



Home Work, Home Work and Home Work

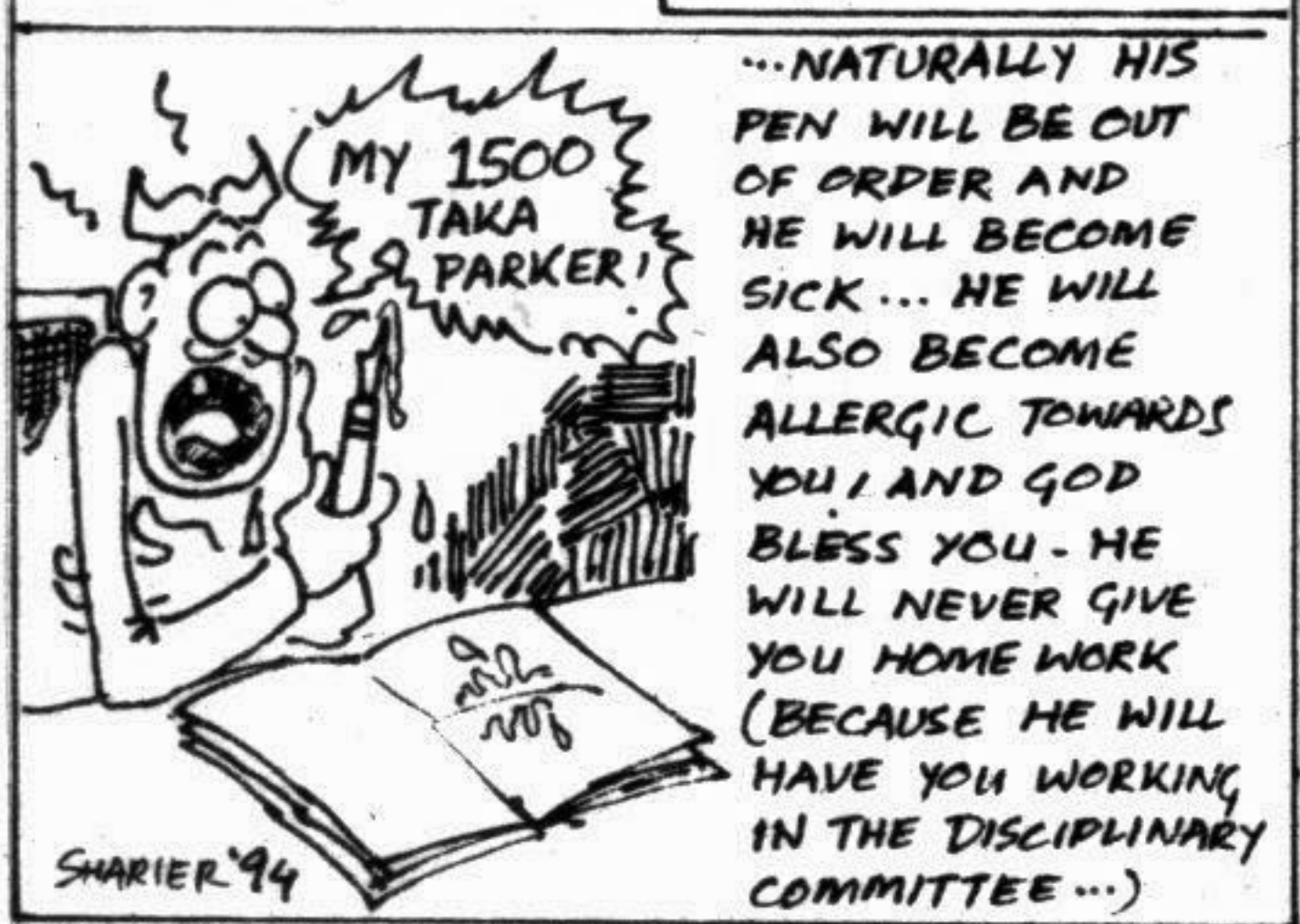
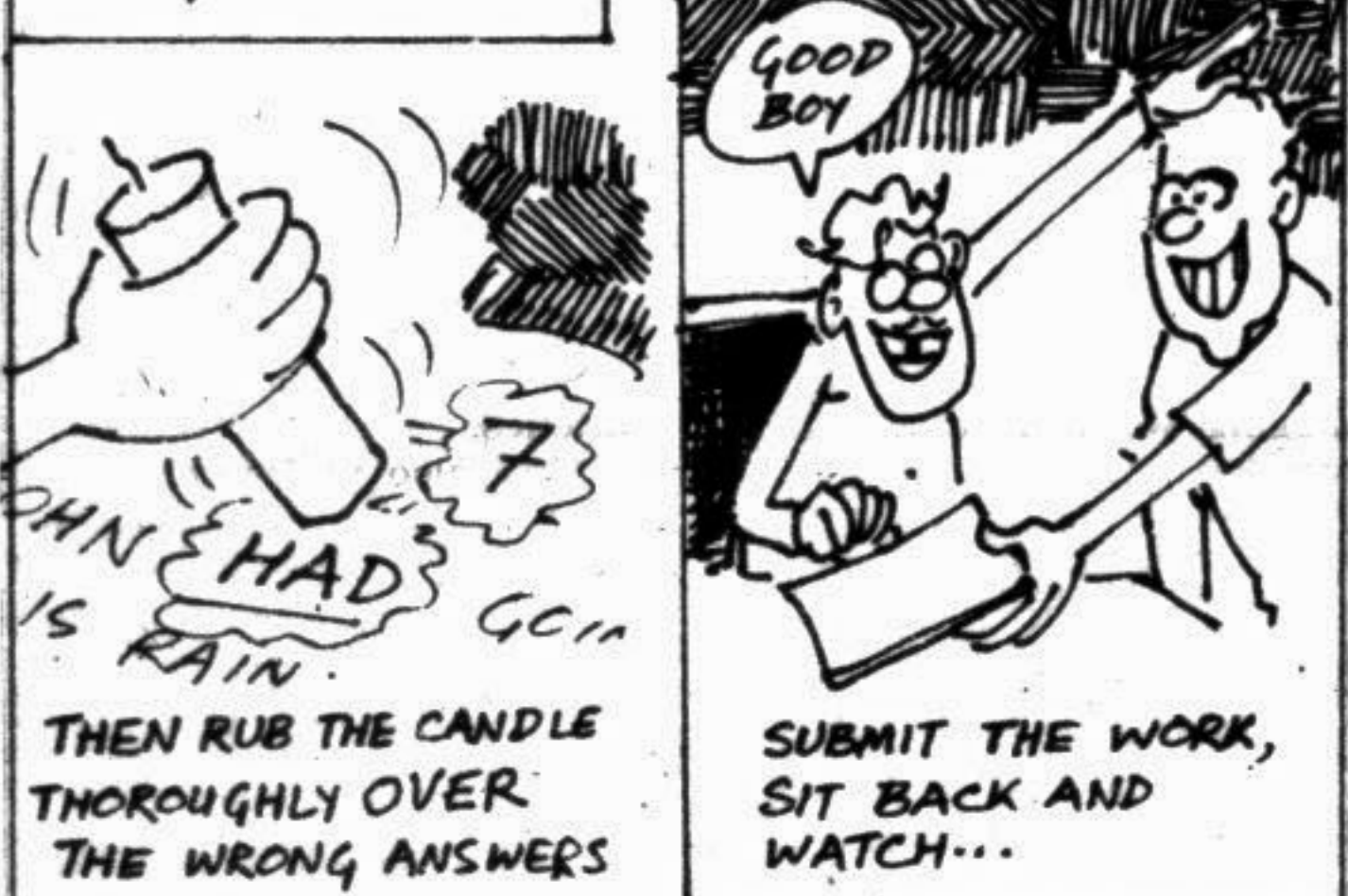
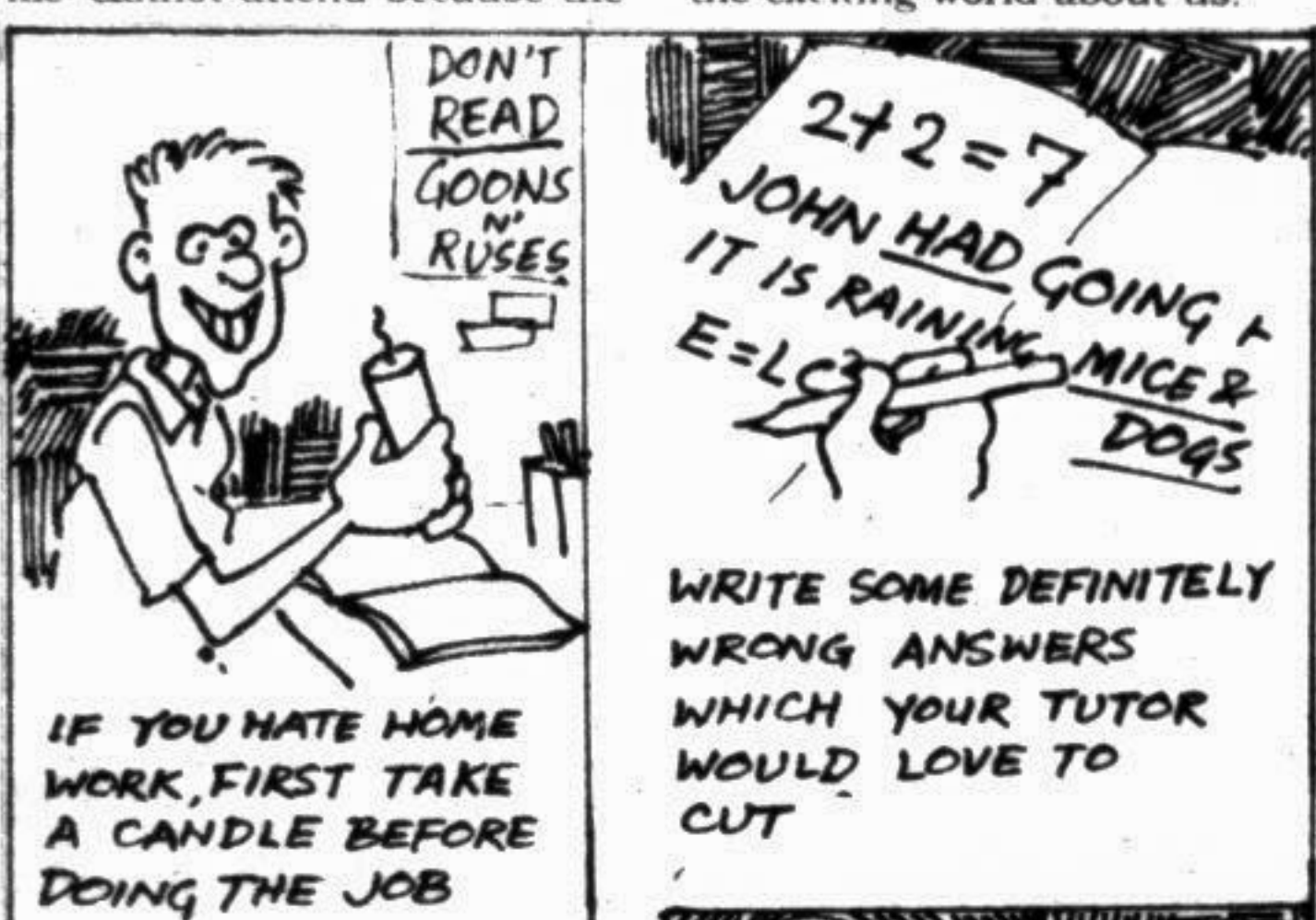
by Susmita Roy

HERE are several reasons why homework should not be assigned over the weekend. First of all, the weekend is the tantalizing time out of the seven long days of the week which is looked forward to throughout the five week days. These two days offer us the life we want to lead — the life without school, i.e., the time without our noses buried into school books. The weekend calls on us to go out and have fun in parties, relax on a warm couch and read a heart breaking novel, listen to the latest album and so on.

No, we just cannot occupy ourselves with these nonintellectual interests — we must get busy in finishing our homework, or else see the frowning faces of the teachers on Sunday morning. For instance a close friend of mine is holding a birthday party on Saturday night and 'poor old me' cannot attend because the

pile of assignments await my loving touch. Second, there is the problem of finishing all the chores around the house that the parents have been nagging about all week, only to be bone-tired to do the compulsory, never-ending home-tasks.

There is also the problem of keeping oneself awake to complete the homework which could not be finished because of the dinner party on Saturday night. In fact, the good old week-end holidays intended for our recreation and amusement turns out to be dreaded almost as much as the week-days of school. Finally, the fact that we are forced to study throughout the weekdays and also during the weekends, may be fatal for our future because this may turn our heads into storages of only school-book knowledge and leave us quite ignorant about the rest of the exciting world about us.



A Perfect Day

by Taranum Laila

CAN you imagine a day when everything goes right? It seems impossible, doesn't it? But I had one of those perfect days in February.

In 10th of February 1994, a Language fair was held in our school. It is perhaps the first of its kind in the world. It's object was to show the various languages of communication used by man.

They were the language of drama, arts, music, computers, science, sign language, Bengali, English, French, Mathematics, History, and poetry. For the language of arts, computer, science, Bengali, English, French, Mathematics and History most of the students collected information on them and then displayed those informations attractively on bulletin boards.

The school was really buzzing with all the work and excitement. There was a drama taking place from our class. Farida, Tahsin, Tanim, Tariq, Nadia and Atish were the members of the drama. They had rehearsed in front of the class before. They really tried to be serious and tried to give the proper mood but most of the time they ended up being comical.

I was in the chorus for the language of music. There were plenty of other students in the chorus, other than me. We all sang a very nice Bengali song in front of the audience. For the sign language, two girls

from 8th grade communicated with each other using their hands, on the stage.

To me the best part was the allocation or poetry contest. I was in the junior section. Yes, I was one of the candidates too. I had finished my performance quite nervously. But when I heard the announcer announcing the winners of the junior section, I was astonished to hear my name as the winner. I was very surprised. I went up to the stage again and received my certificate. It was a day I'll cherish always.

Over the Hills

by Buneka Jabeen Islam

Over the hills
Lay the trees,
An far behind
Are the homes of bees.

On the hills little houses
Lay asleep in the sun,
Like little stars
Which are shaped like a bun.

In front of the hill
Is a huge lake,
And on its banks
People love to bask.

In front of the lake
Are some villages,
Which have been
There for ages.

It's on the river side,
It's very beautiful and wide,
It's like the Heavens in the sky.

Why isn't it my home? Why
Why?

ONE of the greatest all-rounder of our time is Imran Khan, 'Lion of Pakistan'. He is a legend in his own life time. Imran Khan was born to a Pathan family in Lahore on 18th October, 1952. His father was a very successful civil engineer, while his mother was a housewife. Imran Khan had cricket in his blood. Two of his maternal cousins, Majid Khan and Javed Burki went on the play for Pakistan and later captained Pakistan.

His schooling was done in Atchinson college, Lahore, where he was the best batsman, though he was not very much of a bowler at that time. However, his bowling improved with age and experience. He made his first class debut as an opening bowler for Lahore against Sargodha in 1969. He started playing first class cricket regularly in 1970/71 after passing his O'Levels.

His big breakthrough came in 1971 when he was selected for the Pakistan team to tour England. However, he played only one test where he was not impressive with either the bat or the ball to catch the eye of the spectators.

After the tour, he joined Worcester Grammar School to do his A'Levels and played country cricket for Warce-shire. Because of his excellent results in the A'Levels, he got admitted to Keble College in Oxford University. He captained Oxford University very successfully in 1973 and his performance for his country was encouraging.

On this basis, he was selected for the touring 1974 Pakistan test side and played in all 3-tests, and performing adequately. After this series, he became a regular member of the Pakistan test team.

Imran became a sensation overnight after he (almost) single handedly won the 3rd

Imran Khan—The Lion of Pakistan

by Masud Sohail

Test for Pakistan against Australia in 1976-77 in Sydney. Pakistan were the underdogs and were 1-0 down in the series going into the 3rd and final test. Two brilliant and hostile spells of fast bowling



by Imran (6/102 and 6/63) destroyed Australia's innings on both occasions and gave Pakistan much needed victory to level the series. He was named man of the match for his analysis of 12/1.65. After this, fame and fortune followed Imran wherever he went.



In the next series in West Indies, he shined with the willow and the red cherry taking 25 wickets (AV. 31) including a spell of 6/90 and scoring 215 runs (AV 21.5). Despite his excellent all round performance, Pakistan narrowly lost the series 2-1.

Imran's improvements in batting and bowling continued in Test series against India, New Zealand and Australia in 1978/79. When in 1980 he was unfit for 3 tests against India, Pakistan lost the series 2-0. He made his first Test century in 1980-81 against the West Indies batting on his 28th birthday. Pakistan were 95 for 5 at on stage before Imran's century enabled them to recover in a test series against Australia solely as batsman.

In 1985-86, he played very well in 2 series against Sri Lanka. Then, in 1986-87, he led a youthful Pakistani side all the way, drawing the series 1-1. He scored 115 runs (AV 29) and took 18 wickets (AV 11) and was named 'Man of the series'. He then managed to beat India in India and England in England to acquire worldwide fame. After that, Imran and cricket became synonymous.

He retired after the 1987 World Cup. But on the personal plea of the then President Late Ziaul Huq, he came out of retirement to lead Pakistan in West Indies where his superb performances with bat and ball almost snatched victory for Pakistan before West Indies, aided by their umpires, managed to draw the series 1-1. Imran then led Pakistan in series against India, Sri Lanka

and Australia, with the last his only last. He finally retired after inspiring Pakistan to victory in the 1992 World Cup.

Imran Khan played a total of 85 tests for Pakistan. He took 368 wickets at an average of 22.9 runs. 24 times he snatched 5 wickets in an innings and he took 10 wickets in a match 6 times. As a batsman, he scored over 3200 runs at an average of 35. He has scored 6 centuries and 23 half centuries



in his test career. He is among the only 3 players (others being Kapil Dev and Ian Botham) to take 300 wickets and score 3000 runs. If injuries has not intervened he might have had an to 369. In that series, Imran took 10 wickets (AV 23.6) and scored 204 run (AV 29).

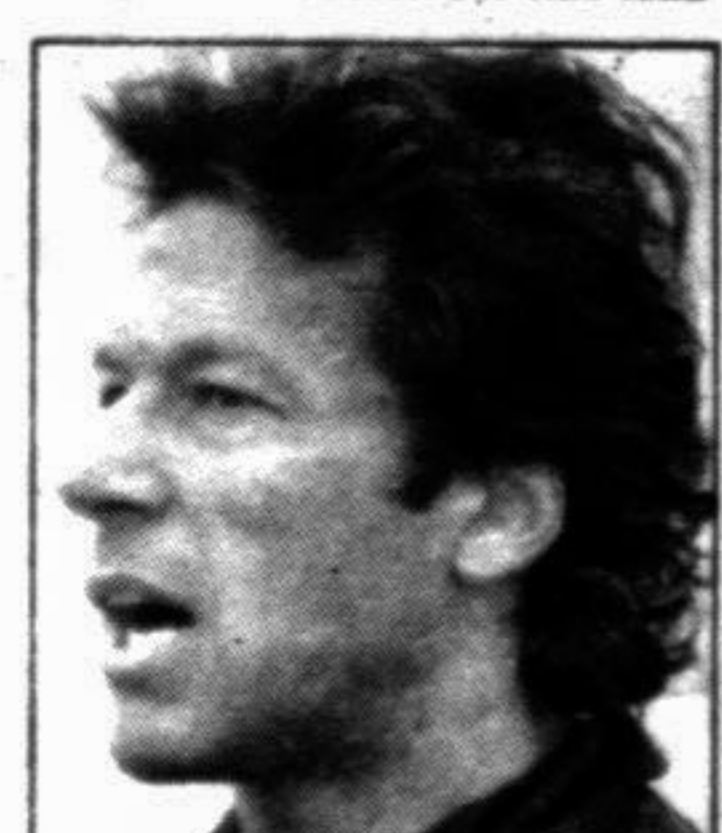
He was voted 'Man of the series' for the first time in 1980-81 in the series against Australia. Although Pakistan lost 2-1, he took 16 wickets (AV 19.5) and scored 108 runs (AV 27) which earned him this award. He produced the best ever bowling of his career the same year against Sri Lanka, taking 8/58 and 6/58 and returning with 14 wickets at an unbelievably 8.29 runs apiece.

He was made the Captain of Pakistan for the 1982 tour of England. Despite a series of brilliant performances by Imran, including taking 5 wickets and scoring 50 runs in the same innings because of Imran's marathon efforts with the bat (212 runs, AV 53, Best 67 n. o.) and the ball, (21 wickets, AV 18.5, Best 7/52) he was chosen as 'the man of the series'. Imran was at his peak as a fast bowler took 40 wickets at 14 runs apiece against a batting lineup considered to be the best in the world on some of the easiest pitches for batting. He also scored 247 runs (AV 61.75). In the 3rd Test at Faisalabad, he recorded the unique feat of scoring a century (117) and taking 10 wickets (11/180) in a match. Pakistan won the series 3-0.

After that, a stress fracture of the shin threatened to end his career, but he fought back and recovered to become an

even better all rounder in 1985. Despite the stress fracture he captained Pakistan in the 1983 World Cup even more impressive record. He has led Pakistan 48 tests, winning 14 and losing only 8.

In one day cricket, he has scored over 3000 runs and taken 174 wickets. He has led



Pakistan, in 135 one day matches, winning 75 and losing 59.

Looking at his brilliant record, all we can say is this — he was in a class of his own and he truly is the epitome of an all rounder.



The Origin Of Black Holes

by Harvey Anthony Ellis

GRAVITY is the weakest interaction, according to physics. The electrical repulsion between two electrons is about 10^{43} times stronger than the gravitational attraction. Gravity affects the trajectories of all freely moving particles, no matter what their internal constitution maybe.

Gravity is always attractive. The gravitational fields of all the particles in a large body like the earth therefore add up to produce a significant field at the surface. For the earth this field is still weak compared to the electrical forces between atoms. For more massive bodies, however, gravity becomes more and more important, until it can dominate all other forces and give rise to catastrophic collapse inward.

A star is thought to be formed by condensation out of a cloud of interstellar gas. At first it would contract under its own gravity. As it did so, the temperature at the centre would rise until it became high enough to start the thermonuclear reaction that converts hydrogen to helium. The heat generated by this process would create enough thermal pressure to prevent the star from contracting any further. The star would spend the next thousand-million years or so in a quasi stationary state burning hydrogen into helium and radiating the heat into space. Eventually, however, the nuclear fuel would all be used up and the star would begin to contract again. If the stars were less than about one and a half times the mass of the sun, the collapse could be halted by pressure of electrons or neutrons.

In the first case the resultant body is called a white dwarf and has a radius of the order of a few thousand kilometers where as in the second case it is called a Neutron Star and has a radius of the order of ten kilometers. For stars of more than a couple of solar masses, however, there is no final equilibrium state. Some stars may manage to reduce their masses to below this limit by throwing off material, but it seems virtually certain that this will not occur in all cases.

It seems that such stars must continue to shrink until their density becomes infinite, creating what is called a singularity of space time, a place where the motion of space time as a continuum, a manifold breaks down as do all the laws of physics because they are formulated on a space time background.

As the star contracts the escape velocity from the surface will rise. In a spherical collapse the escape velocity will become equal to the speed of light, when the star reaches the Schwarzschild Radius $R_s = \frac{2GM}{c^2}$. After this, any further light emitted from the star cannot escape to infinity, but is dragged inward by the intense gravitational field.

The region of space time from which light cannot escape to infinity is called a black hole. Its boundary is called the event horizon and is formed by the wavefront of light that just fails to escape to infinity but remains hovering at the Schwarzschild Radius. Objects can fall into the black hole through the event horizon but nothing can come out because the event horizon (viewed by a local observer in free fall) is moving outward at the speed of light and according to special Relativity, nothing can travel faster than light.

Ref: Encyclopaedia Of Physics

My life

by Zinnia Ahmad

My life is

Like a kaleidoscope
Ever changing and twisting
In harmony with time.

Today's
Bright rays of hopes are
Engulfed by tomorrow's
Inexplicable fears:
Glowing colours of happiness
are
Washed away by streams of
Incessant tears.

An unexpected storm arises,
Destroys my faith in all.
Then, a single turn of the
kaleidoscope,
And I am alone.

Floating in the phlegmatic flood
Of the faithless.
The zenith of felicity is here,
And I smile and I laugh.
Unaware of
The lurking shadows of sorrow

That makes
Life so cruel, so rough.
Or sometimes,

I am lost in the abysmal sea of
depression,
A pleasant voice I hear
Which twists the kaleidoscope
And I find myself.

Amidst friendship and love,
Yesterday I knew who I was -
A small, yet, unique character
In life's Inconsistent Drama.
It was an innocent turn,
And now I am lost

In the world of unknown
Where there are only hurt, pain
and trauma.
Innumerable wishes and
unlimited desires,
Never-ending hopes and infinite
dreams —

But all these
Shall one day
Come to an end.

And until then, my life's
kaleidoscope shall
Still be twisting,
Still be turning.

Felliz's Mence

by Tanzeem Iqbal Ali

Don't tell me you've got a headache.
Why are you unnecessarily
using the 1st aid.

Don't spill the sugar, it's a
free call to your
pet ants. & &
Now, what are you staring
at!!

Tell me why haven't you ate
that?
I wonder if any Pope will
bless,

As you are no less than an
ass.

Oh! God just look at your
face & &

It's more than a mess.
No one will ever embrace
you by mistake.

Oh! God good grace****
Save me from this menace.

Clinton's First Love

by Zahid Anwar Haque

I N the morning I went to

Feni with a friend of mine.
By the time I got back, it
was sunset already. I didn't
inform anyone at my house
about my going to Feni. My
brother and his wife would
surely worry if they know. I
looked at my watch which read
7 pm. For me it was like 5 am
in the morning for Fazar
prayers, that early. Usually I
come home at around 9 pm or
10 pm. Still just to make sure
they wouldn't worry, I managed
to get myself at our door-
step. After pressing the calling
bell twice, a female voice came
from the other side of the door
saying "Please come back later,
there's no one in the house". I
was a bit shocked, even though
the girl's voice sounded pleas-
ant. Most probably a relative of
my sister-in-law.

So I said "I am Milton".
"I don't care who you are,
even if Bill Clinton came now,
the door is not going to open
now, come back later," the fe-
male voice replied.

The girl must be a close
relative of my sister-in-law,
that's why she's a bit cranky;
just like my sister-in-law, it
runs in the blood. There are
four members in our house,
me, my brother and his wife,
and the girl maid. Most prob-
ably she is sleeping. My objec-
tive was to inform my guar-
dians, and since they were out
then I can roam around for
another two hours or so and
take in some polluted air in my
lungs. My body can't withstand
anything pure. By the way
when I arrived at home it was
10 pm. The little girl opened
up the door while rubbing her
eyes and with a disturbed look
on her face, which shows that
she was sleeping. As I advanc-
ing towards my room my
brother's wife called me from
the kitchen, "Milton, come
here a minute".

When I saw who was stand-
ing in the kitchen alongside
my legs became wobbly. I could

not find a bit oxygen in the
whole world to breathe.
Doesn't my creator know that
if such a lovely girl comes in
this house a boy named Milton
will fall in love, or maybe after
knowing everything he still
sent her, just to have fun. any-
way I managed to pull my legs
together and leaned on the
kitchen door. But my eyes re-
belled against me, they are not
going to let this creature go
unnoticed, so look as much as
possible.

"Where were you all day?"
you didn't come for lunch and
then come late at night".
"I went to Feni with a
friend of mine". I became a bit
normal after speaking to my
sister-in-law. "Oh this is Trina,
my cousin. She could not come
at our wedding party. And
Trina this is Milton, my hus-
band's younger brother." My
sister-in-law introduced us to
each other.

"I got scolded from her", I
told Trina. "I came at 7 pm,
and you said there's no one in
the house come later".
"Oh you came?"

house or in the street, that's
my business".
I was a bit ashamed, and
looked up at Trina and found
out that she was also looking at
me. Trina started blushing and
looked down.

I kept on looking at her.
My heart was eating with a
new rhythm.

I let out a big sigh, and pro-
ceeded towards my room. Love
at first sight, even though I
heard it before I never thought
it would happen to me. I
looked again at Trina, who was
standing like a princess.

went to ashes.
This story is a perfect ex-
ample of how dangerous ru-
mours can be. Rumours can
break up the most intimate
relationship, they create chaos
between best friends. Some-
times we have misun-
derstanding with our parents
because of rumours. So please
stop spreading rumours and
stop rumours from being
spread by others. If you hear
any gossip without proof that
it is true then don't spread it,
keep it within yourself or for-
get about it. If you hear any
rumours about your friends you
should have the brains to trust
your friend rather than the
rumours — otherwise it might
be the end of your friendship.
So be aware of rumours cause
just one rumour can ruin a
person's life. Watch out — you
could be the next victim.

I T was spring time in
Crossmores High Laila
was a new-comer — she
became popular very quickly
because of her kind, polite and
charming nature.

Among the senior students
Adnan was one of the richest,
goodlooking, snobbish boy. But
he was very unpopular.
Everybody in Crossmores High
knew that Adnan never had a
steady relationship with any
girl. But when he saw Laila he
fell for her immediately and
wanted to win her heart. And
that meant he would have to
change his personality entirely.

So he did. Laila started lik-
ing him and soon they started
going out. Adnan knew that
this was the girl he always
wanted. But as the saying goes
"There's always a bad apple to
spoil all the fun." This time

Rumours

by Bushra & Naira

the bad apple was a girl named
Tara — a very pretty, gossipy,
devilish person. Incidentally
she had a big crush on Adnan.
The moment she saw Laila
with Adnan she became fur-
ious. She was determined to
break up their relationship in
which every way she could.
She had her own mean ways of
doing things and she decided
to spread rumours. She told
everybody including Laila that
Adnan was dating Laila only to
be more popular. This made
Laila very angry so she stopped
talking to Adnan. Adnan
thought Laila was taking him
for granted. As a result a per-
fect relationship — which
might have been life long —



A butterfly quenching its thirst by the river bank.

Courtesy — Ananda Mela