

## **The Leaves are Falling**

### **Short Story**

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Everyday a new hope emerges. Some are crazy about them but do not listen to their inner feelings. Lots of things happen every now and then. Any standard is thought to be difficult and simplicity as low. Above all, human beings are feeble, multi-typed and desperate with life. I was just a little bit exception yesterday. My memory was full of flowery thoughts, I could not resist myself from happening it. The story begins here - My mobile phone sounded happily in the evening. It was my mom who called me then.

“Hasan, what are you doing, my son?”

“I am okay mom”, I replied.

“What did you eat in the launch?”

“I ate. What did you cook in the evening?”

The answer came positively like this, that and bla-, bla-, bla-

Suddenly she said, “Majhi is dead and you take good care of yourself.”

Being surprised very much I asked, “when, how and why?”

After that the city seemed totally alone, silent and unpredictable from a tea shop where I was sitting.

An unpleasant drizzle was falling as the roads were filled with vehicles making it unbearable for a peaceful mind. It was more complicated than anything I had ever felt, with traffic going into and out of the city and huge pedestrian crossings. I was looking for some tree leaves that, when counted, can make one forget their sorrows. But in Dhaka city there are more people than trees, the death of a person here is a trivial matter and natural as a leaf falling from a tree.

Then one day I returned home. No one was saying anything. Is it true that someone died or not? I started working without worrying about it. Everything was calm, normal and quiet. Everything seems fine, just like everything settles down after a storm. A curious mind does not hear anything, does not mean anything. An unknown bird sang a sad song.

Why look for him who is gone, oh mind,

Falling under the illusion of this world, you are the same.

It goes into oblivion.

Look for it, look for God.

Majhi uncle was a friend of my uncle's age. He had a small shop. Married twice. First wife died of snakebite, then married second. At one time he lived abroad, came to the country and opened a shop, as well as doing fish business. I was not at home the day he died.

This is what happens when someone dies. Then his name is no longer called, he is no longer found around. That tree stands in front of the house as a witness, no matter how many people have left, it has not changed so much.

How many times I have walked past my uncle's shop, how many times I have waited for the rain to stop. One night I left for Dhaka with the intention of doing some jobs. It will be more than 10 o'clock at night. Some people were sitting in his shop. He didn't say anything in front of me. After a little progress, he got busy talking with others - where do I actually go so late at night, what is my job etc.?

Like before that day I came back home and saw that he was not there. I was passing by his house. I noticed a brand-new red grave next to a jungle and a bamboo grove. I briefly didn't believe what I was seeing. It doesn't take as long to get lost as it takes to find. My eyelids were cupped, my liver was also bitten. Uncle's location can no longer be doubted at this time.