

RISING STARS

SOMETIMES we find a dagger-blown bloody corpse lying in an eerie country-house. Some other time she chooses to kill with arsenic. And sometimes it's simple and cruel strangulation. This is the world of Agatha Christie, the queen of crime and the mistress of mystery.

This lady can make your flesh creep with intriguing plots and horrifying murders. But very few people in the world can be as entertaining as her. She is one of the best and most famous authoresses of all time in the world. Since 1920 she with her powerful imagination has been entertaining us with scores of classic murder mysteries.

She created Hercule Poirot, the most famous detective of literary world who can be ranked equally with Sherlock Holmes. In her 95 books Agatha also created detective like Miss Marple, Parker Pyne, Tommy and Tuppence Beresford, Mrs. Oliver, chief inspector James Japp and some more, all of whom through the efficiency of their works, show the brilliance of their creator.

Agatha Mary Clarissa Miller started writing as a pastime at 20 at her mother's suggestion. She was born in September 15, 1890, at family home Ashfield in the seaside resort of Torquay, Devon; the youngest child of Frederick Miller, a wealthy American expatriate and his English wife Clarissa 'Clara' Boehmer. Agatha liked detective stories from childhood and reading made her, what she says, 'a connoisseur of the detective story'. Her elder sister Madge once bet her that she couldn't write a mystery without the readers' fathoming who the murderer was. Apparently it was to prove the bet wrong that Agatha wrote her first mystery 'The Mysterious Affair at Styles' around 1916 which was published in 1920.

In the mean time in 1913 Agatha had met a young charming army officer Archibald Christie and got married December 24, 1914. During the WWI while Archie was away, Agatha voluntarily worked in a hospital dispensary and it was there where she got her in-depth knowledge of chemicals and poisons which was to become so useful during her long career.

Her first detective story also saw the debut of Poirot,

The Queen of Crime and The Mistress of Mystery

by Ismat Haseen

In big cases Poirot often would have at his side his good friend Hastings who had a knack of stumbling over the truth unaware of it. Poirot also sometimes teamed up with Mrs. Ariadne Oliver who is actually a partial portrayal of Agatha herself. Mrs. Oliver, like Agatha, didn't drink or smoke, hated publicity and mixing with stranger and was a lover of apples. But one is not to confuse the orderly, neat, dignified Agatha with the messy

pseudonym Mary Westmacott and also tried her hand in poetry and children's book.

In recognition of her literary contribution Agatha was made the commander of the British Empire in 1956 and the Dame of the British Empire in 1971.

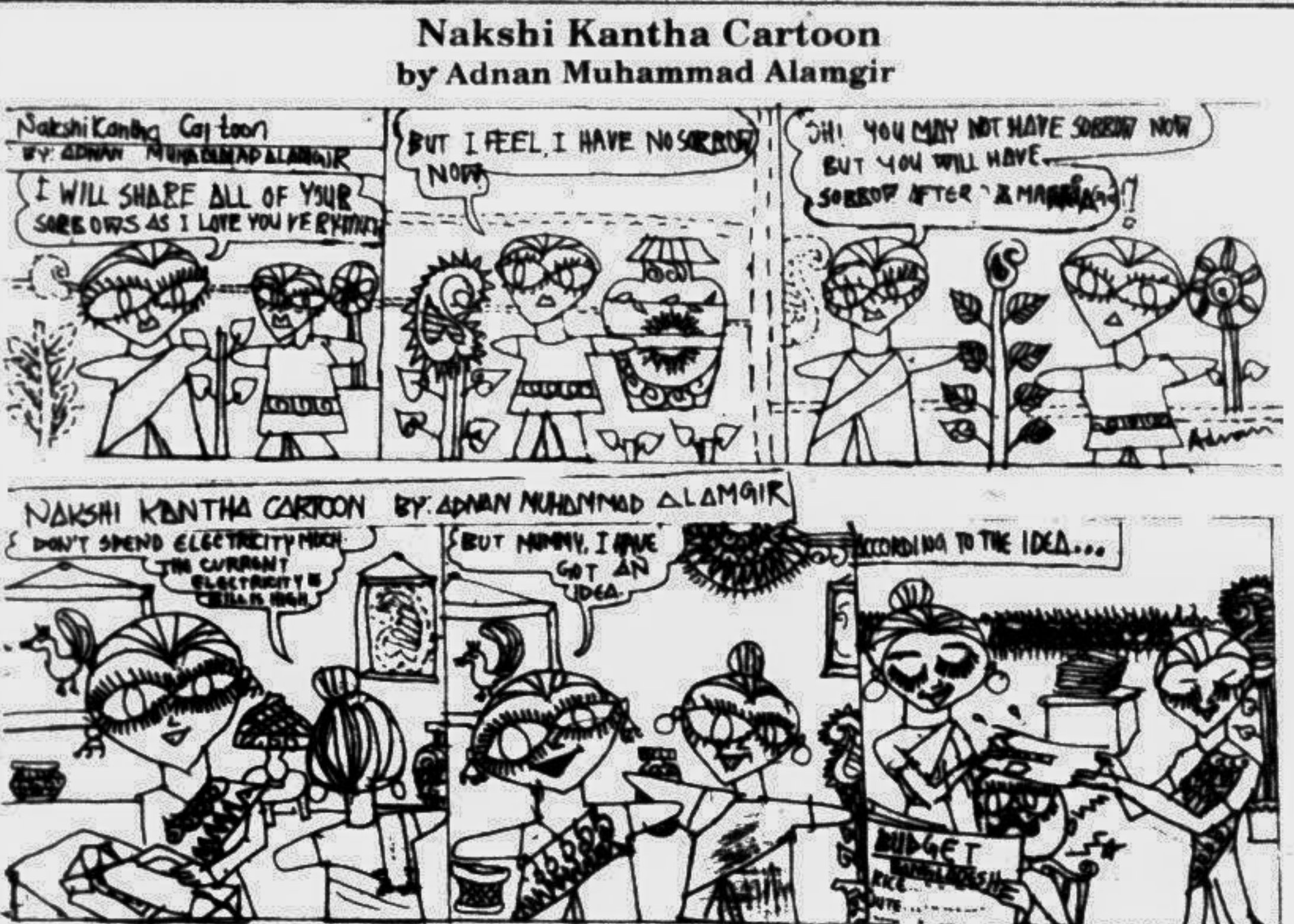
In 1975 Agatha drew an end to Poirot's long life and almost 55 year long career (1920-1975) in Curtain. The death moved the readers so much that newspapers in both America and England published obituaries. New York Times gave Poirot a front page obituary, along with photo, a rare honour, accorded to even few real people. But it may not be known to many that Agatha actually wrote curtain and Sleeping Murder (Miss Marple's last) as extra books during the WWII fearing that she might be killed. But when she found herself unhurt at the war end she put the books in the bank with heavy insurance against destruction.

In the war, however, Agatha suffered a private loss when her only daughter Rosalind's (born 1919) husband Hubert Prichard died. Agatha's only grandchild Matthew was born in 1943. Rosalind later married Anthony Hicks.

Many of Christie's works have been televised, played on stages and twenty two have been filmed including big-budget films Death on the Nile starring Peter Ustinov, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis etc; The Mirror Crack'd with Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor; and Murder on the Orient Express, the opening of which was attended by Queen Elizabeth and other members of Royal family and which was starred by Albert Finney, Ingrid Bergman, Sean Connery etc.

On June 16, 1971 Agatha, 80-years old, broke her leg in a fall at her home and never really regained her health. In January 12, 1976 needing a 66-year-long successful career she died peacefully at her home at Wallingford, Berksire. And in January 16 this shy and secretive writer was buried in St. Mary's Churchyard in the small village of Cholesey, Berkshire in a private ceremony. On her tombstone are inscribed these lines from Edmund Spenser's 'The Faerie Queene':

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas, ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.



Police Force and so must be at least 60. But with his magnificent little gray cells he won the world and became a legendary figure. Poirot was fond of hot chocolate and Russian cigarettes. Despite his little size he admired big flamboyant woman like Vera Rossak of 'The Big Four'. With his watchword of work — method and order he solved some breathtaking murder mysteries like The ABC Murders, Murder in Mesopotamia, The Hollow, Elephants can Remember and the Murder of Roger Ackroyd — in which Agatha fooled us pitifully.

Mrs. Oliver with dishevelled gray hair and disorganized behaviors.

In her private life Agatha received a severe shock in 1926 when her mother's death coincided with severe marital problem which led to her mysterious disappearance in December 3 for ten days, causing an alarm throughout the nation. She was later found in a hotel staying under a false name and was known to have suffered a nervous breakdown. The Christies were divorced in April 1928.

In 1930 while on a visit to the Middle East, Agatha met fluffy old spinster with a sweet and gentle appearance, faded blue eyes and snowy hair, residing in fictional St. Mary mead, a typical English country village. This tall, thin, acridulated, sharp-eyed and snoopng 'old pussy' kept a good track of all the happenings in and around the village, also was she real good at seeing the worst side of human nature. She turned out to be very popular, especially to the womenfolk.

Mystery and thriller were not the only ventures Agatha dwelt on, she wrote some romantic novels under the

It cannot Conquer the Spirit

by Samia Israt (Ronee) and Sanjida Shaheed

WHAT can a man do? A man can fulfill his wishes, if he actually wants to do so. This statement is genuine about Terry Fox, a young Canadian who proved by the great power of his lucid soul that nothings can remain unfulfilled, if one is motivated enough to do it.

Few people are born, in a gap of many years, who live a shorter but more useful and influential life. Once in a lifetime we get a boy like Terry Fox, a boy who was brave, beneficent and loved mankind.



Terry Fox

Terry Fox was diagnosed with osteogenic sarcoma (bone cancer) in his right leg in 1977, when he was just 18 years old. But he was never dispirited. While we, in our teens, blithely enjoy life by watching Hindi films; playing TV games; throwing parties, in the same age this boy had to face the frightful truth that his right leg had to be amputated above the knee.

During his time in hospital and therapy that followed, Terry saw the pangs and despair of other cancer patients and was deeply moved. He knew, the only way to stop that pain was to find a cure. But since funds for cancer research were in short supply, Terry decided to do something to help.

Terry thought and came up with a plan, which makes us wonder with awe, how so young a fellow could feel so deeply, how he could be mentally an adult and have such progressive thoughts.

Terry's plan was to run from one coast of Canada to the other and along the way he'd ask for a \$1.00 donation from each Canadian in support of cancer research — for a total of \$24 million. He'd call it 'The Marathon of Hope'. Before beginning the actual run, he covered over 4800 km (3000 miles) in practice in 15 months.

Maybe to seek benison from Mother Nature, Terry dipped his artificial leg in the blue ripples of the Atlantic Ocean — and we do believe he was bestowed with Mother

Nature's blessings for the awesome feat he was about to accomplish in his condition.

From the April 12th of 1980, Terry began running westwards from St. John's in Newfoundland for the next 143 days, and each day he covered a distance of 42 km (26 miles) — equivalent to a Marathon. He stopped his run on September 1st, 1980 near Thunder Bay, Ontario, well over half-way home to British Columbia — only because he was forced to do so, the cancer had spread to his lungs. Altogether he had, run 3718 miles. He died on June 28th, 1981 — one month before his 23rd birthday. But before he was deceased, he raised \$24 million and contributed the whole sum to cancer research centres.

Although he doesn't live physically anymore, he still reigns people's souls. He is the national hero among 24 million Canadian. The Mayor of Toronto awarded him for his bravery.

Terry's legacy of hope is carried in the hearts of all

those who participate or donate to the Terry Fox Fund. Each year, not only in Canada but all over the world, people of all ages and abilities walk, run, jog, rollerblade or bike along one day to aid cancer research. It is called the Terry Fox Run and it is the biggest ever one-day run in the world. Since the first run in 1981, Terry Fox Funds measuring in the millions have been donated to the National Cancer Institute of Canada (NCIC) and it's been utilized properly for cancer research.

The Canadian High Commissioner of Bangladesh has arranged a Terry Fox Run in Dhaka this year, which will take place on the 4th of November. People of Bangladesh, mainly students along with their teachers and family members are taking part in the event.

In a journal of a day Terry wrote: 'I told myself it is too late to give up. I would keep going no matter what happened. If I died, I would die happy because I was doing what I wanted to do. I went out and did fifteen push-ups on the road and took off. I want to set an example that will never be forgotten.'

Terry's dream had been fulfilled. All these years after his death people have been continuing the great flow of humanity to financially aid cancer research centres who will make the dream of a cure a reality.

We all know how destructive cancer is. But still, human beings are unyielding and can be constructive, superseding the cruel reign of cancer in our life. And so, remembering the limitations of cancer and the greatness of human spirit, an unknown poet chants:

Cancer is so limited... It cannot cripple love. It cannot shatter hope. It cannot corrode faith. It cannot kill friendship. It cannot suppress memories. It cannot invade the soul. It cannot steal eternal life. It cannot conquer the Spirit.

The Note

by Kazi Arifat

THESE pages have been found on the patient of bed 128. He committed suicide last night," said the nurse.

The doctor in charge took the papers in a not-so-surprised manner, and turned to face the psychiatrists who were sitting in the room. "This is one of the most interesting cases I've ever seen," he said. "This man was found unconscious, lying on the street and ever since we've brought him here, he's been a handful. He's unusually brilliant and used to try to convince us of his sanity in the most down-to-earth way possible. I think he was all alone in this world, because we couldn't find any friends or relatives, even after six months of extensive search. Well, I think you'll all know him better after I read aloud his suicide note."

The doctor cleared his voice and started reading. Here is what he read —

"I always used to stay awake late into the night. Well, this night last winter, at about 12 o'clock, I went out for a walk. It was much colder than usual — about 15° Celsius, so I wasn't so surprised when I saw a rickshaw puller covered from head to toe. He had three or four 'lungs', on and he wore a attared coat over his dirty shirt. His head was covered, with a scarf and a woolen cap — leaving only a small opening for his eyes.

His eyes were something out of this world — glassy, lead, yet burning with an inner hypnotic intensity. A sudden desire possessed me to ride on a rickshaw — not just

any damned rickshaw, but in this one, with the strange, somewhat frightening puller. I told him what I wanted. He just nodded, and motioned me to sit down. It was then that I began to notice something unusual.

Many people were out on the street, sitting on the sidewalks, heads bowed, and completely covered. Some were sitting in small groups; some alone. They all wore dark colours, and it was a little depressing to see them. By this time, however, we were on our way. We were riding, until houses ended and trees began, and still there were people sitting on the sidewalks. I began to tell the rickshaw-puller to stop. He just motioned just a little more, and then, we'll go back. There was something eerie about the whole atmosphere, and I began to get impatient. I touched his shoulder to beckon him, and, oh — I'll never forget what it felt like. It was a cold, cold, touch, like touching a half-frozen piece of raw chicken. At that precise moment all the people who'd been sitting threw back their heads and started laughing.

I suddenly realized that they were all dead! The laughter was shrill, almost like shrieks. The rickshawpuller then 'threw off his cap and scarf and screamed or laughed — I couldn't tell which. The next morning some people found me and brought me here.

Since then I see that dead rickshawpuller again and again, and now I'm going to join him. The space I used to occupy will be better filled when empty. Goodbye!

"Poor guy," somebody murmured.



THE MISSING MACHINE

to be continued

WITH THIS MACHINE YOU CAN MULTIPLY THE SIZE OF EVERY THING EXCEPTING A NARROW MIND!

THIEF / RASCAL / YOU STOLE MY THESIS ON MASS MULTIPLICATION... GET OFF!

LEAVE ME ALONE -- HUH... YOU'RE HURTING MY BACK... OOOH! MOMMY! IT HURTS!

OK DR JAMRUL COOL IT AND HAVE A LOOK AT MY MACHINE!

LEE!!

THIS IS THE MACHINE... "MATTER MORPHOSIS" BASED ON AI-3 SYNTHESIS SYSTEM!

WELL WELL ISN'T IT OUR KUNG FU FREAK FRIEND LEE CHEW?

HI AVIK, HI JOY, H'D'Y'D

I RUN A CHINESE RESTAURANT NOW AND I FEED PEOPLE RATS INSTEAD OF BEEF!

DEAR LADIES AND BEEF... AHM-UH!

A Tribute to Suu Kyi

by "Bakka"

What do you think in that quiet room All day long without a soul to speak to? How you thrive on, I wonder In that dark revolving world of your's? Yet a ray comes through the window Enlightening your face as you meditate.

Do you go back to the days when you were first hurt deep down inside? When you went back to your dying mother Did you think you would be the world's Ideal figure of democracy and human rights?

You strode along with students Knowing what they wanted The bullets of anger could never Dent your shield of honesty and truth. You marched forward in the quest for honour and identity. Your admirable courage and feelings for the oppressed — That is what touches us most. Don't think you are alone Out here we are with you. The movement you started Stay there. Be strong — You are our only source of inspiration. Do you see it? Do you see that figure — Upright and erect against the sky He nods at you with encouragement. He's the one that saves you from despair. That ghostly figure clad in white. Who is he?

As you fight inside. Suppress all your pent up emotions. We out here are fighting for you. Yet two parts of you are alone out there in the world There is a lonely man waiting for his wife's return. But don't worry, they have courage. They are with you. Just as we are with them. Just like that ray of light through your window — You are our ray of hope in this world.



Mumzy

by Tanzeem Iqbal Ali

I call my muni mumzy; cause she's never clumsy. She is neat and fair; In whatever she dares, she never seems hurt. And has got a very kind heart. She possesses a rosy face wherever she's cross.

Everybody is afraid of her as she is the big boss. She is one of a kind And is an idol in my mind. I wish that we never depart As the thought of it already gives me an asthma attack.

Toto In This Life

by Hasanur Rahman

Translated by Shehabuddin Ahmed

He lives in London His name is Reman Boto. He founded a Company in Dhaka Whose name is simply Toto. He carries business In import and export. The fame of his company Crossed cities and many a Port.

If you go to his office In the address of his pad. You will find none there Neither a lady nor a lad.

In this life I wanted somebody, loved somebody betrayed somebody. In this life I was lonely for somebody; Hurt and cheated somebody. My heart beated for somebody In this life I lost somebody. My heart broke into pieces for somebody. And I cursed somebody. In this life my tears dried for somebody I spent sleepless nights for somebody. In this life I lied, I cried, Even died for somebody.