HE people of Bangladesh have always shared spirit and showed goo-The recently concluded VI Commonwealth Youth Handball Championship organised by the Handball Federation of Bangladesh had that spirit at its best.

been a success story for the Handball Federation to organize this youth meet. Bangladesh came out as the second best in both the boys and girls sector which truly upheld our glory. But the question remains, will it be possible for us to maintain the true spirit and come out as one of the major powers of Handball in Asia? It is a question the whole country is asking specially those who love sports and hope the best from our sportsman, but in my present article, I will talk about some interesting happenings during this weeklong meet and also talk about the great work the liaison officers did in this meet.

We shall overcome someday' — this was perhaps the unofficial theme song of the meet. During by my duty as a liaison officer of this meet, I came to know this truth. All the members of the boys and girls team of Bangladesh, India and England used this song whenever they had their team playing.

In the original theme song which was written by Dr Md Moniruzzaman and music given by Aamar Das it is said that 'This game of Commonwealth countries, with the aim of promoting peace and prosperity, let it be successful, glorious and great, let everyone's heart fill with the song of unity... I don't know if all the members of Indian and British team understood the Bengali version of the song, but the way they all were singing, 'we shall overcome someday it surely reflected the true bondage of

Of all the teams that took part in the meet, the most exciting team to work with was Nigeria. From the very moment they landed, they were the most difficult visitors to handle first they didn't like the hotel in which they were supposed to stay

and threatened to leave our country at once. The organising committee did a splendid job at once to provide them a hotel of their livings and solved the problem. Secondly they had their cent percent luggage lost at London Airport and barely had anything We all know that it has to wear. So, as I was in charge of keeping liaison with them. I had to straight away take them to a market nearby to provide their ne-

But somehow they at least settled and performed brilliantly in the meet. To speak the truth, they were the only side of the meet who had the original age barrier. All the rest of the teams unfortunately and unofficially had players above the required age limitation.

The most interesting part of the Nigerian team was that though they came with the least number of baggages they left with the most. They had thirty two large size suitcases with them during their departure. The manager of their delegation spend ten thousand US dollars in buying things from our country. I, along with my another partner had to bear the turmoil of shopping from dawn-to-dusk. She bought twentyseven pieces of carpets, eighteen pieces of salwar-kameez, about five hundred metre of raw material, ornaments and jewellery worth about sixty thousand taka in our currency and she even bought thrashed pickle, garlic pickle and ten tins of 'Pan Parag'.

The Pakistani boys stayed at Krira Palli in Mirpur along with our boys and girls. They were very jolly and enjoyed their stay in Bangladesh. At night they used to sneak out from their rooms and wander for hours in the vacant roads our country. When they were the spectators, they whole heartedly supported both the boys and girls team of Bangladesh and they, along with most of the liaison officers, inspired their own country and Bangladesh simultaneously.

The England team perhaps enjoyed the tour better than any other team. Both the boys and girls team spend of most of their time swim-

Postmortem of Handball

by Tasin Ahmed



ming, playing different indoor games and engaging themselves in various kinds of amusement, at British

Though they couldn't perform upto their standard but very rightly took away the Fair Play Trophy. When the boys teams arrived, they had their champion's trophy with them, decorated with two teddy bears. They presented the trophy to the ultimate champions India and the teddy bears to their ever enthusiastic liaison officers.

All the members of the Hong Kong boys teams were cute. That's why they were familiar to all as 'Dollo'. They were so good that not only their duty liaison officers shed tears on their depar-

ture, but all the other's present at the airport did so. The Hong Kong boys presented their liaison officers gifts as their token of friendships. The interesting thing is that they have a hobby of collecting phone cards from different countries and they bought about two hundred phone cards from Bangladesh. The manger of the team was a very soft-spoken man and he was very much attracted to our coun-

country. The Indians were friendly as natured. Many of them knew Bangla and they were not ashamed to speak their faulty Bangla with us. There was a girl of the woman's

try. He loved our tri-cycles

and rode on rickshaw in our

team who in her lifetime had never worn any saree before. But one of our lady liaison officer showed her the way to wear saree and she looked so pretty that everyone was eager to take photos with her.

The Indian boys were very jolly and they sang songs all day long. They wholeheartedly supported both their boys and girls team and their dance after winning the champions cup in both the section was something remember and extraordinary. The officials of the Indian team presented all the liaison officer souvenir of their handball federation.

The cultural show, which was organised by the organisers was a gem. It was a very good initiative taken by the organisers to refresh in the minds of all the players after having a very hard time in all of their games. Especially Jewel Aich's magic enthralled them all. The song, sung by Abida Sultana was so good that one of the Malaysian referee and the president of Malaysian Handball Association bought Abida Sultana's Bangla cassette and took it with them. Bravo Abida Sultana. There was another song sung by Shahnaz Rahmatulla and that song was vastly liked by the British team. They even learned of the lines of the Bangla song and sang together in the stadium.

The liaison officers of this particular meet did a splendid job. The way they worked day and night was really en couraging. They took the teams to the venue in time. stayed with them all the time, took them to practise very early in the morning. took them to shopping, walking, sight seeing and even to the best possible historical places in Bangladesh.

They took them to the museum, The Zoo, Shriti Shaudha, Sahid Minar and Ahsan Manjil. The liaison officers had to even do the protocol duties at the airport. They received the teams and honourable guests at the airport checked their luggages, carried them to their respective hotels. They worked

from dawn-to-dust. But the organising committee didn't give them daily food as they had earlier promised.

The liaison officers were at first invited to the formal dinner hosted by the organisers for the guests but very mysteriously their invitation was later on turned down. On the contrary the organisers satisfied the liaison officers with a cheap lunch. The liaison officers are very much grateful to the chairman of the Liaison Committee Brigadier Robbani and his committee members especially Colonel Nazmul, Major Roy. Major Rakib and captain Motin for their wholehearted co-operation and for helping and guiding the liaison officers to do an excellent job.

We are proud to say that the Nigerian Team leader and the V I P guests of Nigeria, Malaysia and Hong Kong, during their departure stated that they have witnessed and experienced the best possible protocol system and the best group of liaison officers in Bangladesh than any other part i the world. They even stated that they would give a statement to the leading newspapers of their respective country about the grand arrangements and hospitality they have enjoyed. This is what we all wanted and that is what we have got -

The Chairman of the Liaison Committee used to tell us - "Khana Badme, duty first." The liaison officers followed that advice for the sake of the glory of their country. They didn't just roam around in nice outfits, drank cold bottles of coco-cola and had chat with their friends and foes as stated by some certain journalists in certain newspapers. But they did a tremendous job and 1, from my personal viewpoint would like to suggest those certain newspaper journalists to stop writing scandals and start writing facts.

Last of all congratulations to all the members of all the committee for doing a splendid job and to the Bangladesh boys and girls team for uplifting our prize in the sports arena.

men ate as much as they

could. Now they were very

tried. At that moment a very

strange thing happened. The

spirit suddenly appeared and

everyone was most as-

tounded. It was a tall green

beam of light and it had spe-

cial powers. It was floating on

air and said. "Follow me you

earthlings." It led them to

another room of the castle.

This room was huge. There

was a nice big bed with

silken pillows on it Everyone

lay down for they were very

tired. When they woke up.

they saw the green spirit

jumping about. One of the

men wanted to speak to it

but it disappeared into thin

air. They could not under-

stand this a bit. They went

outside the castle. One of the

astronauts said that they

should keep a name for this

planet. "Let's call it golditax."

suggested Lashkar, always

gold here," said Kuddus Miah.

But all of a sudden piles and

piles of gold appeared in

front of them, the men were

now completely baffled and

thought that why this magi-

cal, weird and the powerful

spirit was so kind to them.

gang woke up, they could see

piles of new fresh clothes.

The voice said, "your

clothes." The men dressed

and went out of the mud cas-

tle for a morning walk except

for Abdul Karim the astro-

naut. The gang of astronauts

walked for about a quarter of

The voice was heard. "G-o-

a mile when they stopped.

The next day when the

They've got to find out.

"But there is nothing like

thinking about gold.

Free Fall

The Search for After Life by Farhana Karim

fall on the thorn of life. I bleed. It was a free fall indeed. It still remained the great big mystery and probably the last one to be solved. From the dawn of civilization,

we, the so-called pioneers. are very curious to know about our beginning, but all we are left with are some biological explanations. It is not enough. The deep core of life is a

perpetual wonder to our mind. The questions arise, 'where do we come from? why are we in this world? what is the meaning of life?"

It seems to me that a life time and if possible even more than that is needed to find the meaning, the true worth of being alive. The complex web is too tighty knitted to be clarified. The human mind is incapable of doing that.

Many philosophers, greatly educated. learned. experienced people, have given different definition of this free fall — but none can comprehend it.

To me, it is a period in which we are being thrown out of a boat into the vast ocean, which has no end, no shore. It is something like floating in the air and looking down the never ending horizon. grumbling about, on which part to land.

Is it nature or the unseen power? I wonder. The circle of life is whirling without taking any pause. But what is keeping it moving?

Too many questions, not any answer. I am holding on to the biological stuff, the philosophical epics and the religious ones, which are widely accepted. But the Bible, the Quran or the Hebrew book do not give any exact definition.

The main advice we got from all of them is that this is a transition period and after our time comes, we all will rest in hell or heaven for the bad and the good deeds done respectively.

Sometime I accept it and even agree. But when I want to seek more, my head again starts jangling for the meaning.

often wonder is life a big illusion? But how could it be when we can smell the sweet aroma of nature. touch the beauties around us. We, think ourselves the king. But how? Without

knowing our own roots,

where we have come from? It is mind bogging. The best thing is to accept anything and keep on living. The search for after life is too much for a simple mind like mine. Whatever it is. just accept it.

The pains, sorrows, happiness, love, care, help and so many things cross our path in this stagnant period. We have to live it. The beginning is something from the past; the time is the present; and the future lies in its own hands. Maybe the answers will be there, where we will be after our death!



delicious dishes, and four "Help yourselves with the food" The voice said. The

ERSPECTIVE - Use It or Lose It." If you turned to this page, you are forgetting that, what is going on around you, is not reality. Think about that. Remember where you came from, where are you going, why were you created and the mess you got yourself into in the first place? You are going to die a horrible death, remember. It is all good training and you will enjoy it more if you keep the facts in mind."

I am taking my dying with think I am crazy.

A cold hand touched me. was awakened from my thoughts. Emotions was charged with the atmosphere. Saw my daughter Ishrat. She removed the hair from my forehead and chanted in her sweet voice, "Daddy are you there?" I replied to her in my own way hoping that she would understand my message. She gazed with wide tired eyes obsessed to get her beloved Daddy back.

I have been in a coma for twenty one days. Loneliness! I see only loneliness in my room. "Mr Death Is Knocking!". I see a vision of my parents from the other world who came to take me with them. I have to go but leaving

Ishrat is a strong girl. I

your real self. Don't turn away from the possible future before you are certain you don't have anything to learn from them. You are always free to change your mind and choose a different future, or a different past." I close my eyes and imag-

ine the universe being beautiful and just perfect. I have learnt one thing hard enough by coming to my executing stand not to play with God.

When you are born, your spirit is covered by your body like a hand covered by a glove. You don't want to wear the glove always, you want to move freely, and that's when your spirit lifts itself high enough and comes out of your body leaving your lump of flesh and bones behind. In this world we are all doers, learners and teachers. We teach best what we really want to know.

On July 30th, 1993 I breathed my last. Attraction, obsessions, feelings, emotions nothing could keep me in the world that I have once belonged. A cloud does not know why it moves in such a direction and at such a speed. It feels an impulsion

.... this is the place to go now. But the sky knows the reasons and patterns behind all the clouds and you will know too, when you lift yourself high enough to see beyond the horizons. I had to leave because I am that cloud and have no power to live. Everyone experiences death. No one lives forever! We live to die, also die into life :

> Man must endure As their coming hither

Quiz Club

EAR Quiz Crackers! With the advent of the Liberation Day, Quiz Club has decided to set questions from now on exclusively on Bangladesh to commemorate the martyrs of the nine months' war that lead to the creation of a new sovereign nation, Bangladesh. Grab a piece of paper, write the answers of the following questions (which you should already know them!), and send it to us by Wednesday 15th November, so that you can win away the Quiz Club prize!

1. What is the area of Bangladesh? 2. How many districts are there?

3. What is known as the "Golden Fibre"?

4. Dhaka University was established in.....

5. Who was the last sovereign Bengal Nawab? 6. Murshidabad was selected capital by....

7. In which year Ayub Khan declared Martial-Law?

8. What is the GNP per capita of the nation? 9. How many stock exchanges are there?

10. Who is the country's grand-master of chess? Answers: (27-10-95)

1. Helsinky. 2. Canada.

3. 13th Century.

4. George Washington. 5. 400 years.

6. Leonardo da Vinci.

7. Tamil Tigers. 8. Wasim Akram.

9. 50th. 10. 27th October.

GUILTY

by Trishna

HERE you sleep my sweet child. Peacefully, yet after the sunrise. There I see the marks on your cheeks Of the dried tears that you shed last night. Your lace so calm. yet I see the shadows. Of the pain that I had given you, yesterday Cause my toolish rage was let out of control. As now I stroke through your hair. As I touch your soft skin now. Yes I do my dear child, the same way That you must ve felt The very moment I had hit you. Guilt conquers my heart. The very moment I look At your lovable, innocent face, I promise to heal away the scars By giving you the kind of love Skeep my sweet child and do forgive No child has ever got. Deeply shall I remain aggrieved When you wake up: Till then my love, my sweet child.

The Mysterious Planet

by Abak A. Hussain

UR story begins far away and long ago. Once upon a time, there was a rich miser called Lashkar Ali. Lashkar loved gold more than anything else in the world.

His neighbour was Kuddus Miah. He was just the opposite. He had a simple, happy life and hated the very sight of gold.

One summer night as Lashkar lay awake in bed, he noticed a queer green little something in the sky. He decided that it was some kind of planet. He went to some of his friends and told them about that "planet".

The next day there was a meeting and hundreds of people were chattering about the unknown planet. They were planning to go to the planet by a rocket-ship and find out. In them were Lashkar Ali, Kuddus Miah and others.

For one month many conferences and meetings were held, and scholars and astronomers started studying about the Unidentified Planet. And after one month they were ready to go to the planet.

The day came. They all tore into the rocket-ship and at last the rocket-ship took off. Everyone was very excited, for they were going to discover the new little planet. But not for long. They heard a jingling sound that sounded like gold coins shaking. It seemed to come from the tip of the rocket-ship. No one dared to go outside and find out except the miser Lashkar. But as he attached the pipe to his space uniform the rocket-ship stopped.

Of course, it was extremely puzzling, but Lashkar was only thinking about the jingling sound of money. So he bravely went outside. But it seemed as if he was stuck in space, his body would not move at all. He tried to shout for help. but his voice would not come out. Everyone wondered what in the world was happening.

Just then a voice was heard. 'Gou Bac-k-k-k to Earth-h-h". Everyone stared astonishment and was very very scared.

"Who are you?" they asked.

"I am the spirit of the Mysterious planet. Now heard the voice again. It said Lashkar, go back into the rocket-ship. The voice repeated. Everyone was scared to death. The chief-astronaut was a brave man. He brought the rocket-ship back to

The next day there was another meeting. Who was the voice speaking to them? What was the jingling sound? Why did the rocket-ship

stop? It all seemed very queer and frightening for the men. But the bravest man said "We must find out. For we must know about the unidentified planet."

The people got some courage after this speech.

"W-w-w-welcome t-t-t-ooo the mysterious planet." Of course the people were very puzzled. Now the voice speaking to them was friendly. They saw a cave. They all went in. They were surprised see that they could walk well in that weird planet. There was no problem with gravity. They could breathe fine without their space-suit. There was enough air and oxygen in the planet.

green planet. But soon they

After they had gone to the cave Lashkar saw a box lying on the ground. He opened it and could not believe his own eyes. He saw gold, gold and more gold. He hugged them Then he filled only one of his



Kuddus Miah stood up and said "Yes we will go."

The next day the pilot went into the rocket-ship and called everyone. After a while everyone was inside the rocket-ship. The chiefastronaut started the countdown. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one..... BOOM!

The roket-ship started Now when they came to the planet, everyone jumped out. They were walking on the

pocket with gold. He knew it was stealing, so he did not take any more. But soon enough, the voice was heard again. Take as much as you want." It said. Lashkar filled his pockets with gold and thought, who did voice belong to and why was it so kind to him? Kuddus Miah, Lashkar and

the others saw a castle made entirely out of mud. They all went in. They entered a small room with a table, laid with

o-o-u-u-u-u bac-c-c-k to earth." The gang rushed back to the castle and told what the spirit had said. They no longer had the courage to stay in that planet. They ran to the rocket-ship and just as they started it, they heard a big explosion and to their horror they saw the planet break into a million pieces.

They came back to earth and told everyone about the mysterious planet. Do you think anybody believed them? I doubt it!

some seriousness. However, laughing on the way to my execution is not generally understood by the less advanced life forms. They all

know she will manage in her own while I am gone. I hope she remembers what I have always told her "you are led through your lifetime by the inner learning creature, the playful spiritual being that is

Going hence Ripeness is all!"