

- [Home](#)
- [Opinion Home](#)
- [1971](#)
- [Agriculture](#)
- [Development](#)
- [Economy](#)
- [Education](#)
- [Entertainment](#)
- [Environment/Climate](#)
- [Finance](#)

- [Polls Archive](#)
- [Readers' Opinion](#)

- [Subscribe](#)
- June 22, 2011

Rubana Huq

Hosting Osama...

May 3, 2011



12 shares

Share



Courtesy: The Cagle Post

The entire neighbourhood of Agarpur is talking about the dead body that has just shown up on their shore. It's well wrapped in an unstitched piece of white cloth with the hair well hidden and the empty sockets that once hosted the eyes. A small boy of six years of age discovered the body while deciding on a dip in the waters himself. Strangely he wasn't scared at the sight, as if the dead are naturally supposed to show up on his land.

Gradually the whole village gathered around the corpse and decided it was none other than their long lost Shona Miah who had disappeared in 1971. Shona, the only son of Fatimatunnisa lost his life to the Mukti Bahini while defending his religion and his right to protect East Bengal. He was last heard saying: Urdu is so much closer to Arabic, our holy tongue, you idiots...why on earth would we give up our rights to a safe place in Jannat?

Those aggressive fighters hadn't listened to him and had killed him with their bare hands. The audience was almost convinced of his identity right when an NRB who claimed sufficient scientific knowledge screamed and said: Halt! What about a DNA test? How can we determine his identity till we have done our due diligence?

This suspicious conversation made a few round around the village and eventually travelled to Baitul Mukarram, the mosque right in the middle of town, which aptly stood as the symbol of an unshaken community deeply inspired by politics and controversy. The Khatib took a call on the news and announced to his followers: "Ye brethren, our warrior who sacrificed his life for Iman, our very own Shona Mia has suddenly been discovered on the shores of Barisal. Let us join our hands and pray for his departed soul which has long withstood the torture of the waters for long 30 years and has decided to come home." The prayers ended at 2:00 pm.

In Gol-e-ashan Lake, almost at the same time, another one shows up...another body, almost of the same size of the one found in Agarpur. A health-obsessed octogenarian got the first opportunity to examine the body and decided to gather all his fellow walkers in order to reach the corpse to the nearest mosque for final ritual. While all this was happening, a woman rushed towards the body and screamed: "O my God...this is our Khurram, my brother who went to the Middle East and never returned...O my God!" The rituals were done, the body buried and all went their own ways. After all, the elite don't have time for doubt.

The third made a rare guest appearance in Kamlapur. The terminal was crammed with tourists who had no time for an extra cup of tea, an extra word or an extra joke. Had

anyone ever decided to drop dead there, even the tracks wouldn't have the time to notice. In such a place, a bundle just happened to pop out of a tired manhole, drenched, done and damned. It appeared to have been freshly hunted. Who was it? Who has carried omen to the town? With midnight fast closing in on the tracks, none claimed and none moved the body. As dawn approached, few were reported saying that cars with strange number plates had shown up at the terminal and had carried the body back.

The 9 o' clock bulletin had clear statements from all the leaders of the land, issuing consolation to the families of Shona Mia, Khurram and Mr. Kamlapur aka stranger. Three deaths on the same day made an impact on the lives of the citizens. After all death was not a joke at any cost! Right at that point: the breaking news broke the reverie. Cameras zoomed in on the face and there he was: our Royal Laden wrapped in the same cloth, bearing the vendor seal of Bidaye Store (goodbye store) from our very own Azimpur. The only perplexing piece of the puzzle was the number of corpse showing up on that day.

But then again, who cares? With a couple killed, packed and sent to the seas, the lands would be a safer place without them all. However with the mullahs enraged, only Allah could tell how many more Laden's would appear on our shores, at random and at any time before our dawns.

As for the original piece, that's best kept in a glass, protected from dust, away from the decree of death and humanism. After all, the real needs to walk on the face of the earth, planting hate in faith and raping virtue with vice while the fakes keep on dropping down on our lands, one after the other, just because they have the same beard, the same moustache, and the same turban.

The eyes are best kept out of the scene. They are the ones which give secrets away, don't they?

[Rubana Huq](#) is Managing Director, Mohammadi Group and CEO TV Southasia.

Tags: [al-Qaeda](#), [Osama bin Laden](#), [USA](#)

This entry was posted on May 3, 2011 at 8:15 pm and is filed under [International](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [RSS 2.0](#) feed.

WARNING: Any unauthorised use or reproduction of bdnews24.com content for commercial purposes is strictly prohibited and constitutes copyright infringement liable to legal action.

| | [More](#)

3 Responses to "Hosting Osama..."



sayed on May 8, 2011 at 3:19 pm

Not a single evidence has so far been provided that proves Osama — the billion dollar head hunted for more than 10 years — has been killed. A saying goes, the fallen will rise again. If that actually happens, it would be catastrophic.

Human civilisation has suffered enough on this battle of head hunt. Lots of innocent had died and are still dying. This issue of Osama; don't know where it will end.

[Reply](#)



sajjad on May 5, 2011 at 3:45 pm

Thanks sister, for a tough but well-articulated article. Yes, who cares?

[Reply](#)



russel ahmed. on May 5, 2011 at 9:40 am

Good piece to read. I think the theory of Laden will survive Laden for the next territorial acts. So we should be aware of those dire days.

[Reply](#)

Leave a Reply

Name(required)

_____ Mail (will not be published)(required)

_____ Website

