

# TEENS and TWENTIES

## The Mathematical Magic of The Year 1996

by Bijohn Krishna Paul

THE number 1996 is very ordinary for the laymen but it has very interesting mathematical significances.

\*\* In the year 1996

1 is a perfect square.  
9 is a perfect square.  
6 is a perfect square.  
(6=1+2+3)  
(6=1x2x3)

Again the sum of the digits in 1996 is a perfect square.  
i.e. 1+9+9+6=25 = a perfect square

\*\* 1996 can be expressed as the sum of the 6 squares.

i.e. 1996= squares of 2, 4, 24, 10, 20, 30

\*\* The T (n) — function for 1996 T (n) denotes the number of divisors of positive integers.

T(1996)= 6. 6 is nothing but the last digit of 1996. It is also

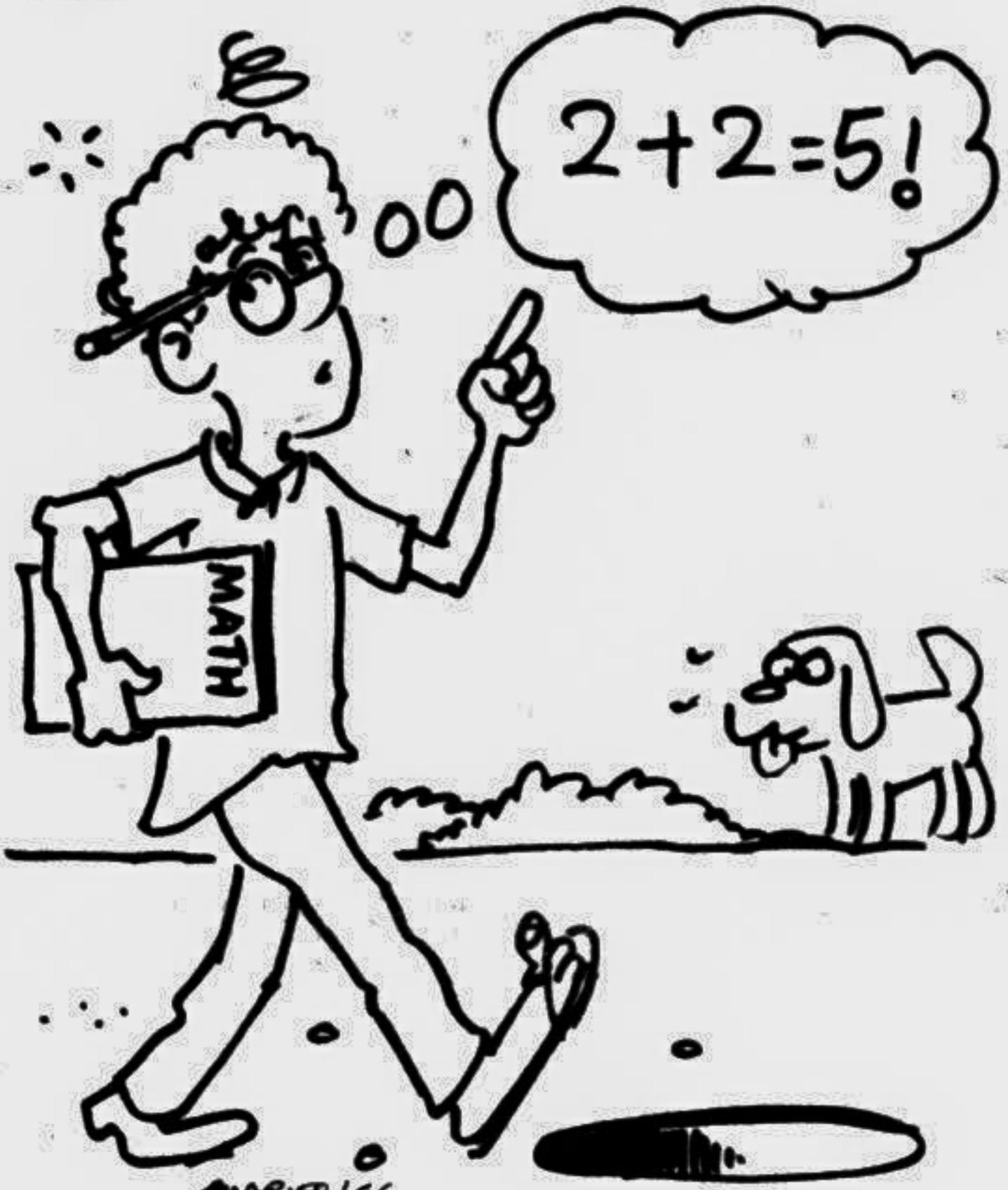
a rare property in T Functions.

These 6 divisors are 1, 2, 4, 499, 998 and 1996.

\*\* The year 1996 is a leap year where February contains 29 days.

29 is a prime number.

The sum of the digits of 29 is also a prime number. i.e. 2+9= 11 and 29=25+4= square of 5 and 2 = sum of 2 perfect square.



In 1996, there are 366 days  
1. 361+4+1  
= square of 19.2.  
= sum of 3 perfect squares.

Moreover 19, 2 are prime numbers. And 1 is unit prime numbers.

\*\* The function f (x) defined below is very interesting.

$f(x) = 5x^3 - 39x^2 + 82x + 6/6$

When

$x=0, f(0)=1$

$x=1, f(1)=9$

$x=2, f(2)=9$

$x=3, f(3)=6$

The images of f(x) for x=0, 1, 2, 3 are nothing but 1996.

\*\* In 1996

The product of last two digits divided by the product of the first two digits is 6. 6 is nothing but the last digit of 1996.

i.e. 9x6/1x9=6

Again, the continual addition of last two digits of 1996 divided by last two digits by same order is 6.

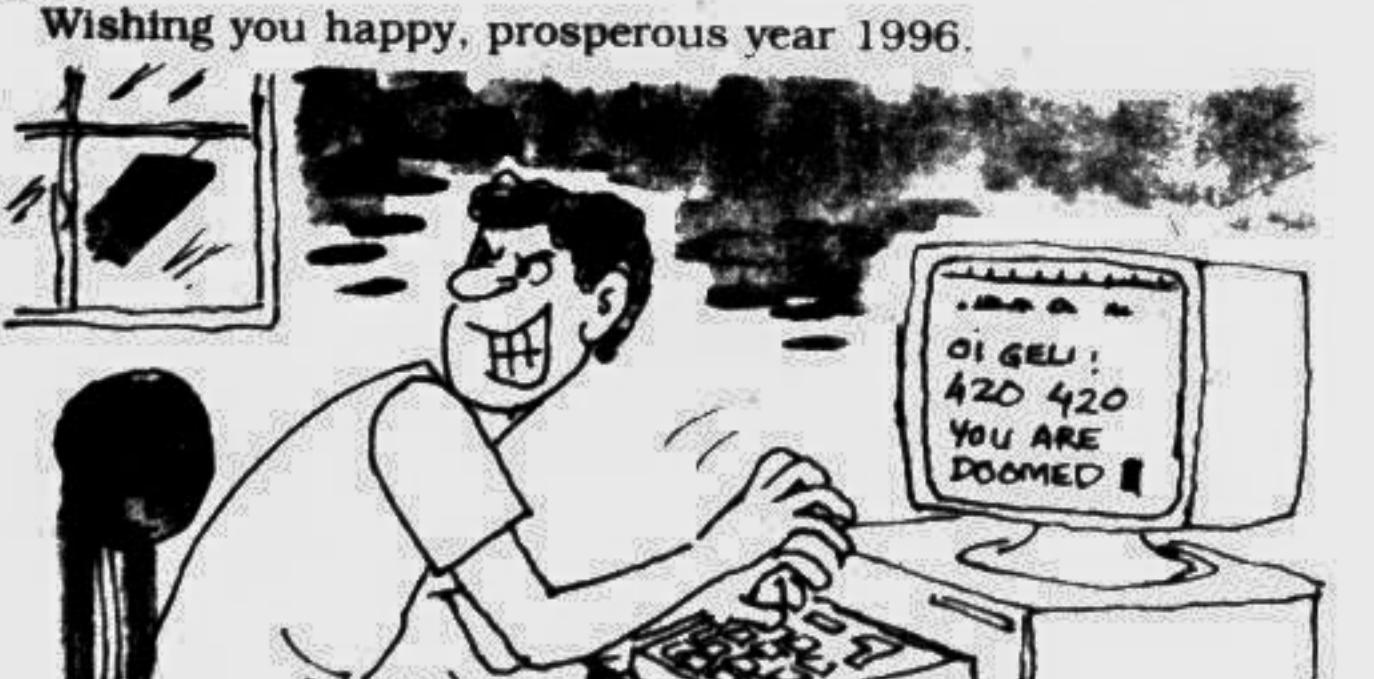
i.e. 9+6=15, 1+5=6

1+6=7, 6 is a perfect number.

Thus in the year 1996 every digit is either perfect square or perfect number and sum of the digit of 1996 is a perfect square and the number 1996 is the sum of 6 perfect square and the days of 1996 is sum of 3 perfect squares.

So let us hope that our desire will be fulfilled perfectly in 1996.

Wishing you happy, prosperous year 1996.



## Beyond the Wall

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

C MY little one  
For sorrow is your only friend  
The only thing that gives you joy  
The only thing you've known so well.

Hey little one  
You think you can have hope  
I don't think so  
For you know more than you know.

You've been wanting to be here  
For quite some time  
But you're alone on this shore  
So why waste your time?

Go, little one  
Go and see the world and don't be shy  
You've got to live as if  
You're never going to die.

Leave this place and this charade too  
There must be more to see than just coy  
For there they are, waiting for you  
Give them hope, and they'll give you joy.

## Mission Accomplished

by Mir Saaduddin Ahmad

THE year is anno domini 2796. The Earth's population of five billion googols has been rapidly reduced to a mere billion. The average life span has decreased to forty five years of age, despite the fact that many have replaced their vital internal organs by microbionic cybernetic systems. There were two main reasons behind this mass destruction. The Inter-Galactic Astral Wars and the ever-depleting ozone layer.

The war took away most of the world's adult population. Both men and women took to the skies to defend the Earth and her colonies; but personally, I really don't think there was any need to defend it at all; the state in which it is in now! No one from even, at least, five decades back would have recognised this hall bound, damned, barren planet.

The moon, Earth's own natural satellite, has totally been disintegrated, and now all that floats about in the once unreachable heavens' is now debris of man's wastes and metal scraps. The Wars have provoked radiation, and the chemical changes have taken their toll on the Sun, which is growing bigger, redder and deadlier by the day. Soon the Homo sapiens sapiens will have to abandon the Earth or die with it, unless...

But, as said, the Wars were not the only cause for our pending finality. The natural shield of ozone being completely destroyed by man, left the naked Earth to face the penetrating UV. The ice at the polar caps melted an increased the level of the sea. The World Coastal Intelligence bases centred in Bangladesh, New Zealand and the Caribbean were wiped out. The ultra violet and the recently discovered pholone rays triggered the growth of unknown bacterial species, creating monstrous mutants that digested all aquatic life form. Despite the bacteria, soon the immediate haven of man was the ocean depths. Alas, that too had to go.

And now the meagre popu-

lation of the Earth has taken refuge in the deeper subterranean regions where the soil is damp and cool. Topsoil atmosphere is only barely resistant during winter nights, when the temperature cools down to 46 degrees Celsius.

With our only hope to save the planet, we, the last of the scientists are working on our final project. Once completed it will destroy our present day

I will be transported back. If unsuccessful, I will share the fate of my friends, if not, I will arrive in a new time, a new space, a new dimension.

Today, Friday, a holy day for us. This day is destined to be the final day of our world. The time for my departure has been rigged with the onset of a massive sun storm as to consume as much energy as possible. I am told to step inside

at first then rapidly speeding up. Thanks to the ingenuity of our scientists, I raise out of our underground world and up to the surface. Here I see the starships we sent years ago: apparently landing, people disembarking, walking backwards. My journey's speed increases. The barren rocks sprout greenery. I am enthralled by my wonder. Soon my head aches. I can see no more, I am travelling much too fast to look outside.

And then it stops. My panel reads 1939 AD, the year it all began. I emerge from my chamber and am taken back. The air is so fresh, it almost hurts my lungs. Shrubbery and foliage surround me. I see myself to be in some sort of park. There is a street. I cross it to a house. Its address coincides with that on my list. I ring the bell, a lady answers the door.

"Mr Albert Einstein?" I inquire.

She looks at me suspiciously. "In the lounge," she replies.

Sitting in a chair, a man with ruffled, unkempt grey hair smokes a pipe. He looks at me and my futuristic attire (a simple point which we had all overlooked). He looks me in the eye. "Sit down," says he in a heavy German accent. "We've been expecting you."

Thirty days have passed, and each name of my list has been checked out. I have done my best yet I don't know if that is good enough. I sit in the chamber, flick the switches and activate the machine. I start spinning. I close the view box.

I can not seem to face my fate. Faster, faster... faster! Then it stops. Am I hanging in space where the planet Earth once used to be, or am I safe? I cry for a while... I am scared. Finally, I take a deep breath, undo the latch and push open the door with my eyes closed.

Soothing sunlight fills the chamber. I hear birds sing. I open my eyes and I see green. I am safe, my mission is over. This is the end of my journey — And the end heralds a new beginning.

Three... Two... One!

I start spinning. Through the view box I see my journey through time progress, slowly

you can see self proclaimed parking assistants near the shopping malls. Some of them even make their own uniforms, and take some 'bokshis'. During traffic jams, concerned citizens are seen giving directions to confused drivers. They do all this only to help others and moreover, they enjoy doing it.

Some usual scenes of Bangladesh include the

usage of roads as trash cans or bathrooms by citizens who think that they own the streets. Public urination on the streets are common, and this makes the roads smelly. Most people are seen spitting on the sidewalks at regular intervals.

Bangladesh can also make world records in cases of violence and anarchy. Due to the hartals by the opposition parties, we see political militants with arms and ammunitions on the city roads during broad daylight. Such display of arms is unique indeed.

Of course, Bangladesh is also the only country where common people get best of the kicks, punches, and slaps from the police.

Despite the disgusting, gross and indecent behaviour by some idiosyncratic people, Bangladesh is a very nice country to live in. You can go to regular melas and other fests, have a busy city life whether you are a Bangladeshi or a foreign expatriate. The modern and decent Bangladeshis are very hospitable. There is a joke in the diplomatic circles: when foreign diplomats are posted in Bangladesh, they feel sad twice — first when they are posted to Dhaka, and second, when they have to depart from this country.

Bangladesh gets a rather negative portrayal in the foreign media, including the 'electronic one', and some of the positive parts should be highlighted more than the very common negative ones.

If you are a viewer of CNN International, I am sure that you have seen the one-minute ad "Sights and Sounds of Bangladesh, one of the 210 countries and territories where you can watch CNN," and I do vehemently and ardently sympathize with you. True, Bangladesh's negative scenes are portrayed thoroughly, but there is more to this over-populated Nation, some of which are very positive and give a better image of this country.

The World is here in this Lovely Home:  
by Dr Noazesh Ahmed and Naib Uddin Ahmed

Some other Bangladeshi teens are utterly double-faced. They look so patriotic and religious, but in their individual privacy, their enjoyment is limited to Philips Top 10 and BPL Oye. They are hypocritical, deceitful, and deceptive.

Some teens love hartals, despite the country's loss. They are very well informed and up to date on the political impasse. Of course, there are exceptions to everything, including the attitudes of people — and teens — mentioned in this piece.

Some Bangladeshis are very helpful, and might even go out of their ways to show consideration to you. It is only in this country, where

## The 'Free-Mixing' Debate

## They've Got it All Wrong!

by Frustrated

IT is simply outrageous how Mr. Mujibul Haque and Ms. Nowara Munir accused only teenagers for wrongdoings, while they think that the innate arguments forwarded by the parents are super.

Mr. Haque blames teenagers for deceiving their parents, but doesn't ponder as to why they have to be dishonest in the first place. Our society is a conservative one, and you just don't have the nerve to go to your father or mother and discuss, your intimate friends.

To a certain extent, it is none of their business. The teens have a sense of responsibility — we have the ability to differentiate between wrong and right.

The new generation is different from the previous generation, free mixing is widely acceptable by them, and it is time that the previous generation comes to understand and accept it. Times do change, and the excuses of religion and tradition should be abandoned. Whether a parent encourages a date or not is their own individual opinion, which they ought to keep it to themselves, and not enforce it on the teens.

Of what religious norms is Mr. Haque talking about? In a country where nobody practices what they preach, and brutality is the news of the day, Mr. Haque's citing of religion is not appropriate. Then again, religion does not discourage free mixing. I don't understand why Mr. Haque thinks that it is better to keep your relationships secret? Oh, I forgot, according to hardliners like him, this is a social disgrace (!). It is also out of context when Mr. Haque pictures two teens' dating with their parents. By falling in love, the teenagers are not doing something immoral or illicit.

The reason why we are not free to talk about love with our parents is because they (the previous generations) are not yet ready to accept our views and modern ideas. They need time to change. I agree with Mr. Haque. There are better things to do than waste energy, time and money; we can be as hypocritical as he is.

The morality of the Bangladeshi/Bangali society is nothing much to write home about. At the end of his piece, Mr. Haque wants us to be a part of this stringent society.

*(No offense or insult is meant to Ms. Munir or Mr. Haque)*

## Sukanto — A Poet With a Distinction

by Naveed Ahmed Choudhury

ORUSS is a very rich language. After it originated in the 10th century, innumerable poets and writers have enriched our language further with their valuable contributions.

Some of these poets and writers have been able to conquer time by dint of their genius and creations. Sukanto Bhattacharya is one of the luminaries of Bengali literature who have become immortal through their unique works.

It is evident that most poets have written a great deal about the exquisite beauty of our country. Some have expressed their profound feelings for this land. Since poets from the past and the present alike have displayed the tendency to write about the nature of our country and patriotism, these subjects have become rather common.

Sukanto has also composed poems praising the charm and the beauty of our country. But what he has concentrated on the most is quite different from the works of other poets. He is not against beauty nor against patriotism and not against love. But his works express both revolution and rebellion. They are filled with the exuberance of youth, rebellious mentality of the juvenile, and reveal his undaunted desire and commitment to bring about change in our social system. So he says:

E BISHHO KE E SHISHUR NOBOJATOKER KACHE E AMAR DRIRO ANGIKAR

An example would make it evident for the reader to understand his spirit and mental-

With his poems, he created a sensation in the domain of literature. He was the seven-year-old of age. He went on to mesmerize literary lovers and contemporary scholars with his unique creations. His compositions were as turbulent as a tempestuous sea, as powerful as the vigorous force of the wind and captured the harshness of reality.

But the talented poet lived a very short lived life. Like John Keats, Sukanto had a premature death. He died at the age of 21. His poems *Runner* and *Aobak Pritibha* are read with immense respect. Though Sukanto died a premature death, he has contributed a great deal to Bengali literature, and remains idolized in the hearts of many.

