

Bangladesh International Tutorial

Yearbook 2024-2025

Transforming a Powerful Legacy



ANIKA RAHMAN

MANAGING DIRECTOR & CEO

JURIS DOCTORATE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF LAW

BACHELOR OF ARTS
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

MS. LUBNA CHOUDHURY

CHAIRPERSON
BOARD OF DIRECTORS

TALITA CHOUDHURY

DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION &
BOARD MEMBER

MASTER OF SCIENCE PUBLISHING
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

MASTER OF ARTS EDUCATION
CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK



**Your child deserves a school,
which has legacy of excellence.**

42 years of passion, dedication, and academic excellence.
Creating a legacy of success, one student at a time.

ADMISSION
Going on for 2025

legacy

**We have made leaders for 42 years.
Let us make your child a leader too.**

Our world-class education and record of producing world toppers,
have witnessed the emergence of future leaders year after year.



ADMISSION
Going on for 2025

leaders

campus

**No caged rooms and inches of
playing spaces. Let your child grow in 17 bighas.**

Unleash the true potentials in the largest private school campus in Dhaka
with independent spaces for football, basketball, volleyball, karate and badminton.

ADMISSION
Going on for 2025

Admission &
Information
Contact

Uttara ▶ 01847-290391
Gulshan ▶ 01847-290393

diversity

**Let your child flourish
with diversity of talents.**

Beyond academics, we foster a vibrant community where students
can explore their passions and discover their true selves.



ADMISSION
Going on for 2025

[/bitschoolofficialpage](#)
www.bitschool.edu.bd

Introducing Our School

Bangladesh International Tutorial (BIT) was opened in January 1983, by the Founder Principal Ms Lubna Choudhury. In Uttara, Bangladesh International Tutorial is strategically located on a substantial campus, proudly owning and overseeing 16 bighas of land. Within this expansive property, 9 bighas are dedicated to our state of the art football and basketball fields, providing our students with top notch athletic facilities. The remaining 7 bighas are thoughtfully allocated for the development of our school structures, ensuring a harmonious balance between sports and academics. Two large buildings have been constructed on 5.5 acres (17 bighas); the Junior School and the Senior School, with classes ranges from PG-XII. BIT has one of the largest school campuses in the country.

We have also retained three buildings in Gulshan – the Junior, Middle and Senior Schools, from PG-XII. The campuses are well-equipped, with all modern facilities.

BIT follows the Edexcel and Cambridge curricula and is an official IGCSE and IAL Examination Venue for the British Council. The school also strictly maintains a low 15:1 student – teacher ratio.

A great emphasis is given to Linguistics at BIT – hence the school teaches English, Bangla, French and Mandarin Chinese, up to 'O' Level.



Plot#13, Road#1/A, Sector#14, Uttara Model Town, Dhaka, Bangladesh

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info@bitschool.edu.bd

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In loving memory of

Late Ms. Lubna Choudhury

(Founder Principal & Chairperson)



(28.08.1946 - 07.10.2024)

This yearbook commemorates our honourable Founder Principal and Chairperson, Late Ms. Lubna Choudhury. Bangladesh International Tutorial (BIT) was not just one of the pioneering English Medium Schools created by her, it was also like a child of hers. She was a proud mother of thousands of children who were educated at BIT and went on to make their marks worldwide. Indeed, she was the very soul of BIT.

As the founder principal of the school, she had not only guided us but also inspired us to strive for excellence. Under her firm and fair leadership of 42 years, the school fully flourished in every respect, and students were encouraged to reach their fullest potential. She believed that the sky was the limit for her students when she expressed her dream: “I will not die until one of my children wins the Nobel Prize”. Although she is no longer with us, her legacy will continue to shape this community and the lives of thousands in the years to come.

As we turn the pages of this yearbook, we celebrate the indelible mark she has left on our hearts and lives. Her dream of empowering students to be confident global citizens will forever resonate in the halls and classrooms. Each achievement, every milestone, and all the fond memories we cherish today are reflections of her hard work and an unyielding faith in the potentials of her students. Late Ms. Lubna Choudhury’s legacy lives on through the vibrant BIT family, united in their shared purpose of continuing her mission to inspire, educate, and make a difference in the world.

IN MEMORIAM



DR. NUMAIR ATIF CHOUDHURY, Director, BITL
(November 4, 1974 – September 9, 2018)

After studying creative writing at Oberlin College and the University of East Anglia, Numair Atif Choudhury did a PhD from the University of Texas, Dallas. He had been working on Babu Bangladesh!, his epic first novel, for nearly fifteen years. Soon after completing the final draft, he passed away in an accident in 2018.

MAY ALLAH GRANT HIM ETERNAL REST

MS. LUBNA CHOUDHURY, Mother
MS. ANIKA RAHMAN, Sister
MS. TALITA CHOUDHURY, Sister

From the Desk of the Managing Director & CEO

Dear BIT Family,

As I reflect on my first year here as your Managing Director & CEO, I am filled with a deep sense of gratitude, sadness and excitement. As you know, I assumed this role when our Founder and Principal, Ms. Lubna Choudhury, who was also my mother, was approaching her end. With my mother's passing, I assumed the reins of BIT with assistance from my sister, Talita Choudhury, who is, like me, a member of our Board of Directors.



It is my honor to continue our family's profound commitment to quality education and to you all. As the eldest child of our Founder and Principal, I have led a period of dynamic leadership and management change at BIT. I am deeply grateful that this school, with its vibrant community of students, teachers, staff, and families, has welcomed me with open arms. Throughout this past year, I have witnessed the incredible resilience, creativity, teamwork and spirit that define BIT. From academic achievements to athletic victories, from art projects to performances, and from personal growth to acts of kindness, the strength of our community has shone brightly.

Each of you has contributed to making this school a unique place to learn and grow. I am grateful to our teachers and staff for their hard work in making BIT a special place. I am equally proud of each of our students who come to learn and grow each day. Last, but certainly not least, I am grateful to all our families who entrust their precious children to BIT.

During this past year, I have brought several exciting innovations and enhancements to strengthen our heritage of 42 years of world class education that has produced top graduates and leaders around the world. One critical change has been the hiring of a new leadership team that includes: a highly experienced Vice Principal (Mr. Ilham Adnan Alam); our inaugural Dean (Ms. Rayana Rahman); our inaugural Head of Student Affairs & ECA (Md Shakil Mannan); and a new Head of Admissions (Ms. Hasnin Rahman Jisha). In addition, we have promoted and recruited high quality Heads for each of our campuses. We have also expanded BIT's offerings to include pre-play classes and summer camp program. Furthermore, as many of you know, we are set to expand our capacity in Gulshan by consolidating our current three campuses into two larger enhanced ones. I am delighted with the extremely positive response that I have received from you all that has been reflected in a record number of admissions.

As I look toward the future, I am filled with hope and anticipation. Together, we will continue to build on the foundation of excellence that my mother built. We will embrace greater innovation, new challenges, celebrate our diverse talents, and ensure that every student is supported in reaching their fullest potential. I am excited to walk alongside all of you in the coming years as we work together to create an even stronger, more inclusive community at BIT.

To our graduating class, I have a few important special words to share. We are so proud of you all! You are graduates of a school that has urged you to serve our nation and that has taught you to be leaders who exhibit a devotion to duty, kindness, and protection of the weak. So be the leaders that we have shaped you to be. As you consider your future, I urge you to ask yourself what you can do for your nation. The progress of all nations depends on the potential of its young people. Each of you can use your talents to the fullest extent possible and make an immense contribute to your country and society.

With appreciation,

Anika Rahman
Managing Director & CEO
Bangladesh International Tutorial

From the Desk of the Director of Education & Board Member

Dear BIT Students, Families, Teachers and Alumni:

As we conclude this academic year, we find ourselves reflecting on both loss and hope. The passing of our founding principal, also Anika Rahman's and my mother, Ms. Lubna Choudhury, has left a profound void in our community. Her educational vision with the motto, "To Serve the Nation" continues to guide us forward.

This past academic year has also shown us the truth of belief in young people's potential. The student movements across Bangladesh have demonstrated how educated youth can shape national dialogue and drive meaningful reform.

To our graduating class: you enter the world at a pivotal moment. Your generation has already shown remarkable perseverance through all our annual events as well as efforts for flood relief and humanitarian aid. To our continuing students: let these events inspire you to pursue knowledge as a tool for positive change.

We thank our admin team, staff and teachers for their dedication, especially during this challenging year. I also wish to show appreciation for the support given by our parent body as we, the new leadership team, have worked through a transitional year, embarking on an ambitious initiative to enhance our educational excellence. We are significantly reinvesting in our school's infrastructure, recruiting exceptional educators, and implementing improvements to our teaching methodologies. These steps reaffirm our commitment to providing world-class education that Mrs. Lubna Choudhury always envisioned.

As we look to the future, we do so with hope and determination. Ms. Choudhury's physical presence may be gone, but her spirit lives on in every classroom discussion and student initiative. Let us honor his memory by continuing to believe in and support our students as they work to create a better tomorrow.

With profound gratitude,

Talita Choudhury

Director of Education & Board Member



From the Desk of the Vice Principal

Dear BIT Family,

It is with immense pride and joy that I pen this message for our school yearbook, a cherished tradition that we are reviving after a brief hiatus. This yearbook stands as a testament to the spirit and success of our beloved institution, serving as a timeless record of our achievements, activities, and aspirations.

Recognizing and celebrating the achievements of our students is at the heart of our mission. The academic prowess, creative talent, and dedicated spirit displayed by our students deserve to be honored and remembered. This yearbook serves as a mirror reflecting their hard work, growth, and success throughout the year, inspiring others to strive for excellence.

Moreover, this publication captures the vibrant tapestry of our school's programs and events—academic, co-curricular, and extracurricular—that collectively shape the holistic development of our students. From groundbreaking academic projects to artistic performances, sports triumphs, and community outreach initiatives, these activities embody our unwavering commitment to nurturing enlightened, responsible, and loyal citizens.

As educators, our goal is to foster integrity, creativity, dedication, and humanity in every individual who passes through our doors. We aim for excellence in all areas, creating an environment where students are equipped not only with knowledge but with the values and skills necessary to thrive in an ever-changing world.

To all students, parents, and faculty, I thank you for your unwavering support and dedication to our shared vision. Let this yearbook be a beacon of inspiration, a reservoir of memories, and a celebration of everything we have achieved together as a school community.

Warm regards,

Ilham Adnan Alam
Vice Principal



From the Desk of the Dean

Dear BIT Family,

As I always say, I am a proud alumnus of BIT. This institution has been more than just a school to me—it is an integral part of my childhood, my foundation, and my journey. Whatever I am today is because of what BIT has shaped me into, and I carry that legacy with immense gratitude.

I am especially fortunate to have been a student of Ms. Lubna Chaudhry, a true visionary and pioneer of English medium education in Bangladesh. Her dedication and leadership have transformed BIT into a beacon of excellence, and it was an honor to work under her guidance.

Today, as the Dean of BIT, I embrace this new and modern role with a deep sense of responsibility. My commitment is to ensure that every child at BIT receives an education that empowers them—not just academically, but as kind, independent, and responsible global citizens. Our mission, reflected in our logo, is to nurture students who will serve the nation, protect the environment, and contribute to a better world.

I look forward to mentoring our wonderful young minds and witnessing their journeys unfold. Together, we will uphold the BIT legacy and shape a brighter future!

Warmest regards,

Rayana Rahman

Dean, BIT



Editorial

Dear readers,

If you are reading this, we have made it. This yearbook marks a significant milestone in our journey of institutional excellence of 42 year. Year 2024 was a year to remember. We lost our Founder Principal and Chairperson Ms. Lubna Choudhury; this yearbook is dedicated to the loving memories of our departed Principal Madam.

It also marks the beginning of a new era. We have been very lucky to have our promising new leadership of an Ivy League scholar, Ms. Anika Rahman as our *Managing Director* and *CEO*, along with the *Director of Education* and, Ms. Talita Choudhury. We express our gratitude to them for leading the BIT family through this challenging phase.

This yearbook is not just a collection of photographs and write ups—it is an everlasting record of moments that shaped us, challenged us, and brought us closer together. We have tried to cover all those wonderful moments that have built the whole academic year: academic achievements, extracurricular activities, sports and cultural activities. However, the most fascinating part you are to experience is the collection of students' written works. They are bold and their world is beautiful: You will find them breaking the barriers of time, form and narrative.

This yearbook is a result of an excellent teamwork. We are greatly indebted to all the heads and coordinators of all campuses without whose painstaking efforts it would not be possible. The honorable mentions extend to Ms. Ryana Rahman and Mr. Fazle Elahi for walking a few extra miles to make it happen. The young and vibrant editorial team included Ms. Oshama Omayesh, Ms. Sifat Hasin Mehzabin, Ms. Sheikh Tasmima Mrenmoi, Ms. Bhuiyan Jahanara Begum Ilona, Ms. Sayatu Bushra and Ms. Muntaha Farzana Binte Enayet, alongside our veteran faculty members Ms. Ruzana Samdani and Mr. Suman Kallol Paul.

Since this is only the beginning, let this yearbook be a reminder of what's possible when we come together with purpose and dedication. Here's to the experience that will forever bind us.

With gratitude,

Mohammad Tanvir Islam
Editor, The Editorial Team

Honoring a legacy of excellence


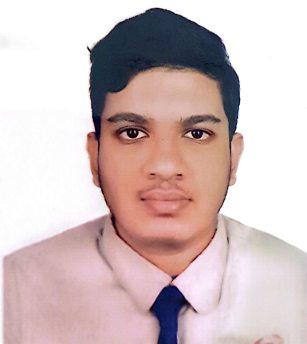


At The Daily Star HSBC 24th O & A Level Awards Presentation Ceremony, the late Ms. Lubna Choudhury, Founder and Principal of Bangladesh International Tutorial (BIT), was posthumously celebrated for her visionary leadership and lifelong dedication to education. Her younger daughter, Ms. Talita Choudhury, Director of Education & Board Member at BIT proudly accepted the award on her behalf, carrying forward a legacy that continues to inspire us all.



Academic Achievements

Like every year, our examinees of **O Level** and **A Level (AS & A2)** have made their marks by achieving highest grades in multiple subjects under **Pearson Edexcel curriculum**. Once again, we are highly elated and immensely proud of their academic success.

International A Level (May/June 2024)

Three A/A* Grades & Country Highest	Four A/A* Grades	Three A/A* Grades	
			
Shah Mohammad Samiul Huda (Accounting)	Anubhav Paul	Md. Rakibul Hassan Rizve	Zarin Mushraba Shaira

International GCSE (May/June 2024)

Grade 7 or Above in 9 Subjects



Rafi Bin Nasir Sami

Grade 7 or Above in 8 Subjects



Faiyyed Wahab Taib



Farha Bint Latif



Jannatul Ferdous



Saiyara Pushpita Ahmed



Maliha Mubarak Tina



S M Shohayeb Haque



Tazri Iqbal



Rudro Mahadi Dayhan



Sakib Raffat Bari



Shabnam Banu

Grade 7 or Above in 7 Subjects



A M Tahmidur Rahaman



Anika Subha Zaman



Ashfeen Abrar



Ziyad Ahmed



Faiyaz Mohammad Rana



Faizah Nawar



Kameliya Kowsar



Tasfia Musrat Jinisa



**Kazi Umama Haque
Lamia**



**Ridmi Sanjana
Malaviarachchi**



Swapnil Bhowmik



Tawsif Shreyas



OUR HIGHLIGHTS OF 2024

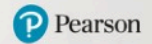


- Highest marks in Bangladesh in Accounting by one IAL student
- More than 7 A+/A grades by 24 IGCSE students
- More than 3 A+/A grades by 5 IAL students

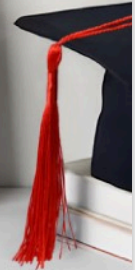
Admission & Information Contact

Uttara ▶ 01847-290391
Gulshan ▶ 01847-290393

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We have achieved



BIT is proud to be one of the only three schools in Uttara selected by British Council as an external Edexcel and Cambridge examination center.



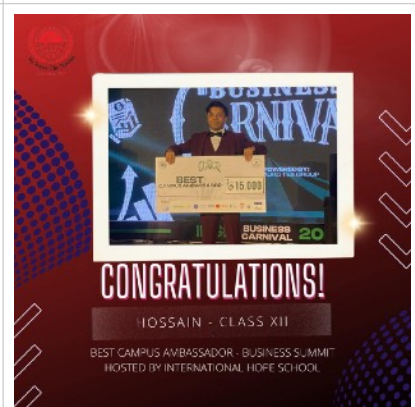
HIGHEST A* ACHIEVER IN O LEVEL



BIT TEACHERS EXTEND HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS TO
RAKIN MOSTOFA
ON PRESTIGIOUS ACHIEVEMENT!

CLASS XI
SENIOR CAMPUS, UTTARA

Beyond the Campus



Junior School, Uttara

**Pre-Play,
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Tabassum Mashiat)**



**Play Group (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Tabassum Tanuza & Ms.
Nayna Haque)**

**Nursery (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Jakia Sultana Shathi
& Ms. Nazneen Akther
Neena)**



**Nursery (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Sharin Binte Anis &
Ms. Nazneen Akther
Neena)**



**KG I (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Rubyat Islam)**

**KG I (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Puja
Saha)**





**KG II (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Rezwana Munir)**



**KG II (Yellow),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Iffat
Mamduha & Ms. Tanha
Tarannum)**



**KG II (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Sarah Hasib)**

**Class I (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Zarin
Tasnim Ahmed)**



**Class I (Yellow),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Tasnia Haque Eshika)**



**Class I (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Nusrat Jahan Ruby)**



**Class II (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Chowdhury Alisha
Kamal & Mr. Foysal)**



**Class II (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teachers: Mr.
Arindam Saha)**

**Class II (Yellow),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Rabia Afrin Aurna)**



**Class III (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Shobnom Zaman)**



**Class III (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Bhuiyan Jahanara Ilona
Begum & Ms.
Taheratzaman
Tonewy)**

**Class III (Yellow),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Nadia
Nazmul & Ms. Rubina
Akhter)**





**Class IV (Red),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Nabila Noor Mishu)**



**Class IV (Yellow),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. Md.
Shafinuzzaman & Ms.
Jannatul Ferdous Linia)**



**Class IV (Blue),
Junior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Sharmin Akther)**



All teachers of Uttara Junior School with the Vice Principal, the Dean & the Coordinator.

17 BIGHAS

for learning
and aspiring

BIT has the largest private school infrastructure in Dhaka with 17 bighas of land.
We ensure every child to grow with space of imagination and boundless freedom.

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Uttara ▶ 01847-290391
Gulshan ▶ 01847-290393

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Senior School, Uttara



**Class V (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Sifat
Hasin Mehzaabin)**



**Class V (B),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Rimatul Fatema)**



**Class V (C),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Azreen Nawar)**



**Class VI (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Bonani Dey Nova)**



**Class VI (B1),
Senior School, Uttara
(Teacher: Ms. Raisa
Mahjabeen)**



**Class VI (B2),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Israt
Jahan)**

**Class VII (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Shahrukh Rahman)**



**Class VII (B1),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms. Farjana
Nira)**

**Class VII (B2),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. Sajid
Imtiaz Shoumik)**





**Class VIII (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Suman Kallol Paul)**

**Class VIII (B1),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. Sudip
Saha)**



**Class VIII (B2),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Oshama Omayes Shamab)**

**Class IX (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Mohammad Tanvir Islam)**



**Class IX (B1),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Razia Ahsan)**

**Class IX (B2),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. ZT
Ferdous)**





**Class X (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Samsun Nahar Shumi)**

**Class X (B),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. Dilip Kumar
Roy)**



**Class XI (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Jayeed Hossain)**

**Class XI (B),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr. Meer
Mofakhkharul Islam)**



**Class XII (A),
Senior School, Uttara
(Teacher: Mr. Md. Abu
Rimad)**

**Class XII (B),
Senior School, Uttara
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Mobasher Ahmed)**





All teachers of Uttara Senior School with the Vice Principal, the Dean & the Head.

ENROLL NOW

**A GREAT PLACE
FOR YOUR
LITTLE ONE TO
LEARN & GROW**

**ADMISSION
OPEN NOW**

For Admission & Information
 Uttara ▶ 01847-290391
 Gulshan ▶ 01847-290393

Junior School, Gulshan

**Pre-Play,
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Afrida Tazrian)**



**Play Group,
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Nareen A. Jehan & Ms.
Silvina Afroz)**

**Nursery,
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Faria aseem & Ms.
Safrin Amin)**





**KG I (Red),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Nipa Sharmin)**



**KG I (Blue),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Dilara Yasmin)**



**KG II,
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Aksha Binte Wazed &
Ms. Fatema J. Ferdous)**

**Class I (Red),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Umme
Hany Shafiq)**



**Class I (Blue),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Farhana
Haque)**

**Class II (Red),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Zannat E Nur)**





**Class II (Blue),
Junior School, Gulshan
(Class Teachers: Ms.
Moonisa Huq & Ms.
Anahita Tanzia Zaman)**



All teachers of Gulshan Junior School with the Vice Principal, the Dean & the Head.

Middle School, Gulshan

**Class III (A),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Shara Afreen
Baron)**



**Class III (B),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Nusrat Jahan
Nur)**

**Class III (B2),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Shanha
Sultana)**





**Class IV (A),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Syed
Minhazul Hoque)**

**Class IV (B),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Nusrat
Majumder)**



**Class V (A),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Samanta Tamanna)**

**Class V (B),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Tanzina
Arafat)**



**Class V (B2),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Sanjana Fatema
Miti)**

**Class VI (A),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Jawaad
Rashid)**





**Class VI (B),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Md. Hafizur
Rahman)**

**Class VI (B2),
Middle School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Muntaha
Farzana Binte Enayet)**



All teachers of Gulshan Middle School with the Vice Principal, the Dean & the Head.

Senior School, Gulshan

**Class VII (A),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Umama Tanzania Cornia)**



**Class VII (B1),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Swarnaly
Sarkar)**



**Class VII (B2),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms. Rezwana Ahsan)**





**Class VIII (A),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Papia Akther)**



**Class VIII (B),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Ruzana Jamil
Samdani)**



**Class IX (A),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.
Saida Khanam)**

**Class IX (B),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Ms.Shaneela
Shaheeda Rahman)**



**Class X (A),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr.
Mohd Ashraful Alam)**

**Class X (B),
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Shaikat
Marcel Gomes)**





**Class XI,
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Irfan
Kabir)**



**Class XII,
Senior School, Gulshan
(Class Teacher: Mr. Sayeed Ibna
Mohoshin)**



All teachers of Gulshan Senior School with the Vice Principal, the Dean & the Head.

Artworks

Bunny in the moonlight



Himayah Binte Mahbub, KG II, Gulshan

Fueling The Future



Anas Ihsan, VII-A, Uttara

Untitled



**Miftahul
Jannath,
I Blue, Uttara**

Miftahul Jannath / Class I (Blue)

Untitled



Md. Hami Ahnaf Bari, VII-A, Uttara

Untitled



Adwiteya Barua, IX-A, Uttara

Anamnesis



Rajrita Biswas, IV (Yellow), Uttara

A Childhood Memory



Sajutey Goswami, V-C



**The Swan's
Mirror**

**Ariya Afrida, VI-A
(Gulshan)**

A City Night



Md. Salfi Salehin Shochso, VI-A, Uttara

Fueling The Future



Shuvangi Bhowmik Duri, VI-A, Gulshan

Open Window



Mahibah Jabin Ardi, VI-A, Gulshan

Way to a Colorful World



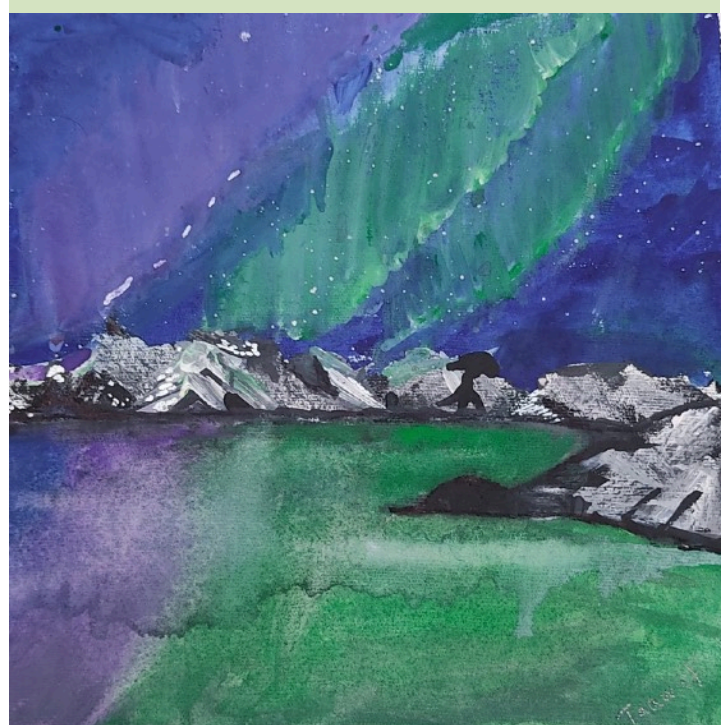
Izaan Mursheed, V-A, Uttara

The Soul of Bangladesh -Tea

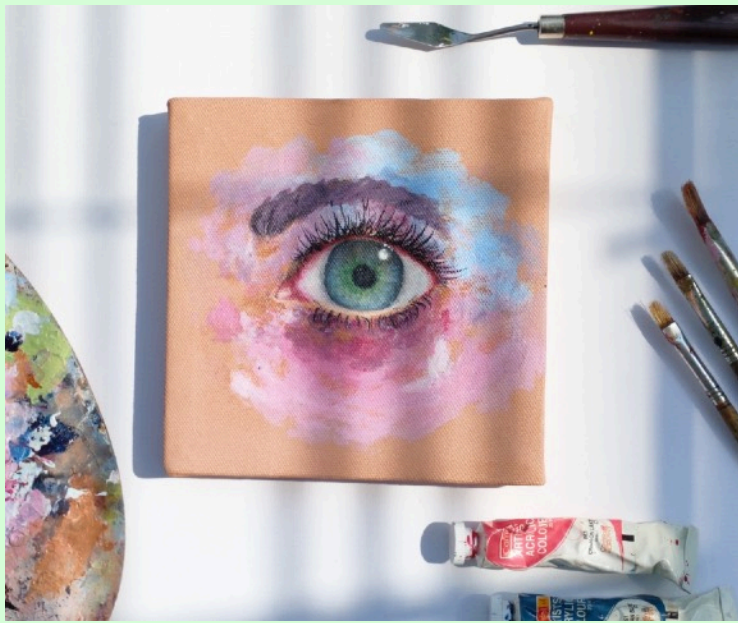


Jaziba Karim, VII-A, Uttara

Northern Light



Taawaf Bin Tareq (Tazwar), II-Blue, Uttara



Vivid Splash of Vision

Troyee Halder, IX-A (Uttara)

Artwork

Sabanta Jahan
Chowdhury,
KG II, Gulshan



A Joyful Day at the Fair



Md. Tawshif Al Takder, VIII-A,
Gulshan



Untitled

**Tamjid Husain Taseen,
VI-A, Uttara**

Artwork



**Muhammad Abdullah, KG-
II, Yellow, Uttara**



Waterfall

**Jawad Maharib Rahman
IV Red, Uttara**

Poetry

My (Ambitious) Poem

Take a sizable bag.
Think of it to be a balloon –
Full of light air –
Ready to take flight.

Now fill it up with emotions –
Innermost, deep and profound.

What you've got:
Is a poem –
The kind you think no one can write!
Now it's time for its flight.

But the poem –
Heavy with heart-breaking emotions –
Love, passion, pity, & tons of tears – alas –
Cannot fly!

You don't even know what you've thought,
And what you've got:

To you, the poem you wrote
Is the most gracious balloon –
Meant for the people's heart and high sky.
To others, it's a bag of sand:

Don't ask them to read –
It will make them cry.

Suman Kallol Paul, Senior Teacher (English Literature), Uttara

Hope

As brilliant as sunlight, as pure as gold,
A soft yellow whisper, both bright and bold.
Never misunderstood, always so near,
A beacon of hope when sorrows appear.

An inspiration to spark the way,
A dream to chase, come what may.
Blazing bright in desperate eyes,
A longing heart beneath the skies.

The essence of hope, shining true,
Reviving memories, old yet new.
A golden glow through darkest night,
Guiding souls with gentle light.

Amayra Faisal, VI-A

Where Dreams Take Flight

BIT, a name that echoes through the years,
Where dreams take flight, dispelling doubts and fears.
The Barracudas roar, a team of vibrant hue,
Conquering challenges, brave and ever true.

"Generous in defeat, and modest in victory," she'd say,
Guiding our path, come what may.

"Start a legacy, leave a legacy," our motto bold,
A call to action, with stories yet untold.

Our Principal's vision, a star in the night,
A Nobel laureate, shining ever bright.
Though she's departed, her spirit still resides,
In every student, within our hearts, it hides.

A community strong, a bond that will endure,
BITians forever, forever secure.
With knowledge as our guide, we strive to excel,
Reaching for the stars, breaking every spell.

Building on her legacy, with passion and with grace,
BITians rise above, leaving a lasting trace.
A beacon of hope, a testament to might,
Shining ever brighter, in the endless light.

Anas Ihsan, VII-A, (Uttara)

The Barracudas

You can never unsee
What you once saw:
The trophies they won
Were real and no flaw!

To score a goal,
They push forward all as one:
On the field they're all stars;
They bow down to none.

They are built like a castle:
With maximum defence,
They stop every ball to their fort,
Never out of patience.

They are relentless in their bid to win;
They never give up.
That's my school football team
That's the Barracudas.

That's us!

Farhann Zaman, VII-A (Uttara)

Bangladesh International Tutorial

A school so grand , with space so wide ,
Its reddish bricks stand strong with pride.
A place of learning, bright and true.
Where dreams take flight and futures bloom.

The playground hums with laughter bright,
A joyful scene, a heart's delight.
Amazing teachers, wise and kind,
Shaping young and eager minds.

"Start a legacy ,and leave a legacy," they say,
A guiding light along the way.
Each lesson taught, each bond we weave ,
A memory that we never leave.

A journey filled with rare moments,
Of wisdom, love , and teachers' care.
Events that sparkle, days so bright ,
A school that shines in learning's light.

Ms Lubna Choudhury , a legend true,
A visionary with dreams anew.
Her daughters now, with strength and grace,
Continue leading this great place.

A home for all to learn and grow,
To find their path, to let dreams flow.
Bangladesh International Tutorial stands,
A beacon bright in knowledge's lands.

**Bhuiyan Jahanara Begum Ilona, English Language
Teacher, Junior School, Uttara**

Patience

Why have so much patience
When nothing matters?
It breaks my heart into pieces,
And my confidence shatters.

On everything that makes me fragile,
Like wearing a mask, I put up a smile.
But once I break down,
All the faults are in my aisle.

Even though I try to hide,
My eyes betray me, opening wide.
As my tears try to escape,
I hold my tissue like 'a heroine's cape'.

Why have so much patience
When life makes you fight?
Why can't life be sweet like a song,
And easy as a flow of light?

Annur Ashrafe, VII-A (Uttara)

Legacy in My Heart

From the gates I entered, so small and wide-eyed,
This school became my haven, my guide.
A journey begun in 2010,
Where dreams were nurtured again and again.

"To serve the nation," our guiding light,
In these hallowed halls, we've soared to new heights.
"Start a legacy, leave a legacy," we're told,
Words from our founder, a treasure of gold.

Through classrooms, laughter, and lessons we weave,
The spirit of service in all we believe.
Each teacher, each friend, a memory dear,
Building a home that feels ever near.

Years have flown, yet the bond holds strong,
In this legacy of love, where we belong.
As the future unfolds, the values remain,
Guiding each step through joy and through pain.

Forever transforming, a beacon will stay,
A powerful legacy lighting the way.

Nabeeha Nusaybah, XII-A (Uttara)

Chess

Chess, a game of the mind:
Enemy attacks from the front and behind,
With King, Queen, Knight, Bishop, Rook, Pawn-
No time to doze while the game is on.

Patterns of the known and the unknown:
In chess, the rules are limited; the moves abound!
It sets rivalry between black and white,
Chess, a game that relates to the whole of life.

It's a battle of the minds,
Pieces darting across the board:
All hail the King's rise-
His glory despite the lack of sword!

Just like the pieces with their goal in sight,
We must also move with purpose and might.
Let us keep our vision clear,
To reach our final goal as it draws near.

Chess, the game, touching the whole of life,
Reminds us to watch and move- to survive!
For every choice we make and decision we take,
We do this to keep living and keep awake.

Raeeda Wania Siddiquee, VII-B2 (Uttara)

Her Legacy, Our Tomorrow

In the quiet hum of the halls, her dream still sings,
A legacy woven with invisible strings.
She built this place with her heart and hands,
A fortress of hope, where ambition stands.

The walls still breathe her whispered will,
Echoing the courage that made us still.
Her vision, like stars, so bright, so wide,
A path she carved for us to stride.

With every brick, every stone laid bare,
She painted a future beyond compare.
Her laughter, a river that flowed through time,
Her words, a bell with a ringing chime.

Now we stand where her dreams once bloomed,
In the silence where her spirit loomed.
Her legacy is a torch we hold,
Burning bright, both fierce and bold.

What she began, we carry forward, tomorrow,
A promise of strength, no sorrow.
For legends never fade; they only rest,
In the hearts of those who carry their quest.

Nishat Kalam, IX-A (Gulshan)

Wanderer

I wander far and wide
Through the mountains and the five seas.
The wind offers me a place to confide
Succeeding in breaking away from my leash.

From the maple leaves rustling gently in the breeze,
To the bushes harshly scraping my knees
I run and run as the moon shines her light down on me.

With the sense of freedom almost at arm's length
I always wish for more strength:
To break away, to not concede.

So I wander far and wide once more,
Through whispered woods and endless tide,
No longer bound, my spirit soars—
The wind, my guide. The world, my stride.

Saria Azwa Islam, XII-A (Uttara)

Treading on the path of greatness

Today, I tread this evergreen path,
Though most of the leaves have been long shed-
A cluster of opportunities lay up ahead
The tranquility of its beauty entangles me.

The stroll is quiet, but enchantingly serene :
Leaves have dried- and flowers since withered,
Beneath my feet lay foliage, its echoes can be heard
Their presence; a memorabilia of beauty long past.

Tomorrow, a new flower may bloom-
Upon this tainted path which many have left so
soon ,
To carry the weight of its eminence on my back;
Is a responsibility that requires great toils.

Warisha Islam, IX-A (Gulshan)

The Passage Through Time

We came to these halls, worn-out shoes,
Ready for each day, never realizing how fast the days fly
by.
We thought we had eternity—that tomorrow was always
one step ahead,
And the future was just when we were old enough.
But here we are now, closer than any one of us would
have dreamed possible.
And the years? They all ran together.

We wished to grow up, leave our childish days behind—
But now, we're not quite so sure we knew the time.
With age, we thought we would have all the answers.
Perhaps it's the questions that are more important.
We wanted freedom,
But somewhere in maturing,
We lost that enchanting sense we had when we were
young.

It was the conviction that anything could happen,
The excitement over the simplest of things.
Now, in hindsight, we'd like to be able to go back
To when time was endless,
Back to when life felt like it was meant to be lived fully.

Ibtisum Zarah, IX-BI (Uttara)

The Legacy of BIT

Back in 'eighty-three, a dream took flight,
A vision so strong, burning bright.
A place where wisdom finds its home,
Where curious minds are free to roam.

Through halls of learning, bright and wide,
Ambition walks with fearless stride.
On fields of green, with hearts so tall,
We chase our dreams, we live football.

Beyond the books, the world unfolds—
In many tongues, our story's told.
English, Bangla, French we speak,
Mandarin's song, its tones unique.

Through study, sport, with skill and grace,
We push ahead, we set the pace.
We start a legacy, strong and wise,
And leave our mark beneath the skies.

Through every heart, in every name,
BIT will shine—a lasting flame.

Antorip Paul, VI-A (Uttara)

Strengthen Thyself

In the dark, starry night,
When I am alone and gripped by fright,
You are the One who holds me tight,
Banishing darkness with Your light.

Left and right, I can feel your presence,
Your scent divine, Your sacred essence!
Yet when I open the windows to my soul,
I find no trace of You, pole to pole.

"Where have you gone?" I whisper softly.
"Are you someone beyond me?"
Perhaps You are the Lord we all believe You to be,
Or a higher force of boundless energy—
A source of resilience, joy and positivity.

Maybe you are a gift from the Lord above,
A spark of strength, born from His love,
So, in times of trouble, when all seems lost,
We find in ourselves, the help we sought.

Aishwarjo Bijoya Dey, IX-A (Gulshan)

Echoes of Tomorrow

In the classrooms' silent air,
Whispers dismissed with one stare;
Pages turned with dreams untold,
The weight of lessons, clear and bold.

Pens like arrows, sharp and true,
Chasing dreams we must pursue.
Echo of a question, loud,
A mind that's lost within the crowd.

Tests and exams, they trail the way,
To what we become, at the end of day.
But deep inside, a diamond shines,
Guiding us through twisted lines.

We ran through fields with laughter and cheer,
Echoes of tomorrow, we held so near,
With books in hand, we learned and played,
The echoes of tomorrow, never to fade.

With every grade, a new reflection,
Each lesson shaping the mind's direction.
In every book, a world unfolds,
A future written, yet untold.

Rukayat Binte Mahbub, IX-A (Gulshan)

The Lonely Bird

What worse could happen to
A lonely bird out in the wild,
Full of gnawing jaws
That hunt, deceive, and betray?
What worse could happen to that lonely bird!

Unaware of the dangers, wandering away;
But then realization strikes, and I stagger back.
There's nowhere to go, nothing left to do—
I'm caught.

Fatiha Noor, VII-BI (Gulshan)

Stories & Reflections

The Graduation

“The teachers did a really good job with the banner,” said someone from behind, making me jump in surprise and turn my head.

“Who – oh, it’s you!” I sighed in relief, recognizing the boy who was now beside me. “Yeah, they did a great job.” My eyes softened as I surveyed the large piece of cloth hanging over our school gates.

“The red goes well with our school, and the font is nice. Plus, ‘Batch of 2025’ just sounds cool,” he grinned. “You’re early, which is expected.”

“You’re early too,” I said teasingly, “which is very unexpected.”

“Well, it’s our graduation. Thought I’d come early and walk through the school for what is probably the last time. Join me?”

“Sure.” I walked alongside him, fondly glancing around the school halls. I paused in front of the trophy wall on the first floor, every inch of the surface covered in medals, with cases on either side filled with trophies.

“Remember when we were just 5th graders walking by this wall, hoping we’d get to hang our medals here one day?” I said softly. “Now look where we are, an entire trophy case dedicated to our wins. I never imagined we would get this far.”

“Yeah... everyone in our batch is so talented,” he agreed, his eyes swiftly passing over the names on each medal. “Me especially, of course! Look – three of the medals are mine,” he boasted playfully.

“Please, five of them are mine, I’m *clearly* the better one here,” I snorted, shaking my head in amusement. “C’mon, let’s go upstairs.”

We walked upstairs, the entire building was silent. I stopped in front of a classroom, and slowly opened the door.

“It’s our classroom,” I said fondly, looking around the room with the uniform desks.

“Look.” I turned towards where he stood at the back of the classroom, his hand grazing over everything pinned on the large noticeboard. “They haven’t taken anything down yet,” he said quietly. “All our artwork... our pictures... they’re still here.”

“Yeah,” I swallowed the lump in my throat, my eyes roving over the pictures. “It’s our picture from our 10th-grade Science Fair.”

“Yeah... look how different we all look here. See how big your smile is since you won the second prize,” he chuckled. “And look at me sulking in the back – oh God we were *so* competitive back then!”

“Remember the days when we came as early as we could on Report Card Day to see who got first?” I giggled. “We got scolded so many times for running in the hallways.”

“Hmm, those were the days,” he sighed. “Things were so simple back then! Our biggest problem was wondering if we were prepared enough for the English exam and now we worry about university applications...”

“Wow... time flies, doesn’t it? It feels like it was all yesterday,” I looked down at my shoes. And now it finally dawned on me: this is our last day as students in this school. “Oh gosh... remember how we used to push all our desks together and gossip during tutorial classes? And how we’d cry after every math test?” I choked out, feeling the cold of a tear gliding down my cheek. “I... We’re really never going to do this again?”

“Well, all our journeys come to an end,” he said softly. “And at the end of one, there is the beginning of another. I wish you good luck on the next part of your journey. Hey, you’re going to Harvard, after all! Well, just... don’t forget us. Don’t forget me and I won’t forget you. After all, we share the same roots!”

Zafeerah Rubbi Syeda , VIII-A, (Uttara)

The Next Page

Pages flip, pens scatter across the table in synced harmony. The bell rings. Everybody in the classroom leaves, too, very immediately. She picks her bag up — her mind heavier than the weight on her shoulders. Voices echo by, though it isn't constant — all seems like a quick breeze. Nobody stands the same anymore, people with different people — some alone, many even abandoned.

The friendship bracelets, handshakes, stars from teachers for an A+ score, were only things in brief. Rather lost — but even more confused — is what she felt. To every single happenings, every little moments as of before, why did they last just vaguely?

For now, all that last for her are academically valid grades. It never made sense for things to change; she thought every moment, but she did change. All of that had its own timeline — she fought with the fact that things swayed out of control; she hated that everything kept changing. It repeats; all these thoughts do. Then she pauses. It's only a remembrance — once again a realization that nothing does ever help.

Time is only meant to pass so that the happy times may comfort us — even that going out of consideration from the soul. She takes one last step out of her class, not looking back as she flips to the next page of her book.

Sannoyee Pal Chhora, VIII-A, (Uttara)

The Hotel of the Corals

The crimson envelope, paired with freshly picked evening primroses, rested on my study's oak table. Morning light streamed through the window, catching the wax seal. It was my 22nd birthday—the day I'd waited for, dreamed of. "The letter's here," I whispered to the empty room.

This was it—the invitation to join my dream research team. Everything I'd worked for had led to this moment. Yet, as I reached for the envelope, unease crept in, a weight pressing on my chest. And then, the memory I'd spent ten years burying clawed its way back.

I was twelve when my parents took us to Norway—a dream trip to see the Northern Lights. That December night, the sky burned green and purple, ribbons of light dancing across the beach. I remember the cold air, the ocean's murmur, and the damp sand under my gloves.

Then, the ground shifted. At first, it was subtle—a faint sinking sensation. I froze, my fingers digging deeper into the sand, unsure of what I was feeling. Before I could call out to my parents, the earth beneath me gave way. My hands clawed for something to hold, but the sand pulled me under. I fell—not quickly, but endlessly, weightless and twisting. Gravity no longer obeyed its rules. Colors from the Aurora shimmered around me, the world melting into something unrecognizable. Then I stopped.

The ground beneath me was soft, unnaturally so, and the air glowed faintly. Coral-like structures surrounded me, their jagged edges reflecting fractured light. The hum—a low vibration—seemed to come from everywhere at once.

And then, I saw him. He stood impossibly still, his navy-blue suit immaculate, his silver hair glowing faintly. His sharp, metallic eyes pinned me in place. "Welcome to the Hotel of the Corals," he said, his voice calm, deliberate. "What service can I offer a guest such as yourself?"

"Please," I whispered. "I didn't mean to come here. I just want to go home."

He studied me for a long moment, then sighed. "Very well. But you will return when you are 22. On that day, your debt will be paid in full."

"Why 22?" I managed to choke out.

His gaze sharpened, his faint smile devoid of warmth. "Because that is the age when the threads of fate bind most tightly, when you will understand what you owe."

When I woke, I was back in the hotel room. My mother said I'd fallen asleep on the beach, but I knew the truth.

Now, the crimson envelope stares back at me, its seal pulsing like a heartbeat. My hands tremble as I open it.

"Your reservation at the Hotel of the Corals is confirmed."

Norway is calling. This time, I won't come back.

Farheen Naaz Kabir, XII-B, (Uttara)

Giselle's Lovely Bakery

In the city of extraordinary people, Giselle was an ordinary girl living a normal life with big dreams. She wished to start her own bakery one day because of her love for baking. Though she was only 14, she could make cake, cupcakes and pastries. Her baking skills amazed everyone; she learned it from her maternal grandmother. When there were any events at her school, she would bring cupcakes for all of her friends. Her parents were successful business people and they wanted her to be as successful as themselves. They wished for Giselle to carry on their business but she had a different plan even though it was too early to plan her future.

Few years had passed and she still wished to open her own bakery one day. She went to the college and one day she saw a poster outside her school and she knew instantly it was her chance to show off her talent. The poster was for a "Baking competition", Giselle got excited and wanted to ask her parents if she could go. As soon as she went home, she showed it to her parents. "Giselle, do you think you can win this big competition? You can focus on other activities," said her mother and her father wasn't sure if she should participate either.

Giselle got upset and went to her room, opening her diary, writing down about her dream and that her parents not being supportive about her dream. At that moment, her grandmother entered the room and said "It's a big opportunity for you; your parents are saying those because they want you to do good in life and I will support your passion no matter what. Sign up for this competition now and I will convince your parents." Giselle hugged her grandmother and signed up for this competition. Her parents agreed eventually for her happiness. She prepared herself very well and was determined to win

On the day of the competition, Giselle got really nervous, yet she was confident at the same time. She baked and decorated a wonderful cake with fancy design. She got nervous again thinking she might not win because other's work seemed wonderful too, but she continued her work and finished it within the time. When the judges were judging their work, they got amazed by Giselle's beautiful, fancy cake which tasted amazing.

During the announcement of the winner, it was the most anxious moment for all the participants and Giselle almost lost hope of winning. In a minute, they announced Giselle as the winner! She got extremely happy and her family seemed very proud. This victory gave her more opportunities to travel around the world and join more contests. Giselle took this opportunity and within 7 years, she was able to achieve her dream of opening a large bakery in the town with the support of her family. And the bakery was called "Giselle's Lovely Bakery".

Zariya Jaffrin, VI-A (Uttara)

The Echo of Chaos Through the Silence

A school is never truly silent. Even when empty, its walls hum with memories of laughter, whispered secrets, and lessons learned. But now, as I walk through the vacant halls, the absence is overwhelming. My footsteps echo too loudly, filling the space where voices once danced.

The campus, once so full of life, feels frozen in time. The sun still paints golden hues over the schoolyard, the trees still sway gently, but there's no one to admire their beauty. The field, where we once sat for hours, talking, dreaming, laughing, now is untouched and waiting. The benches long for old friends, the playground misses the sound of joy.

An empty school is not just a building without people, it's a home waiting for its family to return. And though silence lingers now, I know it won't last. Soon, the halls will burst with laughter, the classrooms will breathe again, and the field will welcome back its dreamers. Until then, the school waits, holding onto its echoes, longing for the chaos of life to return.

Saimuna Islam, V-B

The Treasure of Legacy

Noah couldn't believe his eyes. "What's this?" he shouted, pulling the box out of the mud. His friends rushed over to see what was going on. It was an ancient, dirty wooden box with "The class of 1991" faintly inscribed on it. "No way is this 34 years old! Is it some kind of treasure hunt? Are we going to find gold?!" Olivia exclaimed. Everyone was in shock.

Earlier that morning, their school bus arrived at a hilly area where every year the school takes recent graduates on an adventurous trip for one last time. As soon as they got off the bus, everyone was assigned tasks like setting up tents, cooking lunch, cultivating, and cleaning. Noah was happily working on cultivation with his closest friend. That's when he stumbled upon the box. Excitedly, they began to open it, hoping for a treasure hunt. But little did they know, not all treasures are made of gold. Inside the box was a letter titled "For future students" and a map of the area with several spots marked in red. After some thought, Noah and his friends decided to embark on the hunt.

After lunch, the teachers gave them a break. While the other students and teachers napped, Noah's group quietly slipped out of their bungalow. They pulled out the map and started exploring the marked areas. Each location contained small envelopes and faded photographs of past students buried in the mud. They collected the envelopes for later, focused on finding treasures. After hours of searching every marked spot, frustration set in as they found nothing but useless envelopes. Annoyed, Olivia began to shout at Noah for wasting their time. Soon, all five of them were arguing. The teachers, hearing the commotion outside, rushed over to stop them. When they learned what the students had been up to, they snatched the envelopes away from them.

Later at night, as a source of entertainment for the students after a long tiring day, the teachers decided to set up a campfire. But unlike previous years, where the campfire was filled with dance and music, this time, they chose to read out the envelopes their students left off 34 years ago. As they read, the teachers got emotional and the students learned how all their seniors overcame fears, faced challenges, worked hard to achieve their dreams and made lots of memories and realized that every small act whether it's kindness or creativity can leave a legacy for their future. They also discover that leaving a legacy is not about extraordinary acts, but the impact of daily actions and the way they shape the future. After that year onwards, every batch left a box of memories for their future generations.

Adwiteya Barua, IX-A (Uttara)

The Night Motel

It was not in the plan. My bike just died. It had been making weird noises for days, but I never expected it to give up on me in the middle of nowhere. I took in my surroundings. The moon hid behind thick clouds, and stars were nowhere to be seen. A fog rolled in, and given to the heavy clouds above, it would possibly rain.

I looked down the long, narrow road. I should've taken the main road, not this shortcut. I pulled out my phone to call Asher, but there was zero signal. Of course! My bike was broken, I was stranded, and I couldn't even ask for help!

Then, I saw a sign in the distance: *The Night Motel*.

I grabbed my backpack and left the bike behind. The fog wrapped around me as I walked. My thoughts were racing - What kind of motel was out here? Was it even open? No car had passed since I turned off the main road.

The motel came into view, its lights were dim. The building looked old and rundown, but it was my only option. I pushed open the door, and a bell chimed softly.

An elderly man sat behind the counter, his tired eyes glancing up. "Evening," he said.

"Uh, hi," I stammered. "My bike broke down. I need a room for the night."

He nodded slowly. "One night? Or... more?"

"Just one," I replied.

"Room 3," he muttered, sliding a key across the counter. "It's at the end of the hall."

I thanked him, eager for rest. As I made my way down the narrow hall, the lights flickered above me. The door to room 3 creaked as I opened it, and I locked it, dropping my bag onto the bed.

The room felt cold, unsettling. I undressed quickly and climbed into bed, but something wasn't right. The silence was too thick, too heavy. Then, I heard footsteps outside my door. Slow. Deliberate.

I froze. The footsteps stopped right outside my door. I held my breath, waiting. But nothing. The silence returned.

I tried to shake the feeling of dread creeping up my spine. I told myself it was just my imagination. But as I drifted to sleep, the old man's words echoed in my mind: *One night... or more?*

Then, a whisper—faint, right by my ear: "Stay."

I sat up, heart pounding. The room was empty, the door still locked. But in the corner, where there had been nothing before, stood a small, dark figure, its hollow eyes fixed on me.

I didn't stay the night.

Abrar Akhyar Sarno, VI-A (Uttara)

The Woman by the Garden

Ember always loved visiting the nursing home. The air there smelled of medicine and old books, and the hallways were way too quiet, which she liked because she was an introvert. Her mother worked there, so every afternoon after Ember was done with her school she visited the nursing home to accompany her mother and waited in the common room as she observed the adults talking and reading books.

One day, she noticed an elderly lady sitting alone by the garden. The lady had wrinkles on her face, but her eyes were green just like Ember's. Ember was slightly in bewilderment as she had never seen this lady before and also started to notice how much similarities she had with this stranger.

"Why are you sitting alone by the garden?" Ember asked out of curiosity.

"I'm admiring the beauty of the flowers, dear" said the old lady in a low voice. After a few minutes, she again looked at Ember and said, "You look so familiar to me, just as I looked in my 20s."

Ember looked at the old lady with widening eyes. After thinking for a few minutes, Ember spoke again to the old lady "Do I know you, ma'am?" asked Ember again while sitting down beside the lady.

"No, but I do know that you like dipping your cookies into cold milk, you immediately run to your mother whenever you are scared at night or have nightmares and I also remember that you lost your favorite necklace given by your father," said the lady. Ember listened to the lady observantly as if in a stupor.

Ember thought for a moment and then reluctantly replied "Oh... But I don't even know you, how do you know that?". The old lady chuckled while patting Ember's head and said "I just remember everything about you, Ember." Ember still looked at the old lady and wondered how she even knew her name.

Days passed by and ever since Ember got to know that old lady, she always started visiting the nursing home more often and started talking to that lady sharing all of her little secrets, hobbies, likes and dislikes.

One day, Ember couldn't visit the nursing home because her mother got ill and the next day when she visited the nursing home she couldn't find that old lady anymore. Ember stormed all around the nursing home until she saw a dead body in a room covered in white. Ember slowly approached the dead body, removed the white cover and noticed that it was the old lady. Ember fell into her mother's arms and started weeping in sorrow.

After a few moments, the attendant nurse came to Ember and said, "This old lady left you something ma'am. She kept on telling me that she felt very strongly for you." She handed a small box to Ember.

Sitting beside her mother, Ember opened the small box after she got home. She was astonished to see the necklace given by her father that she had lost months ago. The letter really shocked her as she read, "My name is Ember..."

Mrinmoyee Kabir, VII-B1 (Gulshan)

An Escape from the Virtual World

Mckenzie and I had always been ardent gamers and we couldn't resist playing every new released game. A few days ago, a new captivating VR game with a futuristic AI was launched and we couldn't resist playing it. This game, The Alex Reality, had unparalleled realism; it even had a world to explore and a number of puzzles which would examine our minds. However, what we comprehended was that this game didn't intend to leave us.

When we put on our headsets, the world around us vanished. We found ourselves in a city loaded with colossal buildings and nature's skyscrapers. Mckenzie expressed the surprise, "This is crazy!" She talked under my breath "We seem to be here in real life".

Just as we were about to start exploring every corner of the city, a man suddenly spoke into the microphone in a mechanical voice, "Hello friends! Welcome to my gaming world guys! Myself Alex and you guys are going to be attempting to play three challenges or even more than that. However, you guys will never have the ability to leave this game. You guys are going to live here forever."

"Foff.. forever!" exclaimed Mckenzie realizing the eerie situation.

As we both tried checking everything so that we could get out from this game, the voice reappeared, "Well, just like I said you guys can't exit from this game. This system is locked by me and the only way you guys can get out is through me." We didn't have any option except facing the first challenge. We were led to a somber location where our voices were the only sound audible. Abruptly, the place was encircled by enormous screens that displayed all of the games commands.

"We've got this" Mckenzie said with full confidence. Initially, we were instructed to commit the symbols on the screens to memory and we also had to provide the responses we had mentally rehearsed in two minutes for each question, which was challenging for us. "We will make every effort" I said. As anticipated, we overcame the first challenge. This second challenge was way more strenuous than the first one. In this puzzle, we needed to decipher an ancient code using the provided options.

In the meanwhile, Alex enjoyed toying with us. "You're clever, I see!" He said with a cold voice. "One of you has to stay for this final puzzle, while the other can leave. That's a tough decision to make, isn't it?" said Alex waiting for the reply.

We both looked at each other with weird expressions. Mckenzie went forward and replied to Alex "Neither of us want to live in this world, we beg you, let us go." Alex appeared in this world to show his real figure. "HAHA, do you think I am joking? NEVER! I have specifically mentioned one of you has to go and give me a precise answer." Yelled Alex.

Alex started coming towards us and at that moment we saw a big hole. When Alex was about to catch us, Mckenzie hold my hand tightly and we both jumped into this hole. We found out that we actually escaped. We both took off our headsets instantly as our hearts were still racing. We didn't even imagine how dangerous this game could be and from then on, we never played any type of game.

Shuvangi Bhowmik Duri, VI-A (Gulshan)

A Tale of Two Astronauts

The weightlessness of space is something that one never forgets. The cold emptiness that surrounds you is almost incapacitating. The constant alarm of the low oxygen in my visor keeps me awake. With only a few minutes left, I cannot help but recall what transpired in the brief final moments.

"The electronics here are far more advanced than any training we went through." A voice erupted from my communications. I give off a small laugh as I continue working on the task at hand. "What about you? What are you doing?" A question came. "Fixing the radiator pipes down here. Honestly, it's all boring work," I replied with an exhausted sigh. The silence afterwards forced us to dive back into our respective tasks, which have grown ever more demanding since the start of the war on the surface.

"Well, what new hobby have you taken up now?" We were working at the same place now, waiting for the system to reboot automatically.

"Reading a book," he replied, showing sudden disinterest. "Oh, what is it about?"

"Philosophy."

"Ah, and what has it taught you so far?" I grinned at him.

"Humanity is on a dying path, destined for greatness yet doomed to fall. It's in our core nature to betray ourselves for some meaningless goal," he replied with a passive, cold tone.

"So, to sum it up, we are betraying ourselves?"

"Yes."

"Well, that doesn't make any sense—" an alarm vibrated through my arm before I could finish my sentence. "Looks like there is another leak back at the habitation module," I said quickly before turning the alarm off. "Better go patch it up. Here," he said before attaching an extra tether to mine. "You go; I'll handle things here." "Oh well, thanks." I pulled the tether and launched myself upwards.

The Earth appeared as a shining marble. From my visor, I could see the tip of my homeland, slowly disappearing into darkness across the veil. Catching myself at a structural bar, I notice the leak just in time. Turning the pipe valve on my right, I unsheathed a roll of aluminium to seal it, followed by lightweight Kevlar below. The weightlessness of space was now strangely grasping at me. Nonetheless, with the sealing now complete, I looked back towards the side to see my home fading into the night one last time. But just as I was floating back, a powerful thrust flung me out. I grabbed onto my tether calmly, only to discover that it had detached.

Panic ensued in me. As I floated aimlessly through space, I tried to look back at the station. But, alas, I could only observe the station as its white suit grew smaller and smaller. In my last moments, I could notice the glowing edge of a saw in his hands while his visor reflected nothing but the emotionless, cold void of his eyes.

Mimar Ahnaf, VII-A (Uttara)

The Promise

Once upon a time, there was a teacher named Jamshed, who used to teach students coding in a big university. He had taught coding for many years, and he was a good teacher, so his students liked him.

But one day, as the teacher was giving a lecture, he suddenly fainted and his students took him to the hospital. At the hospital, the doctor said that he had a massive heart attack and that he had a low chance of survival. Before he died, he gave his top student, Yasir, a gift. The teacher wanted to make something big, that no one else had made yet — the Hacker Detector App. Since he was dying, he was not able to finish coding the app. As he trusted Yasir the most, he made him promise that he would finish the coding and publish the app — no matter what. So, Yasir accepted the gift.

From that day, Yasir did a lot of hard work on the app. He worked on it every day and tried as hard as he could to complete the app. Finally, after many sleepless nights and a lot of coding, he was ready to publish the app. But soon, Zafar, the second top student, heard about the teacher giving the gift to Yasir. He became very angry and wanted to steal the app and publish it as his own. He did not have much money, but he wanted to get a lot of money and become rich. So, he tried hacking Yasir's computer using various methods to steal the app.

Soon, he was able to hack and steal the app. After that, he published the app with excitement. Many people bought the app, and Zafar started to become rich. More and more people were buying the app day by day, and he got more money each time. He was living his best life. He went on a vacation and bought a new house. He was going to spend more, until Yasir somehow found out that Zafar was making a lot of money by selling the stolen app to many people. So, Yasir filed a lawsuit against Zafar.

Once both of them went to court, they started arguing, and Zafar tried to lie to the judge, But Yasir had proof, so he won the lawsuit, and took all the money that Zafar had earned. After this, Yasir published the app under his name and also named the app after his teacher. In the end, Yasir fulfilled the teacher's promise, and he lived a happy life.

Mohammad Fardeen, IV-Red (Uttara)

Trapped in the Dare

“Do you think the rumours are true?” asked a boy, staring blankly at the huge clock tower which stood solely at the back corner of the school. The other two boys who were sitting with him on top of a wall dangling their feet, looked at the tower. “Just silly rumours made by some blockheads, how can you guys believe, a girl jumped from that tower and her ghost is stuck there.” the leader of the group replied.

Being bored, the topic turned to Arvis, the nerd who was passing by with a book in his hand and a pair of specs hanging by the nose. His eyes were glued to the book until one of the boys snatched it. They dragged him near the clock tower. “If you can climb all the stairs, we will return you the book.” said the leader with a smug face. The timid boy was already terror seized and shaking. He tried resisting but it was of no use. “Our leader will go up next, if you do it. Right?” one of the friends asked, looking at the leader with a proud smile. A haze of fear surrounded the leader as he realized he was trapped. However, he masked his fear to save his brave profile.

The ground was completely empty and this part of the school was never approached by any teachers or students. Only their echoes and the whisper of the grass could be heard. The three boys finally managed to shove the nerd inside the tower. Bushes and mosses covered the tower. Their pulses raced as they saw the boy rise shakily to the first stair. The inside was dark and shady. Even the stairs were coated with dust and mosses, barely holding together. There was a musty smell inside, the stairs were creaking making Arvis’s heartbeat pound in his ear but he still continued. Finally he let out a deep breath after reaching the top. Arvis was tired of this daily bullying and the only way to make them pay back was by scaring them. So he decided to scream and rush down, as if he had seen a ghost.

Their sneers dropped and huddled together, when they heard Arvis shrieking and frantically running down. He claimed he had heard a girl crying but there was no one. As expected, the group trembled, their tough act was gone. All of them stared at the stiff leader who was supposed to go up next. The leader tried laughing and acted as if was not scared. He made his first steps praying to the Gods. When he was midway, he heard a squeak behind him. He froze and finally taking a gulp he looked behind, just to see a spider as big as his hand hanging in front of him. With a scream he rushed downwards and missed a few steps tumbling all the way down and hitting his head hard on the ground which made him pass out. His other friends ran away as fast as they could. Arvis watched them flee, a satisfied grin spreading across his face. Now, they would finally leave him alone. Maybe the ghost wasn’t real, but their fear was, and that was enough.

Troyee Halder, IX-A (Uttara)

The Strings of Silence

In a quiet neighborhood of Seoul, nestled between bustling cafes, stood “The Silk Strings Theater,” an old building with a chipped façade and a glimmering sign. Jae-min, the theater’s enigmatic owner and a puppeteer of extraordinary skill, captivated audiences with performances that blurred the line between puppetry and reality.

One evening, detective Seo entered the theater, blending in with the eager audiences. He watched as Jae-min took the stage, his movements precise and deliberate. The puppets danced with their strings invisible.

As the performance unfolded, Seo noticed some of the audiences with slack expressions, their eyes glazed, Seo thought, “*Are they okay?*”

After the show, Seo remained seated, his mind racing. He had heard of the audiences leaving in a trance, and now he was convinced that Jae-min’s influence extended beyond the stage.

“*Where do you think he goes?*” he muttered to himself.

Suddenly, Jae-min turned, his cold gaze locking onto Seo, “Do you feel them too?” he asked softly, stepping closer.

Seo's heart raced faster, "What do you mean?"

"Everyone who watches the show becomes a part of the performance" Jae-min said, a faint smile curling at the corner of his lips. "Some are aware, some are not", he said, shrugging his shoulders.

Seo swallowed hard "what are you doing to them?"

Jae-min chuckled, a sound that sent chills down Seo's spine " It's not what I do, Detective. It's what they allow", Jae-min said, his voice low and smooth.

"Well you're already part of the show".

Seo turned to leave, but the encounter left him unsettled. He needed to dig deeper into Jae-min's life and the source of his power.

The next day, he approached an elderly woman sitting near the theater.

" Excuse me.....ma'am" he said, trying to sound casual. "Do you know anything about Jae-min?"

She looked up, her eyes sharp. "Ah, that theater! It's been around longer than anyone can remember. But there's a price for everything, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" Seo pressed.

"People go in; they come out changed." she whispered, glancing over her shoulder, " Those who get too close, they don't leave the same."

Seo felt a chill. "Changed, how?"

"Some forget who they are. Some become like him. Like puppets on strings" she warned.

That evening, as Seo prepared to follow Jae-min again, his phone buzzed. It was a message from his superior, "Detective Seo, we've received new reports on Jae-min. Please come in immediately."

Just then, another message arrived from an unknown number: "The strings are getting shorter, Detective. I hope you're ready."

Seo froze, dread creeping up his spine. "*What does that mean?*" he muttered. He realized he was no longer in control. "*You never really leave the performance,*" he whispered to himself, the weight of the truth setting in finally.

In an instant, everything shattered- he wasn't watching the game; he was inside it, and had been all along, a part of something he could never escape from.

Sometimes the greatest illusion is thinking you're in control when you've been controlled all along while the real trap is not the game but the moment you realize you have been playing the game all along.

Wania Mahrush, VII-A (Gulshan)

Essays

A Homage to Ms. Lubna Choudhury

"Modest in victory, generous in defeat." These words, spoken by Ms. Lubna Choudhury, have become a guiding principle for everyone who has had the privilege of learning under her leadership. They are a testament to the virtues with which she lived her life and led BIT School. To witness her in action was to understand the very essence of grace and strength, a woman who could elevate others even in the quietest moments, and whose influence, once felt, never truly left.

For the students of BIT, Ms. Choudhury was not merely a principal, she was a mentor who illuminated the path to success with humility and compassion. Her leadership went beyond administrative duties; it was a way of being, one that inspired all who crossed her path. She didn't demand respect, she earned it, day by day, through actions that spoke louder than words.

She held herself to the highest standard, teaching us that victory was not a reason for boastfulness but an opportunity for humility. Whether the school achieved accolades or faced challenges, Ms. Choudhury stood as a model of grace. Her words, always measured - never rushed, reminded us that success was sweeter when shared and defeat was lighter when faced with elegance.

As a student, one could not help but notice the effortless balance she struck between tradition and progress. Her innovative approach to education didn't just modernize the institution, it transformed it. Yet, at the heart of all the changes was her unwavering belief in nurturing the potential of every student, regardless of background or ability.

For those who had the privilege of working with her, Ms. Choudhury was a beacon of strength in times of adversity. It was not uncommon to see her in moments of reflection, deep in thought as she carefully navigated difficult decisions. But even in those challenging moments, she never faltered. We learned from her that difficulties weren't roadblocks, they were lessons waiting to be embraced with open arms.

Her generosity was not just confined to her words but was reflected in every aspect of her life. She was ever so supportive of her students' dreams, always willing to lend an attentive ear, offering advice that felt both wise and personal. Her quiet strength encouraged us to dream beyond the limits we placed on ourselves.

As we reflect on Ms. Choudhury's legacy, her profound impact becomes ever clearer. Her legacy is not just one of academic achievements, but of kindness, resilience, and unwavering dedication to the values that define us as individuals. In every student who carries forward her lessons, in every teacher who remembers her mentorship, and in every interaction that echoes her wisdom, Ms. Choudhury's legacy continues to thrive.

So, though she may no longer walk among us, Ms. Lubna Choudhury's spirit lives on in the values she instilled and the lives she touched. She remains a quiet yet ever-present force, reminding us that the truest legacy is not one left behind, but one that continues to transform lives, just as she did. In her memory, we are compelled to live as she did, modest in victory, generous in defeat.

Nishat Kalam, IX-A (Gulshan)

In Memoriam of Ms. Lubna Choudhury

The name, Mrs. Lubna Choudhury, means a great many things for many different people—a teacher, a mother, an inspiration, and so on. However, one thing remains common for every single person that met her: she left an immense impact on each and every one of us.

With an MA from Dhaka University, Mrs. Lubna Choudhury, first established herself as a legendary educator in Greenherald before going on to establish the Red Bricks School, and Bangladesh International Tutorial (BIT) in 1983. As a pioneer in the English Medium education sector, she set high standards and faced countless hardships to turn BIT into the school it is today. From a dozen students to thousands, she inspired and cared for many, becoming a teacher, mother, and a role model for us. She was also a mother to a departed son, and two scholarly daughters, to whom she left her legacy.

Early on 7th October, a news already had started spreading about her passing away. I didn't believe it; I couldn't. When it was officially announced, to say it was a shock, even to the teachers and parents, was an understatement. The day of her Janaza, it finally hit me. BIT was left without its heart.

One of the first thoughts that came to my head was: "Who will we make holiday cards for every UN Day, Victory Day, and International Mother Language Day?" I still remember how we would freeze when she walked the halls, her steps reverberating against tiled floors. Even while I checked my uniform to see if anything was out of place in case she noticed, always, always upon seeing her, a deep sense of admiration filled me. I want to be like her, I would always think. Yes, she commanded respect like it was nothing, but she was incredibly gentle as well.

Once, when I was still in junior school and playing football, she came up to me, ruffled my hair, and encouraged me to keep playing. The moment stuck with me, as did many similar moments with other students as well. I still remember many of her words— "Never be afraid," she said once when rewarding us for winning a tournament (something she would always do), "You girls will one day rule the world, I know it." I could truly go on and on, about how she was one of my role models; about how she encouraged participation in extracurricular activities just as much as academics; and about how she cared so, so much about every single one of her students and BIT as a whole. Even so, I know I will never be able to truly capture the woman she was with my mere words.

Every person has their own cherished memories with her and remembers her differently, but there is one thing common for all of us: she left a profound impact on our lives. Not even the dream of attaining a Nobel prize, a dream she hoped to see her children achieve, seems impossible when thinking of her. Just as we will not forget her, we will still dance to her favourite song, "Anondo Lokey", at every graduation ceremony. No day shall erase her from the memory of time, indeed.

Parisa Nawal, IX-A, (Uttara)

The Art of Growing Up

Growing up always felt like an endless chase for her. When she was young, the adults in her life would tell her how ahead of her time she was. She was always holding a pen and notebook in her hand, writing countless stories about anything and everything. Now, it felt like she couldn't move on, couldn't live in the present, much less think about her future. She had promised herself that she'd be better as an adult—better than the adults in her own life who smoked in front of pregnant women and got enraged after drinking alcohol.

But promises made in childhood are fragile things.

At 22, she sat by her apartment window, a cigarette between her fingers, the smoke curling lazily into the air. She stared at her laptop screen, the blank page mocking her as she took a drag. She forced herself to believe that the smoke she was inhaling wasn't going to kill her or that the nicotine helped her focus. The irony of it all didn't escape her. She had hated smoking with a passion, yet here she was, relying on it like a lifeline.

She remembered the first time she tried it. Her roommate had offered one during finals, promising it would help her stay awake with just a few inhales. Soon, one drag turned into four, and four turned into finishing the entire bud. Now, as she exhaled a plume of smoke, she thought about her younger self—the girl who wrote stories about the love of nature, about heroes fighting villains, about how magical the world could be. How would that girl react to her future self? Would she hate herself for becoming someone she swore not to be?

The thought lingered like the smoke in her tiny studio apartment. Growing up wasn't the glamorous journey the young girl had imagined it to be. It wasn't the awards, the recognition, or the romanticized life she dreamed of. It was a compromise. It was breaking promises. It was recognizing her own humanity. It was grappling with the weight of dreams and the habits that crept in along the way.

She stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray, her fingers hovering over the keyboard. The words began to flow—not as smoothly as she would have liked, but enough to start. Maybe growing up wasn't about avoiding mistakes or failing to meet her own expectations. Maybe it was about learning to live as herself and turning those experiences into stories worth telling.

Farheen Naaz Kabir, VIII-B1 (Uttara)

I CAN FLY

I adored swings and loved them to the point where even their sound filled me with giddiness. Every time I pushed my feet against the sand, the tips of my signature ebony shoes would send a handful of yellow cinders flying. Not only would my surroundings appear dusty from the flying sand, but I would feel like I was flying too—sometimes so high, it seemed I could touch the summer clouds. A bubble of magic seemed to hold me against the sky, while the air gently kissed my face and caressed my neck and hands.

One day, as I was busy swinging in a park, the atmosphere suddenly felt different. It seemed paradoxically thicker and thinner, lighter yet enchanted all at once. My eyes closed slowly as I took in the faint chill of the evening breeze and inhaled the fresh air, which carried a soft scent of flowers from a nearby garden and the sweet aroma of candies from the shops close by. Time seemed to crawl as the swing glided me through the air, up and down. It felt as though the moment held a glamour that slowed everything down. Giggles and laughter echoed around me. Each time I soared higher, I felt as though the swing was making me lighter. It felt unusual, but I didn't think much of it, as I was too immersed in the magic of the moment. Yet, at one point, I felt as though I barely weighed more than a ray of starlight.

I slowly pried my eyes open when I realized I had been in the air for too long and that the swing was no longer carrying me. My eyes sparkled as they flared to the size of moons. My face lit up with excitement, and soon a grin tugged at my lips as I glanced down. Although shocking, it was equally wonderful when I realized, "I can fly!" I screeched.

Nafisa Ibnat Nira, VIII-A (Uttara)

How the internet is reshaping our privacy!

We live in a world of science and technology where many things are constantly being updated. Buildings, institutions, companies, brands, technologies, and different types of websites are all evolving with technological advancements taking the lead. Technologies like mobile phones, cars, machines, and more are shaping the way we live our lives.

Mobile phones are dominating the internet world, with various apps, data, and information at our fingertips. Apps like WhatsApp, Instagram, Messenger, Imo, and Facebook allow people to communicate with each other, serving as either "communication websites" or "social media.". Social media platforms help people connect efficiently, saving time and energy while facilitating fast responses. Each social media app offers unique content, features, and facilities, but they all include options for comments and sharing information or opinions.

Social media platforms are continually evolving, making it easier for people to communicate and socialize. In addition to communication, tasks can now be completed using a variety of data for specific purposes. The internet has been in existence for over 50 years and continues to develop, making tasks easier and reducing the load for many. Despite the numerous advantages of the internet, there are also significant disadvantages that can lead to problems. Cyber threats, cyberbullying, hacked accounts, leaked information, and miscommunications caused by hackers are just a few issues that may arise. Fake news and fake stories, as well as false identities, are prevalent, with some individuals concealing their true genders. Inappropriate content for children is also a concern.

In conclusion, while the internet has undoubtedly improved our lives, it is essential to remember that not all social media users are trustworthy. Some individuals may be deceiving others by falsifying their identities. It is crucial to maintain boundaries to prevent the leakage and falsification of personal information. Regardless of how close or trusted someone may seem, sharing extremely personal information should be avoided. On social media platforms, everyone is essentially a stranger to us!

Rahma Tasnim, VIII-B1 (Uttara)

Pushed by the World

Stress has become a constant factor in teenager's daily life. Getting regularly pushed by the giant waves of academics, extracurricular activities, social expectations and personal challenges has become everyday. Sometimes, these go out of their limits and stresses the teenager out.

Academic Pressure

Study is one of the main elements of stress for teenagers. The high expectations from parents, teachers and peers becomes a sudden pressure on students. They are required to prepare for their upcoming competitive exams and secure high grades to get a chance in their dream universities. Most of the students suffer from indecisiveness and fear of failure.

Social Media and Comparison Trap

The teen-years are for self-discovery and social development. The urge to fit into the society constantly pushes them to match the expectations of society. Comparisons on social media have made the situation worse, pushing teenagers to feel inadequate and creating a conflict with themselves in their minds.

Family Expectations

Keeping with all the other stressors, families also set unrealistic goals which add to the mental burden. Conflicts between parents and children or lack of emotional support can create a difficult environment for teens to focus on their personal growth.

Personal Challenges and Mental Health

Adolescence is a time of emotional highs and lows. Learning to maintain and handle relationships with families and friends can also cause immense mental stress. Arguments, misunderstandings, or feelings of rejection can weigh heavily on a teenager's mind. Unfortunately, many teens feel hesitant to ask for help due to fear of judgment, leading to unhealthy consequences like abuse, isolation, or self-harm.

Teenage is the time period when a person's life drastically changes. They suddenly face a huge burden due to these stressors. This mental state should be acknowledged by parents, teachers, close ones and most importantly themselves, to help them out of it and build their dream world.

Troyee Halder, IX-A, (Uttara)

A World between Covers: The Importance of Reading

Books are not mere collections of ink and paper—they are windows to the past, mirrors to the present, and lanterns guiding us into the future. Textbooks are very important because it helps us to know different things about different subjects. But how many people are there who reads general books beside the textbooks? Textbooks will help us to have qualifications and reach our life's goal but we also need to be prepared for the ups and downs of the career we choose.

On the other hand, we should also know about how we should handle difficulties, what we should do to turn ourselves into a better person and so on. But how? We can have the answer of all the questions above by reading other books.

In recent studies, it has been shown that reading books fosters empathy for people. Reading about other people and their adversities help understand others and foster empathy which helps us in our career regardless of the field. The empathy then helps us to connect and communicate with our clients and colleagues. Moreover, it helps in expanding our vocabulary, inspires creativity, lessens stress, improves decision-making, strengthens writing and increases intelligence which helps us both in our career and our life.

In addition to that, the best reason to read books, in my opinion, is that we could get advice from very successful people through their books! It's splendid to get to learn about the invention of different things which took decades of hard work within just a few pages.

Furthermore, there are lots of fictional books which children may enjoy. *Harry Potter* by J.K. Rowling and *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* by Jeff Kinney are the favorites for kids. Nowadays, many adults also read fictions because it is the healthiest form of escape from stress. Fiction also tends to improve empathy and storytelling which is one of the best ways for socializing for which fictional books are gaining more popularity day by day.

As well as fictional books, non-fictional books also help us a lot by providing factual information on a wide range of topics, which can expand our knowledge base, improve critical thinking skills, enhance our understanding of the world around us, and equip us to make informed decisions in various aspects of life, from personal development to career choices. These books improve our ability to concentrate and also improves comprehension abilities which can help us a lot.

In conclusion, Reading enriches our minds, nurtures our souls, and connects us with humanity's collective wisdom. By making reading a part of our lives, we not only grow as individuals but also contribute to a more informed and connected society. As we step out of the world between the covers, we carry with us the profound realization that reading doesn't just change minds—it transforms lives.

Sources: <https://markmanson.net/read-fiction>, <https://www.businessnewsdaily.com/9998-reading-helps-career.html>

Laria Kabir, VI-A, (Uttara)

Education in Bangladesh

Education plays a crucial role in shaping individuals and societies, laying the foundation for a brighter and more sustainable future. It is not just a tool for acquiring knowledge but a process that fosters critical thinking, creativity, and a sense of responsibility. In Bangladesh and beyond, education is the key to personal growth, societal development and global progress.

In today's world, education equips individuals with the skills they need to succeed in an ever-evolving environment. With rapid advancements in technology and globalization, the challenges we face as a society have become more complex. Education enables us to understand these challenges and come up with innovative solutions.

Education is also a bridge to equality and social justice. It empowers marginalized communities by providing them with opportunities to improve their quality of life. In Bangladesh, initiatives to make education accessible to all, such as government programs and NGOs supporting rural education, are instrumental in reducing the gap. Girls' education, in particular, has shown remarkable progress, with more girls now attending school than ever before. This not only benefits the individual but also leads to a ripple effect in society, as educated women are more likely to contribute positively to their families and communities.

Moreover, education instills essential values like empathy, tolerance, and respect for diversity. In a multicultural society like ours, these values are vital for fostering harmony and understanding among different groups. Schools like Bangladesh International Tutorial emphasize holistic education, which not only focuses on academic excellence but also on character development. Activities like debates, cultural programs, and community service provide students with a well-rounded experience, preparing them to be global citizens who can adapt to any situation.

However, challenges remain. Despite progress, many children in Bangladesh still lack access to quality education due to poverty, inadequate infrastructure, and a shortage of trained teachers. Addressing these issues requires a collective effort from the government, private sector, and individuals. Investing in education is investing in our future, and it is the responsibility of everyone to ensure that no child is left behind.

In conclusion, education is the cornerstone of a prosperous and equitable society. It transforms lives, empowers communities, and paves the way for sustainable development. By prioritizing education and working together, we can unlock the potential of future generations and build a world where opportunities are available to all.

Mohammad Shabaz, V-B (Uttara)

The Footsteps in Our School

In the sunny morning of October 10th, a freezer van was brought to our school field. Thousands of people were present there in sadness at that time. The person, whose lifeless body was brought in that van, was our one and only Mrs. Lubna Chowdhury, the Founder Principal and Chairperson of Bangladesh International Tutorial. On that day, thousands of eyes were wet with tears. Mrs. Lubna Chowdhury wasn't only a great principal, she was the best example of a perfect mother to us. She knew how to take care of us properly and how to educate us to become a good human being. She used to say: "school isn't a place just to study, school is a place to be a good human being". And she successfully proved her words right.

In my eyes, I have never seen a dedicated person like her. As an entrepreneur, she established a huge education center for all of us with all her efforts. And she ran this school for 42 years with her own hands. She made us learn that we can achieve the dreams we chase. She gave us her vast land to play football, basketball and badminton. She also gave us the opportunity to keep us protected by learning martial arts. She always appreciated the girls who learned martial arts. Martial art was one of her favorite activities. And she always appreciated girls for doing ECA and sports. She made basketball courts and badminton court for us to play. Her words are still stuck in my head. Those sounds of heels while she walked throughout the school are still stuck in my ear. While she walked on pencil heels in our school we all knew that she was coming. She gave us the opportunity to learn survival training by having us go for Duke of Edinburgh journey. Only for her hard efforts in life we all are being able to be in this school now. The way she took care of this school for 42 years was like she took care of her own child.

The way she got a place in all of our heart, no one can take this place. She will always be a memorable person to us. We will never forget her hard works she did to establish this school. We will never forget the struggles of her that she did for us. Those foot steps of her heels in our schools are unforgettable. She will always be in our hearts.

Chowdhury Safwana Islam, VIII-B2 (Uttara)

The Year that Changed the World

What could have caused so much trouble and many losses of human lives? A virus named Covid-19. The natural scenes we once enjoyed were replaced by the screens of our electronic devices. The world was left with uncertainty. This was the year 2020, when the world changed forever.

With the news of a pandemic, panic set in society. People began stockpiling tissue paper, liquid soap, hand sanitizers and most importantly, face-masks. in order to avoid being infected. Families were separated due to quarantine and lockdown measures taken by governments, and many even experienced the loss of their loved ones due to the virus. The pandemic had a heavy economical effect, with widespread job losses especially to people who worked manual jobs, leading to financial instability in many households. Schools and offices shut their gates. The world was preparing for a huge pandemic that would change the lives of many.

Changes in society became immediate. Social-distancing measures redefined how we interact with each other, changing from handshakes and hugs to virtual meetings and elbow bumps. Schools shifted to hosting online classes and offices to online meetings. Masks became a part of everyday life and some still wear it today. Going outside for walks or to play shifted to playing online games on phones and computers or watching videos. This is the year everyone became attached to the internet as meet-ups and public places shut down. Travelling was reduced heavily due to lockdown. Events were held online. Online businesses, online shops and entrepreneurship became popular. People became more self-dependent. Family bonding increased due to spending more time at home. Hygiene was one of the most important things to look after. The 20-second hand washing rule was invented to prevent the virus. People began eating more fruits and vegetables which strengthened our immunity systems.

As the year went on, scientists and healthcare workers focussed on efforts to combat the virus, working tirelessly on vaccines. Public organizations began supplying people with medical aids. At the

end of the year, scientists invented a vaccine which helped develop immunity to the virus. Slowly, these vaccines were supplied to medical centres and hospitals in each corner of the world. Governments and schools took initiatives to supply different doses of the vaccine to everyone.

Finally, in the middle of 2021, after battling the pandemic, we began taking our first steps outside of our homes, leaving behind memories never to be forgotten. Despite all these challenges, humanity showed great resilience to the virus and has managed to come out on top. As we take a look back at the year of 2020, we realize that it taught us the value of nature, health and most importantly, unity. The pandemic taught us that even the most challenging times can be overcome through the strength of unity.

Seean Shafiq Chowdhury, VII-A (Uttara)

Cooking up Short Stories

As each generation is evolving with shorter attention span than the previous one, it's quite a challenge to hook your audience for a long piece of literary work. Short stories, however, have always had this competitive advantage since the readers feel it reasonable to allocate a chunk of their busy day. That said, it's not really easy to have them go for the second paragraph - the main course - unless you serve them the appetizer right. To that end, hence follows a recipe.

Structure the plot wisely

A well-developed climax can make the reading worthwhile; conversely, an untimely twist can ruin the entire plot. An effective way is to space them out wisely. Too many twists spoil the sense of suspense as the lack of a good one makes it dull and flat. Therefore, select and organize the events wisely.

Decide on a gripping story

The story you want to tell should be a story they want to hear. The plot should share the same areas of interest with its target audience. However, if you are planning to reach the general audience, don't feature subjects that are age-specific. Take one that everybody can relate to.

Choose a suitable narrator

Assigning a befitting narrator for your story is a crucial part of storytelling. You have to know whether your story needs an "I" or a "he/she" to narrate the events, and describe the thoughts and feelings. Both can be useful: if you want to give it a personal touch, the former will prove more effective.

Give your characters spice

It's the character that remains in the minds of the readers, even when the story is forgotten. We tend to remember the protagonist most, like Romeo, Sherlock Holmes or Harry Potter. However, sometimes the antagonist or even a minor character may make a lasting impression if it is marinated well. That's the magic of spices.

Style up your language

Cater your language according to your audience and purpose. Nevertheless, you have an opportunity to create your own style which comprises your word choice, sentence types, structures and smart punctuation marks that can render the idea easily and effectively. Remember your pleasant reading experience with language.

A thing of surprise about recipe, however, is no matter how good your dish is, it may not taste good enough for the foreign buds. Nonetheless, a hungry stomach will always find it appetizing. Happy cooking!

Mohammad Tanvir Islam, Senior Teacher (English), Uttara

Extra-Curricular Activities

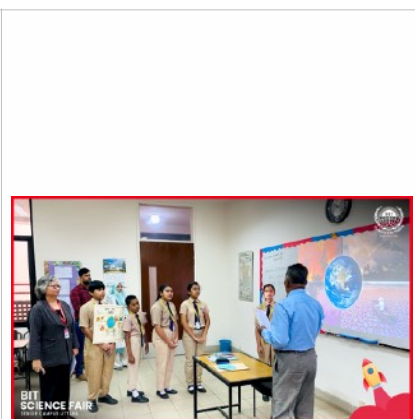
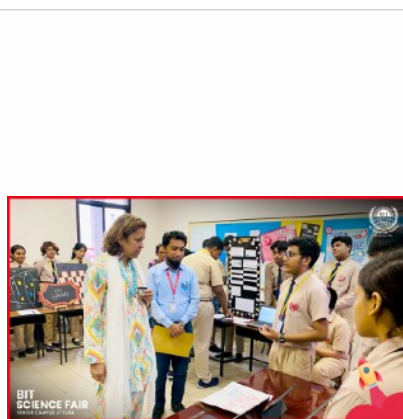
All the year round the young minds of **Bangladesh International Tutorial** remain actively engaged in various activities showcasing their creativity and skills in different fields besides academic study.



Science Fair (2024-2025)

BIT celebrates innovation and creativity at the BIT Science Fair. Our young scientists showcased their incredible projects, turning ideas into reality with passion and brilliance. Our students never fail to amaze us with their knowledge and dedication to scientific exploration.








WORLD SCIENCE DAY
FOR PEACE AND DEVELOPMENT
— NOVEMBER 10 —

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HONORING THE SPIRIT OF LANGUAGE & IDENTITY!

On this day, BIT is remembering the martyrs of the Language Movement, whose sacrifice gave us the freedom to speak in our own language.



THE YOUNG KIPLINGS AND WILDES ARE SHAPING UP

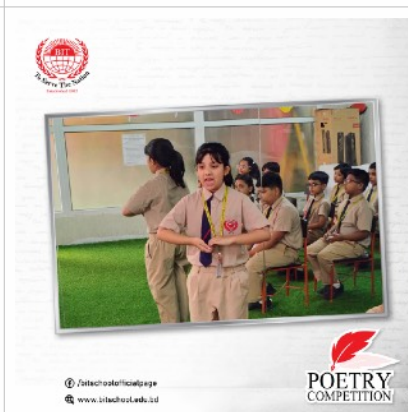
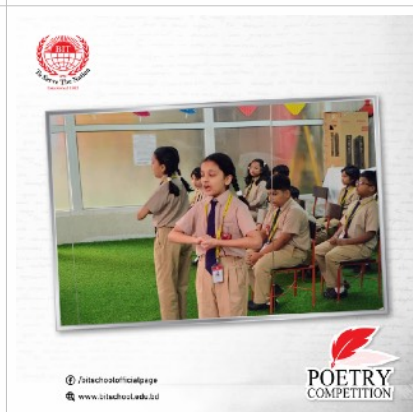
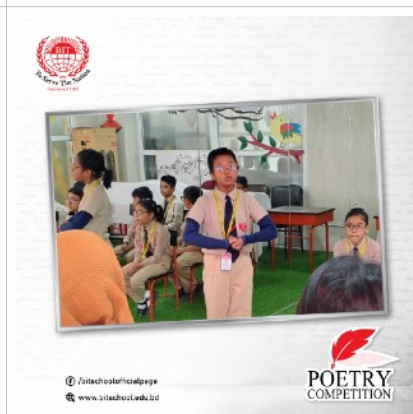
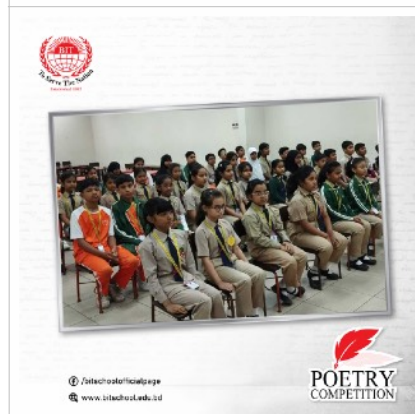


ENGLISH POETRY COMPETITION 2024-2025

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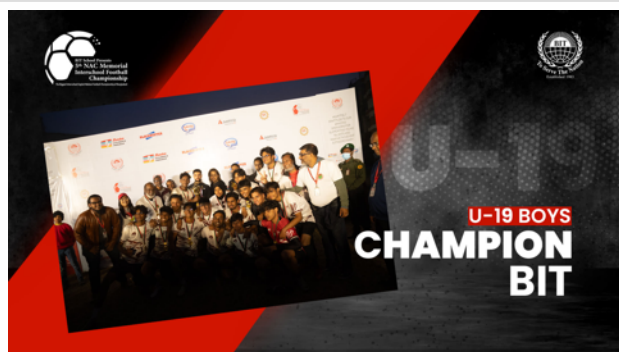
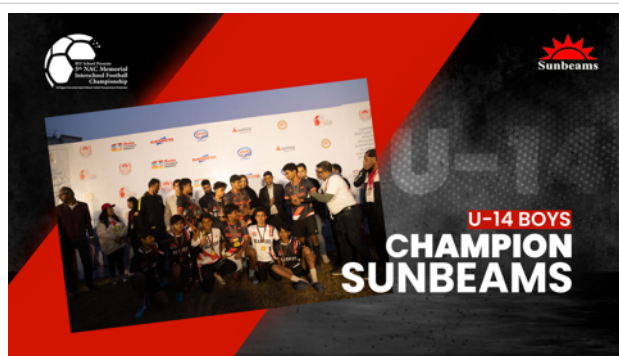
Poetry Competition (2024-2025)

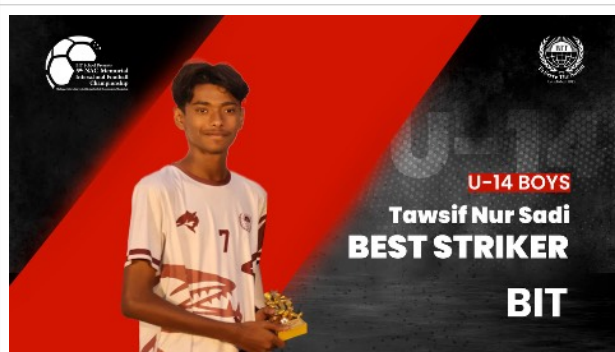
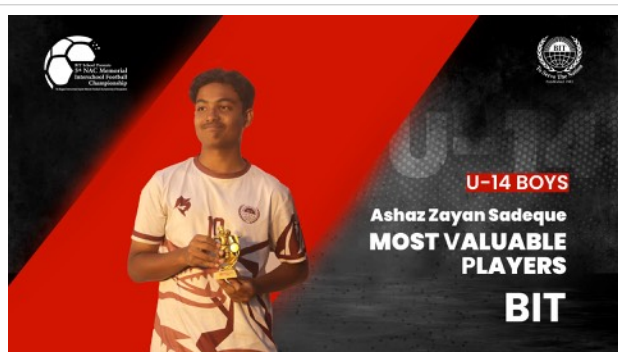
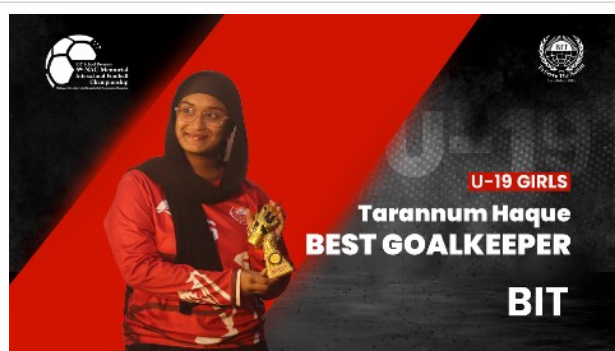
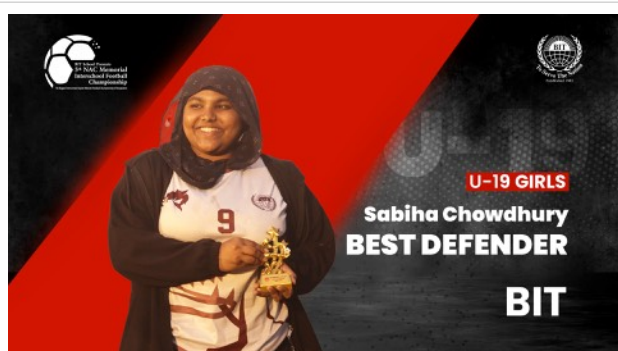
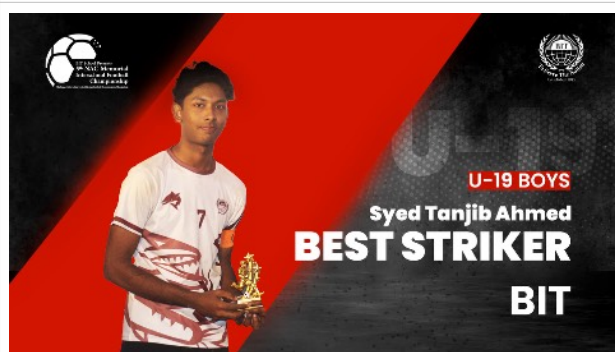
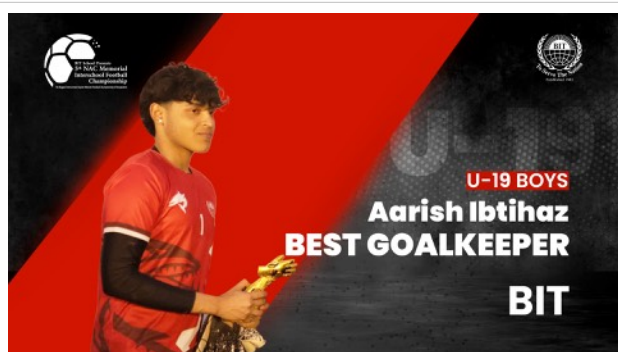
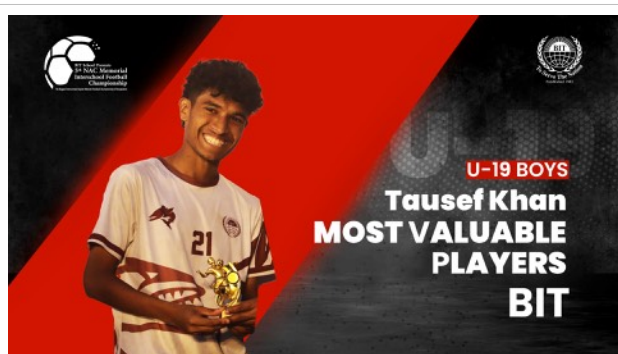
BIT poetry competition 2025, honored 21st February through words! Across all BIT campuses, students came together to express the spirit of Language Martyrs' Day through powerful poetry. With heartfelt verses and creative expression, they paid tribute to the language that shapes our identity and the sacrifices made to protect it.



NAC Cup Football Tournament

The 5th NAC Memorial Cup 2025 at BIT Uttara Campus displayed an incredible show of talent and sportsmanship! With 22 thrilling matches—including 10 regular games, 8 semi-finals, and 4 intense finals—the competition was truly unforgettable. The event's final was graced by our chief guests, Mr. S. M. Asifuzzaman, Asst. Football Coach of Bashundhara Kings, who also happens to be a former asst. coach of Bangladesh National Team and the first Bangladeshi AFC Pro-license coach, and Mr. Tariq Kazi, prolific footballer from Bashundhara Kings and Bangladesh National Team.





Duke of Edinburgh's Award

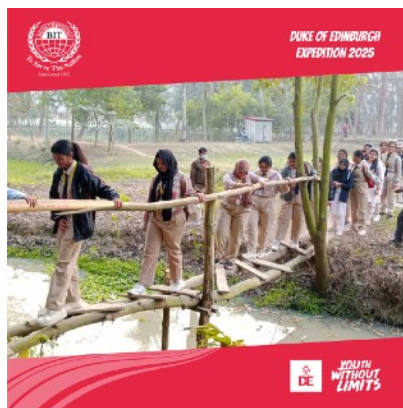
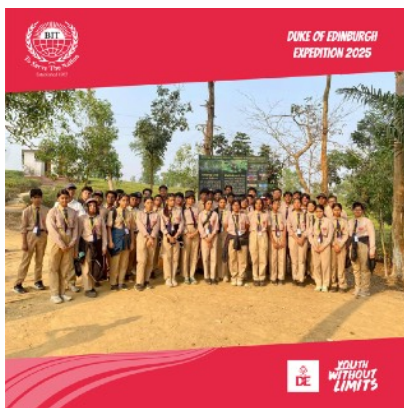
The Duke of Edinburgh's International Award Foundation is an international charity supporting young people to find their purpose, place and passion in the world. BIT has been proudly organizing and guiding the participants to achieve their goals. In Bangladesh, BIT has produced a significant number of achievers in every category.



BIT creates history as the only Bangladeshi school to achieve 62 Gold Awards from Duke of Edinburgh program

The Award Giving Ceremony was held in Dhaka at British High Commissioner's Residence.
A true testament of BIT's Commitment to Excellence in Education.







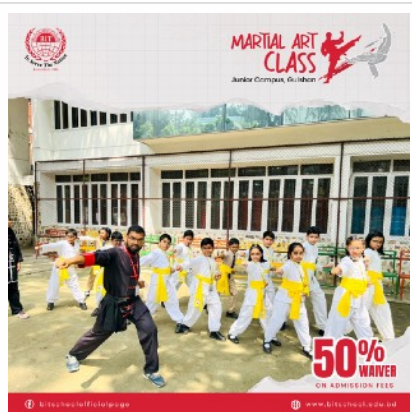
AT BIT, WE DON'T JUST TEACH; WE NURTURE CHAMPIONS.

THE PROOF IS IN THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF GOLD WINNERS AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS OVER THE YEARS.

ENROLL YOUR CHILD AT BIT AND WATCH THEM THRIVE.



Martial Arts



Cultural Events



Junior Campus Gulshan



Junior Campus Uttara



Junior Campus Uttara



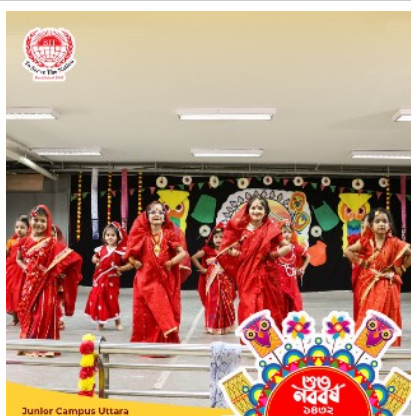
Junior Campus Uttara



Junior Campus Uttara



Junior Campus Gulshan



Junior Campus Uttara



Junior Campus Gulshan



Senior Campus Uttara



Senior Campus Uttara



Middle School Gulshan

United Nations Day

Committed to raise global citizens, BIT celebrates the United Nations Day on 24th October 2024. UN Day is celebrated to mark the anniversary of the creation of the United Nations and every year. It's a great way for our students to celebrate their heritage and our multicultural community.



Model United Nations





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ADMISSION OPEN NOW

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Annual Sports (2024-2025)





Annual Picnic (2025)



Children's Day Art Competition (2024)



Teachers at BIT



Graduation Day (2024)



Report Card Day & PTM



Junior School Uttara

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025

Junior School Uttara

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Middle School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Uttara

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Uttara

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Senior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Junior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025



Senior School Gulshan

PARENT
TEACHER
Meeting
2024-2025





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schools in the
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campus



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winning school at The
Duke of Edinburgh's
International Award
2025



Undefeated volleyball
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years straight



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