

# TEENS and TWENTIES

## Riding the Waves on the Back of A Dolphin

by Towheed Feroze

TOTO Bhail shouted out Emon 'Let's go on a short trip to Cox's Bazar. Emon the ever enthusiastic young lad never seems to lack any stamina and vigour. Even if one places the proposal of walking around the earth on foot I earnestly believe that Emon will be the first to jump to the idea. However his unbridled ardency was also amply fuelled by Bachchu. One of my closest friends. These two surreptitiously made the plans and sprung.

I had some money in my pocket (Naturally earned through illicit means). However the rest of the gang which comprises of Salmon (striving to become Arnold Schartzenegger), Musa (who is an ardent fan of Shahrukh Khan and also gives his utmost effort to be like him) and Shamsu (the lad who seems to get taller by the minute) also gave their consent to the idea. The good old me (whom every one terms as a fellow plagued by an incurable mental disease) totally outvoted, had to give finally consent.

But it would be wrong to say that I was not a bit thrilled on the contrary within a few days I began to look forward to our journey. Moreover I thought that this trip would provide a pleasant interlude to this mundane city life. Well after making the necessary preparations and filling the heads of our parents with loads of lies and false promises we set out. Little did we know of the fun that awaited us.

After reaching Chittagong, early in the morning we booked ourselves on the first bus to Cox's Bazar. Boy! the journey to Cox's was a real obstacle test. The road was uneven and when the driver told us that this was better than the condition the road was in a few days ago I started to collapse. However our excitement diminished the agony of the journey.

The first view of the sea when the bus entered the Cox's Bazar city is breathtaking and awesome. I can still feel the shivers it (the view) sent through me the first time I set my eyes on that vast mass of foamy water. Over excited we went straight to the beach from the hotel.

By the way June, July and August are off seasons and hotel prices are down to earth. We stayed at one of the best hotels in Cox's Bazar—Hotel Sayeman. Best it may be in terms of facilities but not definitely in terms

of behaviour. The manager behind the desk gave us such a peculiar look as if to suggest that we were a bunch of social discards. But we still got our rooms. Got to remember 'locks don't matter a bit if your pocket is heavy'.

Right, so much for the Hotel. Lets go back to the beach. One might say that 'you guys chose a hell of a time to go to Cox's Bazar' but 'arr yaar' the day we started it was raining profusely and the weather forecast was that the weather would remain cloudy and windy for the next couple of days. So when we

One thing I have noticed that in the presence of nature man becomes care-free, jovial, buoyant. Our cries of joy and exhilaration echoed through the air. After playing water babies for two and a half hours we were forced back to the present by the constant roaring and thundering in our stomachs.

Bachchu who claims to have taken a crash course on resisting hunger could not tolerate it any longer and started shouting. With great speed we came back to the hotel to change. Salmon was harbouring the wish to lunch at the hotel

walk by the beach and went about a mile. It was absolutely quiet and every thing seemed impeccable. The atmosphere worked like an intoxicant and within a few moments we started running around like children. Exhausted we went back to the hotel for some sleep and woke up next morning with renewed vigour and zeal.

First thing on every ones mind was Him chari a transcendental spot not far away from the main beach. The car ride to Him chari is an experience worth writing about. The jeep runs along the beach. The sea on one side and small mud mountains on the other. The scenery is delightful. After reaching Himchari the guys raised the subject of following the trails of a waterfall to find the source.

The very idea took the life out of me but keeping a dry smile on my face I agreed (can't lose my prestige and ego in front of the kids). This time Bachchu the intrepid daredevil led the way. Thus started our one and a half hour excursion through the hills. Very few tourists have attempted to trace the waterfall to its source.

The excursion was adventurous as well as dangerous. We had to cross six waterfalls and finally when we were quite close to the source one woodcutter appeared from the blues and

force of the falling water. In these places one has to swim. Shoes are no use here. We walked barefoot in order to get a good grip on the wet ground. On our return journey we took a bath in stream water. It was cool and invigorating. Though a bit afraid I enjoyed the excursion immensely.

The waterfalls were beautiful yet deadly. If one wants to see and appreciate the waterfalls of Himchari then the best time to go is during the rainy season. During the rainy season the force of the water is tremendous. We returned to the main beach played some football and then quenched our thirst with fresh coconut milk.

Meanwhile a suspicious looking young man was constantly pestering me to buy some illegal substances from him, annoyed I asked Shamsu to get rid of him and the latter gave him such a look that leaving the products the man ran away. After lunch Shahrukh Khan (oops, I mean to say Musa) proposed that we spend the night on the beach. Everyone agreed and we decided to have a small picnic at night beside the roaring sea. We ordered chicken roasts and parathas. For our small picnic.

In the evening we went to the Burmese market a central attraction of the Cox's Bazar town. The Burmese markets of

friends ended up spending four hundred bucks.

As for myself I can tell you just one thing — I am crazy about girls with oriental features be it tribal, Burmese, Thai, Philippine, Japanese or Chinese. Oriental girls are my weak point. But alas! my Philandering techniques were met with rude looks and sarcastic smiles. What to do, had to stay satisfied by just looking at them from a distance (damn! the distance was not too close either).

At night we went to the beach. The yellow moonlight reflected on the waves and created a dreamy sequence. We hired a few beach chairs. After a good but unproductive 'Adda' our picnic started. Later on we went for a stroll by the sea. It was inexplicable-cool night, sound of the waves, yellow moon yes all of us became a bit romantic and started singing. At around three we returned to the hotel.

The following morning Salmon came to my room with a gloom expression 'the bus line between Chittagong and Cox's Bazar has been closed for an indefinite period due to clashes between the workers of different bus companies. We were doomed. For that moment the paradise seemed like hell. Well we all brought our money together and it came to something a little above three thousand. Half of the gang went to hire a microbus. Two thousand bucks went in hiring the micro. Off we started on our return journey.

The sun had already defeated the clouds and was shining with all its intensity. Burning in the insufferable heat we returned to Chittagong. And after having a paltry lunch started for Dhaka. At around eleven at night we were back again in the city of traffic jams, noise pollution, terrorism and of course postponed exams.

Yes the exam was not held the day after but, this is Bangladesh what can we expect? Well, 'alls well that ends well' we came back safe and sound. The trip was splendid. The memories of this trip will stay in our minds forever. Possibly five years from now we will not be together anymore but our memories will remain intact. In our memories we will go back to that beautiful night on Cox's Bazar beach where the moon blended with the sea and six crazy guys shouted out 'all for one, one for all'.

Photographs by the writer.



went to the beach it was cool, the sky was covered with ominous looking clouds and the sea was wild and this wildness made us lose control. With rubber tubes in our hands we ran towards the waves.

The foamy waves engulfed us and took us towards the sea and again threw us back to the beach. It's a wonderful experience, you take a tube go about fifty yards and lie down on it and wait for the waves to come. The waves come and moves you and the tube towards the beach. Under the waves the tube becomes active and you will feel that you are riding the waves on the back of a dolphin (well, that was probably a bit exaggerated).

However needless to say that riding the waves is a experience of a lifetime. I was so enraptured by the beauty of the ocean that for a few minutes I stared at it - speechless trying to grasp its beauty and vastness. Then came the rain as if to say 'hey get out of this beach at once' but undaunted we stayed and raindrops hit our backsides and shoulders like sharp pieces of pins. Undeterred we kept on playing our games.

restaurant. So we went to its dining room which was beautifully decorated and moreover the prices of each item was beautifully imprinted on the menu card. However the prices lost their beauty once we glanced at them. Taka twenty for a plate of rice? Taka eighty for a piece of chicken?

Well taka eighty per piece of chicken was enough for us to chicken out. The ever assisting rickshawwalla directed us to the Diamond hotel. This hotel serves good food at reasonable prices and the atmosphere is really homely. In the evening we went for a walk. All of us clad in our best attires. Though I was looking rather like a clown in my red T-shirt, Salmon came out wearing black T shirt and black jeans. Honestly he was looking absolutely like a Mafia Hitman. Bachchu in his blue sport trousers and bottle green T shirt reminded me of Bruce Lee (oh! I forgot this friend of mine is also a karate expert). The evening by the seaside was gorgeous the wind played through our hair and the serenity of the beach side atmosphere charmed us. We took a



warned us of wild elephants lurking a bit deeper and advised us to return. This advice though not appreciated by Bachchu really got my life clock ticking again.

An excursion through the hills is extremely risky. One has to walk on three feet deep water. And near the falls the water is about eleven feet deep, this deepness is caused by the

fer a magnificent array of products, and when I talk about magnificence I also mean the shopkeepers. Yes, don't get surprised if you see lascivious, seductive, charming tribal girls minding the shops. Shamsu and Salmon with their James Dean like smirk tried to flirt with the girls and believe me they responded. But the conclusion was what both of my

## We Need to Take a Closer Look

by Harvey Anthony Ellis

How many times have we heard our parents or grand-parents telling us, 'It was so different back in the old days.' As a matter of fact when ever we hear this familiar sentence we seem to shrug it off as being too old fashioned. But if we take a closer look at this we should be able to notice that there is an ounce of truth in it.

Analysing life back in the early fifties up to the middle sixties (based on accounts from my parents and grand-parents), I find that life was so much different and meaningful then. People used to think profoundly about life, its norms and its morals. There was a sense of security and responsibility. Back then people used to strive for the betterment of the future. Analysing the changing patterns of living form the fifties right upto the present, I basically divide the causes for this change into two distinct groups 'Economic Development' and 'Technological Development'.

Economic Development and Technological Development usually go hand in hand. As man progressed in the field of science and technology, he introduced many innovative methods which made life very easy and simple. People started realising that applying these ideas into the work place could benefit them in the long run. As a result the overall socio-economic environment began to change. On the other hand if we look at this from the Economic point of view we find that as time went by industrialisation began to spread all around the world. More refined rules, regulations, and methods were needed to carry out the smooth functioning of businesses. This is where science and technology comes in. For example the communication and information systems processes of the fifties as compared to the present.

I am all for development and for the betterment of life but I think we should not cover up the ugliness by sweetness presented to us by this rapid advancement.

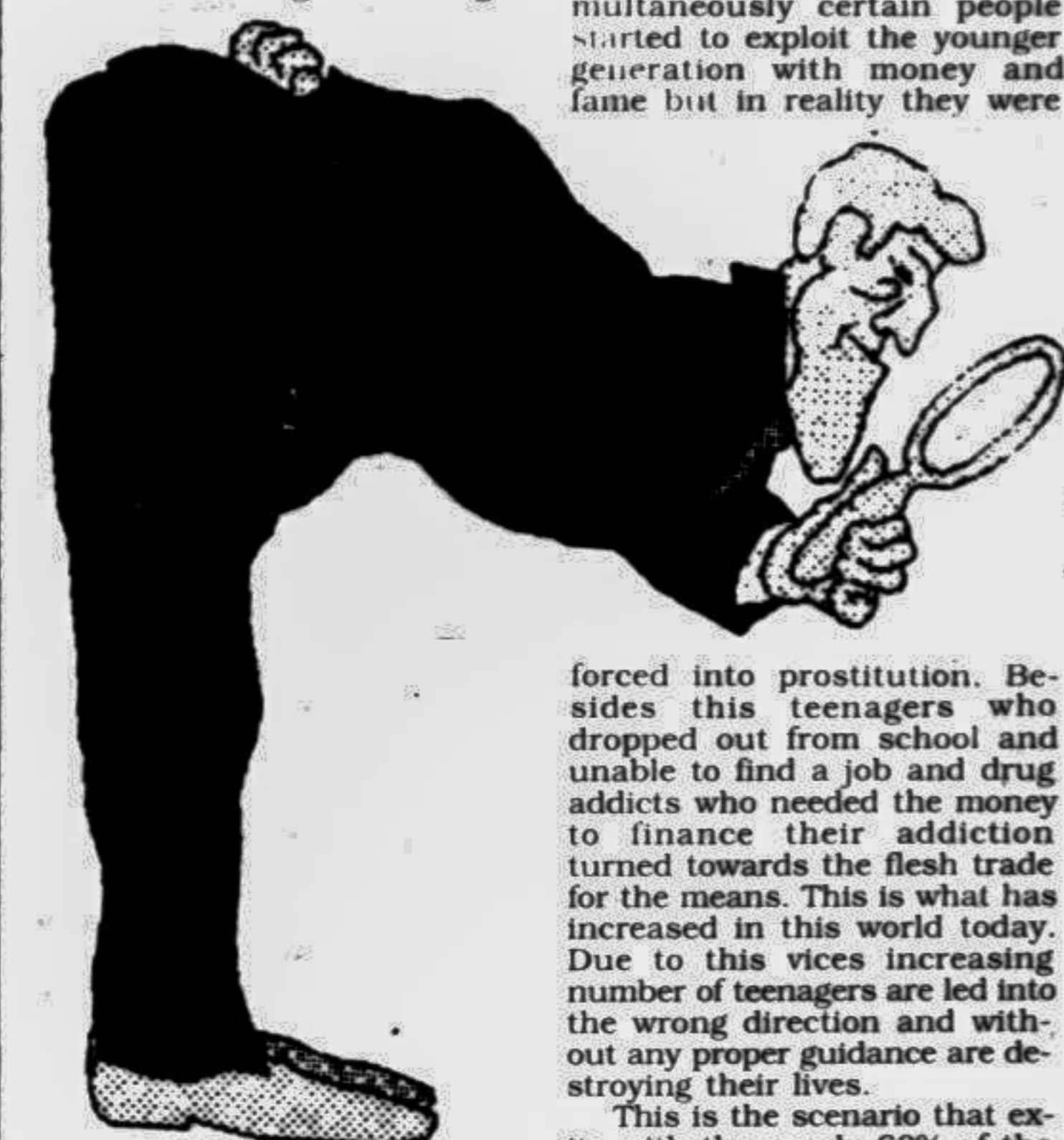
As the trends began to increase, society and the social attitudes of man began to change.

to discover new methods of determining whether or not a new born baby would be intelligent, dumb or strong. Simultaneously of course they also began to diagnose any diseases in infants at the time of birth and methods of rectifying it. But people who had high hopes for their children started to adopt these new techniques in order to determine whether their child would be a prodigy or just plain normal. The moral ethics behind this is the wrong attitudes of the people. We should be satisfied with what God has given us and not try to alter nature by some new found scientific principles. Tampering with nature's laws might just in the end have repercussions on us. This is just one point in the vast misuse of science.

Ex 2. As time passed by, with the advancement in technology man has gradually become more socially unconscious about the difference between the right and the wrong. He has inclined himself towards the more worldly affairs instead of thinking about the ethics involved.

Within this vast cauldron of desires, immorality and ethics, the ones most affected are the younger generation. They are more receptive to the changing patterns than the older generation who has seen life differently. The revolution in this strata of society started in the sixties when the freedom to do what one wants to was the main driving force (the swinging sixties as it was called). Drugs, free sex and total rebellion was widespread. From then on the poison had been injected which in due course of time grew worse and then, suddenly, man realised that it was time to do something about it. But it was too late. Over the years crime and drugs increased considerably.

Young teenagers started to join the crowd just to be in the group. At this time the world saw an increase in teenage pregnancy. They started dropping out of school or college, some started to go for abortions because they could not cope with the pressures of being a single or underaged parent. Simultaneously certain people started to exploit the younger generation with money and fame but in reality they were



The society was transformed into a more mechanical and materialistic entity. Along the increase in economic and technological development the psychological attitudes of man began to change.

As science and economics (by this I mean the total advancement in all fields) started showing us the way to lead a better life, man began to demand more of the amenities to facilitate his changing environment and above all to facilitate the smooth functioning of his day to day activities. To keep up with our demands science and economics began to discover incredible new ideas and innovations (again I am repeating the word ideas and innovations).

Its true science gave us a lot of benefits but we have over looked the side effects of its advancement that are enmeshed within all this good science. I am sure all of you know the Chernobyl Incident. Many more side effects can be stated but I know if one goes on to describe this, it will never end.

If we take a closer look at life and its changing patterns we should noticed that man's attitude to life and its surroundings is changing nowadays. The fulfillment of ones desires and wants in life is more important than the basic moral obligation. I think, to explain this term, I need to describe two examples.

Ex 1: When science started advancing in the field of Genetic Engineering and started to discover new astounding methods to conquer some of the worlds deadliest diseases, it also started to discover the basic genetic code in all humans. Therefore scientists were able

forced into prostitution. Besides this teenagers who dropped out from school and unable to find a job and drug addicts who needed the money to finance their addiction turned towards the flesh trade for the means. This is what has increased in this world today. Due to this vices increasing number of teenagers are led into the wrong direction and without any proper guidance are destroying their lives.

This is the scenario that exists with the nearly 60% of the teenagers of the west, but lets come back to our country. Although this is not widespread but nevertheless it does exist. There are some who just want to be accepted or who due to lack of proper guidance go for alcohol and drugs. Influence is one of the greatest factors in changing the minds of teenagers today. Just to be in the trend they adapt an altogether new lifestyle which in some instances with out the proper control of the individual concerned can lead to trouble. Those who do not have control over their minds do in fact go astray. As a result they mess up their whole lives.

Do some of us stop to think what might happen to these teenagers when they grow. With out a sense of direction or strategy their future is quite bleak. Some of us like to adopt harsh measures to settle this problem. Parents usually go in to strict discipline to tackle the situation, but this is not the answer and it does not work always. What the concerned authorities need to do is identify the source of the problem and eradicate it from there. Signing agreements on paper is not enough because it does not get the job done. What we need is action.

Do teenagers themselves stop to think about their own lives. What is the need to indulge in vices in order to be with the trend or get accepted into the group because in the long run it is you who is the one affected. The future ahead is going to be a tough one and the teenagers of today need to prepare for it. Without a sense of direction and plan you are just like a ship without fuel drifting in the vast expanse of ocean only in this case the ocean, for you is very bleak.

## Mama's Magic

by Romel Shahrukh Mostafa

"N O way man! I ain't taking any junk foods!" If that has been your attitude, well wait till a ball of *Mama's fuchka* get crushed between your teeth and water your mouth, for even if your bowel suffers 'churn-ups' as the repercussion before the recuperation period terminates, you'll definitely be standing on the pavement of Dhamond's Road No 5, asking *Mama* for more *fuchka*.

Gourmets of junk foods have

bottom closed, supported on two pairs of wheels, the size of that of a bicycle. Most of the vendors do not bother to cover the empty portions of the frame, thus welcoming dust and germ to settle on the food. *Mama*, however, has the empty portions of his van sealed with glass; only one portion remaining empty, through which he with dexterity and celerity, prepares in the van a plate of *chotpoti* or *fuchka* just in 10 seconds.

*Mama* also maintains dif-

ferent business policies from that of his competitors. I allow marginal profit per plate and rely on sales, he says. Indeed, *mama's* delectable half-plate *chot-poti* comes only for five taka, where as vendors near the National Assembly would charge no less than seven taka.

A man in his late thirties, he is more famous as *mama* than as his real name, Abdul Latif. Nineteen years back, he learnt

## A living legend to be kept beyond all controversies of time

by T M Russel

TIME seldom gives birth to the sword that exterminates brute, but very often hones the sword to behead the wise to set free the getters of the downtrodden. Joan of Ark will come again in the Human History but the Zars of Russia will come again and again to jeopardize the peace of human race. As long as a mother will give birth to a child or a child will be motherless, or a poor man will cry for help, or a handicapped will long for a hand, Mother Teresa will be remembered in the core of human heart. Though it is very ironic there will be some people at the same time, like those from Pakistan, who long ago once scandalized the mother throughout the pages of the newspaper, claiming that all her efforts and devotion to help the miseries of the down-trodden under the banner of the Missionaries of Charity throughout the one hundred and twenty six countries of the world is nothing, but an intention of conveying religion, in a very modern way.

It is not only a matter of shame, but is also a matter of sin to deny her sacrifice for the welfare of the poor and the helpless. She has done away with all the worldly pleasures and devoted her whole life for the betterment of — mankind and pursue her mission with full vigour. The term 'religious leader' does not well encompass struggles and sacrifice of her life for the sake of love, peace, and joy of the whole world. She is not just a religious leader; she is something more than that, something universal like — the mother.

And is there anyone who does not care for the Mother? Probably no, since even the brutes do care for the Mother. As a result of which, concern for Mother Teresa penetrated through all the religious barriers. There has been a rush of visitors to see Mother Teresa, who was admitted to Woodlands Nursing Home on Tuesday (23rd Aug) evening. She was suffering from malaria, had suffered a heart attack, a left ventricular failure and chest infection. Calcutta celebrated its 306th birthday on the very next day with apprehension since Mother Teresa was fighting for her life. Gloom pervaded the

whole city. Anxious people from all faiths poured into the Mother House from early morning. Foreigners, Hindus, Muslims and the poor prayed in the Chapel along with the Sisters. A mauli came to Mother House in the afternoon, asking if he could pray for the ailing Mother. The mauli knelt in front of the Chapel, bowed his head, prayed quietly for an hour, and then left.

The sisters were holding special prayers in groups — what they called the hour of the adoration — to help the mother tide over the crisis. Mother's followers had been praying round-the-clock. Thousands of nuns, and sisters all over the world, and the beneficiaries of the missionary at over 500 homes were deeply flared to think what will happen if the mother passes away. They all prayed from the core of heart and believed that their combine prayer for the Mother could not fade away without any fruit. Most pathetic fact was that the Mother entered her 87th year just three days after she had fallen sick. On August 26th being the Mother's birthday, bouquets and good wishes poured in by the millions.

The Archbishop of Calcutta, Rey Henry D'Souza, called on her in the evening with a message from the Vatican. The Pope has sent good wishes on your birthday and for a speedy recovery. Queen Elizabeth also sent her good wishes on her birthday. The scribble in chalk on the notice board at Mother House simply reads: 'Please pray for our Mother.' People belonging to all classes do love the Mother, they all respond to her feelings. She is the sword of the time to cut across all the ties of agonies of the religious barriers as well as the racial discriminatory, and of slaveries in order to unite the races into a complete humanity, living in utter harmony.

Shame to them who view the Mother only on the point of religion and think her nothing but a representative of the Christian World of Europe, of the poor countries of the Third World, conveying Christianity to the downtrodden with a promise to provide food. Breads that she provides the helpless are the breads to support their life from hand to mouth. There

is no other intention behind all these charity programmes, either religious or political. Being a Christian, her devotion to God is unquestionable. It is unfair to mangle up these two points and find out a contentious interpretation to be applauded only by applauders of the nonsense. She should not be contradicted with any of the controversies of the century, since her image is that of the Mother, and that cons must elapse to have another Mother Teresa. So pray to God so that we may not be deprived of her motherly affection so soon and ... enjoy the intended-peace for which this living legend has sacrificed her whole life.

The writer resides in Calcutta.

## Wise Words

And thou shall take no gift: for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

Exodus 23:8

A gift in secret pacifieth anger; and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.

Proverbs 21:14

Chance A chance may win what by mischance was lost.

Robert Southwell

Chance and valour are blended in one.

Virgil

An ounce of luck is better than a pound of wisdom.

Latin Proverb

It looks as though blind chance ruled all things. Our smallest actions may affect profoundly the whole lives of people who have nothing to do with us.

Somerset Maugham

Change Only the ox is consistent in that it always chews grass.

Bismarck

But that takes its place. Eyes see differently, emotions react to other themes. Men weep at jazz, and violence has become sexual.

Charles Chaplin



no dispute over who is the best *chotpoti-wala*, they unanimously agree that none has yet surpassed *mama* in making quality *fuchka*. It is not only the taste of his *fuchka* they praise, but also his ability to provide with, what they call, 'food with little dust contamination'. The popular *fuchka* and *chotpoti* are usually made in movable vans, a wooden frame, with only its top and

ferent business policies from that of his competitors. I allow marginal profit per plate and rely on sales, he says. Indeed, *mama's* delectable half-plate *chot-poti* comes only for five taka, where as vendors near the National Assembly would charge no less than seven taka.

A man in his late thirties, he is more famous as *mama* than as his real name, Abdul Latif. Nineteen years back, he learnt

sioner had *mama* park his van on the other side of the road. *Mama* first resented such an order, for the new site was an obscure one. However, since then the number of daily customers did not diminish and says the ever confident Abdul Latif, 'Even if they send me to hell ... there also I will find customers pulling up their cars and asking for a half plate of *fuchka*'!