

A Brave Soldier!

Sepoy Muhammad Hamidur Rahman

(Bir Shrestha)

by Shahid Latif

HAMIDUR Rahman was born on 2nd February, 1953. His father's name was Akkas Ali and his mother's name was Khatronessa. Hamidur Rahman's forefathers were from West Bengal during the war between India and Pakistan, they came to Khalsipur village under Jessore district and settled there.

Hamidur Rahman studied in Khalsipur primary school but had to discontinue his education in an effort to help his father and other family members.

In the year 1971 he joined the army. At that time the whole country was all geared up for Independence, and Sepoy Mohammed Hamidur Rahman driven by his patriotism, joined the East Bengal Regiment along with the other soldiers and officers and went to the war. Hamidur Rahman had his first army training from the East Bengal Regiment, and he was transferred to the East Bengal Centre in Chittagong after completing his training. Hamidur came to meet his mother for the last time on the 25th of March and joined his station at the border post of Sylhet.

This was a very important border outpost near Sreemongal under Sylhet district. This was strategically very important to both the Muktabahini's and the Pakistani's. The Muktabahini's decided to capture

Dolis outpost from the enemies. The C company, the 1st East Bengal Regiment, was given the charge of capturing this outpost, and Hamidur Rahman was one of the soldiers in the company.

The company decided that they would attack in the early hours of 28th of October, and accordingly, they made their move on the 27th of October.

The company decided that they would make their final assault around 4:00 am. But due to heavy fog, nothing within 20/25m could be seen. This made the attack impossible. Lt Quayum ordered Habildar Makbool to climb up a tree and keep an eye at the enemies. However, the enemy started firing at the company, the reason for this being that the enemies were also keeping a close eye on the situation. The company, taken aback by this surprised attack, also fired back and asked the artillery for bomb attacks to divert their attention.

The artillery followed its orders and it seemed to work, because the enemy unit in BUP were not prepared for this and they seemed to be confused and retreated from the artillery attack. The Muktabahini's had a different strategy in mind. As the enemies were busy putting out the fire the order came for the final assault. At first a few Muktabahini's were injured. The

unharmed soldiers left the injured soldiers behind and proceeded to capture this outpost. But this was not an easy task, for the enemy had planted mines on the road and many more soldiers were injured, yet in spite of everything they kept on fighting with the initiative to capture the outpost.

The soldiers had to keep on fighting, even though they came very close to the BUP outpost but was really finding it hard to carry on their attack. The enemy soldiers built up a trench at a very important place the trench was hidden in dense forest and the Muktabahini's were not able to see their machine gun.

Hamidur Rahman crawled up to the enemy trench, climbed in and had a hand-to-hand fight with the enemies. At one time the firing stopped and the Muktabahini's captured the BUP outpost from the Pakistani's. The jubilant Muktabahini's ran towards the trench to congratulate Hamidur Rahman, since it was for him that they captured the BUP outpost. Hamid was killed as a result of the hand to hand brawl and the two enemies were also injured. They buried his dead body there.

Due to space constraint in our Teens and Twenties section, the second last installment of Bir Shrestha is being accommodated in the Rising Star section.

Nature's Singers

by Adnan R Amin



JUST as we have our own singers, endowed with sweet melodious voices, Nature has its own songsters as well. They are the birds around us. We are usually delighted to hear their sweet chirping, and one cannot possibly help admiring the voice our Creator has empowered them with.

Amongst them Shama, Grosbeaks, Catbirds, Sparrows, Thrushes, the Mata Puteh, the Tanagar, the Cuckoo to name just a few. These sweet sounding songbirds, often hailed as the world's most dulcet melody markers, with their whimsical permutation and incremental repetition of thrilling and whistling notes, evoke in us our innermost emotions. But unfortunately, these songbirds are becoming very

rare. A few years back, bird watchers, naturalists and scientists specializing on birds gathered in an international seminar organized by "American Fish and Wildlife Service".

Their objective was to determine the reason behind the sharp decrease in the number of songbirds in the world. They claim that world-wide, there are 200 species of songbirds that have been viewed and identified so far. They state that there is no particular reason behind the sudden slump in the number of birds.

According to their reports, a major portion of such birds are affected adversely when they migrate from the Mississippi Jungles, Mexico, South Africa, The Caribbean Islands, New England in the South, and the Rainforests of Central America.

Translated from Ananda Mela



For the Love of A Country

by Sadia R Chowdhury

THIS time I didn't have very high expectations about what the ghor would look like. However, I was in for a surprise.

The Khan family was rather well off financially. They owned a prosperous store in Baitul Mukarram. The complex was rather large, at least five rooms. There was a strong tin roof to keep the rain out, something that was a problem the last time we went to gram. They had large farms where they grew their own rice and jute to export out of the country. They even had a bathroom! Eventhough this is now, it was considered a luxury in the grams.

As we walked in, I could smell the delicious odors of food on the stove.

As we walked in, we were greeted by several women who fold us to sit down and eat some lunch. There was enough food to go around. They even invited the two soldiers in, but they declined politely.

As we ate, the mother of the family talked of her sons and her husband, who had all

went to fight in the war. There were no males in the family above the age of twelve. They found it rather odd that Tarek and Kamal Bhai were still at home, but they never really said anything.

The few days we spent at the Khan's were some of the most memorable days of my

The End

Quiz Club

DEAR Quiz Crackers! We have decided to stick with our original format of Quiz Club, which means there will be 10 quizzes printed fortnightly. Your answers should reach our office by a week's time.

And here are ten quizzes for you to crack. Winners of the Quiz Club will be announced in the next Quiz Club issue. So, why not you give a go and win away the Quiz Club prize.

1. What does LTTE represent for?
2. Which warlord of Liberia was evacuated recently?
3. Who is the Prime Minister of Bulgaria?
4. The writer of the book *The General in His Labyrinth* is -
5. The technical term Geotropism mean: -
6. Haber Process is used to make -
7. What is the function of a hydrometer?
8. What is the capital of Finland?
9. The state religion of Senegal is -
10. Who is the Ameer of the local political party, Jamaat-e-Islami?

Answers:-

1. 15
2. Sherwan
3. Shamsur Rahman
4. Tazuddin
5. Chalon Bill
6. Banderban
7. Srimangal
8. 106
9. Sheraj-u-Dawla
10. 1345 AD

The Family Song

by Inshirah Kishwar Sakhawat

This poem is dedicated to Mrs Kishwar Sakhawat.

MOTHER
Just like a beautiful rose
Complexion and all
Standing in the doorway
'Insha' her sweet voice calls
I come out of my room and it's her I see
Just looking at her beautiful face
My heart jumps with glee.
I smell the sweet of honey
As I breathe her in,
And see her glow
Through her golden skin
I kiss her cheek and hug her tight
And proudly say: 'Mother, it's my life you light'

This poem is dedicated to Mr Kazi Yusuf Sakhawat

FATHER
As I see him climb up the stairs
Strong and powerful yet eyes filled with care.
He drinks some water as I walk through the door,
Every day I love him more than before.
And as I hug him I say:
'Hi Dad, how was your day?'
We share a moment of conversation
And then he washes up to rest
And as I close the curtains and leave the room I say:
'Dad, you're the best'
In time I got to see
It's you who makes my life so special to me.

Fishy Wishy

by Ashiq Jahan Khondker

GURGLE, goggle, goggle, goop.
I like to swim, I swim a loop!
I always have to be in school.
That's why my life is not that cool!

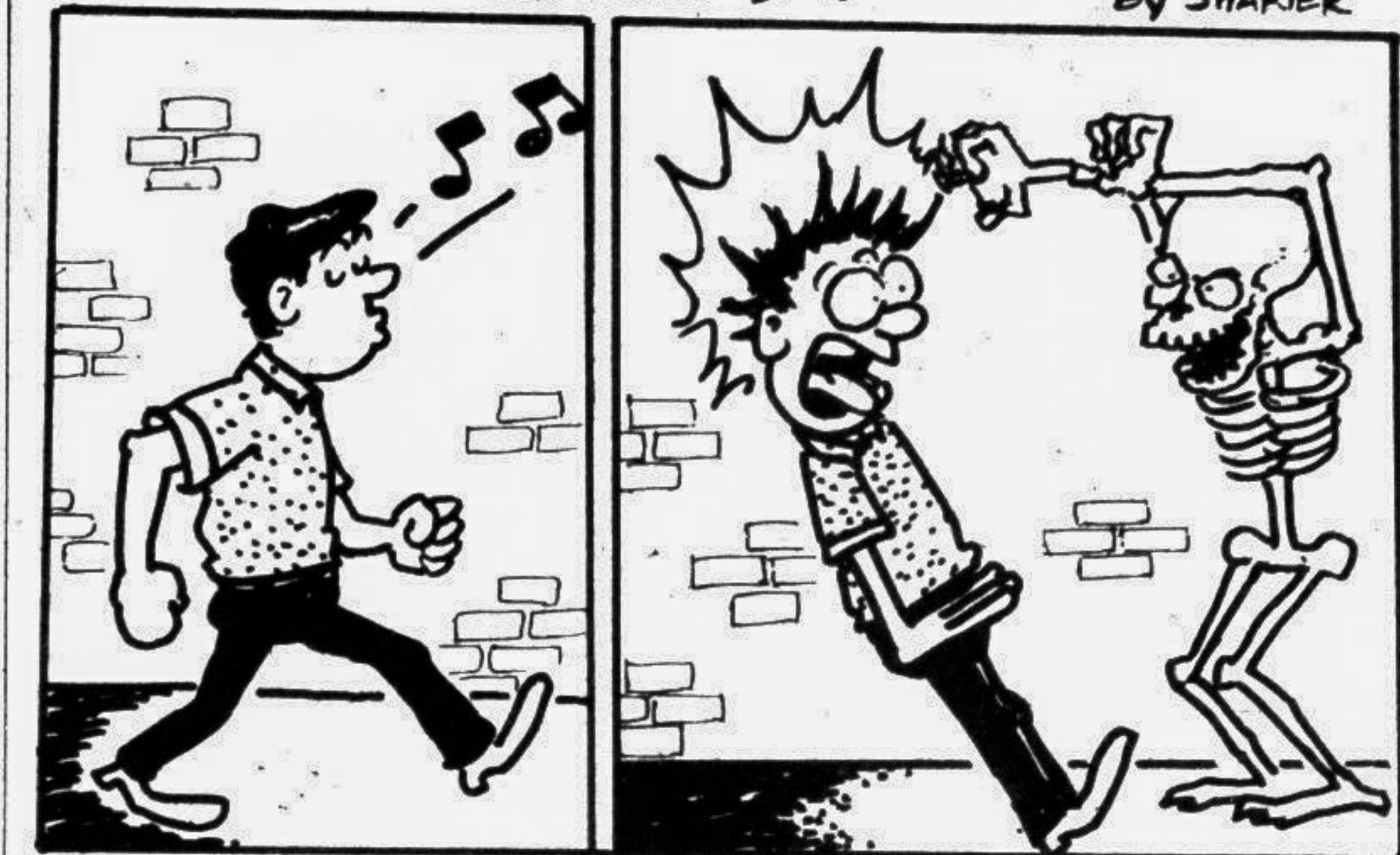
I really hate to be a nerd,
I wish that I could be a bird!
If I could jump out of the sea,
I'll tell you what I'd wish to be!

I'd be a gray rhinoceros,
To kill the fishermen because,
They like to eat our scaly skin.
And fry our bony guts within!

A very sharp and stinky knife,
Cut the scales right off my wife!
I hate to be a bony fish.
So that's the story of my wish!

THE GHOST

by SHARIER



Aranyak Natyadal

— A distinct theatre group

— Pallab Majumder Chanchal

ARANYAK Natyadal is an

established and popular theatre group in Bangladesh. After liberation, cultural development has certainly come a long way in the country. Aranyak was formed by several talented artists. Noted TV and theatre personalities Mamanur Rashid, Shanta Islam, Azizul Hakim and Pavel are to name just a few.

Through its various productions, Aranyak highlights the persisting problems and evils of the society. Humanity and the purpose of living are its two main themes. The group of performers attempt to express their philosophies through clear and uninhibited narration, rather than slogans and hard dialogue. In the last few years, it has developed shows about the life of the struggling masses. Aranyak believes that art, culture and the human struggle for a better life go hand in hand. They are an inseparable entity, destined to the same goal. It is a group theatre association with not only a special craving for art, but more for human beings irrespective of cast, creed, religion and colour.

The latest show of Aranyak Natyadal is a stage drama written by Mannan Hera and directed by Azadul Kalam (Pavel). The drama named 'Agun Mukha' is about the bitter experience in a concentration camp. It focuses on the acute conflict between the two classes of our society. The Saffron dressed law enforcing people represent the interest of the upper class of the society. On the other hand, the other class, the revolutionaries, one is a beautiful woman named Runa, who

remains resolute and uncompromising in spite of torture and hard interrogation.

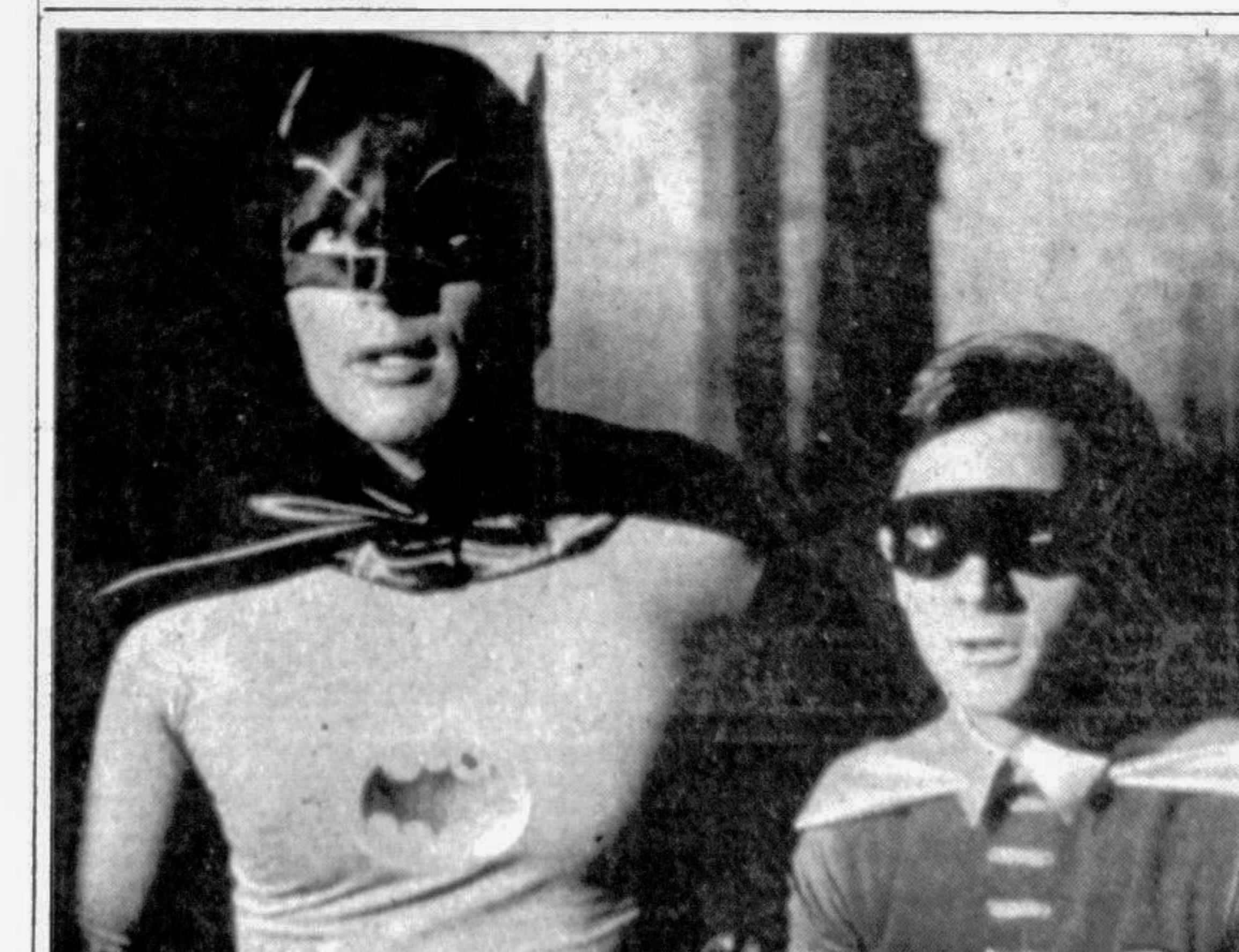
In the play, she tries to maintain communication with the help of a camp attendant who is sympathetic to their cause. But that person is caught red handed by the officials and then shot dead. The female comrade Runa is found anxious for a time being as the officials give her a condition; if she doesn't sign a bond of betrayal with the other comrades, her daughter will be killed. But despite all the threats, Runa remains unyielding and does not betray neither her comrades nor her glorious cause.

Ashim is another dedicated comrade, who had to endure severe torture. The third comrade is Badal, who is also Runa's husband. His desire to lead a normal, stable life with his wife and daughter had led him into a trap and made him give up his underground terrorist life.

In the end, the officials kill all three of the comrades. The last scene is not shown directly but with a artistic figurative expression, hanging a doll in the noose.

The hanging of the doll portrays the destruction of the rebellion by the brutal forces of the state. The director with his brilliant direction of lighting, staging and acting aptly presented the revolutionary spirit of the comrades and the conflict between the state and their political belief.

Aranyak Natyadal deserves special praise for such a remarkable performance. We wish them every success.



Your Favourite Bat Personality — Batman and Robin.