

RISING STARS

No One can Do Better!

by Shahed Latif

It is a do or die situation for Ponir and for Mohammedan. The ninety minutes play between Brothers Union and them were locked without a result. The 30,000 football-loving crazy fans were watching their favourite teams battle it out among themselves to reach the final of the Beximco 13th Federation Cup. The players were doing everything that was possible in their part. And Ponir the No-1 goalkeeper of Bangladesh was showing why he was elected as the best footballer of the year with some brilliant

ball I would play so well that I would be taken into the national team and the dream came true for me," he says. He started playing in Dhaka from 1980, his first team was Pioneer League where he played for one year, and then he changed his to Lalbagh Sporting Club what was then a 3rd division team. But they became champion and were raised to 2nd division. He played for the Lalbagh Sporting Club for two years, in '82 and they were Runners Up both the times, and so in '84 he changed his club again and decided to play for 1st division

me something about his most memorable match, he said it was in Nepal this year against the Nepal Railway team. In the semi-final, the 90-minute game ended in 1-1 and the match eventually went to tie-breaker where he saved three shots and that was his most memorable day. It is indeed a moment to remember, but eventually they lost in the final to Nepal Police team.

Then, I decided to ask him about international soccer and discovered that he likes the European soccer. But when I asked him which was his favourite team he named a South American team Brazil. Then I asked him if he was to vote for the 'player of the universe' whom he would vote for. He named a few like Romario (Brazil), Juergen Klinsman (W. Germany) and the colourful Mexican goalkeeper Jeorge Campos.

Coming back to Asia I asked him when most of the Asian team was playing so well, why do we lack behind? He replies "We can't even win in the SAARC Gold Cup how can you think of playing like other Asian team, we will reach their position but it will take time."

"If Bangladesh is known as a super power after India in South Asia (even much better than India) and if our players can play so well, then why is it that the 'Gold Cup' is always a mirage for us? I asked.

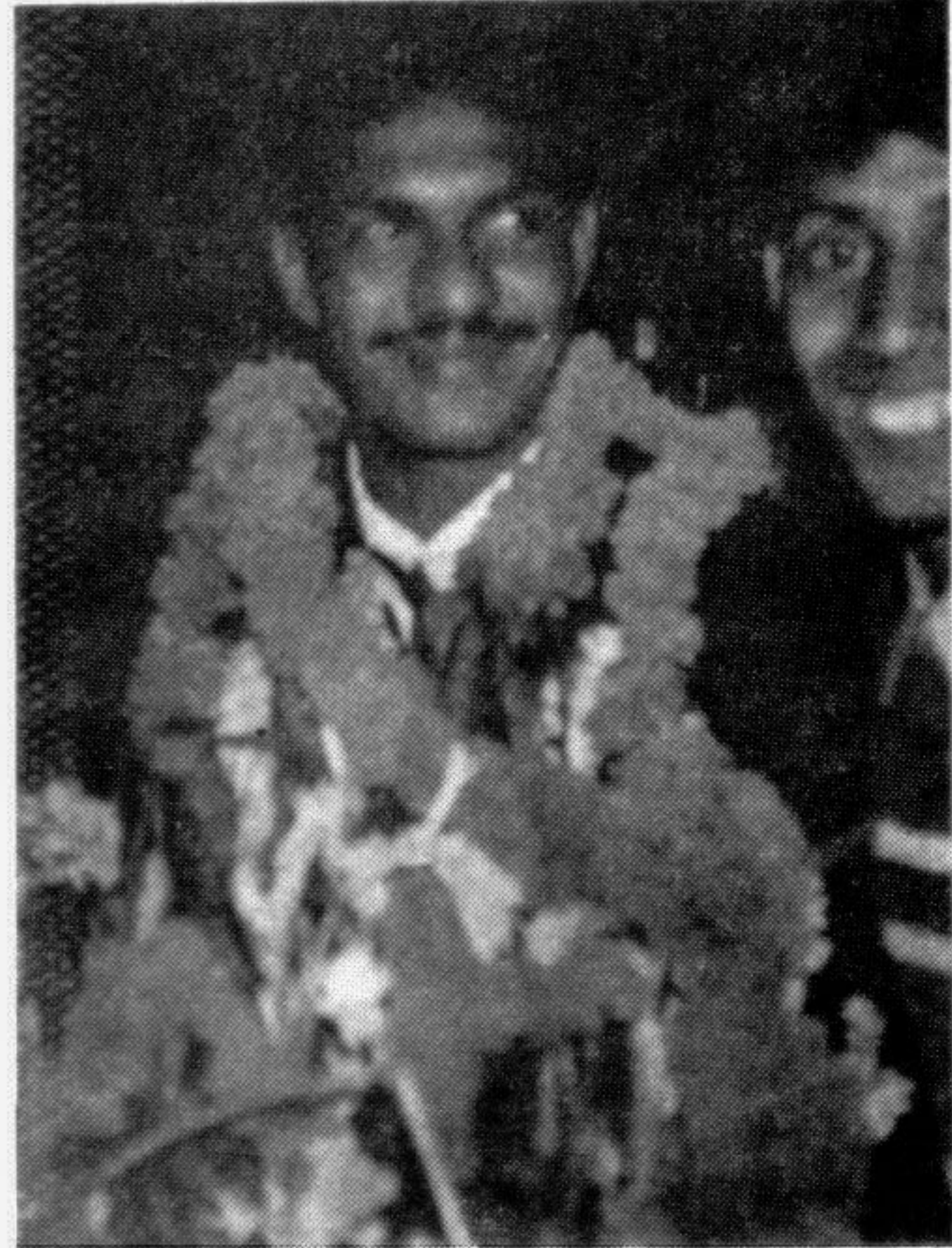
I really don't know what happens in the SAARC Gold Cup, every time we go there something goes wrong, especially when we play against Pakistan. I don't know for what reason we lose to them." He reminded me that we lost to Pakistan in 1992 SAARC 'Gold Cup' that was held in Sri Lanka. Then the two met again in Islamabad and our side lost again. He told me that we had a coach from German in the last 'Gold Cup', and now we have a coach from Korea.

Then, I asked him how does it feel to represent Bangladesh in international level and how does it feel to be in the national team? He answered by saying it feels great. "I feel proud to represent Bangladesh and as far as national team is concerned not every body can reach that level (and that is very true).

In asked him whether it was good to have foreign footballers in our country he replied in the negative "that is why our local players are neglected." Then, I asked Ponir to name a few up-coming players of the country and he replied instantly from the under-19 group like Munna, Asad, Alfaz and Milon.

Then, I asked Ponir who were his favourite players in Bangladesh football, he named Munna (AKC), Manik (MSC), Kaiser Hamid (MSC), Mohsin (AKC), Jewel Rana (MSC), Arman (MSC), Ranzan (MSC). Replying to my last question he answered that he want to bring glory for Bangladesh in international football and that by God's wish will be accomplished and his second desire is to play for MSC and bring success for that team as well.

Well success is a vague word as far as international football is concerned and for MSC only time can settle the score.



saves for his team, as the Mohammedan crowds cheered with relieve and the Brothers Union supporters growled in frustration.

It is an usual match nail-biting scene whenever a team goes into action. I was particularly interested in Ponir and decided to visit the Mohammedan Club, where he was staying with other players for practise.

It was against the rule to talk to outsiders on a match day, but some how I managed few minutes exclusively with him. Naturally we started talking about when football got into him.

"During my school days and I was a goalkeeper from the very beginning and decided that if I ever play foot-

Shadharan Bijna team where he played for three years as captain. Then again he changed his mind and decided to play for Fakirapool Young Men's team for two years and then for Brothers Union for another three years and finally for the local giants Mohammedan from the 94-95 season.

He informed that he was called in the national team in 89. He said that it is a big responsibility to play for Mohammedan because of the team's popularity but it feels good nonetheless. He also said that there were other goalkeepers also in the team and there is a competition but he does it with performance.

When I asked him to tell

My Imaginations

by Mahdeen Ahmed

The Omega Virus

ONE day I was walking down the corridor of the USS Eisenhower our special space craft. Suddenly I heard the voice of our commander Colonel Guile, telling me to come to his office at once.

Leaving all my stuff I rushed to the Colonel's room. He told me that there was a really harmful virus called the Omega, which broke out in the planet Triton, and that I should take my task force there, as soon as possible.

I told all the people of the task force to get ready with their anti radioactive suits and all the heavy armoured guns and vehicles. We set off for Triton the next day.

It took only 1 hour to get there because the Eisenhower was hovering around the planet. As we got down, I saw a strange light that was coming towards us. I thought that it was the Omega Virus and it was I who called out to all my team to get in to their tanks and fire at the bright light that was coming at us.

I got into my own special armoured tank. And started firing at the light. It almost got me, but I curved left and got the advantage of shooting it down. Just after it vanished, the whole country recovered from all its pains. Then the country got new fresh life, birds were coming in from far away lands, and green trees were growing every where. And after I got back, I got a medal for my brave work. And from that day onwards, Tritonians lived in peace.

My Hunting Trip

ONE day my friend Sabik planned to hunt some deer. He asked me if I could go and so I came back from school and asked my mom about it. She said all right, but do take care. I called Sabik and said that I got the permission and asked him when he was going. He said that they were going on Tuesday, the Fourth of July.

They were going to Rangamati in Chittagong. At last the day had come and I woke up at five o'clock in the morning and got ready with all my hunting gear, like my gun, my boots and all the bullets I have. At six o'clock I had my breakfast and waited for them; at 8:00, they came and took me to their house; and from there we started off for Rangamati by road. After six and a half hours we got there at last.

We got into the hotel and booked two AC rooms one for me and my friend and one for his parents. After taking shower, we met at the lounge and went to the hunting grounds. First I saw rare kind of bird called Bluejay and I loaded my gun and fired at it. I got him right in the head.

We then kept it in their special cooler box and went a little further. Then Sabik found a big crane so he took his gun and shot it right in the chest, we then kept it in the cooler. It was 3:00 and we only shot two birds. We were all getting tired, so I started to sing a hiking song to rise our spirits. Right then we heard a snorting sound and we all got down and Sabik's father saw it was a huge deer. He then aimed at its neck and "bang!" The success of the day! We got to our hotel and quickly slaughtered it and told the butcher to bring the meat to our hotel. After voraciously eating the tasty meat, we all went to sleep.

The next day we all went and washed up and had breakfast. Sabik's mom had to stay home because his little sister was feeling sick. We were really lucky this time since all the deer flocked in herds and herds. We all loaded our guns and all aimed at different deer and "Bang!" All three deer dead and the herd running away. We were so sad because we had to come to Dhaka, the next day, and that was the end of our trip to Rangamati.

My Life as a Table

I am a table or rather a chess board with legs. I am owned by two people. They like to play chess and so they bought me. The owners who bought me are two old gentlemen.

They use me everyday to play chess. They start at six in the evening and finish at nine pm. After playing, they keep me in the corner of the room. I am made of pure Pakistani marble.

I really like my owners. They are very kind and never put a scratch on me. Their playing interests me very much and I would

have liked to be human. One day a little boy pushed me awkwardly, and one of my legs broke off.

He was beaten, and I was operated upon. My leg was replaced. This is my life as a table.

Kidnapped

One day I was walking home from school when some men came in a microbus and caught me by the arm and put me in it. They said if I talked they would shoot me. They took me to a very posh house in Baridhara just in front of one of my friends house. They kept me in a room from where I could see the other houses. The only weapon I had was my Swiss knife, hidden deep in one of my capacious pockets.

With that I some how cut the rope which they used to tie me with and took my stuff and ran out. As the kidnappers were out at night it was easier to escape. The gateman went to the toilet leaving the gate open so I slipped out and ran to my friend's house. Then they called my parents who came and took me home.

After that we called the police and we took them to the kidnappers' house. They arrested them and later I found out that they had murdered a man and kidnapped lots of other people.

(The writer is a Class IV student of Happy Times Tutorial.)

Alien Encounter

by Rafi A Chaudhury

IT was dark. About 9 o'clock. No, I couldn't be sure. I didn't have my watch with me. Who cares? What I was focussing on was a bush. Rustling, something came out.

The colour of their bodies was (ugh!) a glowing greenish-black. They looked about three feet nine. I could see something else in the bush. It was little bigger than the green things. Spaceship! From outer space! Or is it Dhalwot making a movie! Little green men!

Suddenly it was all clear. Aliens! An invasion! On Earth! In Bangladesh! Amazing! Was this my imagination? No it couldn't be! By my father's son (that's me) I swear they were two aliens. I noticed that they started to walk towards the main road. I decided to follow them.

The aliens were headed towards the restaurant, Sajna. Surprisingly I found that the aliens learnt two important languages of the country - Bangla and English. Farther down the road, I saw Salman and Amir (no, not the Khan superstars!) my cousins also going in the same direction and whistling at the new girl in the neighborhood.

One of the Martians remarked to the other, "These earthlings have a strange way of communicating to a girl." Looking at the girl, the other answered, "Apparently she appears to have understood the cryptic message, judging by the smile on her face."

Suddenly I saw that a mugging was taking place in

one of the by-lanes. The robber held a gun in his hand and was pointing it to a man carrying a bag. I saw the victim handing over all his money. Seeing this, one of the Martians commented "These earthlings are weak. They have such primitive weapons while our andro-laser arms can beat anything they make. Grr! He... (if you could call it "he") has a lot of nerve calling the people of the Earth weak. We'll show them! (Won't we?)

Next they headed towards the science museum. Humph! Everybody is a critic! They did not like anything there, not even the realistic figure of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Afterwards they headed towards the direction of my friend's house where I knew his elder brother was having his birthday party. Man, is he a party animal! Lights were flashing. Huge stereos were blaring out "Metallica" and Michael Jackson's "Scream" from his album "History".

(The aliens were visible only to me. You know, I have the best eyesight. Just kidding!) Seriously, the Martians were not visible to the group of nearly forty at the party. "Scream" was screaming at the top of its voice and "Metallica" was clanging loudly. Very loudly. The aliens could not stand the noise and dashed out of the house as fast as their legs could carry them.

They then hopped on a

bus. They had to stand since all the seats were taken. Sitting near them were two gentlemen discussing some scientific stuff. (Oh, in case you forgot, I was still following them.)

The scientists were blabbering about quanto mechanics which may bring about ubiquitous possibilities subject to futuristic theoretical advances. Nerdy stuff. Half of which I didn't understand. Listening to the scientists, one of the Martians turned to the other and said, "The Planet Earth is more advanced than we are. Just listen to whatever they're talking about. I'm not sure what any of that means."

Soon the bus came to a stop. No, not a bus stop. Some passengers got off. You know the rules Bangladesh bus drivers follow. They stop wherever they want. The Martians also got off and so did I. I saw the aliens were headed towards their spaceship. As they closed the hatch of the spaceship, one of them said, "We invading earth are not ready for the Earth yet. We'll try Venus next."

Suddenly I, I thought my body hit something hard. I had fallen off my bed. Bed? So it was all a dream! Yet it seemed so real! How did I ever dream a nightmare like that? Suddenly I knew why. I have got to stop eating ice-cream with pickles and tomato sauce toppings!!!!!!!

The writer is a student of class III Sunbeams School.



So Abahani Wears The Crown!

by Ishrak Ahmed Siddiky

AFTER 4 months of entertaining football, the league at last came to a halt. Abahani, won the cup this year and they deserved it. They played an excellent brand of football. Mohammedan their nearest rivals became runners up. And Mukhtijodha took the third position. Mohammedans were just one point behind of Abahani's 42 points. Through all the problems and hesitations the league has bid farewell last week. All the teams this year had played well. The most astonishing thing was that Youngmen's Fakirpool became fourth. It is very good to see these young rising teams showing such good sportsmanship. They kept their title as the giant killers, and are throwing challenges to the big teams.

The fall of Brothers Union (the third force in domestic football) was because of their bad performance. And it is their good luck that they didn't get relegated. Brothers' players had injury problems, which led them to such a disaster, but we hope that they will improve, and play better next season.

Referring still remains a problem in this league in spite of bringing foreign referees from Malaysia. For example in the match between Abahani and Arambag the referee was insulted for showing red card to an Abahani player. The most serious problem which hampered this year's league football is that of match fixing. I don't know why the DAMFA is still quiet. In spite of tremendous protest from all over the country if they don't take action then Bangladesh football will go to uncertainty. Now even the big teams like Brothers Union are playing the same way. There should be more tougher rules. Wari and Rahmatganj has been

relegated after staying in the Premier division for 2 years. While Bangladesh Boys and East End has been promoted. On 24th September the duel between the two traditional rivals took place.

Both the teams played very well. But Abahani who were in a marauding mood pulled off a sensational victory against their old rivals. The match between this two teams was the most entertaining match in this league. After beating Mohammedan Abahani's chance of winning the title became certain and on 1st October they drew with Mukhtijodha, to win the prestigious golden cup.

Abahani won 9 times the such titles. Mohammedans this year played really well and might have won the league too, if they could keep their nerves cool. For Mukhtijodha they have to work more harder. This years highest goal scorer is Nakib (Mukhtijodha) with 12 goals, followed by Aslam (Abahani) Tutul (Agrani bank) Kata Kov (Mohammedan) with 9 goals and Ranjan (Mohammedan) was third with 8 goals.

This years league has been really entertaining inspite of many disasters. And let us wish good luck to the Bangladesh football team which will participate in SAF games.

Quiz Club

Here are these week's ten quizzes for you to crack! Send the answers by Wednesday, 11th October, and win away the Quiz Club Prize!

1. Who is the writer of the book, "By the Rivers of Babylon"?
 2. Which two men in 1993 shared the Nobel Peace Prize?
 3. In 1972, who was involved in the "Water Gate Scandal"?
 4. Under which king the Hanging garden of Babylon was constructed?
 5. What is the official language of Ivory Coast?
 6. What are isotopes?
 7. What is the full form of CRO?
 8. Approximately, how long is the Great Wall of China?
 9. What is the capital of Tunisia?
 10. When will the Chittagong Stock Exchange start functioning?
- Answers: (29.09.95)
1. 1990
 2. Fraser
 3. 8840 m (approx)
 4. Bander Seri Begawan
 5. 3rd Century BC
 6. Virginia
 7. Victor Hugo
 8. United Nations Information Centre
 9. Substance that speed up chemical reactions.
 10. 22nd September

Rain

by Kazi Khaled Arafat

Rain, rain, so away
Don't let my dependency behind.
The sun will come, the sun will stay.
Depression won't twist my mind
I'm grey, all I see is grey
Happiness I just can't find
The words stolen all that ever was gay
So, a you and all your kind
And tears corrode the world
The joy in drenching is no more
You'll burn plastic shin is wanted by no girl.
Don't bother me, bless a drought instead
If happiness life I'd rather be dead
I want you to tear my satisfaction to shreds
Rain rains - the torrent torment spreads
Flowed on the streets
Ashes in the sky.

THE MISSING MACHINE

