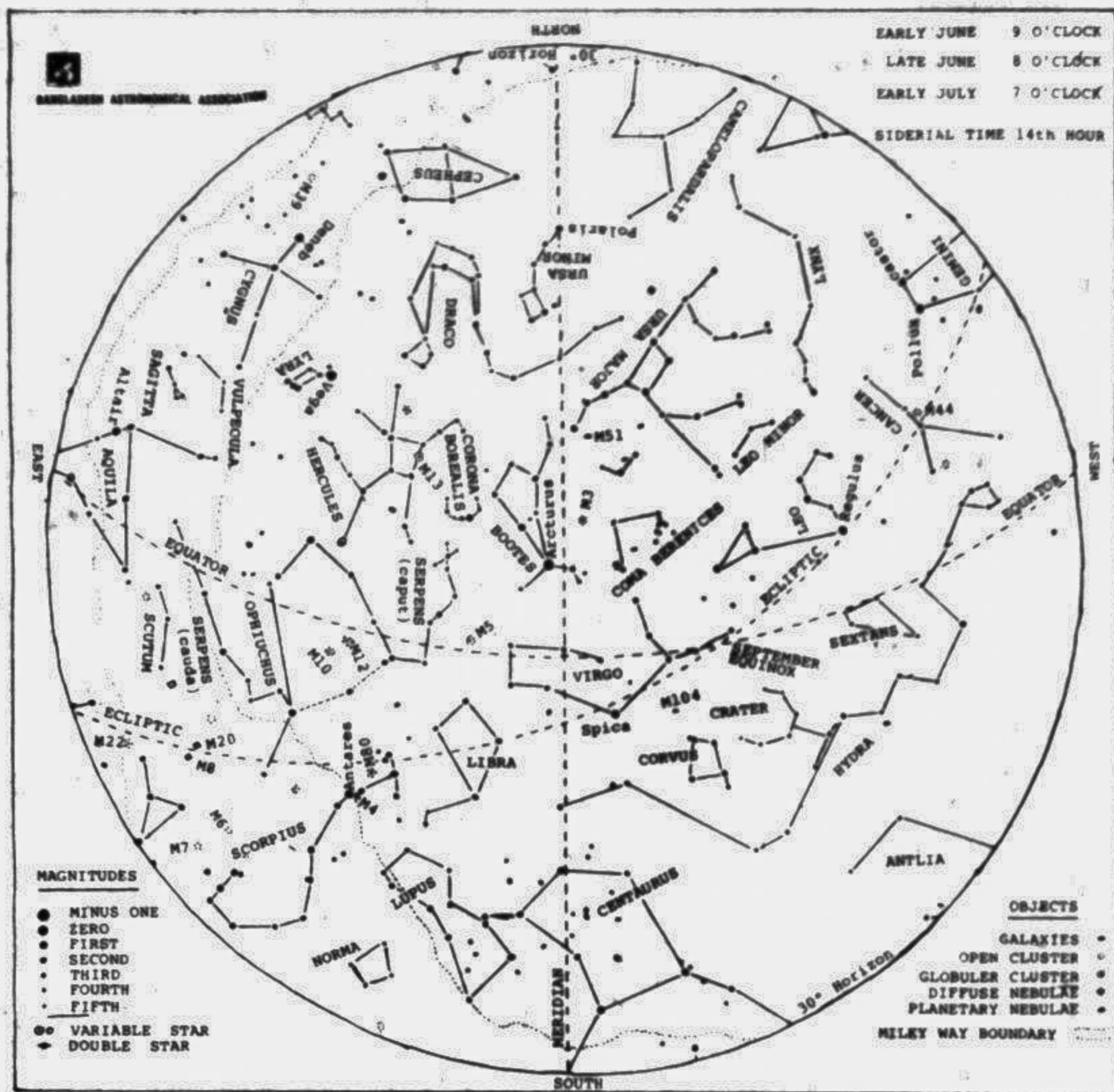


T.E.E.N.S and T.W.E.N.T.I.E.S

The Night Sky

by M Amin and Syed Ashraf Uddin



THIS month the sky presents us a beautiful panorama of summer milky way as night sets in. On a clear dark night you will be able to trace this rich star cloud as a white band of light in the naked-eye that starts at south in Sagittarius-Scorpius region and goes upto north crossing the constellation Cygnus. Use a binocular and watch how dense the heaven is!

Now, let us come to learn the principle constellations of the evening sky shower at the chart. To match this chart with sky overhead hold the chart up your head with east direction with right hand and west with left hand when you look at north. But when you look towards the southern sky hold east with left hand and west with right hand. This will help you recognizing constellation easily.

Looking at northern sky a group of seven bright stars arranged like a big question mark will catch your sight. This is the constellation "Ursa Major". Also it called "Big Dipper" as looks so. Four stars out of seven at the western side make the dipper and the rest three makes the dipper and the rest three makes the handle of dipper. Advance with the lower arm of the dipper you will reach a 2nd magnitude star and this is Polaris — the north polestar of sky. Polaris with other six star makes the constellation "Ursa Minor". East of Polaris you will find another bright star of constellation "Draco" — the Dragon. This bright star and few others make the head of Draco and it's body lies between "Ursa Major and Minor". If you advance with the stars of Big Dipper's handle about five times you will reach a very bright reddish star. This is Arcturus — the 5th brighter star of the entire sky. Soon you will find other five stars at the north of Arcturus and together they make a "P"-shaped structure in the sky and resembles as celestia kite. This is the constellation Bootes. But here in our chart we will introduce you with it as a hunter. Generally this constellation are imagining as a hunter by most people who went out for hunting bear with two hunting dogs. These two dogs represents the constellation "Canes Venatici" that lies a little south-west of the tail of Ursa Major. "Cor-aeroli" is the brightest star of this constellation that can be found easily below the tail of Ursa Major "M51" — the famous whirpool galaxy is in here and easily found by small telescope. To the south of Canes Venatici a group of stars will be found

and look like a loose open cluster this is constellation "Coma berenices". To its west you will find the great triangle of Leo's tail. It's body is at further west where a bright star "Regulus" stands marking the breast of Leo. This regular with other bright stars at north make the face of Leo and look like a "Sickle". At further west the faintest constellation of zodiac — the "Cancer" is preparing to set down. Have a last look on M44 — the Praesepe — a beautiful open cluster lies here and soon will be vanish by city light glare. Your binocular will do this. At the western horizon Gemini the twins is going below horizon. Castor and pollux — the two bright stars at 5 degree of separation are still above horizon.

Let's check the condition at eastern sky where new constellations are rising. Just east of Bootes you will find a semi-circular structure of stars and that is constellation "Corona Borealis". East of it is the great constellation "Hercules" that looks like a man who is standing with his head down ward. This constellation holds the famous globular cluster "M13" and easily found through binocular.

At the north-east sky a bright blue star shines with huge brilliancy. This is "Vega" — the 4th brightest star of entire sky. Below this star you will find four other stars in short arc and form a parallelogram. Vega with that four stars makes the constellation "Lyra". A beautiful planetary nebula "M57" lies between the

southern arm of the parallelogram. Small telescope will show it if sky condition is well. If your horizon is clear then you will find another bright star at the lower north-east sky. It is Deneb — the star marking the cynus's tail. When the constellation cygnus will rise at higher sky you will find some other star at south-east and some at east-west direction Deneb with those stars makes the constellation and represents a swan that is swimming across the "Milky way". This constellation is also called "Northern cross" for it's shape.

Little south-east of Hercules a big constellation is dominating the sky. This is "Ophiuchos" and it holds the constellation "Serpens". In Greek mythology Ophiuchus

represents the doctor Aesculapivus who tried to save the life of Orion when he was bit by Scorpion. At due east in lower sky the constellation Aquila the Eagle is rising. Altair is the brightest star of the constellation and easily found. Altair, Vega and Deneb — these three stars forms a triangle and is called Summer triangle.

At the southwest sky we see the biggest constellation Hydra is drifting slowly towards west. Over it's body four stars make a quadrilateral. This pattern is easily found and this is constellation "Corvus". East of Corvus a bright star named "Spica" — the brightest star of "Virgo" constellation. This constellation represents the Goddess of justice "Astraea" who has gone up the sky striking the balance of justice as the people on Earth become unjust. Though it is little difficult to imagine a woman with this constellation but your attention will help you to make it success. North west of Spica you will find a line of stars that make the head of woman and south-east of Spica other stars in straight line forms rest of the body structure. The constellation "Libra" is at east of Spica. Libra represents the balance of justice.

At south the richest constellation "Scorpius" and Sagittarius are awaiting for your star hunting. Antares — the brightest star of Scorpius — a red giant will catch your eyesight easily. To its east the teapot asterism of "Sagittarius" will be found easily. But the full structure of these two constellation will appear as night sets in. A large number of deep sky objects are situated at these constellations with a good sky atlas and finder charts and instruments you will find treasures of "Milky way". The evening south sky shows the "Centaurus" constellation and you can recognize it easily. A and B centauri — these two bright stars are placed at very lower sky. W centauri — the brightest globular cluster of the sky is well placed for observation at evening. Now what about your planets? Venus is at western sky at evening. It is reaching lower sky as days go on. Soon it will be covered by Sun's glare. Jupiter on the other hand will appear as night sets in at Sagittarius. A small telescope or binocular will show all of it's four Galilian satellites. For Saturn wait up to midnight as it will rise at about 2.30 am.

This is all about your star gazing for this month. Look into the clear sky and have a nice time observing.

Courtesy: Bangladesh Astronomical Association.

Perfect Escape

GENERAL Heinrich Muller, who headed the Gestapo in the Third Reich, could see the gathering clouds. The collapse of Hitler's Germany was roud the corner. The Allied Forces, excited by the easy landing at Normandy, inspired by the onward thrust of the Soviet forces, raced towards Berlin.

It was apparent, despite all the bold and defiant comments which Hitler came out with to keep up the morale of his men, even to the meannest intelligence, that defeat for all that Germany had fought for was a certainty. No force on the Earth could avert the end result. The last-ditch battle was only a formality. The defence which the contents had been sucked out, an egg sans the white and the yolk. It was ready to crumble, at the slightest pressure.

Several close confidants of Hitler knew that their fates were sealed. Death alone would save them from the penalties for their high-handedness, their ruthless reprisals, their crimes against humanity. They shared, with Hitler, the conviction that they should rather take their lives than be taken prisoners.

This view, however, did not find acceptance with men like Eichmann and Bormann and Muller. These people loved life passionately. They had been cautiously hedging their options, very much in advance.

They had planned for suitable exit routes, out of Germany, over to distant South America, where they could assume new names, shed the eerie shadows of the past, secure new identities, have a cosy and comfortable style of living. For this, they stacked away assets, in the form of gold, securities, rare work of art in safe deposits in South American nations. This provided them their hopes of surviving the fall of the Third Reich.

General Heinrich Muller looked at the chart, held before him, which showed how Berlin was getting throttled by the enemy. Hitler had chosen to kill himself, along with his wife of a few hours, Eva Braun, and to have the bodies burned down to ashes. There were a few others, who chose to follow the same path. In his dying moments, Hitler, still confident of his grand vision of the racial policy he had advocated, nominated Bormann as his heir. Only problem lay in the absence of anything to inherit, except odium and reprobation. The heir showed no great keenness to inherit the Crown.

Muller looked at the chart, while his mind raced around to his plans to get out of the mounting danger. He had been preparing for this event. Life was worth living, Muller ran his tongue over his cracked lip, as he mumbled, "I will get out. I shall make it."

This was no empty hope, no pipe dream.

Muller, as the Chief of the dreaded Gestapo, had carefully built an escape organisation. He had identified agents of the Gestapo, in many parts of Europe, specially in the neighbouring areas, who were committed Nazis, people who would dare every danger to help anyone close to Hitler in eluding capture by the Allied Forces. He had men in Austria, Hungary, Italy, even in distant Argentina. With all of them, he maintained close liaison. They had been the principal aides through whom Muller could stack away enough wealth to live in comfort, once he made good his escape.

Muller realised the need to create a smoke screen to cover up his tracks. Here, he showed real ingenuity. He made arrangements for a grave to be prepared for him, at Kreuzberg. He provided the tombstone which read, "In memory of our dear father Heinrich Muller, born 28 April 1900, died in the Berlin fighting, May 1945." This was a deliberate step taken to mislead the Allies and to stop any further quest for him.

The escape organisation, which Muller had carefully prepared, which had remained frozen, was activated, as soon as the end of the Third Reich became inevitable. This was the sort of life insurance that Muller had prepared for himself.

For this life insurance, he did not pay any premium. It was his baby, his creation, carved out by him instinctively for his self-preservation. He knew his Darwin well. He was the fittest and hence would survive.

He alerted his contacts of his decision to duck in the last week of April, 1945. Every web, which reached out to the agent, carried the message to

his trusted contact. He envisaged the escape route.

He had prepared several alternate routes.

The one he finally chose lay through Munich, and thence to Italy.

On 1 May, 1945, immediately after the fall of the Chancellery in Berlin, Muller assumed the disguise of an army private. He held papers which showed that he was heading towards a military hospital for urgent treatment. With him were two close and trusted juniors... Heiden and

mountainous terrain.

The journey the two fugitives undertook was strenuous. But, Muller, withstood the trip. He heaved a sigh when Blass led them across the border to Merano in Italy. Here Blass retreated, leaving Muller and his companion in the safe hands of Josef Wolf, another contact. Wolf drove them, in his Mercedes, to Rome, found them a secure place to stay at the Collegio Croatto in the Piazza Colonna. The priests who ran this seminary were Yugoslavians who were not unsympathetic



Agents of the Gestapo in action

Scholaz. The three managed to get out of Berlin, with the help of the papers they held. Then they criss-crossed, through the countryside, Heinrich Muller had trekked the route, earlier, so as to familiarise himself with the track. So they knew the lay of the land, the danger spots, as also how to elude the dangers. With such meticulous preparation, it was not difficult for Muller to reach Munich by May 13.

Munich churned his heart with a touch of passion. For in Munich stayed his ex-wife. She might not be averse to providing him hospitality. There was an even chance of the old flame of love being rekindled, just enough to provide him a diversion.

But, Muller sensed the danger, latent in such a move. He dropped the idea. He killed it, without second thoughts. He sensed he would be putting his neck in the hangman's noose if he ever went near his former heart-throb. For, her place, he guessed, would be under close watch.

He was taken on, along with Scholaz, (Heiden had dropped out. None knows for certain what happened to him), by Walter Brunner, a member of the Security Police whom Muller had advised, in advance. He stacked them, in a farmhouse near Worgl in the Tyrol for three weeks. During this time, he looked out for the safe exit route. Muller turned down the plan to make a long trek to safety through the Brenner Pass. The track was too hazardous, beyond the physical strength which Muller possessed.

Finally, Brunner, exploiting his contacts, secured new papers which showed Muller and Scholaz as displaced persons — one in the name of Jan Belinski, a Pole born at Lodz on 2 March, 1902, was handed over to Muller. Another, in the name of Stepanovic, a Yugoslavian, was given to Scholaz. Brunner also mustered the services of Rudolf Blass, a competent mountain-guide to lead them safely across the frontier which was under watch. Blass knew every twist and turn in the valley, every offbeat footpath or winding lane that faced the

to the fascist regime. The head of the seminary, Father Mihalovic, arranged a meeting of Muller with Bishop Alois Hudal, a German Bishop who had been the contact between Hitler and the Pope, earlier. The Bishop promised help to Muller.

Scholaz and Muller parted ways.

Muller heard that the Allies had spotted his grave. The immediate conclusion was a confirmation of Muller's death. (It was much later, nearly twelve years after his escape, that the grave was dug up.

The bones which lay in the coffin came from three different persons. Then it became clear that Muller had played a fast one on the Allies.) So, further move of Muller became a little more relaxed.

Now officially dead, Muller secured new papers, obtained a visa for Spain and sailed from Naples for Barcelona on the Argentinean ship. At Barcelona, he was received by Bernard Grez, a former Gestapo agent, who owned much of the benefits he had received earlier to Muller, and taken away to Madrid.

Here, Muller vanished into thin air.

Till date, there are no indications which firmly establish where he went. But, rumours have indicated that he moved to Egypt and lived there under a false name, providing assistance which Egypt needed in fighting the Zionist power centre, Israel. But, another report speaks of Muller leaving Spain for South America, where he had telephoned out enough funds to see him through, in style, for the rest of his life.

Eichmann was captured, by the Israeli intelligence, brought to trial, and executed. Bormann too had a none-too-easy stay. But, Muller made good his escape. He left no trial. He had not been the chief of the Gestapo for nothing. He knew, for sure, how to elude the most determined of chase.

His escape left no trail. It carries the stamp of a perfect escape.

Courtesy: World Famous Escapades

Just Money doesn't Buy You Class

by Gilgamesh

In this ugly exploding city
 There is a group uglier still
 The costs in burned to make them pretty
 Is running up this country's bill
 Into houses they've poured their money
 Gulshan, Baridhara, Banani
 They're, overfed and hard to take
 Blowing Takas their daddies make
 All's topsy turvy now in this town
 Real quality, it must be stated
 Is shored aside and relegated
 Thus those to whom we bow our heads down
 Is categorically then
 These jumped up sons of businessmen.

Six days a week they play the big shot
 And Thursday nights its party time
 See and be seen to show what they've got
 (Dressing down is committing crime)
 The parties are always the same
 The same people, the same lame
 Egotrips and bad attitudes
 And sycophantic platitudes
 Despite their wealth they're sadly lacking
 In flair and style and debonair
 They think they look devil may care
 The well stuffed wallets they are packing
 Will buy them thing but won't buy grace
 That's something that they have to fake

As they start jumping to Dr Dre
 Its clear that they cannot dance
 The degrees they bought in the USA
 Did not buy them the skills to prance
 One too many beers in enough
 To get them ranting, acting tough
 Soon the party crupts in fists
 Malevolent Misogynists
 These young cowards, are good at shouting
 What makes them so agitated
 Highly strong and aggravated?
 It is enough to start one doubting
 In this high society farce
 Just money does not buy you class

This sonnet dear Reader, was written
 Due to event's, irritating!
 When followed by an idiot, smitten
 By girlfriend who was waiting
 For me to pick her up at eight
 Unfortunately I was late
 Unwelcome Jerk was there giving
 Details of how he made his living
 To my girlfriend who was unimpressed
 With the facts: "I drive a Camry"
 And: "I come from a rich family"
 To escape from him, we thought it best
 But the camry driving horny toad
 Gave chase all the way down Mirpur Road

Story Writing Competition Entry-III

The Books

by Muhammad Omar Siddique

IT was a big house. The exterior was simple, but pleasant. I walked to the front door and rang the bell. The door was opened by Mrs Chowdhury herself. "Mr Siddique, I'm glad that you came," said the widow, in her late forties. "I'm sorry about the mess, but our servants left after he... first came." She was very pale, and seemed to be trying hard not to fall apart, probably for the sake of her two children. The word "mess" however was an understatement. I was shocked by the condition of the house. Furniture was torn and broken; glass ornaments shattered, and even though it seemed that due effort was paid to restore the place, the terrible condition still remained. Even the wall paper on the walls and ceiling were shredded.

Later she introduced me to her two children — her son Ifukar and her daughter Laila. Ifukar was tall, about fifteen years old with dark hair and eyes. His sister was similar in appearance, though probably older — seventeen or eighteen.

They both seemed nervous, realising that tonight was going to be another nightmare. What can one expect when you see your father, five years after his death.

After lunch, I began my investigation. After I spent hours examining the house, I found nothing wrong, except an odd feeling in this house; something cold and evil...

After dinner, I decided to examine the books Mr Chowdhury used to read. I found several books concerning the occult. I was surprised. "After he started to read those books, he began to change. He became more... distant. He would yell at the children, and tell us to stay away from him," said Mrs Chowdhury, with tears in her eyes. The books had something to do with the mysterious happenings.

At about ten p.m., I was unpacking in the guest room arranged for me, when I was interrupted by a piercing scream. I ran downstairs, finding Mrs Chowdhury, frozen with shock, looking at it — the phantom priest. It was just as she described it. It wore a white robe, and had glowing eyes. On its face was an evil grin. As it glided by, things began to explode — vases, picture frames, light bulbs. The paintings began to rot and decompose. Flying pieces of glass tore the wall paper. I followed the thing to the kitchen, where it disappeared. After a few minutes, Mrs Chowdhury and the children revived from the shock. Ifukar

and Laila began to cry. They all looked at me for an answer. I had none.

That night, I could not sleep well. I dreamed of Mr Chowdhury, reading those books. A blue fume came out of the pages, and seemed to consume his... his soul. The book seemed to have taken over his mind and his identity. Then I remembered what Mrs

and Laila began to cry. They all looked at me for an answer. I had none.

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Chowdhury told me earlier about his change. Was that really Mr Salem Chowdhury? Whatever happened, those books were definitely the cause of the problem.

That morning, I ran to the library and collected every book concerning the occult. One book, with no name, and some strange writing inside, seemed to give out that feeling of evil coldness. The book it-

self was cold as ice, and the cover seemed to be like human skin, covered with slime. I dropped it into the pile of books in disgust, and in front of the family, I put it on fire. All of a sudden, the pandemonium began again. Glass broke, things started falling down. I forced Mrs Chowdhury and the children to run out of the house since I did not actually

know what would happen next. Just then, a blue light began to grow from the books. Then, the phantom priest appeared, once again, next to me. This time the grin was gone. He was not death-white. In a low voice he then said, "Thank you." Then he disappeared. The blue light was gone. Everything returned to normal. "It's over," I said to myself, with relief. Finally, it was over.