

Mohammad Tanbiruzzaman Koushal, Aravi
Hossain Shawon, Mahedi Hasan Rakib

Green City



Juvenile Fiction

Mohammad Tanbiruzzaman Koushal, Aravi
Hossain Shawon, Mahedi Hasan Rakib

Green City



Juvenile Fiction

Mohammad Tanbiruzzaman Koushal, Aravi Hossain Shawon

Green City

If we had meet again. (The Fazilat)

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG
80331 Munich

Part 1

Green City Mohammad Tanbiruzzaman Koushal

Tisha woke up startled. The whole bedroom is silent, only no sound is coming to her ears except the throbbing of her chest. He turned his head and looked at his watch. Morning, three o'clock. It's dark outside. Why did you wake up, wondering. I was fast asleep. Then why wake up?

Leaving his head on the pillow, he turned around and looked at his big cupboard. A pale green aura is coming out through the gap of the door from inside.

He sat up in bed and looked at it.

Like many other children, Tisha is afraid of the darkness inside the cupboard. Especially now, on a quiet night, he sees the cupboard door open. What is in the darkness inside the cupboard, as if it is the entrance to a terrible panic. This dark room is also scared now. I'm afraid of the bed. He thought that a long giant hand would come and grab his ankle and drag him to the floor of the bed. He did not want to think about what would happen next.

Although he is now twelve, old enough, he understands that this fear is unfounded. There is nothing in that cupboard or under the bed that can do that. But from the inside of the cupboard is a really green glow.

Sitting on the bed with two eyes, Tisha leaned forward to look better. A strange kind of green color. Not like the grass, not like the leaves of the tree, what a round green. Isn't there a strange creature in his cupboard, whose skin color is

like an old corpse with green fungus picked up from the grave?

Uh, that's not it!

So what is that? Tisha asked herself in a whisper.

There is no other way to know without going closer.

Without getting out of bed and walking to the cupboard.

But he does not want to do that.

At least right now.

It could be the light of a torch light. Somehow it rolled inside the cupboard, the switch pressed and ignited. But the color of the torch light is not green. Can come in green sweaters or clothes. The problem is, he doesn't have a green sweater. There is a green shirt, but it is not in the cupboard, but in the chest of drawers. I didn't even put the torch in the cupboard. Two days ago, money fell out of his pocket in the garage, he took the torch to find it and left it there. Nah, this strange light is something else!

‘What?’ He muttered to himself.

He reached out and tried to light the bedside lamp. For some reason it did not burn. He tapped the switch for a few moments and let go. Could it be that the green thing in the cupboard is not allowing the lamp to burn in any way? It's impossible, because it was burning just a few hours ago and in bed. Is the bulb cut? Or did that green avatai extinguish the lamp for a special purpose? Maybe it loves to be in the dark.

What do you want from him?

‘Kachu wants,’ Tisha rebuked herself loudly. ‘It’s a light. Not alive. I can’t do that. ’

He could not believe it even though he said it in his mouth. Unable to suppress intense curiosity. No matter how much he thinks, he knows, he will not be relieved until he goes down and sees it. There is no benefit in lying down. You can’t sleep without knowing what it is. Maybe the green light will give him a chance to sleep and swallow him. According to his friend Trina, such an incident is not impossible. Tisha has blown away all these words of Trina for so long, but at this moment it seemed believable.

Once he thought, he called Trina.

Or another of his friends, Taruk.

But now if they call him like this, they will think he is scared.

‘I’m not scared,’ Tisha said to herself. ‘When he was young, he would jump out of bed as soon as he saw it. He is not afraid of anything. ’

That's why Tisha likes Taruk.

L o slowly got out of bed. The floor is cold. Go to the cupboard. The body is shaking. As soon as he sensed her progress, the brightness of the green aura increased a little.

‘Please, don’t do that to me,’ Tisha whispered as she walked towards the cupboard. There is a slight gap in the door frame, through which the inside can be seen. The color of all his clothes looks green. Shoes, sandals, hats are also

green. Tisha loves hats. I didn't like the changed color of her favorite hats. It looks like everything in the cupboard has absorbed that green color. How cold, unearthly the light looks.

He cannot see the light source.

However, it is understood that it is coming from behind the cupboard.

If you want to see better, you have to open the door completely. He does not want to do that. The thing inside, doesn't want to come out and give it a chance to enter the bedroom.

'But it's not alive,' Tisha explained to herself again. "It simply came to our notice then.

Tisha knocked on the door.

With trembling hands, he pulled open the cupboard door a little more.

The green light went out.

Tisha opened the door with a tug.

The inside of the cupboard is completely dark. Naturally that's what it's supposed to be.

'Hello?' Tisha called, how stupid she looked to herself.

No one answered.

Behind him, next to the bed, his lamp lit up.

He was shocked. Luckily, the light in the lamp is not green. It was good to turn on the light. He could see well inside the cupboard. Her clothes, her shoes, her hat are all the way they were. But there was something inside that was spreading that light, he thought. What is the thing, did not understand.

He came out of the bedroom and peeked into his mother's room. Mother and her younger brother are sleeping. He opened their cupboard. They do not have green light. When he came back, he saw his own cupboard again. Glad to see there is no green light. However, as the mystery was not solved, the grievances increased. He closed the cupboard door.

He returned to bed and turned off the bedside lamp by pressing the switch.

One time I fell asleep.

Unconscious as he was unconscious in deep sleep, the door of the cupboard opened again with a jerk. The green aura has returned.

As he was sleeping, he could not see the vague face in the middle of the green aura Tisha.

The face is not the face of human.

Part 2

The next day is Friday. School holidays.

In the morning, Tisha and her friends are having breakfast on the second floor of her favorite restaurant. They are sitting at a table in the corner. At this time there is not much crowd here. As crowded, in the hall below. Most of the people who come here to eat manure sit there and eat.

Everyone is sitting around the table: Tisha, Taru, Trina, Taimur, Sabbir and Salma. The first four formed a team, a mysterious team. They have named the team as 'T' Bahini as it is the first letter of everyone's name. Tisha is beautiful, with curly black hair. Soft-spoken girl. Taru is very brave, has the ability to keep his head cool in times of danger. The grass is tall, slender, and beautiful. Saran is a talkative person, he can't stop talking. Timur is silent. Sharp intellect.

Sabbir is not a key member of the 'T' force, but occasionally helps solve mysteries. Somewhat arrogant but not as bad as humans. Everyone on the team likes him more or less.

Salma is a brand new member of their team. Only a few days ago, while trying to solve a strange case, the 'T' forces got acquainted with him. Very beautiful. Trina can't tolerate more beautiful girls than herself, but she has no dispute with Salma, for the good nature of the girl.

Anyway, Tisha is telling her friends about the green light. 'It looked like it was coming from behind the cupboard,' he said. 'I have never seen such light before. Looked haunted. Not so bright. Strangely enough, all my clothes got into my clothes. '

Fry the meat with the fried meat. Chibute asked Chibute, "What do you mean you went in?"

'It was as if the clothes had been dipped in that color,' Tisha replied. Everything in the cupboard seemed to absorb that color. '

'But has it really been chewed?' Timur sipped the milk carton.

'No,' said Tisha. 'As soon as I went to the cupboard and opened the door, the light went out. Then everything became normal again. But many did not find the source or cause of the light.

'You dreamed,' said Trina.

'I understand the difference between dream and reality,' said Tisha angrily.

"There is no difference between dreams and reality in this city," said Trina.

Tisha shook her head. 'I didn't dream. I saw it with my own eyes. What's the matter, tell me? '

'I've never heard of anything like this before,' said Timur.

'Maybe there's some kind of interdimensional door in your room,' Sabbir said.

'And her house is just like a corpse room,' Trina added.

'What you mean, Mayapath, is not like that,' said Tisha. They have traveled this time several times, moving beyond