URING the 19th century, passenger pigeons were

of a billion birds would darken

the skies of North America for

three full days. It was a great

Joy for the hurters and home-

steaders - they shot the pi-

geons a hundred at a time,

Cheetahs, the world's fastest

During this era, the world's

land animals, have been tracked

wildlife seemed to be a vast.

never-ending resource. Yet

less than a century later, the

passenger pigeon was extinct.

In 1914 'Martha' - the last of

her kind — died in a cage at

the Cincinnati Zoo in Ohio.

part of the evolutionary pro-

cess, man has drastically al-

tered the timetable. In the

past, extinctions took thou-

sands of years to occur - today

We are in the midst of the

greatest mass extinction in

human history. Species such as

the great auk, the Steller's sea

cow, the West Indian monk

seal, the Tasmanian wolf and —

most recently, in 1987 — the

dusky seaside sparrow, have all

appearing at a rate of more

than 40 species each day. By

some estimates, between

15,000 and 40,000 species go

Plants and animals are dis-

perished at the hands of man.

this happens within decades.

While extinction is a natural

USA.

down for their spotted pelts.

sometimes just for sport.

so numerous that flocks

Nasiruddin has been passed on from generation to generation for about a thousand years in many different countries. Most people say that the origin of such stories is in Turkey, where Nasiruddin's birthday is celebrated every year.

It is hard to describe Mollah Nasiruddin's character from his stories. In some he seems to be quite foolish while others show that he was a quick-witted person. You can analyze him for yourselves by reading the following stories of

Nasiruddin bought one kilogram of meat from the market. Handing it over to his wife, he said. We shall have kabaab today, cook the meal deliciously.

But his greedy wife ate all the meat herself after it was cooked. Of course, she could not tell her husband that, instead she said, 'The cat ate it.' The cat ate all of the 1 kg

of meat?' asked Nasiruddin. 'Yes. All of it.' The cat was nearby. Mollah

Nastruddin put it on the pan balance. It was found to weigh exactly, 1 kg. 'If this is that cat, then

where is the meat? asked Nasiruddin, "and if this is the meat, where is the cat?"

One day the king set out hunting. Mollah Nasiruddin was the first person he met on the way. Getting angry he said, "This man is a bad omen. My hunting is ruined!"

'Whip him out of my sight!' The king's order was carried out.

But the hunting turned out

to be quite fruitful. The king called for

Nasiruddin. 'I was mistaken. Nasiruddin, 'said the king,' I thought

I see that is not so.' Nasiruddin jumped up 3 feet into the air.

you were a bad omen. But now

You thought I was a bad omen? On seeing me you hunted 26 deer and on seeing you I received 20 whippings. Now you see who's the bad omen?

One day Nasiruddin heard footsteps of two people in his own house. Getting afraid, he

TT TE have all seen how bu-

buses and people. But a very

few of us have seen Dhaka at

night. It is totally a different

picture. You will discover a

quiet, dark and empty Dhaka

at that time. It is hard to

believe that this empty and

quiet city will be so busy and

full of chaos the next morning.

Once six of us friends

planned to see the night life in

Dhaka. We selected a Friday

night. We planned to roam

around the whole night in the

roads of Dhaka with a car.

Enough food and drinks were

taken for the whole night. We

started at 11 pm. The roads

were almost empty and were

looking beautiful under the

and we were moving towards

Zia International Airport.

There was very little traffic so

we hardly stopped at the traf-

We started from Dhanmondi

sodium lights.

/ sy life is in Dhaka, full

of rickshaws, 'cars,

Stories about Mollah Nasiruddin

by Satyajit Ray

Translated by Zinnia Ahmad

hide inside an almirah. The two people happened to be thieves. They opened all the drawers and cupboards. On opening the almirah they saw Nasiruddin sitting there huddled up.

What happened Mollah

reminded me after I returned home.

The villagers once decided they would tease Nastruddin. They came to his house. greeted him saying. Mollah



Sahib, where are you hiding?. In shame, answered Nasiruddin, 'there is nothing in my house worth taking. So I am hiding myself in shame."

A quarreler in Nasiruddin's village decided to have an argument with him. So he fixed a date and time but arrived at Nastruddin's house duly to find that he was not at home. He got extremely angry and wrote on Nasiruddin's front door: Id-

Nasiruddin came home to see this. Then ran to the quarrelers house. 'I am so sorry,' said Nasiruddin. 'I had completely forgot that you were supposed to come over to my house today. It was your name on the front door that finally

fic lights though it was against

the law. We could see some

police sergeants in many

corners of the city. They were

looking at us with suspicion.

We were not carrying anything

illegal nor was anyone of us

wanted by the police, so we

were not scared of the look

busy day. There was only the

absence of sunlight. People

were scattered here and there.

Some were sleeping, some

were looking at the planes. We

parked our car and got down

from it. Then we started both-

ering people. We asked them

about the next flight. Some of

them were very interested to

answer our questions. Probably

they were looking for some

one to talk to, atleast to pass

time. Then we went to the

Waterfront restaurant. The

restaurant was already closed.

.The Airport looked like a

they gave us.

Sahib, you are a very wise man We shall feel very grateful if you would deliver a lecture at our mosque. Nasiruddin

agreed at once. Nasiruddin went to the mosque on the particular day, fixed earlier. He greeted everybody, then said, 'Does anyone know what topic my lecture is based on?

'No, we do not know that'

replied everybody. Mollah said, 'It you don't even know that then what shall I talk about? I definitely don't want a bunch of ignorant as my listeners.

Saying this Nasiruddin left the mosque and went homefurning with anger.

But the stubborn villagers pleaded to him again for a lecture. Nasiruddin agreed and

We took a boat for boating

without any permission, as

there was no one to stop us.

Boating at 1 am was quite fun!

We stayed there till 2 am.

Then we started moving to-

wards the Buriganga bridge. It

was in another corner of

Dhaka. We were hungry by

then so we had something to

satisfy our hungry stomachs.

While we were moving towards

Buriganga bridge, there were

reach Sayedabad bus terminal.

In the meantime we found few

hotels opened. We stopped in

one of them and had tea. We

also came to know that these

hotels remained open for the

Again we started our jour-

ney. While we came near

Saydabad bridge we found

some police cars on the other

end of it. One of the police

Hidden in the poet's prosaic verses

Concealed in the composers melodic songs

That cruel master which tortures

The look in the new mother's eyes

As she nurses her just born baby;

The smile in the proud father's eyes

The reason a patriot shed his blood

The reason you bow down

For the freedom of his motherland.

To God in times of job and sadness.

The young lad's heart;

A sweet-sixteen's mind.

Which expresses the many feelings of

whole night.

AM love,

people.

I am love,

It took exactly one hour to

many trucks on the roads.

Night Life in Dhaka City

by Mahbub Ershad

You all know? Then I have. nething more to say, said

went to the mosque. On asking

the previous question, every-

body answered. 'Yes, we all

Nasiruddin and returned home. But the villagers won't ac-

cept this defeat. They coaxed him fervently and Nasiruddin agreed once again. He arrived at the mosque and asked that question again. This time half the people said. We know and the other half said. 'We don't

Fine, said Mollah, those who know speak and those who don't know listen.' And once again Nastruddin set off towards his home.

Nasiruddin entered the inn and commented. The moon is more useful than the sun.

How's that, Mollah Sahib asked everybody.

The moon gives us light at night,' said Nasiruddin, 'and what's the use of light during the day?"

A neighbour came to Nasiruddin with a request. Mollah Sahib, can your please lend me your donkey for a few days. I need it desperately."

'Sorry,' said Nasiruddin. have lend it to somebody else. Just then the donkey brayed from the back-yard, acknowledging his presence. What's that Mollah Sahib? Isn't that your donkey's bray we just

heard?

Nasiruddin got very angry He shut the door on the man's face saying, 'How can I lend my donkey to someone who believes more in my donkey's bray than my own word?'

It was a tradition is Mollah's country that good news bearers received tips. Knowing this a man, told Nasiruddin.

There is a good news for you, Nasiruddin." What news?

'Polao is being cooked at your neighbour's house."

What is it to me?' They said they will send some for you.'

beckoned us to stop. This time

we were really scared. One in-

spector came over to us - and

asked us why we were out of

our homes so late. I told him

the reason but my answer

could not satisfy him as he

found no interest in discover-

ing night life in Dhaka city. We

were all asked to get down. We

went though body checks.

then they searched the car and

took down our number plate

and our names and addresses.

They also asked us to return

home immediately as it was

not safe to roam around in the

night. Owing to the increasing

number of robberies, murders

etc. at night. We were disap-

pointed at not being able to

see the of Buriganga bridge in

home though very reluctantly.

Any way we enjoyed the adven-

ture very much and all agreed

that this would be our first and

We decided to go back

the moonlit.

last one too.

I am love

by Zinnia Ahmad

What is it to you?'

Some animal species have properties that are useful to medical science. The venom extracted from the Malaysian pit viper is used to prevent the formation of blood clots, while

extinct each year.



Behind Bars: More tigers may now live in captivity than in the

produce substances beneficial

in fighting caneer.

Animals form an inalienable fragment of nature, and if we hasten the disappearance of even one species, we diminish our world and our place in it.

The tiger and rhinoceros are on the verge of extinction too. Sadly zoos may be their last refuge. The most endangered creature in the wild is the Spix's macaw, a victim of poaching and the illegal pet trade. One bird is known to exist in Brazil. The extinction of flagship

species may signal impending ecological disaster, just as the death of a canary warned miners of the dangers of poisonous gases in the mines.

Mahatma Gandhi wrote, "The greatness of a nation and its moral progress can be judged by the way its animals are treated."

It's hard to imagine the world without the beauty of the tiger, the majesty of the ele-

Poaching — A War on Wild Life

by Trishna and Shahreen Munir

phant, or the primeval howl of the wolf. If these creatures disappear forever, it will be a lonely world indeed. All things are intercon-

nected. Whatever befalls the Earth befalls the people of the Earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to himself. A tigress nicknamed

"Mika" stands guard over her single cub. As both a hunter and a devoted mother, her abilities are unparalleled. She cuddles and licks her cub with such ardent affection that you wonder if the stripes will wash off. Yet at the slightest pound of a human footstep, she seizes her cub in her mouth and retreats in terror. Mika has already lost her mate and two litters of cubs to poachers she will fight to the death to save this last baby.

In a very real sense, Mika is fighting not only for her cub but for her entire race. Tigers are so rare in the wild that even a single cub may make the difference between life and death of the entire species.

The tiger and the rhinoceros are the most critically endangered mammals on earth. They are literally on the brink of extinction.

Tigers are so powerful and charismatic - most people just assume they will be around



A bloody business: Poachers leave the remains of a rhino,

forever. But this is far from reality, In less than 2 years the wild tiger population has been decimated by half. Fewer than 5,000 survive today. Sadly, more tigers exist in zoos than in the wild.

The tigers are not being slaughtered for food or fur but to supply ingredients for the huge medical trade in Asia. Everything from tiger whiskers to bone is used to cure a multitude of ills. In the last fifty years three subspecies of

taking only its horn.

tigers have gone extinct. Similarly, the number of African black rhinos have plummeted from 65,000 in 1970 to fewer than 2,000 today - a faster rate of decline than any other large land mammal this century! Rhino horn, sold as a medicine to reduce fever, commands remarkable prices on the East Asia market. The rhino will be even harder to save than the tiger. As it is not cute and appealing like the panda or the elephant, it is more difficult to mobilize public support to save

Wild life smuggling is big business, reaping profits of at least \$1 billion a year. It is SECOND only to the drug trade in profits and the two often go hand in hand. Wild life smuggling has become increasingly sophisticated with traffickers using expertly forged documents, secret trade routes, and shipping containers with false bottoms and hidden compartments. If caught, smugglers receive little more than a slap on the wrist. Recent sting operations in the US have uncovered illegal trade in reptiles, walrus tusks, and exotic parrots. Many drug traffickers com-

bine wildlife and drugs in a single shipment. If caught, the smuggler will often plead guilty to the lesser charge of wildlife smuggling. In a recent case, US customs officials were inspecting hundreds of styrofoam cartons containing bags of tropical fish when they noticed that the water was

turbid. After closer scrutiny the agents were stunned to discover that the fish were swimming in liquid (dissolved) cocaine.

Many shipments containing smuggled wildlife have been labelled "spare parts." "electrical equipment," or even "poisonous snakes".

Over the centuries, man has viewed wildlife as a commodity to be used for his own benefit and amusement. A photograph shows three British officers and their servants with the booty of a two-week hunt in India. In their laps are tiny, orphaned tiger cubs. The officers are posing, with great pride, lounging on tiger skins. They see no contradiction in mixing the live and the dead or in placing the cubs on the remains of their dead parents.

Animals such as the elephant and dolphin possess an incredible intelligence, spirit, and sensitivity that are also characteristics of the human race. This new awareness has led to the will - and the need - to protect wildlife an both scientific and ethical grounds.

In crowded street markets and shops, visitors can find an endless array of animal products ranging from the tacky to the bizarre: ashtrays made from tiger skulls, stuffed caimans (crocodiles) dressed



A purse made from Margay, an endangered small cat species.

of stuffed mongooses attacking cobras (complete with painted blood), glass tables mounted on antelope antlers toilet seats decorated with the wings of endangered butterflies, and perhaps one of the most disturbing sights - a once stately elephant, reduced to a waste basket.

In the late seventies, the Kenyan government declared a particular elephant — named "Ahmed" — to be a national treasure. Ahmed, one of the last great bull elephants to roam the Eastern Plains of Kenya became a symbol of a wild and pristine Africa. When he died of old age his body was preserved and displayed at the National Museum. The largest black markets are for reptiles and crocodile products, large parrots, spotted cat skins, rhino horn and bear parts.

Some animals, such as the big cats and monkeys are in great demand by zoos, circuses and private collectors. A snow leopard was confiscated by authorities in Southern France. The trader was trying to sell him to the highest bidder on the black market.

In addition, primates such as orangutans and chimpanzees are popular commodities in the illegal pet-trade. Some extremely rare primates such as chimps, are being poached for the wild biomedical research. Unfortunately the poachers usually kill the mother so they can capture babies.

Brandishing automatic weapons such as AK-47 assault rifles, the poachers mow down entire herds, often slaughtering even the baby rhinos for their tiny horns. Baby elephants, if they are

lucky enough to escape the poacher's pullets, will linger for days by the butchered carcasses of their parents until they collapse from starvation and thirst. Adult animals who survive

the attacks will return to their fallen comrades, trying desperately to arouse the corpses.

Poaching is literally a war on wild life because the profit is so high, the poachers are willing to take any risk.

The international ban on ivory ended much of the public demand - and thus most of the poaching. Unfortunately, the rhino has not been so fortunate. In a desperate effort to



Giant Panda: This beloved symbol of endangered wildlife numbers less than 1,000 in the

save the last 400 black rhinos in Zimbabwe, officials started sawing off the animals' horns to deter poachers. Unless the medicinal trade is curbed, it is only a matter of time before ·the rhino will be extinct. The medicines are made from animals that are cultural symbols. They use the products of tiger, bear, and rhino - animals endowed with strength, vitality and power.

In addition, many animals get caught in the crossfire of war. In Vietnam, a group of 80 Asian rhinos who had survived the warfares, land mines, and destruction of habitat, were found. It's a miracle they sur-

Now that most of the bears have been wiped out in Asia, the poachers are going in the West to kill bears. Parkrangers are finding bodies of huge bears with only the gallbladders missing.

While the general public does not see much appeal in the rhino, it has great interest in the world's colourful and chatty parrots. In fact these birds are being 'loved to death'. Private collectors and pet dealers import an esti-



Orangutans: highly prized in the illegal pet trade.

mated 415000 live birds annually into the US alone. At least 10,000 are smuggled illegally. contributing to their demise in the wild.

If a species goes extinct, the exotic bird collectors will be to blame. People should buy only captive bred birds. Smuggled birds are often crammed into crates, their beaks and wings tightly taped. Some are hidden in the false bottoms of suitcases, stuffed up coat sleeves or even concealed in underwear. Black palm cockatoos sell for as much as \$ 2500. Ironically they are being purchased by so called bird

By working together countries are building an 'ark' to protect endangered species at the global level. Armed guards who diligently patrol the preserves have driven out poachers. Ironically, man - once Mika's enemy —is now her protector.

Source — Rotarian

Just for You

* To all the suffering read-

We are not like you. So don't worry; we won't flural to the SSC. And why didn't you want to see any of our writings within three months? You need t-h-r-e-e months to be matured to understand our writings? Are you sure that the time is enough for you?

The Japanese Josephite on behalf of the Josephites

* Dear Razin, So! Life's at its peak, yeah? First I didn't believe what I heard. But when I myself saw you with 'her' last Tuesday, I started wandering whether the sun rose in the north that morning. What's going on, man? Weren't you satisfied with you-know-who? Really. A 'levels must have changed you 460 anticlockwise. Anyway. play it safe.

Good luck. Zinnia.

The wild rumour that you heard about me is a total bull shit business. We're just using each other, get it ?

Dear Nermeen

Are you still drooling over Waqar Younis or has your taste changed for somebody better and/or somebody REAL? Let me know okay? After all your birthday's round the corner.

Zinnia. * Dear Rabeth,

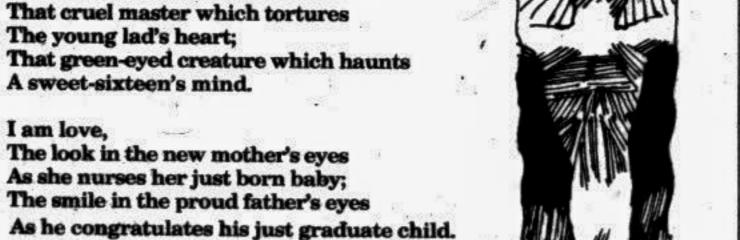
What happened to your creative mind? You are hardly writing anything. We are dying for some fun, ----, etc. So write something, anything!

From A fan of yours

* Hey, Ahsan S Kabir ! Who the hell do you think you are? Give us your phone number and we'll call you for simple unselfish reasons (just for chatting). Love

Some Girls

I am love, That eternal bond which unites The Black and the White: That only bond which combines The rich and the poor. I am love,



The Forest Music by Yasir Karim

The bees sing hymns And I quote poetry The Blue Jay dances And the scene goes merrily.

The bold eagle screeches

The field mice squeaks

As the old oak creaks.

I listen by

The ground snake hisses The tree lizerds tick To hear the sounds Never heard before Creates the Forest Music.

