INDIGO:
The La Guardia Literary Magazine
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Editor-in-chief: Vanesa Yi-Perez
Associate Editor: Humaira Qureshi
Assistant Editor: Russell Alvarez

Editors:
Ivy Gosine,
Tanya Naiken,
Verai Ramsammy

Faculty Advisor: Dr. Tom Fink

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INDIGO : A Preface

Literature is everywhere in many forms and shapes: novels, short stories, plays, and poetry. Nowadays, people think that literature is losing its popularity. Some people prefer to watch movies rather than reading novels, but I still think that literature is as important today as it was years ago. As a matter of fact, it has increased with the help of the new technology; it is now available in a greater variety and at a cheaper price.

Literature is as important as the society and the nation. It reflects the society so you can determine the interests of people just by looking at their literature: society influences literature and literature influences society. That is why it is so important to have good, positive minded poets and writers, and society should give them all the support and encouragement possible.

INDIGO is a literary magazine which has been publishing for nine years. It is just a way to gather the literary work of LaGuardia students and publish it. We have many good writers in our classes and I am sure that our English professors know about them. We need to build up confidence in them and help them develop their writing skills. Although, INDIGO is a small magazine, it has served this purpose. When the students see their writing in print, it builds confidence and new energy in them. INDIGO is a kind of magazine that supports the new talent that will take over the literary world in the next century or so.

Humaira T. Qureshi
The great metamorphosis

Roaming the earth endlessly
with an enormous appetite
always trying to maintain an open eye
Would try to lurk up from behind?

Spending most of my time resting
staying clear from prey and dangerous enemies
when the coast is clear
I feast like a wild beast--
my jaws can grasp

Trying to fortify myself
making myself a greater potential
for this great task
awaiting patiently for the signal
that will trigger my irreversible process

The time has come
access has been gained
laying low and looking for a safe spot
initiating this incredible mission
beginning to roll up in a nut
not once do I give up into submission
all the efforts will soon set me free

Eager to transform myself into this new breed
building my own shell
sheltered from the outdoor hell--
was once part of.

Falling into a deep state of hibernation
scald and secluded from any sort of communication

The conscience is blank
there is no recollection
shattered fragments of the past
stunned at my own reflection
all along it seem that this whole existence was a big deception
fooled and deceived from the products of one own creation

The walls around me have collapsed
the ruins signals time in this shelter has already lapsed

With wings like an angel
the endurance of a knight
an urge for venture fulfills me
Set out to fly endlessly tonight

Eyes see what eyes had not seen before
a paradise in its cradle
a cradle in ones own mind

Stephen Martinez
POSTHUMOUS INTERVIEW

THIS INTERVIEW WAS RECORDED ON THE COLD AND SNOWY EVENING OF JANUARY 5, 1994 IN STRAWBERRY FIELDS, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

INTERVIEWER: How are you feeling?
JOHN LENNON: Very strange and reflective.
INT.: How so?
J.L.: I wish more of my messages were passed on. Some people thought my words were those of a fool.
INT.: What if you were a fool to them?
J.L.: Then I’m here dancing with all the other fools who died before they changed the world.
INT.: Do you really care?
J.L.: Hmmm. If my “foolishness” led a person to peace, then a truly happy fool I am.
INT.: Are you satisfied with your efforts in the peace movement?
J.L.: I really did try. I had the Bed-in, which was a blast—even though the point was missed by many. More people were determined to critique rather than understand.
INT.: How did lying in bed promote peace?
J.L.: I always found bed my most peaceful place.
INT.: You must really approve of youth today.
J.L.: I’m not sure where you’re coming from with that.
INT.: They’re so into their independance.
J.L.: Independance is great, but I wasted a large portion of my brain so they wouldn’t have to. It seems they still care to do it themselves.
INT.: Were drugs and alcohol just a phase you went through?
J.L.: Yes, a long and blurry phase. I finally realized, in order to deal with reality—you had to be in it. Twisted observations don’t fix things. I also needed to be a husband who wasn’t face-down on the floor.
INT.: Have you any opinions on Paul McCartney?
J.L.: None I’d care to share. Time heals all wounds, right? We both knew money can’t buy love—it obviously can buy song rights. Keep playing that Muzak Paul!
INT.: Do you feel anyone has carried your torch?
J.L.: My goal was always a thousand matches, not one torch. It’s hard to say.
INT.: Do you feel your words still hold true today?
J.L.: Truth doesn’t change, only those who perceive it.
INT.: Ok, how do you feel people today view truth?
J.L.: I’d say more with their eyes than with their minds.
INT.: What do you think their eyes see?
J.L.: Mostly themselves and money—sprinkled with ignorant fear.
INT.: Is there any simple way to put what they should see?
J.L.: Oh, I don’t know. I was never a very conventional preacher.
INT.: Well here’s your chance.
J.L.: Ok, how about love, respect and compassion for any and all things?
INT. : In theory that sounds great, but in practice, it's so hard.
J.L. : Why does everyone foolishly think it should be easy? It's easier to drive than walk, right? What does a car do but pollute this world for everyone and give everyone weak legs? Sure it's easier.
INT. : Sounds reasonable, anything else?
J.L. : Yeah, without plants, there's no oxygen. Without oxygen there's no humans. Remember that concrete can't sustain life.
INT. : I'd say those are words to live by.
J.L. : I hope you will, I can't.

Russell Alvarez/Verai Ramsammy

The Water Lily

Drift ices on the river
Float as water lilies
Blooming broken pieces,
Turn o'e on bed of water.

Fragments hang sinkers down.
After
a ship had gone away,
Evoke sound of the wind bells:
I am numbed like a vane.

The water's sleep goes into pieces:
Passing away on the river's back
Even the sun light is now cold,
Here the riverside blossoms the ices.

Dannial Koo
A pelican's beak holds more than his bellies.
Returning Wings

The desert stretched before me,
    and I was lost amidst the dunes.
The road - so far behind me -
    lay a distant memory.
The sky was white, the sun
    despised abandoning his path,
And clouds, to spite me, cast their shade
    on distant, cooler lands.

Parched and red, upon this blasted sand I crawled.
Tired and thin, through this barren void I tread.
Despairing, in this dull world I travelled, each view
    unchanging from the last,
Until a miracle
A swan, untroubled in her grace, descended
    from unforgiving skies, to land
    in an oasis.
And I stood on burning sand,
    and gazed entranced upon the wonder,
as with unschooled, exquisite grace,
    she drank of the water,
    then stepped, precisely, into the magic shade
    of a lone tree.
There she, demurely self-aware, attended
    to the preening of her wings, and when
all was to her satisfaction,
    again took flight.

What chance, I thought, or motive
    could have brought to me this vision?
What genious, or what fool, contrived
    this miracle -
    or perhaps Mirage?
That day long past I still remember,
    and from beneath the only shade
I look each day to arid sky,
    and wait,
    and watch,
    and hope to hear
    the wingbeat of returning grace.
    Guy L. Smith
Going Home

Susan sat huddled, crying in a corner of the dark closet. For hours she had been locked in there and left to starve. Now, all her pleas for freedom went unheard. There was nothing she could do except wait and hope that her mother would calm down. This was not to be the case.

"You ungrateful, spoilt bitch. You don't deserve to live! Do you know why my husband left me? It was because of you. I should have aborted you before you were born! Are you listening to me? Answer me!" She violently kicked at the door. For fear of her life Susan did not respond. How could she say that to her own daughter? Her own flesh and blood. The beatings were always worse when her mother had been drinking and that was what had happened tonight. She came home drunk and immediately started yelling at Susan. Nothing she did was good enough for her. She called her a lazy, stupid girl and that hurt her a lot.

The closet door opened. Her mother stood over her and looked down at her. She had a bottle of whiskey in one hand a baseball bat in the other. Susan knew that her mother was not finished with her yet.

"Come here, girl. I am not through with you. You still have to learn to respect me!"

"Mother I am sorry. I never meant to upset you. Please do not hit me again."

"Don't talk back to me bitch. I said come out of that closet. Do not make me come in there to get you. I will make you very sorry if I do."

"Don't hit me please. I will do everything that you say. Just don't beat me anymore." Susan's mother grabbed her by the throat and threw her against the wall. As her back hit the concrete, she felt a sharp, blinding pain. She fell to the floor.

"Get up girl." Susan did not move. The pain in her back was so fierce that breathing hurt.

"I said to get up. Susan I am speaking to you. Get up!" Her mother kicked her in the ribs. She yelled out in pain. What could she do to stop her mother from hurting her? She had to defend herself but the pain was getting worse. Blood started to trickle from her broken nose.

"Susan, God damn you! I try to give you everything you need but you always disobey me. You are not the mother! Even if it kills you, I'm going to make you listen to me. I will teach you a lesson
you will never forget.” It was then that she grabbed Susan’s broken body and started choking the life from it. Susan tried to fight her off, but her frail 120 pound body was no match for her mother’s 250 pound size.

“Mother stop. You are killing me. I can’t breathe.” She tried unsuccessfully to pry her hands away from her neck. To struggle was futile. She was no match for her mother. All she could do was pray that God would show mercy and let her live. Unconsciousness came like a thick dark cloud. All the pain was gone. Susan knew this was the end.

Susan awakened, shocked to know she was still alive. What had happened to her? She could not remember. Slowly and painfully the memories returned. The emotions that filled her not only made her cry but more scared and angry than she had ever been before in her life. The bitch had gone too far this time. She had tried to kill her. It was not fair that she had to suffer so much. She had done nothing to deserve such treatment.

Susan dragged her bruised body to the bathroom, wincing with each step. When she looked in the mirror, the sight of her reflection nearly stopped her heart. Who was this person in the mirror? Could it be her? Her once beautiful face was swollen and bleeding from every wound. She was missing two teeth and her eyes were black and blue. To cry meant even more pain, so she just stood there and stared at the reflection.

No one believed her. For years she had tried to tell her family what her mother was like, but all they did was tell her to stop overreacting. They even went as far as to say she deserved it. She pleaded and begged them not to send her home each time she ran away, but nothing ever worked. Who could she turn to? Was there anyone who cared?

Escaping reality was the only way to deal with her pain. However, this time would not be so easy. She could no longer pretend that her mother would wake up and tell her how sorry she was for hurting her for so long. The reality of her situation was so blinding and overwhelming that suddenly, a new wave of panic enveloped her. There really was nothing else she could do since she had done it all before. Running away was futile as well as turning to
her family. The pain was too immense to have to suffer through another night. She needed to feel safe again.

The slow humming in her head was steadily getting louder. The throbbing was unbearable. Without giving it a second thought, she took the razor from the sink and held it to her wrist. “Is this the way I want to end it? The pain is so much, I have to make it stop! I can’t go on anymore!” Susan began to sob uncontrollably. Suddenly, without warning, she became very calm. Looking at herself in the mirror and seeing her marred beauty was the deciding factor. Only I can make the pain go away!

Lisa Coward

The Feel of a Scent

Lucidity settles
Tranquility glazed
Olfactory passion consumed
Now fades
Insatiable palate
Insatiable need
In union greet unfounded disdain

The need of my want
The taste of the same
Must now
As her touch store away

Unto these stores
I cry my affliction
so close when so far away
My memory serves an
Insatiable trance
My heart so soft
Slips away
Her need so
I hope still
Remains
Alive Green

As the sweet smell spread,  
as the earth is being embellished,  
life is seen everywhere.  
Trees are yawning,  
with light green dresses-  
the garden is full of animation,  
plants are alive again-  
green carpet is in the garden.

The whole atmosphere is changed,  
the faces are brighter.  
In a mood of celebration-  
people are out of their houses.  
The flowers of happiness are everywhere  
because  
the spring is here.

A poem about spring in URDU

Humaira Qureshi

 перевод
Build my decorations

Reef meadow sculpt-ure
build river
nude decor
eroding unborn adultery

I have a thing for bells-
water down carillon
crooning architectures

fondness ado creator
everything
everything
everything
in my hands I drop

Instilled weaved haven:
harvor me free
I withhold no-one

Maybe I'm looking
so inside of you
that you don't even know

Maybe I'm guild
so inside of you
that you can't glance beyond
erected maze portiere

Vanesa Yi-Perez
The obscurity of the gray skies foretold what kind of a day lay ahead. Tables are littered with students nervously trying to cram the last hours into their brains what should have taken fourteen weeks. These sweatshirts, jean and sneaker clad clan furiously rushing their minds. Studiously looking over their haphazard papers and dog-eared books, searching to find that "one" piece of information that will make everything magically clear, but we all know that this is never found. Bent heads that never move from their positions, dissecting it piece by learned piece. And as the day progresses the level of self-control becomes frenzyed, the students are distraught with each moving hand of time. Uncertainty checking the clock as the event edges near. The bile starts to rise, concentration is short, nothing stays in.

Some unconsciously rub their foreheads and temples in an attempt to alleviate the oppressive cloud that prevails upon their weary bodies. A "Hush" is uttered and disperses throughout the hall. A queue of new students enter, constricting themselves and their belongings in pursuit of joining the crazed crush.

I. G.
The Blind Woman and the Picture

When a blind woman passed by the front of an Art Gallery, the scent of flowers caught her sense. The scent surrounded her like a fog. The noise of her walking stick hitting the floor seemed like the sound of drops dripping from an oar at sea on a moonless night. She came inside with her walking stick. She stopped moving the walking stick, trying to see something she couldn't.

"What a nice fragrance it is!" she exclaimed dreamily. "Ah...what do you have here?" A young woman who sat in the gallery looked at the woman and immediately recognized that she was blind.

"This is an Art Gallery," Saki, an art dealer, said softly. "I sell pictures." She spoke in a more friendly manner than usual, "We have an exhibition this week. If you want to see..." Saki stopped speaking because she remembered she was speaking to a blind woman.

"Never mind," the blind woman said. "I was just enticed by the scent of flowers...but, I would be very thankful to you if you would take a moment to describe some of the pictures which you have here for me."

"Sure," said Saki. "I don't have any customers at the moment." She stood up and came close to the blind woman. Saki looked around the gallery once and started describing the pictures which were hanging on the walls, as if she were the guide of a forest.

Saki was not a painter but had studied Art History at college. She believed that she knew much about art because she had a degree and she worked at the Art Gallery. Although Saki described the pictures, she wasn't sure whether the blind woman could grasp the pictures or not. The woman listened to Saki attentively because she could not see. They moved around on the well-polished floor. They looked like two birds which had taken off from a bough and flew to another bough together.

"This one is about the Brooklyn Bridge," said Saki, "It's not an oil painting; it's a print. Over the bridge the colorful fireworks of the Fourth of July are spreading against the night sky—it looks like daytime. There is yellow, red and green..." While Saki was describing the picture, the woman went away from her. When Saki became aware of that, the woman was standing in front of a picture
which was hanging at the end of the gallery. The woman gazed at the picture as if she was listening to music coming from afar. Saki smiled and walked toward her. "This picture is about a nightingale," said Saki. "The nightingale's bill is bent a little bit. This is the artist's mistake. When he printed this, it happened. But, I like this picture because of this bill. It's face became so cute. So, you know, it happened accidentally. It is a mistake. I won't sell it. I mean I would be happy to sell other copies that do not have a defect."

The blind woman still gazed at the picture. She looked so ecstatic. "I'll buy this one," said the blind woman decisively. She turned to Saki and asked, "How much is this?"

"What do you mean, this one or another?" Saki asked.

"Give me this one," the woman said. "I told you that I won't sell it. It is not for sale," Saki said. She couldn't understand why the woman insisted on having this particular copy.

"I want it," the woman said. "Why don't you sell it?" It seemed as if she didn't listen to what Saki had said. Saki wanted to know why the woman liked this one. Perhaps since she, being blind, was herself defective in a sense, thought Saki, she had a special empathy for the defective picture. Then, an idea crossed her mind.

"Sure...why not? It is ah...seven hundred dollars. OK? How would you pay?" Saki asked. While the woman was fumbling for a checkbook in her purse, Saki took the picture down and carried it to the other room. She switched the picture with another one which had an un-bent bill. She wrapped it quickly and came back with it.

The blind woman had signed a check when Saki came back. "I can take care of myself. But when I am feeling low, I'll go to this picture. Having this bird, will really lift my spirit. Thank you." The blind woman looked so happy. Saki didn't say anything. Saki gazed at the letters on the check; the letters looked like a child's handwriting.

When the blind woman went out of the gallery, she stopped walking suddenly and turned around. "Why?" she asked and came close to Saki again. The woman put her ear to the picture and cried out, "I cannot hear the twitter of the nightingale anymore....why?" The blind woman was almost crying. "Did it die?" She dropped the
walking stick to the floor. It looked like an oar drifting on the surface of the sea. The sea of the well-polished floor looked solid but the blind woman seemed as if she couldn’t walk on it anymore. If she walks, she drowns.

Toru Tanabe

The Pond

Bullfrogs and cattails, and the lily pads,
Moon and trees, half sunken logs
(a secluded pond)
Placid water, a ghost arrives,
A heron lands at dusk, it glides
(a haunting)
A howl in the distant hills,
An answer, and the cries resound
(an outing)
The water, by what light there is,
reflects my downturned face
(a fright)
A stone, outcast, lands with a splash
And ripples race to find the shore
(a cleansing)
A biting insect, with gleeful whine,
pursues my back turned on the pond
(a scolding)
And then the pond reflects the night,
And herons sleep and bullfrogs sing
(again secluded)

Guy L. Smith
"The Fish"
by Alona B.
She waited in the line, Belinda fussing in her arms, Sebastian tugging at her jeans. When she got up to the desk, with the foot-thick sneeze guard window, she was handed a number on a small ticket and could read the woman's lips as she said, "Sit and wait." She had seven layers of make-up and three-foot high hair. Sasha looked around at all of the people and felt her legs sinking out from under her. All the seats were taken and no one seemed like they were standing up to give her a seat. She stood against a wall and let Belinda sink a little, against her chest. The baby was almost one. Sebastian had just turned four. He was off, looking around, at all of the people. Sasha couldn't pay attention anymore. She has chased after Sebastian in every office. First, she went to the local community center to see if there was anything they could do to help her. When Gerald left two months ago, Sasha thought he'd come back after a few days, but that was a long time ago. He wasn't coming home and she was out of money. The community center was of little help. They offered her a few non-perishables to tide her over, which she accepted with pleasure. There was no food in the house. They sent her to a local food bank, where stocked up for a few days. They in turn said she should go to the welfare office and try to get some emergency assistance. So there she stood, waiting to have her number called. She looked around and Sebastian was no where to be seen. She stood away from the wall and began to walk around the huge waiting area, looking for her youngest son, who had found a friend. She was a young black girl. The girl's mother was not too far away. She walked up to Sasha and said, "You’ve gotta take care of him or else somebody’s gonna snatch him up."

"I only looked away a minute. He was gone, quick as a flash."
"How old is he? Four?"
"Yeah."
"He’ll be gone before you know it. Why you here?"
"My husband left me. I don’t have any money or food."
"So you’re here for welfare. That figures."
"You’re here."
"I know. Got no place else to be. Ain't got a home. They give me $250 a month for rent and I can’t find a decent place to live. No place I want my baby in."
"Rent! Oh no! The rent is due!"
"Looks like you don’t have it. Look, You got a place, I need a place. Why don’t we put our money together, Pay your rent and pool our welfare money?"
Sasha thought for a minute. Who is this woman? I just met her. I can’t trust her. I don’t know her.
"Look, I don’t know about this. I just met you. I hardly know you. I can’t just let you come into my house with my children."
The woman's face fell.
"Fine. No problem. I been stayin' in a place. I can go back there tonight with Chantel."
"No! Not by the trains!" the little girl screamed.
Sasha looked down at the little girl who has begun to cry.
"By the trains?" Sasha asked.
"We been stayin' in a subway tunnel. It's dry and warm sometime. I can't keep my baby on the streets. If it was just me, I'd stay out, but I can't do that to the baby."

Sasha felt a pang in her heart. This woman, with two ragged suitcases at her feet, her daughter hanging at her side, waiting for a warm, safe place to sleep, could be her. At any time, that could be her fate. Sasha was brought up in a good charitable home. She shouldn't let New York City's hardness jade her from her sensitive upbringing. She sighed heavily and said, "I can't let you take her to the subway tunnel. You'll come home with us tonight and we'll be fine. I don't have much food at home, but we'll make due."

"I still got my food stamps, so we could eat good tonight. And to have hot food!"

The little girl smiled. Sasha heard her number being called and sighed again. Gathering up Sebastian, she walked over to a man who looked absolutely exhausted. In the back of her mind, Sasha wished everyone's life could be non-governmental.

Linda A. Roberts

Loss of a Generation

In the darkness of a dark night,
as a train passes
by
like a monster of the night
when the sirens cry
once in a while,
a beast sharpens his nails to start his hunt.
He shows his weapons of fire and death
and takes over.

When he finishes,
his weapon throws
a circle of fire,
and as the bright morning drew closer,
he hides in his den.

A new story
breaks for the media
and conversation is spread.
After the few more dark night,
the story is lost'
but
the hunt continues.

Humaira Qureshi
Mystery of a Century

The smell of the burning steak is so heavy in the air that it is even tickling the nostrils of the wolves in the distance. Charles had seen the silhouette of a couple of them on the top of the hill blocking a part of the silvery moon. The wind was blowing north-east of the Panther creek where the mountains have stretched up to the horizon of which the eyes even can't get a full view. A creek is usually calm and quiet while it carries the water towards downstream, but the panther is not, thought Charles. It seems weird to him. As far as he knows there never was or still is no panther in this area. But the creek is named after a panther.

Panther is really a narrow river with a very strong current in it. It's water comes from several fountains that are up in the mountains. As it flows through the rocky ground, its current is very strong. Charles does not know how old the Panther is, but he can think of an immeasurable time since it has gobbled the hard granite more than 300 feet down and still continuing. The creek is life to the semi safari area. From human civilization to the wild life of many kinds have conglomerated in a place which is in the middle of nowhere. Though the miserable death of Panther occurs in the desert, but it is the queen of the mountains with fury and beauty. Its silvery clear water shines like diamonds in a little thick carpet of green. The mist of the fountains is another phenomenon.

In the early days the cowboys and the settlers had to stop for a break in their journey as the mountain area was extremely treacherous. But after the cross country railroad had been built, it jumped the Panther by a huge bridge containing two rail tracks. But it couldn't perish the beauty of the mountain area. Charles still remembers his childhood wading on the panther and wandering in the adjacent woods on his pony.

The smell of the steak made Charles hungry too. He went back to the camp to have his supper with the rest of the members of his group. Others had already started dining on steak, mashed potato, apple-pie, and whisky with a fine twist of lime. The heavy food and the inside warmth of the whisky had given the crowd a warm agitation of manly bantering about the new business girls in the town. The laughter and the pranks are moving around as the twisting smoke of the heavy tarred cigars has covered the camp with a white thick blanket, making the crowd lost in a different dimension of time and space on this cool full-moon night of late fall. Finishing his supper, Charles departed himself from the crowd in a seclusion engrossing himself in thousands thoughts. He doesn't believe in fairy tales or in ghosts. He is a very realistic and diligent man. He had been the sheriff of this town for the last fifteen years. There is no cowboy or anyone in the several towns who can be compatible with him in ambushing or even horse racing. He has taken care of the wildest horse to the wildest man. But he just cannot make a sense out of how a monster or vampire can come out once in a century and start killing people.

The first two dead bodies was found on the bank of the Panther three days ago. A young couple was playing Adam and Eve on that full moon night at the side of the Panther. At first Charles thought it was a homicide. But the very next day two farmers were killed in the same way, and yesterday Ms.
Wagner, the old widow who owns the only motel in the town after her husband died, was the victim of the monster. She was a very lonely woman and used to stay alone at her house at the south end of the main street, two blocks up from the motel. Her home was literally at the quite part of the town and she used to spend almost all night at the veranda sitting on a chair. All the dead bodies were found in the same way with their liver missing and the skin was so dead-white, as if the blood from the victim was sucked up before killing. After these homicides, the old story of the Wolf-panther woke up in the town after so many years. Charles also heard the story before.

Long ago, when the settlers were struggling against the natives, one of the natives was fascinated by the strangers and tried to negotiate between the native with the settlers. This is why he was respected by both the sheriff of the settlers and the leader of his tribe. Gradually he became the henchman of the sheriff. Unfortunately, he was envied by a segment of people who didn't accept him, and took him for a deviant. They not only hated him, but also tried to kill him, though they weren't successful due to the sheriff. But still they were looking for chances.

Later, on a late fall, just before the winter, the native Indian guy went with some other cowboys to take the herd to a grazing place for the winter. On the way, the conspirators killed him near the Panther. Returning home, they spread a fabricated story saying, "His horse fell from the cliff while he was crossing the creek. We couldn't even dare try to find his body."

The whole town didn't react at this and seemed that they believed the story. Time was passing by as usual and everybody even forgot about him. But just a year later, on the same full moon night when the Indian guy was killed, the town dwellers started seeing a creature who's face was like a panther, had a long tail, but was wearing boots, and a torn jeans and shirt. The monster was sucking up blood and tearing apart the liver from the body of the victims. The whole town was filled with terror, people even didn't go out for farming. Life became a total standstill. The sheriff offered a lucrative incentive for killing the monster. A lot of people tried, but couldn't do anything other than loosing their lives or having an ever lasting nightmare. However, after several days, the killings stopped. Gradually life started to become normal, but no one noticed the moon had started to shrink. Months and years passed and people didn't forget about the Wolf-Panther completely. The story was passed down to their decedents having the same experience.

Charles didn't believe even a word of the story. But now he's confused about reality, facts, and tales. How could it be possible? He could not find an explanation, but he has to because he is the sheriff. So he's out here tonight. He has to figure out the mystery before it got on its way. Tonight is a full moon. As from his information, the monster has to come out tonight for the last time of this century so he has to get an answer tonight. That's why the whole town is alert with Charles. Men are all over the town waiting in patience and anxieties.

Charles started walking towards the creek absentmindedly with his shot-gun in his right hand and a lantern on the left. He's now quite a bit far from the group. Several other men of his group were still chatting and laughing. They also didn't believe the story, so they were trying to ridicule it.
But Charles wants to solve the mystery. All of a sudden he heard some bushes rustling. He became alert and glanced at the spot where the sound was coming from. He is now fifty feet from a cliff of the Panther. Holding up his lantern, what he saw totally astounded him with surprise, ambiguity, and fear. All of his nerves became alert. His mind had gotten frozen for a while and he couldn’t think of anything. But it was for a moment only. He had been through all kinds of scary situations before. He pointed a gun at the Wolf-Panther. The first bullet made a hole in its chest and slowed it down, but it didn’t stop. The second bullet fired at its head. Still it was coming towards Charles. Then he aimed at its right leg and that made it fall to the ground. The monster started crawling towards him. Charles stepped back a little, but he stumbled on a rock, and fell to the ground. He is now a foot away from the monster. It grabbed for his left leg, but couldn’t hold on to it for long, as Charles was stabbing at its hand with his knife. He crawled back and came very close to the edge of the cliff. He was so scared that he lost all sensation about what he was doing and was blinded. But he heard the monster talking before becoming oblivious to the world, “You’re lucky, my time is over. But I’ll be back.”

Before Charles completely passed out, he heard a loud laughter tearing the sky into pieces like cloth. When he woke up, he found himself among his men who had ran towards him upon hearing the shooting.

“Whom did you shoot at? Who was laughing?”
“"The mystery has been solved for a century only," Charles answered.

--Mohammad Sayeedur Rahman
The Child

Looking in the mirror
I look upon a person I most despise
He has a set of such cold eyes
That are constantly fixed on mine
As he toys with me
Only looking away when I do
And then quickly looking back
Only gets me angrier
I wish I could reach in
And kill him slowly

I search upon his face
But an entrance is nowhere
Only upon those eyes
I force myself to look within
For I am the only one
Who will ever be able to see

The dim light reveals the presence of someone
Sitting, is a child
And I ask, "Where are you, love?"
As I look, the child has
No faith, no hope and no love
As I look upon those eyes again
In the mirror, they are full of tears
"I will kill him", I say
Not out of anger
Not out of hate
But out of mercy

Skin with no color
Body with no strength
Thin is what it is, thin to the bone
And a face with much sorrow
Searching for death.

Dannial Koo