

WHEN my family had moved to our present house, my parents had decided against keeping all their old furniture, discarded clothes and all other junk. So we put all these in our storeroom. As a result, the place was stuffed with paintings, vases, old carpets, torn curtains, hose pipe, broken taps and showers books and what not. And as I grew up in a somewhat lonely neighborhood where there were no kids, I could play with, the store room had become my favourite play space. I would go on browsing in there for hours, going through the endless array of things. And slowly this turned into a constant preoccupation on my part over the years.

Cryptic Fate

by: Adnan R Amin

home, anxious and fretful. For the last couple of days, I had let my imagination run wild. In spite of my apprehensive attitude, the news I received on reaching home, shook me up really bad. I was informed my dad had met with tragic accident and had passed away the previous day. What I felt inside was sheer anguish. Some days passed in shock. And slowly I regained my composure once again, memories be-

the previous day. And nobody except me, had entered the room since. There was no chance of the wind having caused it as all windows were still tightly closed. Apart from that, the figures rested pretty far away from the edge of the shelf and it was very strange that it should fall down unless it was done deliberately. Actually — I had come to like them very much, and I was depressed too. So I was con-

substantiate it. I remember, I dozed off with a disturbing idea whether the death in our family was brought about because of any supernatural reason — did it have something to do with the figures? If so — what? My soul was perplexed with anxiety.

Many days passed. Our activities found it's actual tempo once again. I also found myself engaging in my usual activities with a lot of enthusiasm. One day I was getting ready to go out. Looking at my shirt buttons — I reached for my watch from the shelf and inadvertently knocked down the bigger of the two remaining figures. As I picked it up and placed it properly again, I saw, one end of it's right hand was chipped. I paid no attention to it and was hurrying out when I stopped to say bye to my mom. Suddenly I noticed she had a piece of cloth wrapped around her right knuckle and blood was seeping through. Mom off handedly informed me that she had cut herself while chopping some vegetables. I forced on a smile and nodded.

That very night, I sat motionless on my bed. My head was in a turmoil. Strong surges of emotions flooded my mind. What was happening? I felt I had two choices. One was that, I could close my eyes, shut myself out. The other was I could face it. I could decide to gamble with my life at stake — take fate by it's horns. Slowly I got up and, went to the shelf. Letting out a sigh of relief I picked up the smallest clay figure. Strangely enough, it had an imploring look on it's face — or maybe I was hallucinating. I let it go and watched it drop and disintegrate into a thousand fragments before my eyes. With a look of uncertainty — I looked outside through the window. Darkness shrouded the world. And in that very darkness, lurked so many unknown phenomenon. Some remained beyond the understanding of humans forever.



gan flooding back. My old room looked the same. But as my eyes fell upon my shelves, I noticed, amongst my dolls or figures, whatever they were, one of the bigger ones was broken and the disintegrated fragments lay scattered everywhere. When I enquired our maid about it, she sounded utterly surprised and told me that she had seen it intact just

siderably upset by the matter. That might as I retired to bed, thoughts of all kinds began to come to me. And as I pondered, somehow, I sensed a strange connection between the accident and the breaking of the doll. It was known to me that I was fussing over a very trivial matter. But still the feeling persisted, though my subconscious mind could not

Senna's Sad Demise

THINK of Ayrton Senna and you think of a special kind of speed, a potent mixture of raw urgency and finely controlled aggression. Senna was a sublime talent, and he made an indelible impression during his ten years in Formula One. A year after his death, the memories flooded back through every corner of my memories of that breathtaking first lap at the 1993 European Grand Prix at Donington when he moved, on a treacherous rain-soaked track, from fifth to first place; of the on-board camera sequence of his pole position lap at Suzuka in 1990, 97 seconds of total commitment when it seemed the tape was running fast forward through every corner of any of his qualifying laps at Monaco, a circuit where he won a record six times.

But think of Senna and you also recall a man whose single-mindedness was bewildering to Senna, finishing first was an entitlement, and it seems always to have been so. You look at photographs or film footage of Senna when he first arrived in Britain from Brazil in 1981, and you're struck by the lack of reticence; this was no gangling youth, but a cool, confident man determined to succeed at whatever he did. Even then, Senna was his future in miniature. It was almost as if he had been put on Earth to be the world's fastest racing driver.

Seven years later, in 1988, Senna joined McLaren. In the six years he was with the team, the Brazilian won three world championships and 35 races. His principal team-mates were first Alain Prost and then Gerhard Berger, and he would make his mark on them both. During the 1988 Portuguese Grand Prix, just as his rivalry with Prost started to reach a shocking intensity, Senna attempted to run the Frenchman against the pit wall as they raced side by side at 180mph. "If he wants to win the championship that badly, he can have it," murmured Prost. The remark was made with the quiet introspection of someone who, moments before, had been staring down the barrel of a loaded gun.

When Prost left to drive for Ferrari, Berger joined Senna at McLaren. There was no animosity between the two, mainly because Berger, unlike Prost, learned to accept that his team-mate was living and working in a different world. In an interview with Nigel Roebuck in Autosport magazine, Berger explained Senna's racing mentality with the simple and devastating logic of someone who has been unexpectedly crushed by it: "He didn't respect any conditions. In qualifying, I would go out, set third fastest time, and say, 'That's it. The two Williams are ahead, they're quicker than we are'. For Ayrton, though, the Williams didn't exist. In his mind, the only thing that existed was himself, and he had to be first. By his thinking, he was able to create a power. That's the only word I can use... He'd say, 'I have to be quickest — and he'd do it! It wasn't that he was dreaming. He did it! And it would be the same in the race'."

That determination led to an intolerance of those who, going about their legitimate business on the track, were deemed by Senna to be in the way. His ruthless, utterly fearless overtaking technique meant very few drivers failed to be intimidated by the sight of his yellow helmet in their mirrors. At the same time, Senna seemed to be operating on a different plane in every respect. His religious belief was strong, and certainly the way in which he analysed his performance, and that of his car, verged on the metaphysical; he would sometimes speak

of feeling that he was outside the car while in the middle of an ultra-fast lap which was seemed so beautifully that it seemed beyond logical reason — even to him.

Circumstances were never a part of Senna's vocabulary, and that thought lingered in the terrible aftermath of his death at Imola last May. Senna was leading the San Marino Grand Prix when his Williams left the circuit, but he was doing so in a car which, according to informed opinion, was nervous and difficult to set up. Although reports from Italy have suggested that its steering may have failed, it may never become clear precisely why Sennas car went straight on instead of following the gentle trajectory of the Tamborello curve. What is not in doubt, however, is that the seconds which followed were

the right. Senna's reasoning was impeccable. Although the first corner was a right-hinder and the advantage into it would be his, he argued, correctly as it turned out, that Prost's Ferrari, now on the outside of the front row, would be able to make the best start. This being the case, Senna decided simply to drive Prost off the road at the first corner, an act which would deliver the championship to Senna since the Brazilian held more points. From the moment he speared his McLaren relentlessly into the back of the Ferrari at 150mph — observers standing on the inside of the corner said he never lifted his right foot from the throttle — Senna had abandoned motor racing tactics for callous recklessness. The motor racing media were stunned: there was

match for Prost's Williams. Senna scored five wins. He simply defied the form book. At the beginning of 1994, he moved to Williams as his relationship with a model, Adriane Galisteu, was quietly flourishing into true love. Certainly, at 34, he was mellowing. There was an increasing acceptance that life existed beyond the profession he had pursued with such unremitting intensity.

I had begun a book project with his new team-mate, Damon Hill, and sensed a thawing in the stand-off which had existed between us for the previous seven years. Let me explain. In the winter of 1985, Senna was two years into his burgeoning Formula-One career. My first request for an interview with him was granted with good grace and alacrity. The early-evening rendezvous, at Senna's suggestion, would be his house in Esher.

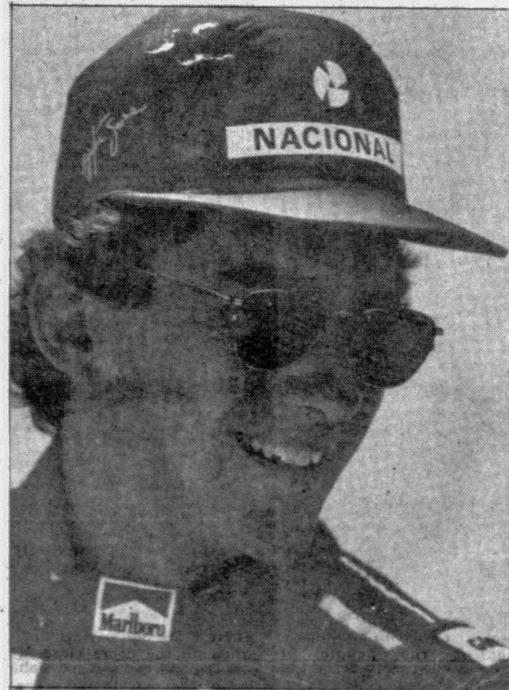
It was a curious combination: a modern, detached property, tucked away in a cul-de-sac in the Surrey stockbroker belt, inhabited by Senna and another Brazilian racing driver, Mauricio Gugelmin, and his wife, Stella. Their possessions in the UK were so few that the ground-floor rooms were largely uninhabited, save for Senna's remote-control model aircraft — one of his few hobbies — arranged neatly on a lounge devoid of personal effects and artefacts.

The interview itself was excellent. Senna applying himself to replies which were eloquent and informative. The finished article, published in Life magazine a few months later, was well received. But not by Senna, who had been enraged in the interim by the British press' criticism of his rejection of Derek Warwick as his team-mate at Lotus and, in particular, by one publication's offensive jibe about his mother. We were all tarred with the same brush, and Senna carried his resentment with him for six months. Finally, he could contain himself no longer and, just half an hour before the start of practice for the French Grand Prix, he exploded.

Senna, it transpired, thought that I had been responsible for the jibe and he accused me of repaying his kindness and hospitality by insulting his mother. I was, I admit, amazed by the suddenness and strength of his vitriol; plainly, I had failed to appreciate the depth of his feelings, the hair-trigger suspicion, the raw sensitivity of a 25-year-old Brazilian with outrageous talent. It took four weeks to convince Senna that he had made a mistake. He had the good grace to admit his error, but the damage had been done. This was a man driven by immense pride, and not one given to concessions, however minor.

I had found Senna to be charming and intelligent. I was impressed by many of his qualities, but I was saddened by the intimidation which characterised much of his work on the track. Because for all his brilliance, Senna sometimes pushed too far; did things which a champion should never consider.

Was Ayrton Senna one of the greatest? Yes, but with certain reservations which could never be applied to the likes of Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss and Jim Clark, none of whom depended on overbearing aggression. And is he still missed, one year on? Most certainly. The sight of that bright yellow crash helmet, dancing into view, would raise the pulse like no other. For all his faults and foibles, he remains one of most exciting drivers the sport has ever seen. A man with a special kind of speed. **G G Magazine**



Ayrton Senna: His ruthless, utterly fearless overtaking technique meant very few drivers failed to be intimidated by the sight of Senna's yellow helmet in their mirrors

to spark an unprecedented flow of tributes which shows no sign of abating one year later.

Memorials and corners re-named in his memory abound on race tracks across the world. Last January, the owners of Eastern Creek Raceway in the suburbs of Sydney felt the need to plant a Brazilian jacaranda tree in his honour. Eastern Creek has never staged a Formula-One Grand Prix; Senna had never visited the track. It seemed a genuine mark of respect for a driver whose combative flair and striking good looks caught the admiration of enthusiasts and casual observers alike. In Brazil, his sense of patriotism seized the imagination of an entire nation; he was winning races, not just for himself, but for his country. Small wonder that 200,000 people paid their personal respects as his coffin lay in state in Sao Paulo.

But if Senna was a hero to his countrymen, to his fellow drivers he was sometimes a man whose sense of preordained majesty would assume the most menacing form. In 1990, the championship battle race at Suzuka in Japan, Senna won pole position and was in-censed when officials decided to switch the grid formation, moving Senna's McLaren to the dirtier side of the track on

no mitigation here, and Senna's absence of contrition was chilling.

Exactly a year later, after winning his third title in more acceptable circumstances, Senna erupted when the subject of the Prost incident was revived at a press conference. He admitted for the first time that his actions had been premeditated. But the most startling aspects of a passionate monologue littered with expletives were Senna's cast-iron conviction that he was right and his bewilderment over the inability of his audience to understand. "Can't you see?" he seemed to be saying. "I had to do it."

You could respect Senna's unwavering self-belief, but there was little to admire about such intractable logic. A creative genius in a racing car, he had towering expectations of himself on the track, but he was unable to comprehend the more mundane responses of those who were not subject to the same pressures. Like Eric Contona, Senna would often act intuitively, play from the heart, and yet prove himself quite incapable of responding to reasoned analysis.

In 1993, his last full season, Senna did not come close to winning the championship, but it was his best year by far. Driving a car which was no

Modern Tissue Technology

Translated by Paula Aziz

THE burnt body was laid in Indiana Hospital. From time to time partial movements of the body revealed that it was alive. It was beyond all expectation even of survival, let alone a complete recovery.

But at times things occur in reality, that are even not possible in fiction. A mother of two children, a 35 years old lady, received burnt injuries from a gas heater explosion, which could not even be perceived two minutes earlier 75 per cent of her body got burnt which was found by her neighbours. They came rushing hearing the explosion. In most cases the person doesn't survive after receiving such serious burn injuries, and for the rest of the life he/she will have to live with scars all over the body. Therefore, the story of this lady with burn injuries should have come to an end at this stage. But if such was the case, there wouldn't have been any need for writing this article.

The disastrous accident became nothing but simply a terrible nightmare to this lady when she stepped out of the hospital after 46 days. No one could find any scars or evidence of burn on her whole body. Thanks to skin-grafting, she could go back to her old life again.

Dr. Ray Shooth physician of Indiana hospital collected some tissues from the underneath of the unburnt skin of the lady and sent it to a biotechnology institute named "Jenjume Tissue Repair in

Boston." The laboratory returned the required amount of skin which they developed only with in 30 days. Ray Shooth covered the burnt parts with the new skin, and restored the lady's old look again.

Physicians have become desperate to produce the replica of various organs of human body with the help of modern tissue technology. Dr. Joseph Vacanty of Harvard Medical School first realised that artificial organs can replace some of natural organs of the body. At this stage, one day Vacanty expressed his idea to his intimate friend Robert Langer, a chemical engineer. We wanted to know if artificial liver could be made. Ofcourse the experimental work of arti-



Miracles are possible thanks to tissue-technology

ficial liver making didn't take off that preliminary from stage of thinking. But what did come about was the making of new skin from dermal tissues.

Now the question is, how new skin is made? Well, the doctors collect the cells from underneath of the skin named fiber blast. These cells are preserved in containers made of polymer fibre. Langer has made this polymer from the molecules of Lactic and glycolic acids regular oxygen and water supply is required in order to make new skins. Development of new skin is completed within 30 days. This new skin looks exactly like the layer right under the skin. This skin is called "endo dermis" "epi-dermis" is the top layer covering endo-der-

mis. As the epi dermis is very hard and thick, it protects us from the sun, air, and water and also as the making of epi-dermis is very hard. The doctors however have discovered the substitute of "epi-dermis". It is called derma graft TC. This derma graft TC is placed over dermis, in a very bad case of burning, if derma graft is placed under the foot wounds diabetic patients become totally cured.

Organogenesis another centre for new skin making is Boston has proved their efficiency in making new skin. The skin made by them is so strong that they won't tear up if they are pulled hard. This skin is called graft-skin.

Hopefully within a few years, thanks to modern tissue technology, nobody will have to worry in case of knee or any other organ damage. Artificial cartilage will be made from the cartilage collected from the patient's body.

Heart patients will also be benefited due to the achievements of modern tissue technology. The real valves are replaced by plastic made ones or valves collected from pigs.

Today's magic is tomorrow's science will not remain confined within a stage, but will become a reality. What ever is shown by the magicians on stage remains for only a short time. But the performances of the physicians like Vacanty, Langer and others in the field of medical science will last for years to come.

Source: Anandamala.

Quiz Club

Answers (26.07.96)

1. John Grisham
2. 65200
3. Alma-Ata
4. Nigeria
5. Greek philosopher
6. Marx
7. 563 km.
8. Slum dwellers
9. Joining together of two atoms by sharing two electrons.
10. Position of the axle, the shape of the body, its weight, how weight is distributed and radius of...ration.

Want to win a Quiz Club prize? Answer the following question correctly and send us your answers right away!

1. Who is the writer of the book 'One Hundred Years of Solitude'?
2. What gas is used in refrigerators?
3. Midrib is
4. The solution of methyl orange is red with
5. The new budget aims to fix the GDP growth at ...
6. Who is the country's Commerce and Industries Minister?
7. In the Atlanta '96, who grabbed a gold in the women's 100m breaststroke?
8. What is the capital of Hungary?
9. Which three countries are called the Persian Gulf states?
10. In US, who founded the Democratic Republican Party?

Hollow Within

Kazi K Arafat

I paint butterflies with my dream
We all need true friends & that's why it always pays to have an active imagination or an active purse.
I'm food for a parasite called love

And I don't want my maggots to stay hungry.
That's why it's all eaten up inside the shell
Cuz
I've been giving without a take for so long that my love
has fertilized the hate seeds of every mandrake in the dunghills of the world.
All for the smile which you're too self assured to give.
Or maybe you've learnt that lying is a sin?
So now
you're still living on the meat of my rotting carcass while all I have left is what I put into these lines
And a scowl.

Voyage Into Doom

The year is 2010 and while studying the core of Mars, Dr Thuan Cosmotron has discovered a new element present in it. The 178th on the Periodic Table, Universium — 478, according to Dr Cosmotron, has astounding and unique characteristic features. Possessing a hardness of 17 on the Moh's scale and having a density of 178 g/cm³, this record breaking element has proved to be more useful and efficient in a lot of ways than others like Bustung — 285, Stungsten — 371, Borcion — 405, Cosmium — 399 etc. But it's most stunning property is that once it is heated to a temperature of 7863°C, it keeps on releasing oxygen, following Professor Mark Istery's solid — gas equation v(g)=mx. This law states that on extraterrestrial planets, the volume of gas released from a substance will be infinite times its solid state.

This has caused a revolution in the technology of the Solar System, both astronomically and industrially. Man has now been able to conquer other planets like Jupiter, Saturn, Triton etc and set up civilizations in them. Problems like greenhouse effect, global warming have all become yes-

terday's worries. Best of all, using oxygen as fuel, man has started to send rockets and satellites outside our Solar System to explore other regions of the galaxy.

But all this excitement ends one fateful day, on June 27th, 2025. On this day a few IGSMB (Inter Galactic Space Monitoring Base) scientists were monitoring the Universium-fuelled satellite "Cosmordier — X" on it's and mankind's greatest mission — to Andromeda. This was the first time anything manmade was about to reach another galaxy.

As the satellite was about to enter the galaxy, a very astonishing thing took place. The spacecraft simply exploded! Everyone on Earth was shocked seeing this on TV. Minutes later, IGSMB scientists saw explosions on the surfaces of all the man — colonized planets. People started to wonder whether Doomsday had come or not.

An hour later, it was reported all over the world that Dr Cosmotron had seen a huge, advanced-looking robot come down from the sky on the IGSMB center. After it had landed, in a very loud tone, it said:



Nothing lasts forever. In spite of best endeavour, Matter will one day finish. Otherwise it will self — diminish. And after this, it just van-

ished.....
by Raiyan S Islam
Class IX
The Doon School
Dehradun, India