

RISING STARS

Sports is No less Destructive than War!

by Rabeth Khan

THE two words are different in both their spellings and meaning. But believe me a few days back I discovered that they are somehow interlinked. People often become bored with their everyday life and long for entertainment. But much to our disappointment, there are no particular places left for fun. If you go to the cinema halls, you'll find all kinds of cheap movies, the markets are over-crowded, the children's park overflowing with adults and so on. So the only places left to go are the stadium and theatre. The young and the energetic ones prefer a hike to the stadium. Being a teenager myself, I chose to go there as well.

Being a blind fan of the Abahani Club, I went to witness a crucial league encounter between Abahani and Mohammedans. The tie between these two teams are known as 'the Battle of Titans' which of course is a duel of nerves and physical aggression. So naturally I had a hell of a time in convincing them, (meaning my parents) to let me go to the stadium. They gave me the permission but of course with my cousin and uncle. We took a scooter and began our journey.

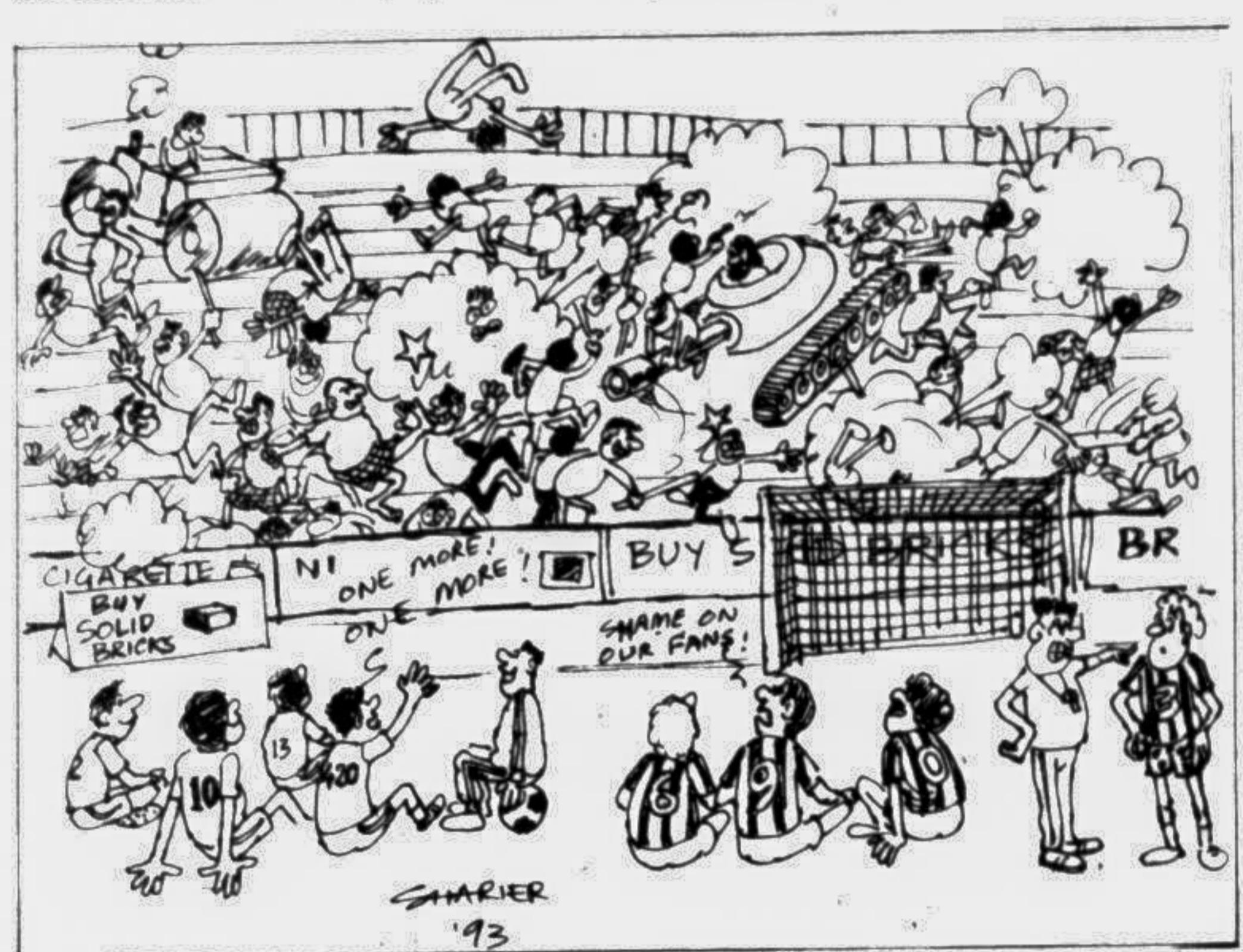
I woke up from my day dream by a sharp nudge from my uncle. The atmosphere outside the stadium was no less noisy than inside. The black

ticket sellers crowding on the spectators urging them to buy the tickets at a sky-high value of Tk. 40 instead of the legal rate at Tk 16. Any way, after buying three gallery tickets, we went near the entrance to the

Abahani Gallery. There we were thoroughly checked for arms and fireworks. Then when we were climbing up the stairs towards the gallery, I was greeted by an overpowering stench of urine. To be precise I was

walking on pools of floating urine. A whiff of fresh air blew over my face and I was certain that I was finally in the stadium.

The picture of the gallery scene was different from the



OCCULT PHENOMENA

by Md Kabiruddin

THE night after my mother died, I sat up in her room motionless. The storm which had been muttering quietly all evening, now declared its official openings, as it were, with one incandescent violent-coloured stroke of lighting, silhouetting the whole town, its mound of clustered roofs against a livid sky.

The following spring, the year 1992 when I was sixteen, uncle John asked me to come over to his house for a few days. I had been there when I was eight. I can still remember the road and river that wound intricately along the valley, crossing and re-crossing in an antique dance of their own. Those who knew the road slowed their vehicles to a crawl and shambled over them with respect; the unwary from the cities hit them at speed and banged their heads on their car roofs at the first bound. Outside the narrow ribbon of level fields that fringed the road, and the pastures rose steeply into rough slopes of grass and heather, broken at the crests by a few

outcrops of rock. Cows minced along the contours with slow delicate movements heads down, as deliberately as though they possessed the whole of time.

That night I hardly slept. Every time I drifted into sleep, I was assailed by such terrible dreams that I shot upright in bed trembling like a leaf, pushing the dark away with my hands. I began to think about my mother. What has happened to her soul? Did she really go to some other world where we can go only after death. Were we humans surrounded all the time, unknowingly by the spirits of people who had died and were still wandering this earth with things that they wish to express, to pass on or to tell us?

I began to think about uncle John. Soon he would come and take me with him to his house. He asked if he would bring something that I want. Who in

"W-who is it?" I stammered. "Don't be alarmed, son ... I am your mother and I have come to warn you ... don't go with your uncle tomorrow come the noise. It was a wonderful voice, commanding and yet strangely beautiful, but it was not human. It sounded like the wind and the waves, yet it had an echo of the tomb. It came from all places at once, a voice I could almost feel as well as hear.

"Mother ... mother ... is it really you?" I shouted. But she gradually began to fade. The curtain dropped back into place and all was silent again. Was it really my mother's spirit or just a figment of my imagination? Of course in these day, there are lots of sceptics who consider all accounts of occult phenomena as gibberish.

At last in a mood of hopeless grief, impatience and despair I fell asleep.

He gave me the newspaper that he was reading. With a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach I began to read. There had been a terrible accident last night. The bus I was supposed to take had slipped on a wet road and fell over a bridge and all the passengers were dead. What I saw that night was not hallucinations after all. It was my mother who saved my life.

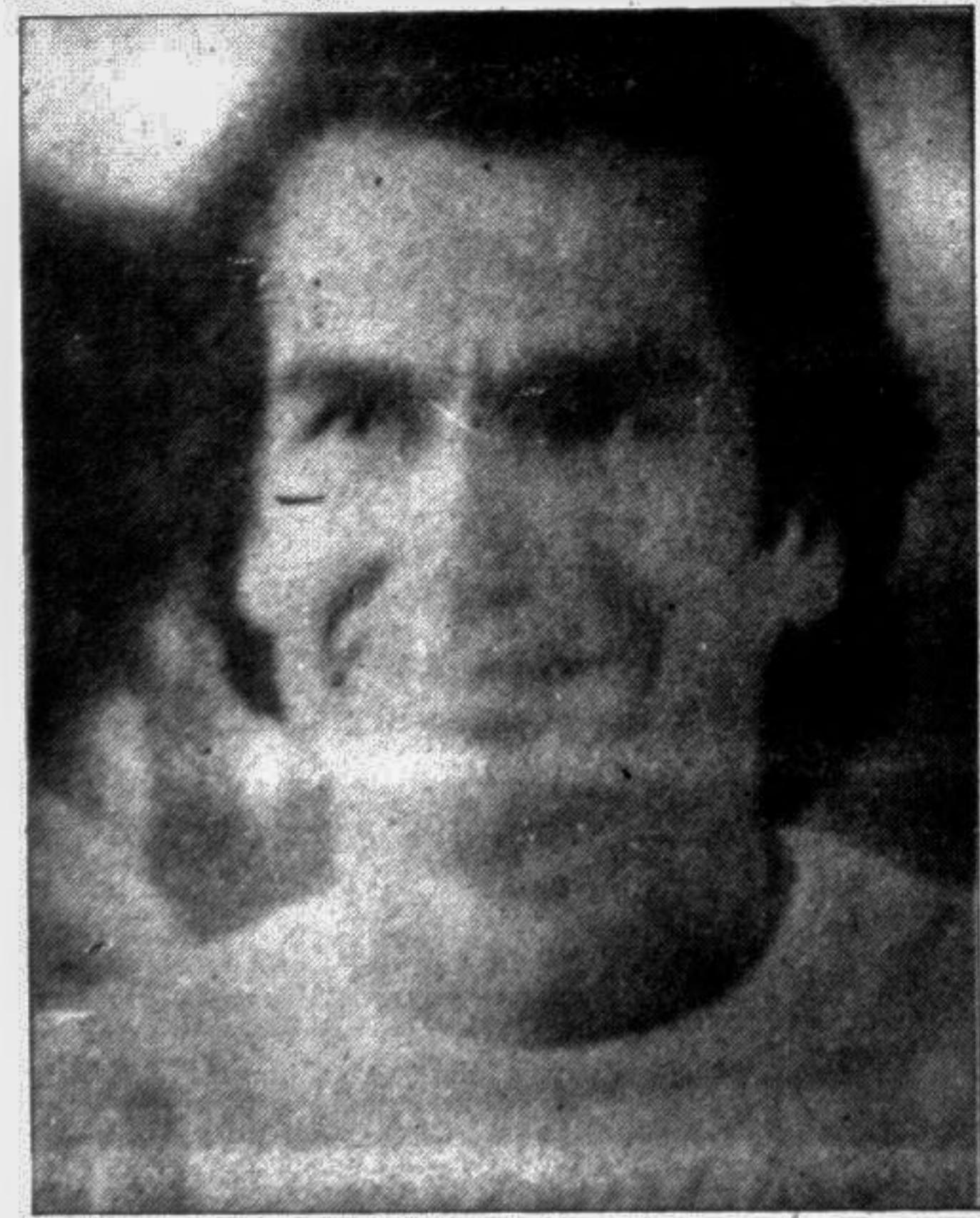
"Thank you, mom" I said softly "I know you will always be there to help me ... to protect me from all kind of dangers".

STAR PROFILE

Name— Jeffrey Meek (Popularly known as Jonathan Raven)

Age-34 yrs

Marital status— Single



BTV photo by Taneem

Did you know that: He is six feet two inches tall. Before commencing his television career, he used to work in the Broadway.

He graduated from University of California. His debut was in a drama called "Search for Tomorrow" and the reason was to earn some pocket money.

He worked fifteen hours daily in the initial stages of his career.

To act in Raven he had to learn chop and kick actions of Marshall arts from Marshall arts expert Billy Blanks.

He loves to go to concerts with the crew members of Raven, whenever he is free.

Every stunt and actions of Raven has been performed by Jeffrey himself.

I was walking down the sea shore alone and thinking of my past and my present, saw a lonely sea-gull flying away, it seemed as lonely as me, I used to come here very often but never felt this sad. Maybe now I know that I will never see Prema again. She was looking so beautiful the last time when we met, to say good bye. Maybe pretty girls have a proud heart like her. She broke my heart, she could not forgive a small mistake, but I still love her. Will I ever have the chance to say sorry, just for once, even though I know, it is too late, she will not come back to me.

Seven years back this was the place where we met for the first time. We were both fifteen, so young and so free. I remember the day very well. She was looking like a fairy from a lovely golden star. My friends introduced her to me, her name was Prema.

The moment I saw her, I knew she was for me. We met at the beach for the first time, we walked hand in hand and thought as I walked with her, does she know my true feelings? I have never experienced anything as serene as this evening with my Prema.

The sun was about to set and the sea seemed to be taking the sun in her arms. Everything was too perfect to be true.

Next day I woke up very early, in the morning because the night before I could not sleep very well, maybe I was in love. I went for a walk by the sea and was wondering how beautiful life could be. Suddenly I saw Prema walking towards me. My heart skipped a beat what was she doing here? Could she, also not sleep last night? As she walked towards me I saw she was looking even more beautiful, she was wearing an ocean blue dress and seemed she was just fading with the ocean that lay in front of me with open arms.

"Good-morning" I said, what are you doing here so early.

What are you doing here?

My First Love

by Shahed Latif

she asked still smiling.

Waiting for you, I knew you would come here, Prema I couldn't help falling in love. I realized what I have just said and I was about to say sorry when she laughed.

you?" I was so happy that for a second I felt that the world would stop here and our love would never die. But that was seven years ago. I sometimes ask myself, why can't a girl trust a man? I did have other friends, a lot of girl friends to be



precise, but Prema was my girl. She was my world. Why could she not understand the difference?

I didn't try to explain her anything, I believed, "if you love, set her free, if she loves she will come back." She never came back, my first love.

actions were taking place, I thought, "I am very young to die, I still haven't felt the comforts of life". Before I could finish thinking, police lobbed tear gases in the galleries. And I cried so much that my eyes became a fiery red. We lighted fire with pieces of paper to decrease our irritations of the eye.

When the police still couldn't control the violence despite teargas, they resorted to baton charge. I ran for my life wherever I could. But still I got a slash of one baton. My big brother sheltered me from the hailstorm of stones.

Luckily we succeeded in going out of the stadium and went straight to the fountain of Baitul Mukarram. There we soaked our eyes to our hearts content and then raced to find a rickshaw. Even outside the stadium we weren't safe from violence, as the Mohammedan supporters were beating up the Abahani fans, wrecking cars and shops.

On the way, I drank an iced cool glass of Lassaf but unfortunately I caught a bad cold the next morning when I reached home I felt lucky to be in one piece and decided that we have to stop the extinction of entertainment from the world for real. Even sports is no less destructive than war.

Pollution

by Tamzida Karim

Save the Earth,
Save the Ozone,
By keeping the earth clean.
Teach your neighbourhoods
Teach your friends,
How to keep it clean?
By keeping your country
clean
and recycling paper, by
Stopping the black smoke of
cars;
And chimneys.

It will be a great help to
mother nature.



"Fraternal Pranks"

by Mushfiqur Rahman

R RRRNG ... rrrng ... rrrng ... Adnan picked up the receiver of his phone. It was from his friend Tariq. "Hello, Adnan, listen pal, could you come over to my place right now? I'm in a big mess," Tariq said in a distorted voice.

"What is it?" asked Adnan.

"I'll describe it to you when you come. But for God's sake, please do come," begged he.

Adnan shrugged his shoulders as he hung up the phone. He took out his car from the garage and drove to Tariq's place. When he reached there, Tariq explained the problem to him. After he had finished, Adnan couldn't figure out whether to laugh or feel sorry for him. The problem was like this:

Tariq has a younger brother and his name's Roy. Tariq on many occasions had pestered Roy and vice versa. They always had daggers drawn at each other. Now, the school was going to organise a science fair in the summer vacation and Tariq was going to participate in it. Meanwhile, his parents planned to spend the vacation at the Cox's Bazar. As Tariq was going to participate in the science fair, he was unable to accompany them. So, he stayed back at home.



It was on that very morning that Tariq found out for the first time that Roy had played a prank on him before leaving. He had somehow gained access into the file where Tariq had recorded the details of his science project and changed the password. That morning when Tariq switched on his computer, he was stunned when the screen displayed:

"Hi, buddy! You gotta figure out the password now, coz I changed it.
I'm gonna give you a hint:
There was a lady in Niger.
Who rode with a smile on a tiger.
They returned from the ride —
With the lady inside
And smile on the face of the tiger!
Wish you good-luck!"

Tariq was frantic when he saw these words. "I'll go berserk if I don't find out the password. But I can't reckon it from the silly rhyme," he said. "Can you guess it?"



Mont Blanc : Heaven on Earth

by Tadib Muqtada

I T was around 7 am when we got on the bus, on our way to Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc is the biggest mountain in France, just an hour's drive from Geneva, Switzerland where we are currently living.

Luckily we had a very happy and informative guide who kept us all interested giving us tidbits of information regularly.

Slowly we approached a long valley. There was a dull grey stream running beside the road. As we went on for another half hour we crossed the French border. The bright orb was shining above our heads. Even though the sun was shining strongly we were feeling cold, partly because there was a lot of snow around us, and we were going up the hilly areas.

The guide told us that we were nearly there. Then she asked us which 4 stops we wanted to visit on Mont Blanc. It took us a while to decide, but at the end we decided on stops A & C.

In another ten minutes we reached Mont Blanc. As we slowly lifted our heads to look at the mountain we could see it towering over our heads.

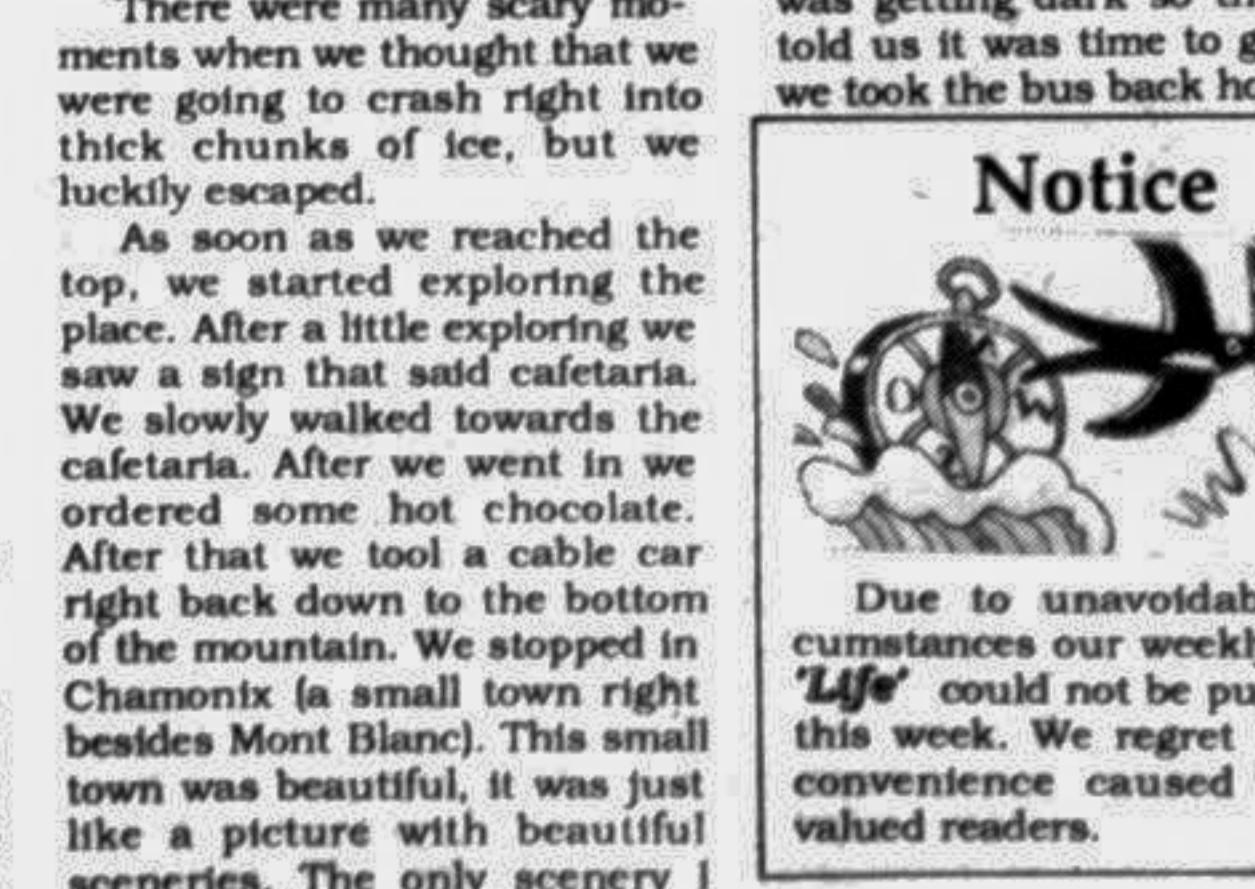
We slowly got on a queue for the cable cars. After 2 minutes a huge cable car slid down in front of us. In a diagonal line the cable car contractor punched a hole in to our tickets, and made sure we went in properly.

As we went up we saw many abandoned houses and trees. We also saw a couple of professional mountaineers. As we went further up, the trees started to disappear and only small meadows of grass were visible. Then about 2500 meters

higher the meadows began to disappear, and glimpses of snow were visible. After a while around 3000 meters only snow was visible.

After lunch the guide took us in front of some train tracks. She told us that we have to take a train up the mountain to see one of the most beautiful glaciers in the world. The train came in a few minutes. We all jumped inside the train. A couple of minutes later the train made a long whistle and then went up. The train went round and round up the mountain. It was very scary looking down but at last it reached its destination. I looked down at the magnificent cave. It was totally blue inside with sculptures of a piano, drawing room, there was green carpet on the floor, altogether it looked magnificent.

After some more exploring we took the train back down the winding mountain again. When we reached the bottom we picked up some souvenirs. It was getting dark so the guide told us it was time to go. Then we took the bus back home.



Notice

Due to unavoidable circumstances our weekly serial 'Life' could not be published this week. We regret the inconvenience caused to our valued readers.