

TEENs and TWENTIES

The Night Sky

By M Amin and Syed Ashraf Uddin

Part-II

at there and covers most of the western sky. "Regulus" is the star of Leo's crest and the whole structure is easily recognizable.

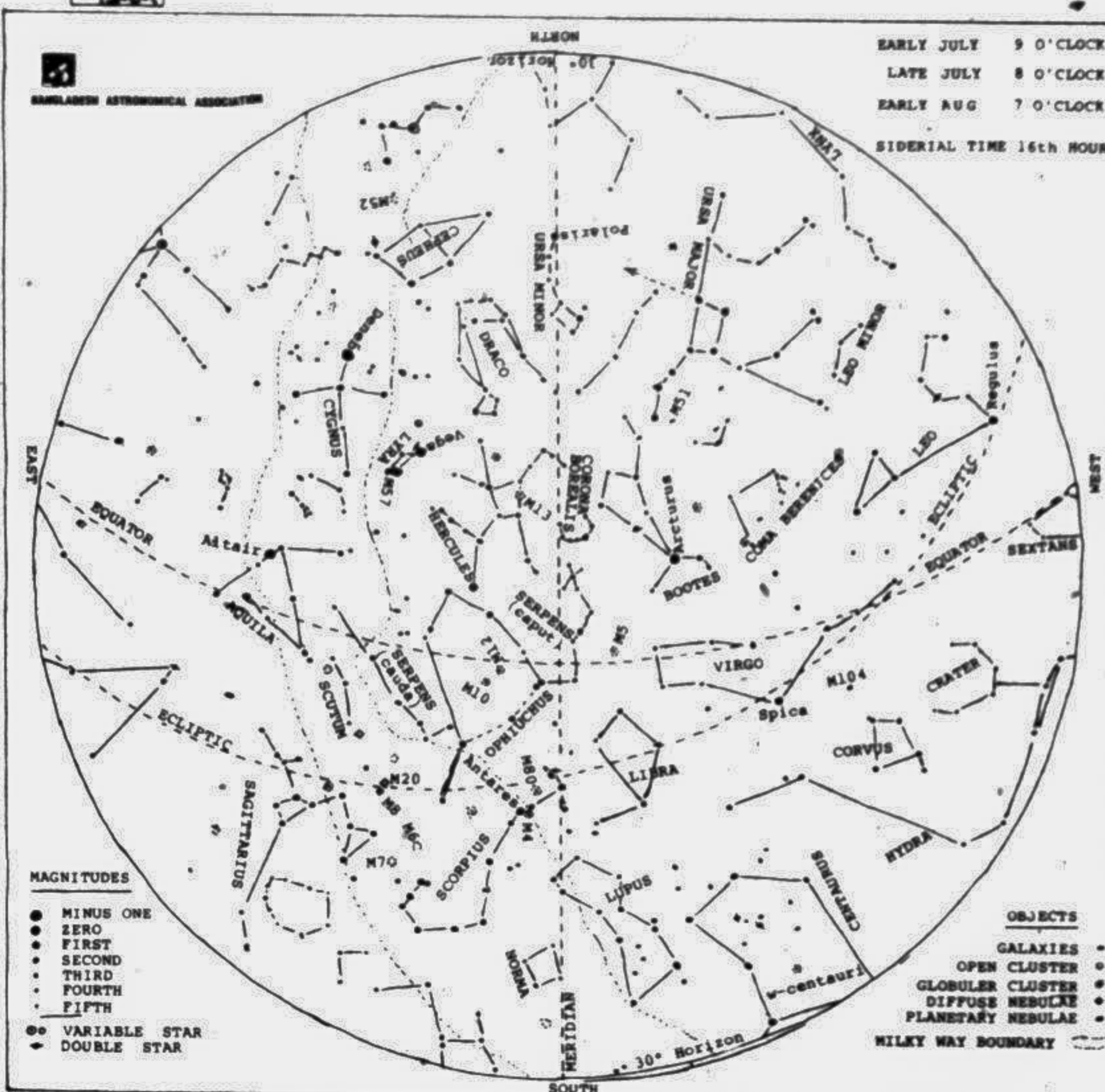
famous globular cluster "M13" lies here and is one of the easy target for binoculars.

North-east of Hercules a bright blue star shines with

At north-eastern sky a constellation is rising. Soon you will find a bright star there as night sets in. This is Deneb and the rising constellation is

বাংলাদেশ আ্যাস্ট্রোনমিক্যাল এসোসিয়েশন

পূর্বদিক দৃষ্টে, ১০-১২ ডিগ্রি উত্তর, ৬ ডিগ্রি পূর্ব
(পূর্বদিক দৃষ্টে, ১০-১২ ডিগ্রি উত্তর, ৬ ডিগ্রি পূর্ব)



Let's check the condition of eastern sky where new constellations are rising. East of Corona Borealis is the great constellation "Hercules" that looks like a man who is standing with his head downward. A

huge brilliance. This is "Vega" — the 4th brightest star of the sky. Just south of this star you will find four stars in short area and they form a parallelogram. Vega and these stars make the constellation "Lyra".

"Cygnus". The Cygnus — the swan is swimming across the Milky way. At due east the constellation Aquila — the eagle can be found. It's brightest star Altair can be found easily. Altair, Vega and Deneb make a

triangle in the sky and called summer triangle. At the horizon of north-east sky some stars of constellation "Pegasus" may be found.

The treasures are at the southern sky. Sagittarius and Scorpius are dominating the southern sky. They will cross the meridian in the night time. Both the constellations are easily recognizable and Scorpius really looks like a Scorpion. It's brightest star Antares — which is a red giant is the only brightest star on that part of sky. Sagittarius — the Archer is also interesting but it's "Tea pot" asterism is known to many people. The richest part of our Milky way galaxy lies between those constellations. Many interesting deep sky objects are here for your star gazing.

Just west of Scorpius, there are the centaurus alpha and beta centauri. These two stars of this constellation are placed at lower sky. They are the 3rd and the 10th brightest of stars of the sky respectively.

High up in the southern sky the constellations "Ophiuchus" and "Serpens" can be found. In Greek Mythology Ophiuchus represents the doctor Aesculapius who tried to save the life of Orion when he was bit by a Scorpion. Between Ophiuchus and Sagittarius a small constellation "Scutum" is situated. A dense star cloud can be seen here using a binocular. "Aquarius" and "Capricornus" are also rising at east and south-east sky.

At south-western sky the biggest constellation Hydra is setting down. It's tail is remaining and over it the "corvus" and "Crater" constellations are placed. Above "Corvus" a bright star can be found. That is Spica — the brightest star of "Virgo" — the virgin. At the foot of Virgo lies the constellation "Libra" — the balance. "Virgo" represents the Goddess of Justice "Astraea" who has gone up the sky striking the balance of justice as the people on earth became cruel.

Now, what about your planets, Venus at the morning sky. The only evening naked eye planet is "Jupiter". Roams in Sagittarius — just north east of it's tea pot asterism. The "Saturn" will come at mid-night. If you got a binocular or small telescope you can observe the Jupiter's four Galilean moons.

This is all about your star gazing for this month. Wise you clear sky and good observation. Courtesy: Bangladesh Astronomical Association.

Friends, Relatives and Dhaka - I'll Miss Them All

by Arshad Hussain Shadh

I T all seems like yesterday when I entered my 3rd grade classroom — a dark, gloomy classroom with over 50 students packed in it, on a cold January morning of 1989. I can still feel the hostile atmosphere that prevailed over my arrival — everyone glaring at me as if I had come from another planet. They asked me questions like "Weren't you promoted?" All except, the boy I was, seated next to — he sat smiling at me and said, "Hi, my name's Omar Farukh. What's yours? Isn't it a coincidence that our roll numbers happen to be 54 and 55 and we sit next to each other?"

Omar Farukh looked much older than I did. It took me another year to figure out why, when he didn't pass along with us. For that one year he was my only classmate who could be called "a friend". I remember that he once forbade me to call my parents Ma-Baba! Why? Well, he had his own beliefs and I can tell you, I didn't like them a bit. Anyway, that was the beginning of my Bangladesh Medium schooling in Bangladesh. My parents had earlier put me in a very well known English-Medium school and then had second thoughts about me learning more about European history and culture rather than Bangladeshi history and culture!

It didn't take me long to realize that during exams there were a considerable number of students working away tukfifying or in other words copying, others' exam papers and as I was the innocent newcomer, my new friend found me quite an easy customer to tukfify off. Anyway, I became popular with my classmates pretty soon and by the next year I had made a good number of friends. Meanwhile, my smiling friend had left school.

tain candidate during the last mayoral elections. She had asked us to tell our parents to vote for this guy and if he won she said we would all get bonuses in our mark-sheets! What happened next is and will be known only to me and my classmates.

The thought of all these people and memories come rushing through my mind as I leave Bangladesh for a country totally unknown and alien to me. A country and more curious students await my arrival someplace beyond the Indian Ocean in the Southern Hemisphere.

I'll miss dearly all those friends of mine who have been with me all these years. I'll miss my shy, bashful, quiet, soft spoken but sometimes a bit too heroic and bold friend who often throws a tantrum and stops speaking for days. I'll miss the site of his blushing face when talking to grown-ups and particularly girls!

Then there is my be-speckled, Bangla cinema hero-cum-joker-cum-Awami Leaguer-cum-debator-cum-Mr Wisdom friend whom I've sat next to for the last couple of years. I'll miss his all-round antics — from the politics of Sheikh Mujib to "flirting" — I must admit, he is the champion. However, he does have a tendency to show-off his "talents" too much. I'll miss my lively and helpful, burly friend who has been with me for a large part of my school days here but has suddenly turned into a philosopher and also a classical strokeplayer of the ball (cricket). It's always a treat to watch him play when in top form and I'll always remember the exciting adventures we had together, when we were a team.

The grade-X "Romeo" will be someone else I'll miss. But, I still can't figure out why he "loves" insulting me in front of

I'll miss Ms Einstein, for whom Romeo once had and probably, still does have a crush on. The sweet but sometimes terrifying Ms Steffi Graf (she has a lot of similarity with the real one!) is someone I'll also find hard to forget. I shouldn't forget to mention the members of her terribly noisy and talkative gang and certainly not, Ms Chatterbox with fish-like eyes and Chachi, who'd tear me apart if I didn't. There is something I don't understand — Why do they have to call me Arshad? Can't they find something more sophisticated? Anyway, then comes the small, irritating Seraj-ud-Doula who seems to be rather annoyed when I talk to Steffi. He doesn't have to be anymore.

And of course, last but not the least, I'll miss that lovely girl dearly, whom I first met in grade VI. I'll always remember the time when bitter rivals became friends, very good ones and will have a lot of happy memories with her. I'll remember a "stilly" friend who threatened me for talking to her once. I thank him — At that time, I was only talking to her, he made me talk even more. I have one regret though, that is, I will never be able to know who my mysterious caller really was but, I must thank her for giving me company when I needed it and also something else for which I will be ever grateful to her.

Throughout the last eight and a half years I have seen, read and heard a lot. I've seen the victory of democracy over autocracy but what followed it was terrorism and the enormous "decline" in our "Law and Order" situation. Living on the DU campus, I've been stuck at school during crossfires, between rival groups. I've seen the corpse of a student leader in front of our apartment as a 12-year-old; his head had a hole — bullet-made, brains and blood spilling out.

Another Dimension

by Md Kabiruddin

there for the night. I made my way up the shaky stairs to the bedroom. I closed the door behind me; walked to the window and looked out. Below was a garden filled with tins and cans and the whole area was a jungle of tall weeds. Thirty minutes passed away

Dear Mus,
How are you? I haven't seen you for many days. You must be surprised when you receive this letter. Well, it was meant to surprise you. You will be happy to know that I am back. I have reached such a position that now I have the power to do anything I want. Time is not far away when we will meet again.

Your loving wife?
I read the letter many times. Who could this be? Where did I get a wife from when I wasn't even married. The only conclusion I could draw was that the person was mad or may be it was just a joke. A month passed by and I forgot all about it. But one day I received another letter. There it was, the same handwriting. The name of that mysterious person was given. It was Mona. I searched for the name in my memory bank but in vain. There was no one I knew who had this name. I started reading the letter. This time she wrote that she wanted to see me, and an address was given where I could possibly find her. I knew it was a trick but I had this strange feeling of curiosity that made me go there.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of concern and fear that I mounted the stairs of an old house. It had been abandoned many years ago. I went to the bedroom that was where she said she would be. But there was no one. I sat down and started reading a very old magazine to kill time. Then I looked at my watch and found that I had been there for half an hour or so. I became restless, got up and went out on to the stairs, to see if there were any signs of anyone downstairs. There were none. I began to understand now what happened. Someone had played a very dirty trick on me. Thoroughly aggrieved, I got down the stairs to go away. But my progress was halted. Somehow or other, since I had been in the bedroom the entrance door had managed to bang. But it was bolted from outside. My mind in the first few moments was occupied with the problem of how the door had got shut. And then there came to me a plan. It offered a chance of escape from the person who was playing tricks on me. I decided to stay

and I began to feel that I was wasting time.

But suddenly the room became ice cold and I felt I would freeze to death. At that time the door opened with creaking sound and there before me was standing the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my whole life. I stood there bewitched staring at her. I just couldn't take my eyes away. There was so much light in the room. Everything was blank. I couldn't see anything but her. No walls, no beds nothing — just complete blankness, as if we were floating in space. It is all a dream I tried to convince myself. I'll wake up and find myself in bed. But something inside told me that it was real. Then I found myself going back. Going back where? I don't know. "It was hard for me to believe but it was happening. I was going 'another dimension'." I was

travelling through space to the time when I wasn't born.

Then I found myself in a world completely different.

I could see myself in a large comfortable chair pulled up in front of a wooden porch. A woman emerged from a path on its far side. It was the same

edge through the pocket inside the jacket, then buttoned the jacket so that the knife could not be seen.

I joined her and pointed to a church a little further off. Few minutes later we reached the place. It was a very old church.

I still don't understand why you brought me here! she said grumbling. Without replying I took out the knife from my pocket and stabbed her on the back. She screamed with pain and turned around. This time I thrust the sharp edge of the knife into her chest. Blood spurted out. She fell with a thud I dragged her body inside the old, isolated church and buried it there. "Stop it... stop it!" I shouted then there was another bright flash. Millions and millions of light beam started radiating from every direction, sweeping through me, carrying me with them. I was the centre, around which the light particles were orbiting like small planets. I started passing through a tunnel of clouds, there were thunder and lightning so intense that it penetrated into every cells in my brain, making me blind-stopping me from seeing anything and trying to retain the secret of their mysterious world. Then I saw the face of the woman in front of me.

"What evil trick are you playing on me?" I shouted. "Who are you?" "Don't you remember... I'm your wife, the

woman I had seen few minutes ago. I went inside the house holding her hands. The furniture in the room looked good, all made of solid oak. Then there was a flash. Everything went blank. Then the vision came again. I was driving that car and was running through a valley. The woman was beside me. Then we began to cross many dangerous bends. On the far side of the ridge there were narrow valleys and we began to approach the coast. The scenery was picturesque. A little way beyond it, I pulled up. As I was about to climb out she said huskily why did we stop here... aren't we supposed to go to that restaurant on the beach.

Yes, but I want to show you something," I said.

Before getting out I took a knife from the glove compartment and pushed its sharp

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"What evil trick are you playing on me?" I shouted. "Who are you?" "Don't you remember... I'm your wife, the

same wife you had so brutally murdered many years ago... you were born again so that I can have my revenge. It was a wonderful voice, commanding and yet strangely beautiful, but it was not human it sounded like the wind and the waves. "But I won't kill you so easily you'll die slowly and painfully... everyday will be a nightmare for you!"

I was terrified. Sweat trickled down my face as I tried to force my voice to ask question, but all the noise I made was an ugly croaking. "Prepare to die... prepare to die..." gradually the voice faded, and she herself began to fade.

"Stop - didn't you? I stammered. But she was gone. I am not clear about the next few moments. I found myself lying on the floor of that bedroom. I got up, staggered through the gate and went straight for home.

Many days have passed now. I really kill her? Am I born again to live with this dreadful conscience? Am I really a murderer? These questions kept haunting all the time. Whenever I close my eyes, my mind conjures the memory of her lying dead. I haven't slept for many days now. Every time I drift into slumber the vision of her creeps through the dark passages of my brain in the depths of night, invading my dreams signalling a truth I refuse to accept. I try to switch off the projection in my brain but in vain. I need something to provide salvation from guilt and escape from this depth of darkness. I've decided to kill myself. It is the only way. She had waited a long time for her revenge and that time has come.....

The Rose

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

IN three maroon rose petals I saw
The joy of laughter and the sorrow of pain.
The first had many things to say
For she could not blossom
As there was too much rain
And unfortunately, as the saga goes, the lad turned her down
For being not hers, but on another's crown.
The second lies in the heart of a dazzling damsel
For she is the happiest as she has everything in the game.
And the last, alas the saddest of the three
was on the grave of an obsessed man
Left by the lass who was never meant to be
And when she awoke and saw what she was to him
She had no choice, for all the hope had died
And melted away in the vast loneliness of time.
And the rose she stands there even today
In the midst of the stream of darkness and light
Showering her love and hatred....

HAVE YOU GOT RID OF THE BOIL IN YOUR BOTTOM?



Our school was famous for its path-shala-type looks and high standard of teaching, during those days. Did we have some wet days then! I can still remember those barshakal days when rain came through the roofs and we used to get automatic off-periods. Now, the school-building says hello to the Empire States Building! It's simply huge and is gradually turning into "Fort Education" with nearly 20-feet high walls surrounding it!

The teachers have always been nice to me (with a couple of exceptions) and have helped me in every way they could. I especially like our always-smiling (beaming when she sees me) Ms Tape-recorder (she has a habit of repeating the same thing on and on when she's annoyed with anyone)

although, she isn't liked by too many. We have a Ms Pedrolagala whose classes are always really colorful (I?!!). I could go on forever if I went on to write our class conversations about our teachers in detail but I won't. But, I certainly must mention "The teacher with the nupur". She could be heard from five classes away with her nupur-sounds! There is one more teacher who I can't leave out. She had done some campaigning for a cer-

girls and teachers (he hasn't been that successful though). Probably, he's mad or may even be jealous! Even so, sometimes irritating or not, I still like him the way he is and would advise him to wear his (-) 3.75 powered-glasses before fashion gets her eyesight! I'll never forget the two jokers of the class. The little, comic character and also poet, better known as Kofi-gori can easily be the successor of Charlie Chaplin with his hilariously funny and equally vulgar dances, jokes, songs and of course, poems. While, the other one of the duo who'd rather be Yokozuna than CC will also be remembered for his amusing and tremendous strength and weight-lifting ability.

I'll also miss my tall friend who could be mistaken for a new high-tech Japanese robot with his robotic style of walking and working and "Chull" who was once given money from school just to trim his hair! I'll miss my small number of "fans" at school and out, the twins — M & T, the boy whose nose I smashed in my previous school (I'm sorry, I didn't mean it), "Manchu" whom I must thank for something, and also the big, simple "Fardous" who believes everything that is said to him.

As I pack up my bags and head for my new but temporary home, I appeal to the leaders of our country: they must unite and for once, forget their differences and take "progressive" steps to make this country a better and "secure" place to live in. Because, I do not want anymore Yasinir rape and murder incidents happening. I do not ever want to see my best friend being beaten ruthlessly by nazis for speaking justice while, the police stand a few yards away staring, watching him struggle helplessly. It Has Got To Stop. Now!

I'm fortunate enough to leave a country trying to emerge from a grave political crisis and at least hope to return to a Sonar Bangla one. As for my first school friend, he wasn't as fortunate. The last time I saw him, he was working at his father's stationery shop at school..... smiling.

It's time for me to leave now. Leave my friends, my loved ones, my huge circle of relatives and Dhaka. I'll miss Bangladesh, my friends and relatives a lot. And who knows, I may even miss Dhaka's noise and pollution! Goodbye! Bangladesh! See you in three years!