimacy, sitting in a tricycle without determining who is healthy, who is sick. And, in the end, twenty taka will go out of pocket. Instead, I walk and come to the bottom of the bridge walking and give two taka to a poor aged man standing there. To see the man, I feel the battle between compassion and stinginess. Giving money to the aged man is like any honest account credits with honesty.

The aged man has no name. Those who are on the road are covered in dust like street children, street girls, and street beggars. One day, I saw a blue plastic tent, a chessboard, and all the other things around him. He said with a sad face, "Father, will you give ten taka? Father, will you

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give ten taka?" He addressed everyone as a father. But, I gave him two taka. For a second, a thought knocked into my mind that at least two thousand people passed by him in an hour, if only two hundred people would give him the same amount of money I gave, he could have a smiling face with a good living.

On another fine evening, I was waiting for my bus and, all of a sudden, saw this man again on the same path and, on that day, I gave him five taka. With a blessed heart, he prayed, "Father, live hundred years!" Suddenly, my bus arrived. It was dust all over, many passengers were inside. I got up on the bus but explored that it was jam-packed with passengers. Everyone was exhausted and the conductor boy was repeatedly saying, "Go inside, there is much room."

In the toxic environment, I do not know how to survive. This fear was occupying my head, intellect, and chest. I was thinking of the aged man- "Are we not accountable to that homeless person?" He was homeless. Probably, he could have quite a big palace and savings in the bank. He could have a wife, son, and daughter.

It is too late today to return from the office. An irregularity in a private organization gives a lot of stress and it is a dream to enjoy the holiday in corporate life. I remember, on the first day of my working career, the office manager told me not to stop thinking about the holiday. After the hectic office time, at half-past nine in the night, I got down at the crossroads near the crowd, and suddenly I encountered an accident. A piece of brick collapsed through the gap of the bridge and fell on the head of a man. People were shouting out by saying, "The man is dead on the spot. He was a very good man. He was feeding the children by begging." Hearing this, I entered the crowd and saw that aged man. Oh! That man!

There were many street children around him and had tears in their eyes. The man begged and fed the street children. He used to buy them clothes, teach at night, and stay with them. Everyone was talking, whispering about him. After a few times, the police came. This incident made me suffocate, so I moved away. I could not stand so long.

Still now, I feel unbearable pain within me whenever I imagine the face of that man and those sparkling, happy eyes. When I return home, I keep thinking, "Can I live a little like him? Even after death?"

