

RISING STARS

"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.

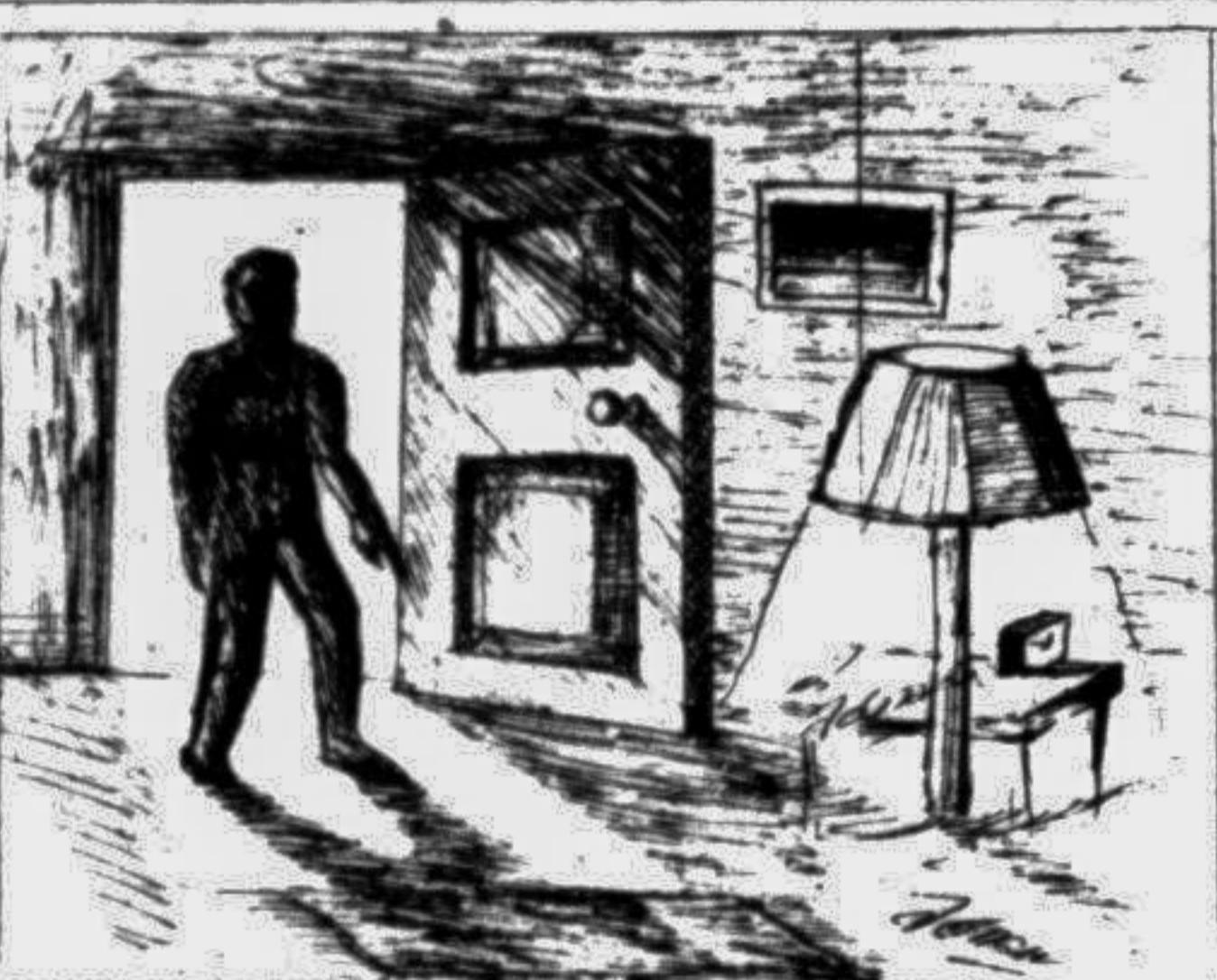
First, we need good leaders who will guide this country in the right direction towards success. Starting from the very simple people (for example, a

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!

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.



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 wilder — 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.

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 bohemian 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-

lected 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 crushed 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.

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 Jalil

there to inspire him, with the hope and promise for a better world. But before he can enjoy the glories of a better world, that is, eternity, man must do: "Some work of noble note". This noble deed will for sure lead him to the world of paradise that is, the "Happy Isles". It is here that *Ulysses* wants to find the

hope for a betterment unless we strive hard for it. And the inspiration comes from the ability to apprehend the pain and misery with a feeling that is "strong in will to strive to seek, to find and not to yield". This feeling undoubtedly creates within us an awareness, that, despite the sufferings, life, still has its charm. We



ULYSSES

great Achilles, with whom he can be reunited in death. Since, the poem was written soon after the death of Arther Hallam, we may imagine that Achilles represents 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 as well. Yet this call is not only for the Victorian England, but for the conscious self, a conscious society and for a conscious nation as a whole.

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 parallel, 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 resolution to all differences, the disparity and complexity of human life. We cannot

ABOUT MUM

by Shumon Momen

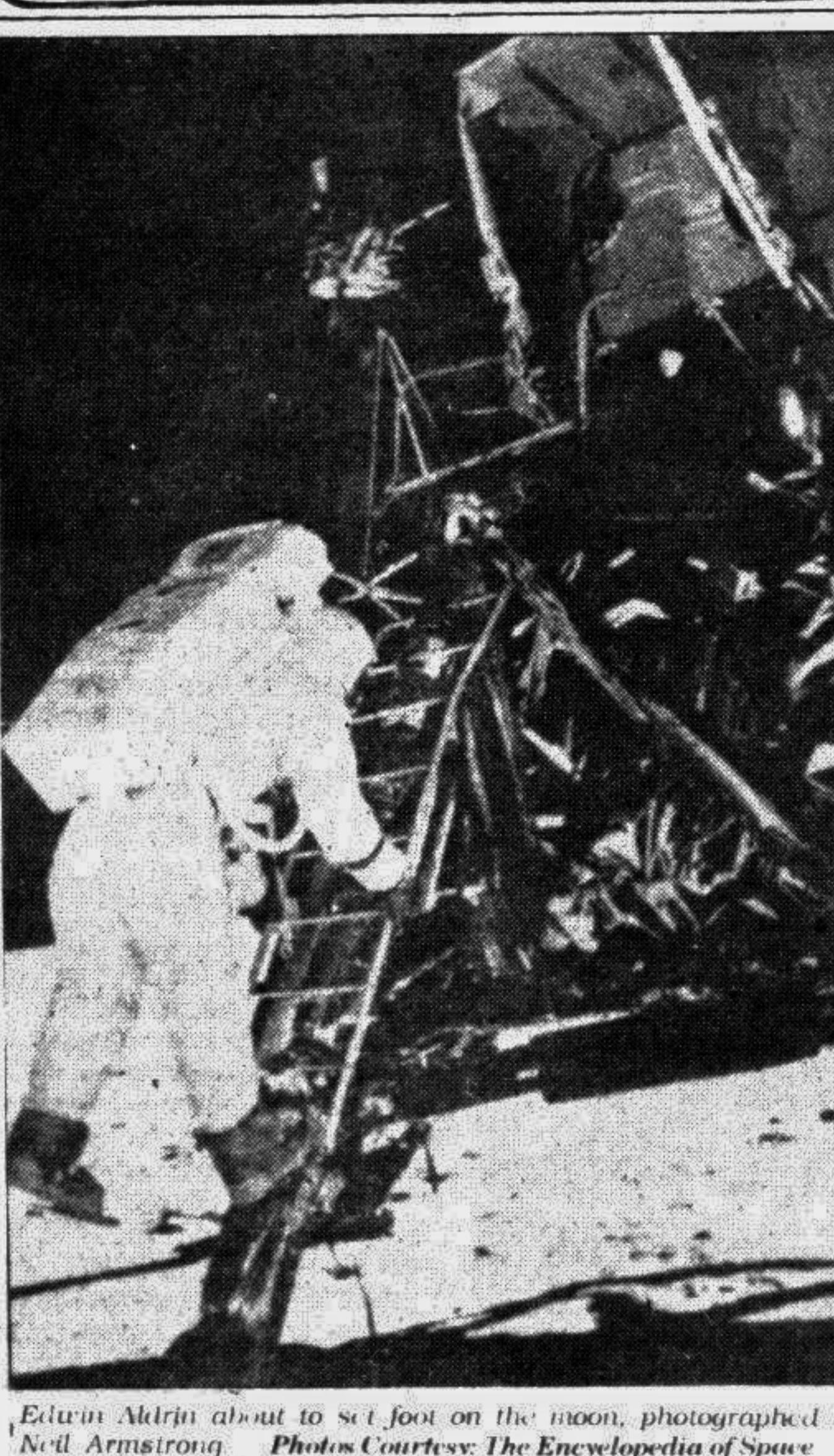
My mum. This poem she has sung. My mum's hair is like silk. But her total is zilch. She is a teacher. In Thomas Buxton Junior (Run By Ila) Her cooking is best. No stain on my vest.

December, 1988.

A SOLEMN PLEDGE

by Najma Jalil

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 transact 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.



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

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 Romario's) 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 word 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"

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 hat-trick 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 quarreling 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 Cryuff was bemused by Romario's ball skills. Without wasting a moment Cryuff 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.