



THE STUDENT ECHO

William Carey Academy

Special Edition

January 2010



**SAHIM RASHID
1991-2009**



Sahim the Brother

30th December-- the worst day of my life when my brother Sahim left all of us forever. He was the greatest and the sweetest brother anyone could ever have had. He always wanted me to be happy, and was always there for me when I had no one by me. Sahim loved his life and enjoyed every precious second of it. I got into WCA only because he wanted me to do so. I don't know if I was his closest person or not but honestly, he was the dearest person to me. Whenever I faced any dilemma, I used to go to bhaiya and tell him about it. At first, he used to make fun of me. Then he would always come up with possible solutions. I really miss the rickshaw rides with him while going out somewhere, especially school. Once he made me eat a very hot chilly saying that he would give me 500 Tk. After I was finished with it, he ran away and did not pay me. I started to cry. Unable to stand it, he came up to me and gave me 1000 Tk. That made me very happy and I gave him a big hug. All I can say is, I love you bhaiya. I really, really miss you. by Samiha Sahel



Sahim the Classmate

I'm assuming no one knew how much he meant to us until he left without even saying goodbye. He was definitely everyone's best friend, but for us 11th graders he was the life of our class. For me, Sahim was so much more than just a classmate. He joined our class in 5th grade. As time went on, without the slightest clue we were like best of friends. He had the ability to make classes like history, science and math fun and we used to laugh our heads off. He was my "homie." We did the craziest things and none of it made sense, and that was the whole beauty of it. It's not like we were always fooling around being stupid or singing at the top of our lungs in the locker room; sometimes we had fights and spent days without talking to each other. Now he has left me alone in all my classes without saying "bye" and with so much left to say. He was the one who told me that I could sing when he first asked me to sing for his band, "My Thirty-First Demerit." Then in 10th grade we had our own small band, GOSH. We were supposed to sing a duet, which I guess is never going to happen now, but someday we are going to rock in heaven! I miss you "dost" and I hate the fact that I can't annoy you anymore until you put your hand over my mouth to make me shut up. by Oshin Yine



Sahim the Actor

Backstage, all the lights are turned off as the audience slowly makes its way into the theatre. We can hear people talking and laughing through the thick red curtains. As the conversations change from an excited buzz to a gentle murmur, Sahim turns to me with a huge grin and says, "It's time!" For the next two hours, he is in heaven on earth. That is what drama meant to Sahim. In his ninth grade year he ran around onstage, dressed as an ancient Persian thief. In tenth grade he was a backstage crew member, a star of some brief humorous videos, and the guy who made everyone laugh between the scenes. Drama was one of the most important things in Sahim's life. I'll always remember the light in his eyes when he realized that he had been given a lead in this year's musical, "The Wizard of Oz." It is a tragedy that so few people got to see Sahim practicing for this play, because he was wonderful. When he took the role of the Tin Man, Sahim showed us all that he was a wonderful singer, a hilarious dancer, and a lovable actor. He will always be a star to us, which is why this year's drama production is dedicated solely to his memory. We think of him as we rehearse on the roof. We'll think of him as we raise the curtains on opening night. We'll think of him during the final curtain call. On behalf of all of us in drama, thank you, Sahim, for your years of commitment and passion. As the Scarecrow says, "We'll think of you always." by Grace Walter

Sahim the Friend

I can't believe it has been more than 20 days from your ascension to a higher and better place. People say that time is a healer of all wounds. I beg to differ. The wound that we all have has become a scar that we will carry our whole life. Sahim, you are a friend we are all proud to have. Within ten minutes, you could make friends with a person you never even knew before. The people that you did know for a long time, people that were really close to you, will always remain close with you; in life and death. You always did as much as possible for your friends, no matter how much stress you were under. Days with you were a reminder that life can be so wonderful. Days without you make life an unending speech which we have to listen to for the rest of our lives. You have been the best of friends for all of us.

We are proud to be called the friends of Sahim Rashid. You taught us about life, even though we were supposed to be the teachers, and you the pupil. Your generosity, friendliness, enthusiasm and liveliness will never be forgotten. You, Sahim Rashid, will never be forgotten. SAHIM FOREVER!!!

On behalf of all the friends of Sahim Rashid by Emon Syed



Sahim the Rockstar

There isn't a single specific word with which you would describe Sahim. Some say he was really funny, and some say that he was a great friend. For me he was my best friend and one of the best musicians I've ever known. In seventh grade Sahim had the idea of forming a band called "My 31st Demerit." I never really had that much confidence in playing drums but Sahim was always there when I'd practice. He'd always say to me "You could be the best drummer in Chittagong someday." Every time before a concert he'd call all the band members for jamming. He not only inspired me to play drums but also taught me a few things about guitar. He was a really talented guitarist. I still don't know how he practiced the songs we used to do because he didn't even have a guitar. He'd always borrow a guitar from someone else and learn the songs. I still feel his presence beside me when I play Pachelbel's Canon. I still wait for him downstairs after drama practice is over so we can go home together. The last song I played with him was "Stairway to Heaven." Now I know why. I know he made it all the way across the stairs and into heaven just like in the song.

by Hasan Shahrear

Sahim the Man

Many famous men have come and gone in this world. Men like Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Mohandas Gandhi, and so forth and so on. All of these men have done brilliant things for their country, things that brought amazing changes to the world. All these men had something in common. They had a gift, the remarkable gift of being selfless. I did not have the privilege of being able to know these men more than characters in a book, but there is one man whom I did have the privilege of knowing. Someone who was just as valuable, just as lovable, just as honorable, and just as selfless. He was a man who thought more about the welfare of the people around him than that of himself. He was a man who was able to not say no to any request. Sahim Rashid was someone who was always able to bring a smile to my face, no matter how bad my mood was. But Sahim was also someone whom I knew I could depend on no matter the trouble, no matter the time, no matter how bad his day was, and no matter how sick he was. I remember calling him up at 5 a.m. in the morning because I had to finish the fundraiser video. He never complained about it. Sahim was friends with everyone. He never discriminated between his friends and reached out to the people who had none. I started to talk to most of his classmates because of Sahim. Sahim was no less than those great men in that he knew the value of friendship and he knew that help should be given with no strings attached. There is a saying that "there is no free lunch" but with Sahim it seemed like every meal was served from heaven. He would do things for you and never ask for anything in return. That's just the kind of a man he was, the selfless kind. It is said that you are not defined by who you think you are, but by what others think of you. Sahim thought he was the funny man, but for us, he was the man who had the gift of being able to change the world.

by Anika Tabassum



Sahim the Superhero

What separates a normal human being from a superhero? Our first images of a superhero would be of someone with great power, someone like Superman. He would have rippling muscles and a pointed chin. He would wear his under garments over his pants and could fly at the speed of light. He would have supernatural strength to fight all evil. The man of steel could conquer all the odds and lift a whole island with his bare hands. We had our own superhero, a man who called himself Kalel II (Superman's Kryptonian name). From the surface, we could say that our superman did not possess rippling muscular features, but rather was a proud owner of a cute "two packs" of flab. He had an innocent round face, definitely wore his undergarments beneath his pants, had the ability to jump about 4 centimeters above the ground and could come back down in the speed of light. I doubt if he could lift himself up by doing a single proper push up, let alone a whole mass of island, but our little superman had his own superpowers. He could make instantaneous lame jokes. He could definitely sing songs to a bald taxi wala, take random photos with his "khool" mobile phone, and randomly pick up a servant boy and twirl him around just for the sake of it. He even asked for a beef burger at KFC. The list goes on. Most importantly, our superman had a precious treasure, a heart that longed to make others happy. A heart which would make him work day and night helping someone else finish their senior project, would always find joy in others' success. It is Sahim who would clog his own PC space downloading hundreds and hundreds of gigabytes of videos and movies just because others asked him to do so. It is that special person who would help his best friend learn basketball, and be absolutely thrilled that his friend made it to the team and he did not. This special heart caused him to light up any place he would go to. Yes, in my personal dictionary, all these are super-natural attributes, and those who possess them are to be defined as super-heroes. There is no one I know of, or would likely ever know of, who embodies this definition of a superhero, more than our very own Superman II. He has gifted us with many priceless moments in the eighteen years he was in this world. He has truly left something special with everyone that has had the privilege to meet him. He was my superhero, who was and still is there for me no matter what happens. Our little man was more super than Superman could ever be. He used to call himself Kalel II or Superman II, though I beg to differ on that view. I would call him SAHIM RASHID I. For there is only one of him, and there will forever be ONLY one of him. Sahim my little brother, I will always miss you, and will always remember and love you from the core of my heart. The world needs more superheroes like you. You have enriched our lives with priceless moments, taught us how to love and be loved. You have suddenly left us all in the most untimely and unfortunate of situations. All we can do now is cherish the moments we spent with you, and hope to have lived our lives a fraction of how you have shown us to live. If we succeed to do so, I believe the world would be a much better place. PS - It was an honor being your mentor. You have always looked up to me, now I will look up to you, and try to live my life the way you have.. Love you little man.. Will forever miss you... by Alvi Hakim



Note from the Echo Staff

Even in my craziest nightmare, I never thought I would have to do an issue like this. Sahim, you had so many things to do, places to go, hugs to give out and joy to spread. It is still unbelievable to me that you have left us forever and it completely breaks my heart to think that you're just never going to be around anymore, that you'll never see another day, or that we won't ever make another memory. If only you could see how many lives you've touched, little guy. I will always be sad that you're gone, but I know that I am privileged to have been a part of your life. Maybe some day, we'll see each other again. Until then, I hope you rock it in heaven, and you better save me a place, too. On behalf of the whole school, I just want to tell you that we will never forget you, and that you are irreplaceable. Thank you for every single memory, and every single laugh. I do believe that you are in a better place. You may be gone, but you will forever remain in our hearts. You will live on through us. We will always miss you Sahim!

By Anika Farzeen Chowdhury