

# The week in re(ar)view



PHOTO: STAR

## Say hello to the dog-tor

Dogs are slowly moving up in the world. They no longer have to sniff through garbage or bite pedestrian bottom to feed themselves. They can simply take a post in a hospital and become a dog-tor when the doctors are away. Inside page of the June 18 Daily Star included a lovely picture of a dog doing the rounds inside the pediatric ward in Kishoreganj Adhunik Hospital. They sure take the meaning of the word 'adhunik' (modern) to its extreme sense.

## Voter listing is hot work

June 14 it was reported that the voter list would not be revised by going door-to-door. The officials will be fixing it while sitting in the cool comforts of their offices. Instead people will be asked to come to the election commission offices and register their names. Sure, make the people work so that all the money can be saved (preferably in the

officials' savings accounts). Lawyers consider it illegal.

Better yet they can simply pick a name from the previous list and flip a coin to see whether or not it can be included in the new list. Problem is it will get repetitive and boring for officials who have nothing else to do.

On June 19 Chief Election Commissioner (CEC) M A Aziz told reporters that door-to-door listing is not possible as per high court orders. We sympathise with him because the heat outside is terrible.

## The disabled are getting rich

Prime Minister Khaleda Zia launched a programme on 13 June allocating 25 crore taka for the physically challenged. 160 people were handed over cheques of 2400 taka each. The programme will provide over one lakh people with the mind bogglingly high monthly stipend of 200 taka. Here's proof that something is not necessarily better than nothing.

It is very close to nothing.

## Power, Interrupted

While watching a football match in Gokhras house in Jigatola we noticed a weird power fluctuation. Throughout the game electricity stayed on. But during other times it would go out and then come back within five minutes. That's how the quota was covered mainly because they power supply people were afraid of being lynched.

Angry football fans attacked a couple of power supply offices in Khulna on June 13. School and colleges brought out processions demanding uninterrupted power supply. You won't see anyone getting similarly heated up about trifling matters like education unless it is the protest about the right to copy during exams.

## Killer billboards

What goes up must invariably come down. Damn you Newton for sleeping under the apple tree and discovering gravity. Everything here falls down killing people. Over bridges, buildings and now billboards. One came down in a storm over a CNG filling station in Pragati Sharani killing the security guard and damaging cars. Apparently the structural frame was weak. Hey, can't blame the makers for saving up some of the steel beams for building their own houses. It is a sign of the times.

## Talking to strangers

When parents tell us not to talk to strangers it also means we should not bring them home and then have our throats slit. That's what happened to three classmates in East Monipur in the city when they went to hang out at a friends empty apartment along with three new kids on the block. Little did the classmates know they would become the new kids on the chopping block. The unknown kids tied them up, slit their throats, looted the place and left and were eventually caught a few days later. Luckily the classmates lived though what their parent will do to them later is anyone's guess.

By Gokhra and Mood Dude

## King of fighters, super Mario bros. and the memories

### FROM CENTRE

During this time, the PC stormed the gaming world. The PC was the first to introduce the different genres of games that we have today. Almost all arcade and console games were either platform games or dual fighting games. But with first/third person shooters, real time strategies and role playing games, the PC set a new standard in the world of gaming. Moreover, till around '98 (I think), you didn't even need to buy PC games. All you needed to do was copy the games you wanted from your friend's PC to a floppy disk, then paste it in your PC and start playing! That age of PC gaming produced some of the most memorable games I've ever played. *Doom II*, *Prince of Persia* or *Raptor* are popular even today. However, when games became too sophisticated to be copied in floppy disks and had to be bought in CDs, they were worth the money. Games dramatically improved in their graphics, sound, gameplay and plot. But with the tough competition in gaming market, games slowly started to get more adult-oriented. Games like *Tomb Raider*, *Commandos* or even *Baldur's Gate* (despite being my personal favorites) cannot be called suitable for children, either for their graphic content or for their complex gameplay. They were, of course, wonderful entertainment for me back then. I would sit hours in front of the computer to try to figure out a way to get my Green Beret past those German guards. It all seems such a long time ago right now!

Gaming in the nineties was very different from now. But the gamers probably haven't changed that much. Gaming has always had the same passion and excitement regardless of time. I want to return to the time I spent with my Atari just like kids today probably want to spend eternity in front of their PS II.

## The kick-off

AS I moved Kaká, my AC Milan midfielder through the onslaught of Arsenal defence, my friend Sayman was quite quick to bring his last man, Sol Campbell (or 'mota' Campbell as he likes to call him) to the rescue. I was full of zeal, as I had passed through quite a formidable midfield line-up to reach mota. His sheer presence made me give a through-pass to Shevchenko for the score. Unfortunately, his

a step over fake, took his shot. This was one time I wished it got me in the heart, or rather, my keeper Dida in the heart. It missed and found its way to the back of the net. Two - two final score. As my adversary did his victory dance, having recovered from two goals down, I tried to imagine what I did wrong. I must have had a head rush of World Cup Fever that's in the air.

Konami had taken the game of soccer on

lock heads on 29 inch tv screens and projectors. Details of the event can be obtained from <http://pes.bluebd.com> or SMS "pes" to 2583. Virgin Soft Drinks and Oriental Services are the proud sponsors of this 'first of its kind' sports genre title. I am still waiting to see if the officials of this championship lets the weather conditions be set to 'variable', which may lead to patchy rain or snow. This will surely enhance the realism



injury prevented him from even reaching the ball and I cursed myself for not having seen the injury sign earlier. The ball was soon on my side of the field and I watched in shock as it found its way to Thierry Henry. Sweat beads started dripping from my hands and I fought hard to keep them from reaching my thumbs, fervently fingering the joystick of the Play Station 2 (PS2) console. Henry swerved left, turboed right, and with

video games to the next level with its hit title 'Pro Evolution Soccer 5' (PES), and I was busy practising for a PES Championship to take place right here in Dhaka. Starting on June 30, 2006, this tournament should see fans from all over Bangladesh come together to lead their favourite club teams to football glory. Motion Avenue will be organising this championship, where hundreds of our local football hooligans will

and the unpredictable nature of the games leaving some fans happy and some, well soaked! Some fans will surely go down in blazes of glory but I hope I can bag the winning cash of Tk 20,000 or even the second prize of Tk 10,000. One way or another, soccer surely reigns supreme this year.

By Imran H. Khan



## For "Bonolota," my flower girl

Dream, my beauty  
On the bed of caressing *kash phul*  
Innocent like a child  
White like an angel,  
And I will nourish your hair  
With *krishnachura* petals  
And your scent with  
*Bakul phul* bought with  
The joy of the deprived girls  
Running from street to street  
Just to sell the white aromas.  
Your surroundings I will decorate  
With the velvet silk  
Of the exotic violet *aparazita*,  
While *nayantaras* soaked in dew  
On the first sun will glitter,  
And the first *kodam* that blooms  
In the *badol* days  
I will fetch just for you;  
I will invade the beehives  
To steal their fresh nectar  
Of *sandhamalati* only for you,  
Just to see the edge  
Of your lips when you smile.  
And no *kaminee* will ever  
Dare invade my eyes;  
You are my *Kaminee*,  
You have taken away my life.  
By Adnan M. S. Fakir