



## "Bangladesh Through My Eyes"

by Samira Andaleeb

I am a fourteen-year-old Bangladeshi living in the United States. I have come to this country for three months for my summer vacation. This article is about the observations and feelings that I have while visiting my country.

Bangladesh is a small developing country, but it is loved by many in a very big way. Watching my country day by day gives me a sense of pride. It also gives me hope that in the future we will truly rise. Being such a young country that has not yet fully bloomed, I am amazed at how far we have come. But still I feel we have the potential to move much further ahead. I have heard from my parents how much this nation had to sacrifice during the war of liberation, and what we had to go through to get our independence. Because of this, I feel it is a duty for all Bangladeshis to do what they can to help build their country. If everybody did their share, then together, we could make a difference!

Bangladesh is a wonderful country, but there are several things that can be improved to help make it a better place to live in.

First, we need good leaders who will guide this country in the right direction towards success. Starting from the very simple people (for example, a

rickshaw puller or a road construction worker), Bangladeshis are very hard-working people. This quality is a very big advantage. We also need our leaders to think ahead about the future. Long term projects should be planned that will help improve this country.

Second, we need to find a solution that will help the poorer class of this country. They make up over half of the population and should be a major concern. This problem can be solved with education, awareness, and opportunities. These three factors are essential in solving most of the country's problems. With education, these people can apply for jobs. With opportunities, they can find jobs to apply for. Awareness is necessary for them to go through their everyday lives.

Another concern this country faces, is the chaotic way the traffic runs. There are too many modes of transportation that travel at different speeds. It would be a great help if the number of rickshaws and scooters decreased, while the number of bus services increased. After mass production, the buses will become cheaper. Public buses should be made cleaner and better organized so that people will want to ride them more. Also, there should be a limit on how many people can ride the bus.

Taxis can be introduced. If cattle or any supplies (such as bamboo) have to be transported, they should be in a truck. With so many changes, other job opportunities will open up for the rickshaw pullers (for example, tire shops). They can even learn how to drive a bus or repair. Also, the traffic laws must be more strict, and everyone must be educated about them.

International trading and activity is necessary if Bangladesh wants other countries to know of its existence and qualities. This country should communicate with the rest of the world more about positive things — not only when it needs aid. (Like when there is a flood.)

I realize that the development of a country cannot be expected overnight. But there are little steps we can all take that will help Bangladesh in the long run. We should never litter or pollute. The exhaust pipe on our car should be checked if smoked is coming out of it. This helps our environment. We should recycle and use water and energy in moderation. We should also help those who are less fortunate than us, we can educate ourselves to the fullest, we can bring up the next generation nicely, and be the best we can be! If we all work in harmony at paving the path, then in time, we will reach our dream of happiness for all!



A village scene by Jyoti.

## He Came, He Played, He Won the World Cup

by Zahid Anwar Hoque (Shagor)

THE man who was left out of the national team for eight months by his coach and later recalled for a crucial qualifying game against Uruguay, became the best player of World Cup '94. Yes, I am talking about Romario. The player who orchestrated his country's triumph at the 15th world cup in USA, was heavily criticised back home for misbehaving with his coach for being left out of a qualifying game against Bolivia. Because above all Brazilians expect and always get (except for a few stray incidents like Romarios') total allegiance to their coaches, whether right or wrong.

Anyway, all that was forgotten and forgiven by coach Carlos Parreira, and decided to give Romario a second chance, because he knew that if Brazil were to qualify for the 15th world cup (Brazil is the only country to have played in all the world cups to date) he must include Romario in his attacking lineup of his team, and when it comes to scoring goals, there is no one better than Romario. So then Romario proved his worth and scored two valuable goals against Uruguay that day to place his country among the best 24 in the world. Just a month before the world cup his father was kidnapped by some criminals who demanded a seven figure ransom, fortunately the culprits were captured and his father was safe again. Upon greeting his father Romario pledged that he would mobilise all his strength and knowledge about football to bring the world cup back home after a quarter of a century.

With the grace of almighty, he has been able to keep his head throughout the tournament scoring 5 goals out of seven games. Romario's strong point is that while he is on the field without the ball, he seems to be sleeping. But as soon as he gets the ball, ten explosive seconds are all he needs to turn a game on fire. We all witnessed his first goal

of the world cup against Russia when he just flicked the ball to the bottom corner of the Russian goal, while the Russian goalkeeper (Kharin is his name) was just left standing bemused at such feats of brilliance. When Kharin was asked later on after the game if he could have kept out Romario's goal, he said: "There was a chance but because Romario is a Brazilian, he went for one corner of the goal. An European would have gone for the other corner. He's a great footballer".



This little man is feared by the defence of every team on this earth, but he had also one or two negative sides in his character. The only problem with Romario is that both his temper and his mouth go at the same pace with that of his legs, which has brought him to quite a few rows with his coaches.

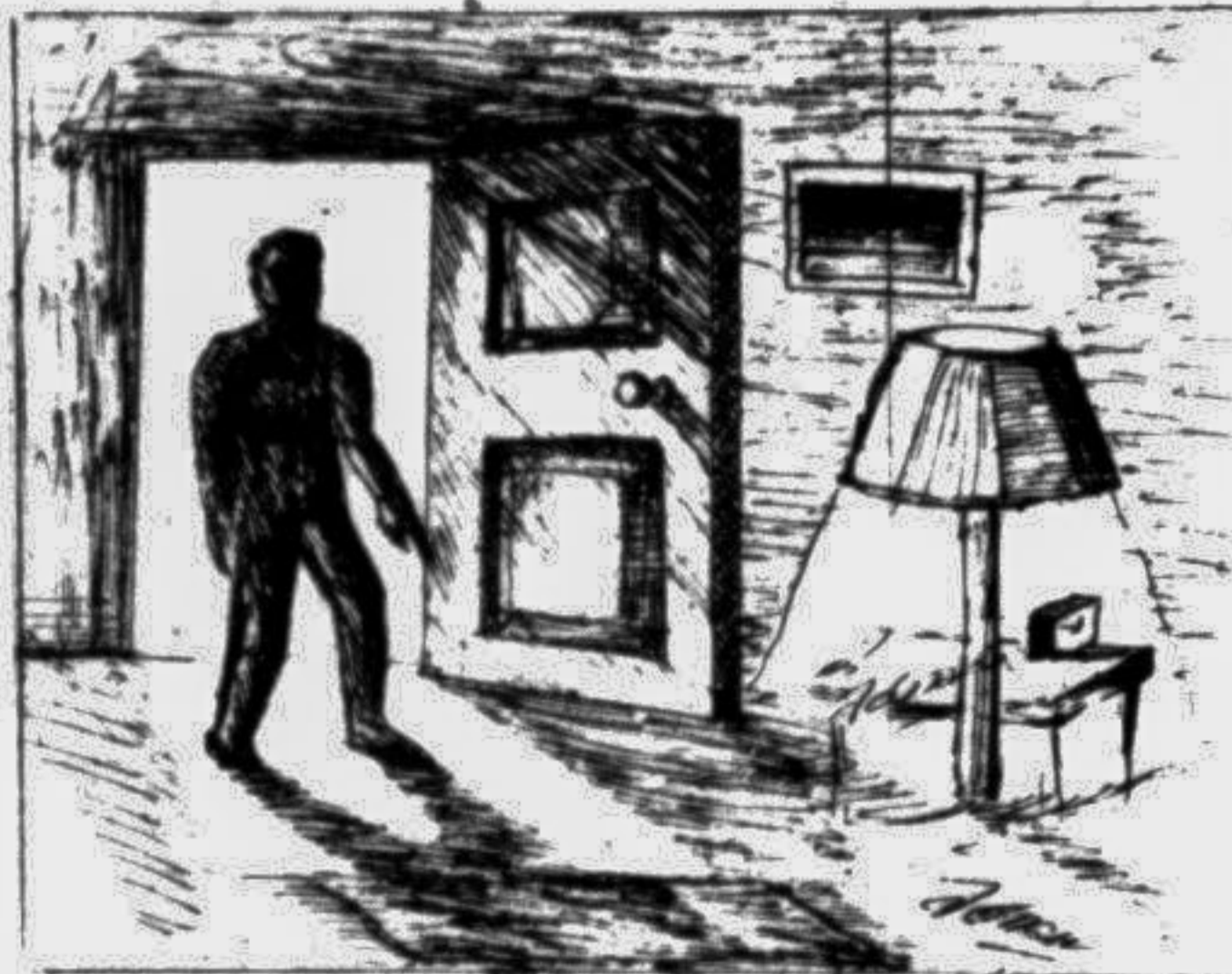
Romario was born on the 21st January of 1966 in Rio de Janeiro, in a poor family. In his childhood, he earned a living by cleaning broken glass off the streets. It was at this time that his football feats began to be noticed. His father upon seeing enthusiasm for football in his son managed to place Romario in the OLRIJO JUNIOR team. Here slowly he was transformed into a football player. Once while playing against Vasco Da Gama (one of the top teams of Brazil at that time) Romario was sensational by scoring four goals and ultimately defeating Vasco Da

Gama in that match. Vasco Da Gama were so astonished by his play that they immediately signed him up and Romario joined Vasco Da Gama.

From 1985 to 1989 after playing 123 matches, Romario scored 73 goals. On top of that in 1986 and in 1988 he was the top scorer. In 1988 at the Seoul Olympics, Romario wore the national jersey for the first time. Against Australia, he scored a hatrick and scored seven goals in the whole tournament. Like Wildfire his name began to spread across the whole expanse of the world. With a sack full of cash came rushing the Dutch club PSV & Hoven. In exchange for 3 million dollars Romario signed up for the Dutch team.

Most of the time he quarrelling with his coach, and still managed to become the top scorer in the first season. Out of a total of 69 matches he scored 67 goals. In 1993 he played in the European championships and it was here that he great Dutch player (now turned coach) Johan Cruyff was bemused by Romario's ball skills. Without wasting a moment Cruyff signed up Romario for a record 4 million dollars and included him in the famous Spanish club Barcelona. Here he became even more dangerous than ever by scoring 30 goals in the first season alone. Here I would like to quote a line from the US defender Alexi Lalas "They are awesome, they are dribbling maniacs, they come at you at 100 miles per hour". Unfortunately we were not able to witness Romario's ball skills in the 1990 world cup because of injury problems where he only played for 65 minutes.

At the beginning of the world cup in the USA Romario was quoted as saying "This will be my world cup", and we have witnessed that it really was his world cup. Little wonder he was awarded the GOLDEN BALL. Let us hope that we will see him in the 1998 world cup in France.



## An Interesting Experience

by Adnan R Amin

WE all like to sit back and listen to horrifying ghost stories once in a while. At such times one inevitable question arises. "Do you believe in ghosts?" I myself have faced this query numerous times. I've always tried to avoid answering back. I did not say yes, yet nor could I say no.

Having worked very hard the previous day, I was very tired and slept soundly. Suddenly in the middle of the night, I woke up. Though everything was normal, I was wide awake, feeling a little scared. My room was dark. Outside, in the yard, there was a rustling of dry leaves and twigs. I frantically groped for my torch, which was placed, earlier, under my pillow. But it wasn't there. Suddenly, the door to my room, began to squeak open and a faint stream of light flooded in. Against the light, stood a lean, tall, silhouetted figure. I could've sworn I had locked the door; how could it possibly open now?

The figure scuffed inside and made his way through the dark towards me. I, terrified, decided to pretend to be asleep. The figure, which then

seemed like an old man, stopped by my bedside. I held my breath; suddenly a gust of cold wind made the curtains draw apart, letting in a faint stream of light. The light fell on the face of the old man; a pair of fiery red eyes glowed in his ghastly greenish face. My heart skipped a beat or two as he stooped lower to touch an ice cold hand on my forehead — unaware of my gaping mouth and scared eyes. My skin crawled at his touch; his breath was hot on my face. The man whispered something inaudible in a deep, gruff voice.

Abruptly, he rose to stand straight. With swift movements, he turned away and walked out of the room, leaving me shocked and terrified. Everything fell silent again. Only the leaves rustled in the gentle zephyr.

I could've easily regarded whole incident as a nightmare. But I could not, because, the door, I was so sure I had locked, was wide open when I got up in the morning. It was at that moment, that I realised that many things happen in this world which remain a mystery. They remain beyond human understanding, forever.

## The Dusty Road

by Susmita Roy

Today is your day, only yours.  
Today you have grown up at last.  
Today you have reached a milestone  
after that long long walk along the dusty road  
which seems to have no end.  
You are weary but for a little time you may  
put down your load.

As you shade your eyes and look back  
at the road of life.  
You see with blurred vision, a small child.  
Your name sake, the child, has just begun his journey  
with a load larger than that of yours.  
But he has spirit and determination.  
Although he trips over pebbles, he still carries on.  
You can see the path growing wider—  
the child growing wiser—  
and the pebbles now as boulders.  
But the child is still victorious.

Yes you have succeeded in reaching  
only but a single milestone.  
You once again shade your eyes and look ahead  
towards the road of life.  
Your ultimate goal lies ahead in the future road  
You have burning spirit and determination  
So you lift your load  
and step onto the dusty road, the road of life.



Edwin Aldrin about to set foot on the moon, photographed by Neil Armstrong. Photos Courtesy: The Encyclopedia of Space

## Jupiter: Destination of a Dying Comet

by Rumana Tasmin Khan

I must say that it is a great thing to be alive in this world of occurrences and events. Though there are unpleasant things existing in today's world, I would say that we are lucky.

Just few days ago, all of mankind witnessed a rare event. It was not described as "once in a life-time", but "once in a millennium". This remark was made by one of NASA's scientists. I am talking about Shoemaker-Levy 9 — a dying comet who's last destination was Jupiter.

Among all the heavenly bodies, comets are of bohemians type. Bohemian in the sense that they appear without warning, disappear similarly, and are never stationary. But their sudden visit does cause a slight chaos in our daily routine's harmony.

Comets travel long distances, orbiting around the sun. They may be originally round in shape. This part is called nucleus and is composed of dust, ice and frozen gases (methane and ammonia). As it approaches the sun, the frozen part melts and thus some gas is released with dust. The sun's rays are then re-

flected by the radiated dust particles, leading to formation of the tail. But the brightness of a comet gradually decreases everytime it gives the sun a visit. This is because everytime the nucleus gets melted, an amount of gas and dust is lost in space due to evaporation.

In central Siberia; on 1908, June 30th, about 2000 square kilometers of forest was destroyed, burned and thrashed to the ground, by an "intruder". This event was described as a phenomenon by one of the witnesses. It was more like a calamity than a phenomenon. A fragment of a comet (comet encke) was this intruder. It entered Earth's atmosphere, glowed like a huge fire-ball and crashed with the ground; producing a loud noise, followed by tremendous shock waves. This event, "Runguska event", was caused by a comet's fragment 100 meters across, weighing a million tons and had a velocity of 30 kilometers per second.

Shoemaker-Levy 9 has been with Jupiter for the last two years. It broke into many fragments before collision with the planet. Fortunately, Jupiter does not support any life-form

and is a lot larger than our earth. So it is surviving the powerful explosions. If we study Jupiter's surface, we shall notice that it does not have a solid surface like the terrestrial planets (mercury, venus, Earth and Mars). It is mainly composed of hydrogen and helium and little amounts of hydrogen-rich gases, making the planet rather fluffy. Therefore the craters formed by the small fragments of Shoemaker-Levy 9 may look like holes in clouds. But these may spread an immense effect on the planet's overall climatic condition. Only Allah can tell, precisely, what would have happened to us if Shoemaker-Levy 9 had chosen Earth to be its grave.

We are lucky because we were able to witness one of the most rare events in the history of the universe. But to the universe this may be as natural as the death of an organism. And if "Mission Hubble" was unsuccessful, whole mankind would have been ignorant of this event. Thanks to the scientists who made our viewing the destination of a dying comet possible.

## Ulysses — A Voice of Inspiration

by Najma Jalli

TENNYSON'S "Ulysses" is an inspiring poem. It reflects the poets awareness of the complexities of human life. It was written at a time when, says Tennyson, "I was so utterly miserable, a burden to myself and to my family, that I said, 'Is life worth anything?' We can, therefore, reasonably expect the poem to be inspired by this questioning. In order to find an answer to this growing problem he selects the Greek hero, Ulysses as his spokesman.

Ulysses was a hero of Greek mythology. He was the kind of Ithaca, a rocky island at the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf. He fought in the War of Troy and distinguished himself by his courage and intelligence. He was a great wanderer and faced great misfortune in the course of his long voyages. But, finally after an absence of twenty years, he reached Ithaca in safety, where he was welcomed by his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus.

Ulysses thus stands as a perfect image of strength, courage, knowledge and above all, this insatiable desire of man: to go beyond "like a sinking star". Ulysses's journey is symbolic — for it represents our journey of life — the spirit and determination needed to overcome misfortune.

"I will drink/  
Life to the less: all times I have  
enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly..."

Fame comes only when one  
can fight the troubles with  
courage and fortitude:

"...and alone; on shore and  
when  
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy  
Hyades  
Vext the dim sea: I am become  
a name:"

Old age can never hinder this  
journey of life. A strong will-  
power can alone overcome  
all other obstacles, includ-  
ing the limitation of life it-  
self:

"How dull it is to pause to  
make an end  
To rust unburnished, not to  
shine, in use"

God bestowed upon us with  
some sort of talent, which  
is unique in itself. And in  
order to realise it, we must  
strive continuously and  
never try to cease its quest:

"Beyond the utmost bond of  
human thought"

Man's insatiable desire to go  
beyond should always be

## ABOUT MUM

by Shumon Momen

My mum.  
This poem she has sung.  
My mum's hair is like silk  
But her total is zilch.  
She is a teacher  
In Thomas Buxton Junior.  
(Run By Ilea)  
Her cooking is best.  
No stain on my vest.

December, 1988.



great Achilles, with whom  
he can be reunited in death.  
Since, the poem was writ-  
ten soon after the death of  
Arthur Hallam, we may  
imagine that Achilles rep-  
resents the poet's dead  
friend. In seeking death,  
Ulysses, that is, Tennyson  
himself hopes to re-unite  
with his beloved friend  
Hallam, whose death caused  
him to question the value of  
life.

The voice of Ulysses then is a  
resolution to all differences,  
the disparity and complex-  
ity of human life. We cannot

can feel this charm, only  
when we know how to  
recognise the complexity of  
life itself. So happiness and  
sorrow, pleasure and pain,  
life and death are all paral-  
lel, yet they are in some way  
related to each other. We  
cannot gain one without the  
loss of the other. Therefore,  
Ulysses's call is Tennyson's  
call as well. Yet this call is  
not only for the Victorian  
England, but for the con-

## A SOLEMN PLEDGE

by Najma Jalli

Deep down in my heart  
The door of my love shall remain apart  
To welcome you with full pleasure  
To a world where vanity has no measure  
My love has the power to transcend  
Into the world of eternity  
Where I eagerly hope to spend  
Glorious days in your company  
Since I have promised to gain you in life  
And remain forever by your side  
The door of my love shall always remain open  
Till my life comes to an end.