

# **ECHOES OF WORDSMITH**

**VOLUME 3, ISSUE 2  
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# An Ode to the Departing Melody

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“I don’t know why Nokthor-Rangckak went away!  
It would be better if they didn’t go away.....himimmmmm”

Little Haamrwng laments and cries  
And tears roll down on his tender chicks.  
Tears roll down from Nokthor and Rangchak, too.  
“Why my dearest friends are moving far away  
Over the seas shattering all the joys  
And scrambling the events and moments together!”  
Melancholy fills the hearts of the little boys;  
Nostalgia howls all the memories  
As they bid adieu to the bosom friends and playmates.

They were growing together,  
Experiencing and exploring the world together  
Sharing all the events, foods and games  
Building the castle of dreams, the same.  
The realm of dreams has shattered today  
Right here in the lane

As they bade adieu to each other  
And embraced each other with tears.  
The lane feels broken to little Haamrwng  
As it will never connect the two houses again.

The lane led them hundreds of times  
For visiting each other now and then.  
Haamrwng whispered and sheds tears,  
“My friends, forget me not and bear,  
Come back to see me in four years  
I will be waiting for thou right here;  
Forever and ever.

# Fred

*Rabeya Khatun Ritu*

Sleeping soundly nowadays has become extremely tough for Fred. It is not as though he cannot fall asleep but because he could not stay asleep at all due to the horrendous things his mind would make him see. These things, he would forget the second he wakes with his eyes wide open. Out of fear, Fred would shout amidst the darkness and ask himself what exactly was wrong with him.

Tonight, Fred woke up once again in the middle of the night sweating from shock and fear. However, the memories of the dream are no longer there. He has never felt this sort of loneliness before. Still, in a daze, Fred walks down the stairs to later find himself in a room where no one lives anymore. The reality finally sinks in with words he unconsciously speaks of, "They are not here anymore."

The realization leaves the young man unable to discern whether he felt pained or was baffled by the situation. One moment he cries, the next he screams followed by a tearful laugh.

Another week has gone by. However, there is something strange that happens. Fred falls asleep just like any other day but now he does not wake up from bad dreams. There is a peculiar feeling as though someone is watching him. The rest of the night he spends in fear covered up by the cozy blanket. At first, fear took over him but a few nights later he did not mind such a feeling anymore. It felt very familiar, whoever it was that watched him. The young man seemed to remember something but it was not very clear. Hence, he decided to put that thought at the back of his mind. It was comfortable nowadays. Even if he does wake up sometimes, he falls right back asleep. Something tells him nothing will harm him. He had a dream one night. He was in the living room with all the lights on. In that dream, he felt as though he was laughing with other people. Fred was happy in that dream. As the dream came to an end, he felt a pair of hands patting him on his shoulders and another pair of hands wiped the tears on his face. Fred could not see their faces but strangely enough, his mind was at ease. He does not remember any of the dreams he had before but he remembered this one. It was as though it was a very important memory. A memory he should never forget. That dream never recurred but since then the nights felt peaceful. It has been about a month now and the memories of those once troublesome nights and that one particular dream did not leave the young man's mind. He had this feeling that it was his parents who were there with him.

They are no longer alive. He firmly believed in the feeling that they did not leave either. Sadly enough, however, he never again felt any trace of them after that night which brought him the unforgettable dream. It all may be because they made sure Fred was alright before they finally left.



## One Day

*Rakibul Hasan Roki*

We all are lost in one way,  
We all wait for our own day.  
For the day we wait thousands night  
For the day we have to win the fight.  
Only the laureate can see that morning  
Fighters only fought like Browning.  
I don't care what people say  
I will cross the anguish bay,  
I will have my own day  
I will have my own day.



## Silent Ache

*Noor Jahan Sinha*

There is something in my eye,  
Where I Sit alone in a corner by,  
You and I are same,  
And we are created to make other's smile.  
You use me like a showpiece, where ever you go,  
And I decor myself, like a useless fellow,  
There is my home somewhere, where I want to go,  
However, you hold me like a fist and never let me go.  
Time passes, my soul dies,  
What should I do, try, but can I?  
He told me, by hook or crook you will be mine,  
Where I think about freedom, feel, but can I?  
My hopes are drowning, the want to be apart from you,  
However, that's what my society will never let me do.  
The ring you gave me still in my hand,  
But that's heaviness makes my finger crack.  
Birds are chirping, flowers are bloomed  
However, it made me think, it's all measurable, like me too.

# Serpentine Pastimes

*Orko Islam*

On this slow silent Sunday, sleeping on these shallow stone sediments,  
I perchance on a yellow glitter gliding past the corner of my eyes.  
Curiosity seemed to not beckon only the feline,  
For I have found my serpentine pastime.  
And it was you!

There you sat perched on the branch beside the yellow Narcissus,  
Catching flies as if it were an art form most graceful.  
Was it so wrong of me to steal a few glances?  
Not that you minded, you were aloof up there,  
While I remained grounded in my earthly prison here.]

But alas! The next day even the Narcissus wept,  
Unable to look at its reflection.  
Was it mine eyes you saw?  
Was it so hideous that you would stray from your precious mirror,  
Like the one I see on these rippled surfaces?

Nay! Fate smiled on me the next,  
For the familiar flash swooped by once again.  
But now it wasn't silence that followed, but careful vibrations of wind.  
It enamoured me, by primal instincts it made me sway.  
And yet, was it so wrong of me to stare a closer look at my prey?

Oh, how you tease! You bought a friend!  
He looks similar, must be a brother then,  
But what's this, you smile as he chirps sweet nothings?  
And was that a peck!? Oh, how infuriating this all really is,  
His cold body will writhe in me later tonight, take it as penance.

Must I encage you too for you to be truly happy?  
Must I dwell on these feelings longer still for them to reach?  
The flower knows, can you hear it?  
Then just look in my eyes! Surely then will surface these desires,  
If not, forever echo in these bellows of acidic fires.

# The Blissful Sky

*Sabab Tarique*

Kevin has always loved nature. He lives in an orphanage near Gazipur. Kevin was abandoned at birth. He was left on the porch of the orphanage with a note that contained his name.

The orphanage is home to 16 kids. Mr. and Mrs. Shelly are the only family for these kids. Mrs. Shelly loves the kids as her own. She tells them bedtime stories and sincerely takes care of them. Mr. Shelly is a very kindhearted man. He takes the kids outside and teaches them practical skills.

Kevin loves to go fishing with Mr. Shelly and his other siblings. He hates the slimy texture and repulsive smell of the fish but enjoys the fresh and smoky fish fries later. Kevin sits beside the lake and stares into the vast mesmerizing sky. The vastness of the sky combined with the cold breeze of the lake fills up the void in his heart.

Mr. Shelly once told him about the magical powers of the lake. If a person tosses a coin into the lake and makes a wish, the wish comes true. Kevin got very excited hearing that. He started looking for coins everywhere and found none. He asked Mrs. Shelly for a coin but she did not have any coins. He finally asked Mr. Shelly to see if he had some coins to spare. Mr. Shelly did not have coins, but he did have three metal caps he found while fishing. Kevin did not feel hopeful about the caps but took them anyway. Kevin went to the lake in the evening. He tossed a cap as far as he could. "I wish I could see the northern lights!", he exclaimed throwing the cap far into the lake. Kevin has only read about the beauty of the green aurora glistening in the night sky of the polar north. He was rattled by the existence of such a beautiful thing. He has wanted to experience the phenomenon ever since.

A week went by. Kevin visited the lake every night and experienced nothing out of the usual. He felt very heartbroken. He felt sad as he lost something more than a chance to see the northern lights. He lost his newly found shimmer of hope that he might get a chance to reunite with his family by making a wish.

*(continues...)*



Mr. Shelly was teaching the kids the use of harpoons in catching fish and crabs. Kevin was sitting on a log watching the sunset beside the lake. His emotions started to bottle up as he kept thinking about his wishes. He never actually thought about meeting his family before learning about the lake. His sadness turned into anger. He stood up quickly and pulled the two caps out of his pockets. He threw them in a rage while thinking about how it would have been great to meet his true family instead of the current one. The caps bounced around and landed on the lakeshore.

A storm started to form and heavy rainfall started just a few hours later. Mrs. Shelly gathered all the children after dinner and told them ghost stories. Kevin sat with the others in a grumpy mood. As the stories unfolded his mood started to improve. Kevin loved ghost stories a lot. A month goes by. Kevin almost forgets about the incidents with the lake and goes back to his usual self. He feels stupid for wanting to exchange the unconditional love of his present family with his actual family who abandoned him. Kevin starts spending more time with his siblings and grows close to them. This turns into the best time of his life. "How many did you catch today, dear?", Mrs. Shelly asks after Kevin returns home from fishing.

"A small catfish and two herrings, Mrs. Shelly", Kevin says with a big smile.  
"How nice! You are learning so fast Kevin!"

Kevin nods happily and hands over the fishes. He entered the orphanage and goes to his quarters. He takes a shower to get rid of the fishy smell and starts to clean the fishing rods when he heard a loud bang from the garden outside the orphanage. He stops cleaning and comes out to check what the sound was. It was probably one of his brothers up to their usual mischief. What he sees at the garden made him tremble in fear. A few goons have shot Mr. Shelly. He is lying down on the ground motionless. The goons are asking Mrs. Shelly the same thing repeatedly.

"Where is the kid named Kevin?"  
Mrs. Shelly does not answer the question.

*(continues...)*

“Kevin, my son, where is he?”, the leader of the goons says to Mrs. Shelly.

Kevin witnesses all of it hiding behind the barn house. His world is crumbling down to the ground. He starts to run towards the lake through the forest in the back. He hears another loud sound but does not stop. He tries to make sense of everything.

“It can’t be! I must be dreaming. This is just a very bad dream.” He reassures himself.

“I did not cause all this. It must all be a big coincidence. I only used one coin and it was for a different wish.”

Enormous guilt starts to consume Kevin from the inside. The gravity of the situation starts to set in, and he starts crying. The thought of losing the most precious people in his life weighs him down. Kevin gets out of the forest and sees the lake. He starts to walk towards the lake and tries to calm himself. He looks up at the starry night to embrace the vastness and let his sadness dissolve. What he sees instead makes him completely baffled.

Kevin cannot pull his eyes back down. He keeps staring in awe and disbelief. Snatching the spotlight and swallowing the stars in its grandeur.

The Northern Lights, dancing with joy in a blissful sky



# The Unpleasant Sight

Mrittika, Rifah Nawar

“Marzan walked through the corridor. Slouching, as always, she looked at the group of white boys and girls. The children of *Rosemary Primary School* also had a rosy hue in their bright white faces. She often desired such bright color for her own skin, that which to her resembled Shinzo from *Ninja Hattori*. She was the only one who did not have it. All she had was a dark face; as dark as deep water in a moonless night sea.

Marzan could be an ideal kindergarten child. Or, perhaps, she was supposed to be but did not quite manage it. She did not attract much attention. Rather, she diverted attention. Marzan’s dark skin did not bring forth a positive reaction from the teachers and students of the British-owned school. In a pack of carefully polished shining white faces, she was the only black gem. On top of that, her cleft face left a horrifying impression. The students, too young to understand a child’s heart, would tease her with offensive labels. ‘Black Witch’ and ‘Beast from Boston’ were the commonly used pejoratives. The rest is too offensive to utter. Marzan never argued with her classmates. Neither did she ever look for sympathy. She maintained her distance, and read her favorite books which she mostly kept in her school bag.

On this particular morning, they practiced the psalm *By the Rivers of Babylon*, where Marzan was the only one to be able to pronounce the exact words. Sister Mary was immensely delighted by her performance. She clapped for her while the rosy faces stared in awe. Some students whispered ‘the black beast can also sing’. It was a moment of pride for her; however, her appearance still mattered. She would anytime even desire to have no talent and switch her place with one of the fair-skinned children. She clasped the Holy Scripture and came back to the classroom without looking back at any of the students. She wondered if Sister Mary loved her even with her fear striking appearance. She spent the remaining classes of the day without much attention and looked out at the pouring rain gently touching the moistened window panes. She hummed a song her mother once taught her, and the rain played the instrument.

# "They in Us"

Shamma Saiyara

[ Culture, Language, Race, Religion]

Different people,  
different colours, cultures and religions,  
different cries, different smiles,  
all across the world,  
Different eyes -  
search for belonging and acceptance search  
for compassion and chances.

They say, 'We're whites.

We are claimed to have no culture.'

They say,

'We are Asians, we have *too much* culture.'

They say,

'We are black, their stares scream - negros'

They say,

'We are Muslims, we are not terrorists.'

They say,

'We are Bengalese, it's neither India nor Pakistan, it is...a nation'

They say,

'we're Indians, we are too dark, too dark to not be equal'

They say, they say, they say..

They keep on saying..

We have a voice too,

we raise it,

But they, the same 'they',

have their ears shut off,

just like their hearts.

'Thud, Thud, Thud'

Northey can't listen,

NO! They *don't* listen.

You say, recognition?

We don't need recognition,

We have Derek Walcott - who had recognition,

by the sea,

by the ship,

(continues...)



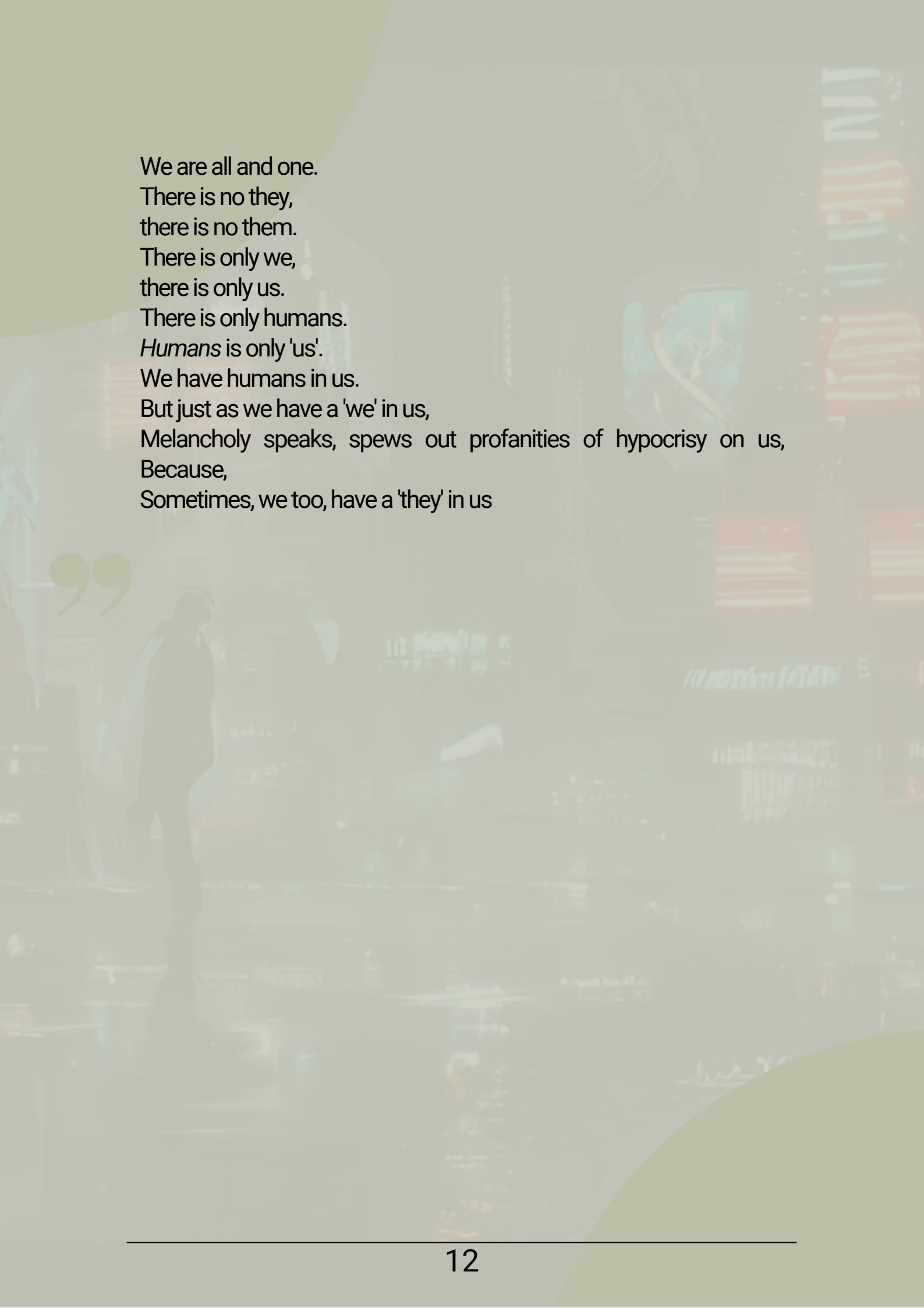
by the fragrance of the Carribbeans,  
he embodies Culture.  
We have Prophet Muhammad,  
by his conduct,  
by his Sunnah,  
by the truthful glint in his eyes,  
he defines religion.  
We have Harriet Stowe,  
By the tales of the slaves,  
by the harsh whips and chains,  
by the scourges on their backs,  
she cries race.  
We have, Rabindranath Tagore,  
by his literature, by his heritage,  
by his, 'আমার সোনার বাংলা, আমি তোমায় ভালোবাসি',  
he illustrates language.  
We have recognition.  
We own recognition.  
Recognition is not respect.  
You give us anything but that.  
There is respect but invisible -  
we deserve actions -  
There is no white, no black,  
no Muslim, no Asian -  
There is only us, there is only humans.  
Humans is only us.  
They say culture divides,  
Race divides,  
Religion divides,  
Language divides.  
I say - nothing divides,  
I say - nothing divides.  
I say, if there's a hundred that divides,  
There's a thousand that unites.  
There is kindness, there is love, there is respect.

(continues...)

here is more that unites,  
There is more that revives.  
When we have an 'I' in us,  
Sometimes a 'you' too,  
Why can't we have a 'We' in us?  
They scream, 'Division',  
they scream 'distinction',  
Let us leave the differences,  
Why can't we have a union?  
They don't stand up,  
they don't hold the placards,  
they don't march and stand for hours and hours,  
seeking for respect,  
seeking for justice.  
They just sit down,  
faces and faces  
and thousands of faces;  
Wearing masks of equality,  
Yet passing on comments,  
Obliterating, denouncing and demonizing  
not the races, not the cultures,  
not the religions, not the language  
of ten or twenty,  
but the hearts of thousands,  
and thousands  
and thousands.  
So what we breathe in your lands?  
So what we live in developing lands?  
So what that we embraced the refugees,  
the ones you attacked and exiled with your own hands.  
We have, but the cruelest of hearts,  
Not running around, not criticizing -  
the label of someone's existence,  
someone's culture, someone's language,  
religion and race.

(continues...)





We are all and one.  
There is no they,  
there is no them.  
There is only we,  
there is only us.  
There is only humans.  
*Humans* is only 'us'.  
We have humans in us.  
But just as we have a 'we' in us,  
Melancholy speaks, spews out profanities of hypocrisy on us,  
Because,  
Sometimes, we too, have a 'they' in us

”

# Welcoming Death

*Zerin Anjum Prova*

Do I dare to die?  
Do I dare to die?  
When I'll be closer to death  
My soul will go body's beneath  
There will be no escape!  
There will be no escape!  
Welcome! You are welcomed cordially.

Who is welcome?! Death!  
He is welcome to my house;  
Let me wear my wonderful gowns  
Stepping forward to welcome my death  
But there's a question in depth.  
Am I ready to die?  
Am I ready to go up to the sky?

I need mercy of my God  
Unwillingly I'll ride the cot  
I'll need light for my grave  
Space I want there out of crave  
There will go nothing with me  
I will stay in the darkness of the sea  
Welcome my friend, Death  
Take me back to the soil depth.



# Rhythm of Mountain

*Mandira Debi*

Oh mountain, Your blue sanctitude

Make me feel fascinated, enchanted and liberated! Staring

with a steadfast look,  
Oh how beautiful you are!  
How graceful you are!

My imaginary has been defeated against your beauty.

In the sky of blue;  
You're standing dauntlessly.  
Am standing here and fascinating  
By your modesty,

And that luminousness that are scattering from you

Showed me my righteous path;  
The bewitching beauty of your blue ridge.

Oh mountain,  
You're all over my heart.  
Oh mountain,  
The tenderness of my love.

# The Conqueror of The Sky

*Tasnia Elahi Proma*

One day, I will be flying high, up in the sky  
Flourishing the symbolic prominence, with all the delicacy  
On my wings; conquering the heights  
Or Conveying the poetic rhythm of the twilight.

You will see my opulence, standing steel, on the post meridiem  
Spreading all my alienation.

I will be flying high, beheading all hesitation.

One day, I will be flying high up in the sky  
Possessing the supremacy; to amplify the elegance of nature;  
like the springtide. That day;

I will have the affluence; to manifest thy dreary, sustaining the  
aridness of winter, unabashed.

Conquering the commence of jubilant beauty of springtide.

Fancy! With the limitations,  
I will be abandoned, fighting with the ambivalence of the sun,  
I will be abandoned with the indecisions.

But one day, I will conquer the characteristic, to stand steel;  
before the atrocious downfall, after a long obtrusive diligence.  
I will be the one; the conqueror of the sky.



# A Marxist Analysis of James Joyce's short story Eveline

*Farha Manjur Mostafa*

The short story *Eveline* by James Joyce is an ideal story where several Marxist ideologies are identifiable. The setting and characters in the story portray various key issues relating to Marxism, including the portrayal of alienation that Eveline feels, and the oppression she experiences, both as a person and as a woman. The story also demonstrates the class systems, with the presence of proletariat characters and the bourgeoisie. Moreover, the story shows the effects of capitalism and the marginalization of the working class. Eveline is a young woman who is oppressed in different areas of her life. She is held back in life due to many circumstances and yet chooses to remain in her oppressive state. Some of her issues can be seen as problems outside of her control, some due to her own choices and these conditions could be explained in different ways. The purpose of this essay is to analyze some Marxist ideas that were present in the short story "Eveline".

The story begins with Eveline reminiscing about her childhood, when Eveline, her siblings and the neighborhood children would play together on the fields. She thinks about how the times have changed over time and people she knew died or left Dublin. She also observes the burgeoning high-rise buildings in place of small houses representing the essence of booming capitalism in her surroundings. There seems to be a sense of melancholy and alienation in Eveline's thoughts, as she debates whether it is a good idea to leave her home. She thinks about the home she looked after for so long but then thinks about how she will have a respectable married life with Frank in a new country. It seems that Eveline is not sure where she belongs or wants to belong. She is alienated from herself and her surroundings, as she cannot seem to decide on what to do. On one hand, she feels nostalgic about her home in Dublin, which she has always known. Her home is familiar to her, which may be more comfortable than a new, foreign place. There is the guarantee of food and shelter, a common crisis in a capitalist society, and well-known faces she has known her whole life. But at the same time, if she leaves, she will be married to Frank, in a new place and start fresh, without her abusive father. Although the idea of leaving home seems to be a reasonable one, Eveline does not seem to know what to do. This shows that she is detached from her life and she does not seem to have a sense of self. In the Marxist idea of alienation, it could be said that the social constructs that are created by human beings may have led Eveline to believe that she cannot change her circumstances. She does not have a sense of ownership and also shows signs of low self-esteem. She also becomes a victim of materialism, as the guarantee of safety and security of her home, prevents her from improving her situation.

*(continues...)*

She represents the proletariat, the working class who offer their labor for money and Mrs. Gavan, her employer at the Stores, represents the bourgeoisie and dominant class. Mr. Gavan is always waiting for Eveline to make a mistake at work. This is one of the ways the bourgeoisie tries to dehumanize the lower, working class. Keeping a close eye on Eveline and being ready to see her fault is how Mrs. Gavan exploits her employee. This could instill fear in Eveline about losing her job, which gives Mrs. Gavan the power to control her. According to Marxist ideology, Eveline is also a victim of commodity fetishism, where her hard labor is seen as capital. This is seen as a degradation of human life to Marxist beliefs. Thus, the dominant class keeps the working class under their control and uses them as capital to further their capitalist agendas. As the number of people in the lower class is higher, they are seen as commodities to the bourgeois class. Furthermore, Eveline is also a marginalized character, who has to “elbow” her way through the crowd. This shows how she is surrounded by many others who are in a similar situation as her, oppressed and functioning under the small bourgeois ruling class.

The story of Eveline can capture various ideologies that Marxism criticizes and tries to dismantle. These criticisms could help show why Eveline decides not to leave with Frank at the end of the story. Her environment, her family life, and her position in society, all play an important role in her decision-making. Although she was aware of how different her life could be had she left for Buenos Aires, Eveline has spent enough time being conditioned in her surrounding as a woman, as a tolerant, dutiful daughter and as a proletarian to comply with society.



## News & Events

The Covid-19, doing a dramatic loss to the whole world and making our life to a stand still has made the life of us to a monotonous one. After fighting with the grave impendence of the pandemic, we are again back to the campus from spring semester of 2022. The students had already started to get back to the old zeal, from attending to the "Freedom concert" On March\_2022. Before that, "Intra- Departmental Drama Competition- Celebrating the works by Williams Shakespeare" was held, the first attended program in attempting of bringing the enthusiasm back among the students and to create a huge mean of entertainment.

Monotony has never succeeded to reach among the students, since a drama was staged in August 3, 2022 which was an adaptation of Oscar Wild's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and brought a huge appreciation by the students of Victorian Literature course. An exuberant literary event titled "Poetry Pool" took place on 3rd August was also arranged just after the day of the drama and the faculties worked very hard all through the week to bring out the best reciters through an audition session. After that, The ongoing process of examination arrived and we proceeded to this fall semester with a new beginning of hope. There was never a break as the students competed in "8th DEH Inter-University Student Conference and Cultural Competition" which was a 2-day event, held on October 20-21, 2022 at ULAB.

On the next page, a glimpse of every event mentioned before is there to take a look at . . .

*(continues...)*



## "Intra- Departmental Drama Competition- Celebrating the works by Williams Shakespeare"



The Department of English organized a drama contest celebrating the classical Shakespearean plays titled, "All the World's a Stage". The contest was held in the afternoon, on 30th March 2022 at Multi-purpose Hall in Annex 7.



Performances from four plays by William Shakespeare namely Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, Hamlet and Macbeth were staged by the competing groups. Performances from four plays by William Shakespeare namely Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, Hamlet and Macbeth were staged by the competing groups.





# An adaptation of Oscar Wild's "The Importance of Being Earnest"



An exciting theatre adaptation of the drama Importance of Being Earnest written by Oscar Wilde was displayed on 2nd August 2022 at 3.30 PM, performed by the students of Victorian Literature course of BA English Program, Department of English in the Multipurpose Hall (D building) at AIUB campus.



## “Poetry Pool”

On the very next day of staging the drama, a poetry competition was arranged including all the departments on October 3rd 2020 in the Media Studio on second floor of Annex 2. The participants performed at their best and entertained the audience.






## The students at "8th DEH Cultural Competition" at ULAB

Recently, in October 20-21 a team of English department participated in the cultural competition in 8th DEH inter-University Student Conference and Cultural Competition where different universities participated and left a remark on behalf of the university.





## Seminar, Webinar and Workshop in the department

 AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY- BANGLADESH

You are invited to join the webinar on:

**PREPARING AND PUBLISHING MANUSCRIPTS IN A REFEREED JOURNAL**




**Presenter : Professor Kazunori Nozawa**

Kazunori Nozawa is a Professor Emeritus and Specially Appointed Professor at Ritsumeikan University, Japan. He has taught EFL, Educational Technology, and Intercultural Communication. His research interests are CALL and Nonverbal Communication. He is an Apple Distinguished Educator, GSE Thought Leader, and Kahoot Verified Educator. He was the Co-founder of JALT CALL SIG. He is Editor-in-Chief of CALL-EJ.

**JOIN US!**

24th February (Thursday),  
Time- 3.00 -4.00 pm (BDT)  
6.00-7.00pm (Japan)

Organized by:  
Department of English,  
AIUB

PLATFORM:   

**Research Talk on**  
**The Social Life of Biometrics: How Culture and Technology Intersect**

**Date and time:**  
**7 July 2022 10am, BST**  
**6 July 2022 9pm, PST**

**Speaker:**  
**Dr. George C. Grinnell**

Associate Professor, Department of English and Cultural Studies, FCCS, University of British Columbia, Okanagan, Canada

**Organized by**  
**Department of English**  
**American International University- Bangladesh (AIUB)**

 11 am  
Thursday  
18 November, 2021

**WEBINAR**  
**on**  
**Technology in Language Learning**



**Speaker:-**  
**Tanzil Tamanna**

Lecturer  
Department of English  
AIUB

Join us

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**WEBINAR on** **LITERATURE AND THE ENVIRONMENT: GREENING TERTIARY EDUCATION IN BANGLADESH**



**Speaker:**  
**SHIBAJI MRIDHA**

Assistant Professor  
Department of English  
Faculty of Arts & Social Sciences  
American International University- Bangladesh (AIUB)

**JULY 29, 2021**  
**07:00 PM**

  **LIVE**  **JOIN US!**



**WEBINAR**

**NETWORKING FOR EARLY CAREER RESEARCHERS**

**SPEAKER**  
**DR. PRODHAN MAHBUB IBNA SERAJ**  
 ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR  
 DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, AIUB

Date and time:  
 1st August 2022,  
 3.30-4.30pm (Monday)

**PLATFORM:**  
 

**ORGANIZED BY**  
 DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
 AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL  
 UNIVERSITY-BANGLADESH(AIUB)



**WEBINAR**



**MAY 1st**  
**03:00 pm**

**MAKING ENGLISH STUDIES RELEVANT TO BANGLADESHI STUDENTS :**  
**PROMISES FROM A TRANSLANGUAGING CLASSROOM**

With: **Abu Saleh Mohammad Rafi**

ORGANIZED BY DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, AIUB

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 AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY-BANGLADESH where leaders are created

**YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE WEBINAR ON,**

*Writing and publishing in applied linguistics and TESOL: Focusing on SCOPUS/Web of Science indexed journals*

Organized by: Department of English, AIUB  
 Date: 6 June 2021  
 Time: 4 pm BST (Duration 1 hour)  
 Platform: Zoom  
 Live on: facebook live, zoom

**PRESENTER:**  
*Mohammad Mosiur Rahman*



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**Webinar on "Translating and Organizing Concepts of Research Paper Writing"**  
Presenter

**Prodhan Mahbub Ibna Seraj**  
 Ph.D. fellow  
 Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL)  
 Universiti Teknologi Malaysia (UTM)

**Abstract**

The proposed webinar will cover abridged discussion from A to Z of writing research papers e.g., literature search from reputable database as well as elements of a research paper. Under the section of the elements of a research paper, this webinar would provide concrete ideas on how to write abstract, introduction and literature review, how to design methodology and what are the types of methodology, ways of selecting sample size, data collection instruments and analysis procedure. It also provides information on how to organize results, implications as well as conclusion. The webinar also will discuss on the use of technologies in data analysis and reference managements. It would provide information on the concepts of conducting research design as well as research paper writings for novice researchers and insights for experts

**13** October, 2021  
 Wednesday  
 7 PM BST

**PLATFORM:**  
 

**Organized by:**  
 Department of English  
 American International University- Bangladesh



## Advisors

Dr. Carmen Zita Lamagna, (Vice-chancellor, AIUB)

Prof. Dr. Tazul Islam, (Dean, FASS)

M Hamidul Haque (Head, Department of English)



## Editorial Panel

Asif Kamal (Associate Professor, English)

Jannatul Farhana (Assistant Professor, English)

Shihab Saqib (Assistant Professor, English)



## From the students

Sayed Mohammad Ali

Orko Islam

Shamma Saiyara





# ECHOES OF WORDSMITH

**Echoes of Wordsmith** is published on behalf of the Department of English under Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, AIUB by the Office of ORP.

**Echoes of Wordsmith** is a dual venture of two different publications; Echoes and Wordsmith's Pen merged in one by the same name.

**Echoes** is a departmental newsletter. It highlights the ongoing academic and co-curricular activities of the department as well as students' creative and critical write-ups and profiles.

**Wordsmith** is a students' platform for presenting the creative and critical writings written by the young writers from different departments of AIUB.