

Creating A Mutant

Voluntary Investigations done
by Shaela Ahsan Khan
& Dr Mayesha Sakura

Introduction of the Investigation :

An unusual murder was reported by an eye witness namely Md Kabiruddin who claimed he saw a horrible monster eating his unfortunate gardener (the victim) and vanished along with the body which was found later in a swamp, nearby. The body was shredded, flesh from many parts of the body were missing as described.

We went on the crime scene guided by the eye witness and found an unusual foot print leading to the swamp, and then it was lost. But, while searching in the forest for further clues, we found the same foot prints which lead to a banglow's back-door. Further inquiry suggested the banglow belonged to a foreign doctor, Dr Kyle Bachman, probably a German geneology specialist.

His local servant answered the door, he wasn't home at that time. We questioned the servant who was Nur Ali by name, he and his wife has been working for the doctor since, he bought the banglow.

The doctor is here to perform some kind of experiment and further research on animals. Nur Ali informed us, the doctor has locked up a portion of the banglow which is believed to be his laboratory. The doctor has an assistant named Julian Kuss.

The villagers were afraid of him and they avoided Nur Ali too, as he worked for the doctor locally he was known as only 'Pagla Dacter'. Nur Ali was totally unaware of the incident that took place.

An autopsy done by Dr Sakura on the gardener showed existence of some unidentified chemicals in the attacked parts. Cause of death was major blood loss and fear.

Final state of decision based on the first day of investigation, confusing.

Day 2: 12.1.97

Questioning the villagers we found out it wasn't the only encounter of the monster, people has been disappearing and found dead. Half eaten for almost two months. It is a very small village and the people are uneducated. All these, are the works of evil spirits in their explanation. They really don't want to talk about it. When we went to the center of the village for further inquiries they refused to talk.

12.30 pm We went to question

Dr Kyle Bachman on his given time. He is a 6'3", thin, bald with a German accent, aged between 60 to 65. He is a very talented scientist.

As, my partner showed special interest in his research, he informed us that he was here because he doesn't like people disturbing him. His assistant seemed like a better person than the doctor, who was to show us around. The doctor went out as he had to visit the town. The assistant seemed very excited, and I think wanted to tell us something. But tell anything, except the usual description of the doctor's work. In the laboratory a stinking smell of something rotting hit us, the assistant suddenly became very tensed and wanted to get rid of us in a hurry, while we were getting out he gave a note while shaking hands. With it we came back. It read—

"The whole house is bugged and videoed. Meet me at the market place at mid night."

What did he want to tell us? Why was the doctor looking so troubled and pale when we asked about the murders and the footprints leading to his house?

Dr Sakura suggested the doctor was researching and experimenting with human genes. And most probably he was trying to produce a new genetic code. If so, he needs human as guinea pigs. So, could it be that he was responsible for the murders? Then what about the monster? We have no evidence against him. But I get the feeling he is somehow related to these murders and possibly responsible.

Midnight at the market place: 13.1.97 12.00 am

We met the assistant Julian Kuss for the first time I noted he is a very handsome young man with a cloud of frustration in his face. We sat beneath a tree. And then he informed us, the doctor has been experimenting with human genes for years. To hide his evil experiments he chose an underdeveloped country, where none will disturb him. Yes! he is responsible for the murders—in a way. Because, by creating a virus which can actually change the genetic code. He has transformed a human embryo into a genetic mutant embryo with unbelievable power of destruction.

"But whom did he experiment

on?" I asked. He became white as a blotting paper and broke down crying. "Dr Kyle Bachman experimented with me my wife Michel and our first child." They agreed to do it when the doctor assured them that it would be very useful for mankind and their child will become much talented and stronger than any other. And Michel happened to be his daughter.

But when their child turned out to be a monster Michel couldn't stand it and died out of pain and shock. But, Julian remained with him, as he again confirmed he would make their child alright, if he helped him. But, as the child started growing faster than the usual rate he started killing and eating human beings. First he started with their servant back in Germany.

Julian at times wanted to kill it but whenever he thought of it as their last sign of love he couldn't. He requested us to help him. He assured us, he has locked up the mutant, but knew the doctor would free it to complete his experiment. We went there as fast as we could. There, we saw a horrible sight, the doctor was being shredded and eaten. The shrill scream of a man in pain pierced the silence of the night. Julian suddenly, brought a power lacer gun and shot his mutant son. The doctor hardly breathing, was rushed to the town hospital and died there. Julian remained there in the banglow to guard the body.

But when we reached the main room we found Julian dead right by his mutant son, he killed himself. The main room's temperature was turned to extreme and the controls were broken. Soon, the whole room would be burning.

Final report:

The monster was the result of an unwise genetic experiment done by an even unwise yet brilliant late Dr Kyle Bachman, which caused the lives of a innocent couple and many innocent lives.

Further research details of the Dr Bachman were not found as, a sudden explosion possibly bombing burned down everything—in case the virus responsible for the transformation may be infectious.

The strange anatomy and powers both physical and mental, of the genetic mutant however remains unsolved.

The Old Man

by Naina Shehzeen Ahmad



HE was a small wizened man with sharp angular features his shining eyes stood out in a mass of wrinkles like a phosphorescent pebble amid a rippling pool. Except for two tufts of grey hair behind each ear, his bald head resembled solar energy panels—smooth and shiny.

He was a salesman at the shop on the corner. The fish and eggs came under his management. I remember watching him in amazement as he deftly arranged a large number of eggs in their styrofoam moulds in the wink of an eye.

It was a marvel to see his sharp knife move in rhythmic movements scaling, trimming and slicing—and in a couple of minutes, the fish was ready. All the while he would be talking to you in a soft voice—asking whether the azeales had begun to bloom, or if the picnic had been successful or not. He seemed to know most of his customers by name. He knew whose daughter had the chicken pox, whose son had scraped a knee falling from a bicycle, and he never forgot to send them his best wishes.

Everyone liked the old man. His endearing manner made him a favourite among all his customers— young and old. Whenever any of his customers was accompanied by a child, he would beam and reach into the depths of his capacious apron and bring out candies or chocolates. With a pat on the head and a treat, he would wink at the child merrily and say, "eating enough fish? Must grow strong bones, mustn't we?"

Shopping for my daily needs at the same store for over a decade, I had come to know him very well. We would often exchange our views on the weather, or on the rapidly degenerating political condition of the country. I would tell him of the frustrations of work, discuss the summer vegetable garden or swap recipes for soups etc.

Even if I did not buy fish or eggs, I'd go over to his counter just for a chat. He was a good listener, patiently hearing out my woes, but giving very little advice himself. He let us voice our anxieties allowing us to get a better perspective of our own problems.

The old man was a natural prey to the various debilitating ailments accompanying old age. He would cough and wheeze ceaselessly and soon tire from his work wiping his brow with a large red handkerchief. He would often sit down behind the counter. The customers were always willing to give him a minute's respite. Soon he would be up and cutting, arranging and packing. Despite his condition, he zealously pushed on

with his work.

He would smile calmly at any suggestion of retirement. His eyes would sparkle as he spoke of his future plans. He was educating his son with every penny he earned to give him a better future than he himself had experienced. He would become dreamy as he talked—dreaming of his future when he would retire to live with his son and be able to rest from a lifetime of work. He would sweep aside any suggestion to save for his old age, claiming his son to be his investment for his future.

He kept me posted on his son's progress. Over the years, the boy graduated from high-school, entered college and finally graduated. Finally came the hunt for a job. We would often bring clippings of advertisements for various vacancies, to save the old man the expense of buying newspapers.

One sunny day, he was in higher spirits than before. His son had been accepted at a fairly well paid job and the old man could happily retire now. This was his last working day. He could only grin toothily in reply to our congratulations—he was so happy. His face glowed with exultation as he joyously delineated a picture of his restful future to any customer who cared to listen.

May be it was because he had parted in such high spirits that it came as a shock to us to find him back in his post behind the fish and egg counter within barely five months of his absence. He had come back in deteriorating health. The sparkle in his eyes was now replaced by a dull lifeless look. The dreamy countenance was marred by a scar of acute disappointment and defeat. The former inspiration seemed to have vanished— he seemed to be just dragging through his work.

Gone was the lively banter, the relaxed exchange of news. Children passed by his counter emptyhanded—for now he hardly ever passed around candies or chatted with them. The coughing was worse—a sad tone to its raspiness.

When inquired as to his reappearance, he would claim, "old habits die hard," and quickly look away, saying that he was not the type to bear the inactivity of retired life after such a hectic life. But one day, he took me into his confidence. He had been cruelly let down by his son who refused to bear his father's expenses. He had been denied the right to the fruits of his lifelong toil. His dreams had been mercilessly shattered.

He was back among us—defeated, cheated—tolling away in his frail condition, attempting to hide his misery under a weak smile—a no longer full of warmth or hope as it was before.

Farewell Sunbeams

By Nasheed Ferdous Kamal

I will always remember the very day when I first entered your gates. To me you were like a second mother; receiving me with your affectionate and loving arms. Just as a mother leads her daughter in every step in life—Right from the beginning of my life, my childhood you were with me like my shadow!

I will not forget how you spent hours in sowing the seeds of education in me. In teaching me to venture into the various perils in life. Just like my mother, Even in between the lessons of alphabets and numbers, you were there for me to teach even the slightest of things—to eat regularly, to always keep myself clean, to tie my shoelace, to hold my pencil and what not; 'Behave politely', 'respect your elders' and 'love the young' were your worthy advices to me. Which I will always follow throughout my life. The field of knowledge that you have spread in me, The various activities that you taught me, The different advices that you gave me. All have helped, throughout these years to build my confidence, abilities, patience and character. For these I am grateful to you!

I will never forget the bonds of love and friendship that you tied me with my wonderful brothers, sisters and friends.

These friends I can never forget—the wonderful days that we spend together, the secrets that we had and the friendship that we shared—are all left for me to cherish!

Yes! I can not forget you—forget you even now when we are parting. Just like a mother, who after spending almost all her life in growing up her dear daughter, One time or the other has to bid her good-bye to a totally different world out of her sight— You have to say good-bye to me! But even though we are parting our relationship is for ever and ever! And I know that you are mine and I am yours!!



'A Midnight Adventure'

IT took place in a village named Dehbata. The village was lonely and it was near the Indian border. My friend Zillur and I had passed our Ordinary Level Exams and were in search of adventure. We reached Dehbata by bus at nine o'clock in the evening. We walked further on for about fifteen kilometres and reached the outskirts of the village. The Indian border post lay just half a kilometre ahead. It was ten thirty by then, and we wanted to rent a small cottage to spend the night. There was only a solitary empty cottage but the owner told us not to take it. He said that a girl was killed by her husband in that cottage some years back, and from then on, nobody liked to live there.

The cottage was haunted by the dead girl's spirit. It walked all around the house and the sound of her anklets could be heard late at night. Nobody dared to live in the house. It was haunted. A ghost?... this was just what we wanted, a real adventure. As Zillur and I would not listen to him, he lent it to us for nothing. He even made us sign an agreement that we could not blame him if anything happened. We readily signed the agreement and unlocked the door of the so-called haunted house.

We entered the house, cleaned a room, made our bed and ate the food we had. Then we joked about the she-ghost. We wondered what it would be like, and what it would do when it sees us, and what we would do if we see it. At last we went to

bed. We were dead tired, and soon fast fell asleep.

Suddenly, a hand touched my elbow. I shivered and got up. No, it was the hand of Zillur, and not the ghost's. Thank God! I looked at Zillur who was awake and asked, "What's wrong?" He only whispered, "Listen... I listened carefully, yes, there was no mistake. It was the sound of a woman's anklets; she was moving about and her anklets tinkled. The dead girl's spirit was searching for her murderer. We were really scared. The house was haunted after all. Now the sound of her anklets was on the ground, now it was on the walls, again it could be heard on the top of the roof. I looked at my watch, it was just some minutes past twelve. So the spirit does haunt the cottage late at night."

We got extremely terrified and took hold of some bamboo canes in order to confront the ghost. The fact that ghosts cannot be touched or beaten did not come into our minds. We restored our courage and advanced to light the lamp. I was so scared that I wasted a lot of match sticks but could not light the lamp. Zillur, who seemed anxious to meet the ghost, took the matchbox from my hand and lit the lamp. We looked around but could not trace the ghost. It seemed to vanish in thin air. We made up our mind to search the cottage.

We searched for about fifteen minutes before Zillur made the discovery in the storeroom. The cottage had three rooms; a living room, a dining cum kitchen,

and a bath cum storeroom. We had slept in the dining cum kitchen because it was the cleanest of the three. The living room was piled with broken furniture and the bath cum storeroom was filled with all sort of junk. I was searching for the living room and Zillur was in the storeroom. Suddenly, I heard Zillur laughing. I ran to the storeroom to see what had happened. I found him carrying a very aged dog. Here's your ghost!" he said. I looked at the dog and understood the tale of the ghost.

A very aged dog had been housed this deserted cottage. He was waiting at a very dark corner of the storeroom. Someone had tied a bell to his tail and it tinkled whenever he tried to shove off rats with his tail. This scared the people because the sounds came from the very room from where the girl was killed. No one wanted to confront the ghost. I removed the bell from the dog's tail and we went back to bed.

We told the story of our midnight adventure to the owner next morning. We gave him the dog and the ghostly bell. He thanked us and refused to take the rent. He was very happy, but I think the people were sorry. A haunted house gave the village a distinction, and now it was only a dog! We returned that day from Dehbata, the village where we had a memorable midnight adventure.

This story did not have the writer's name in it.



Helplessness

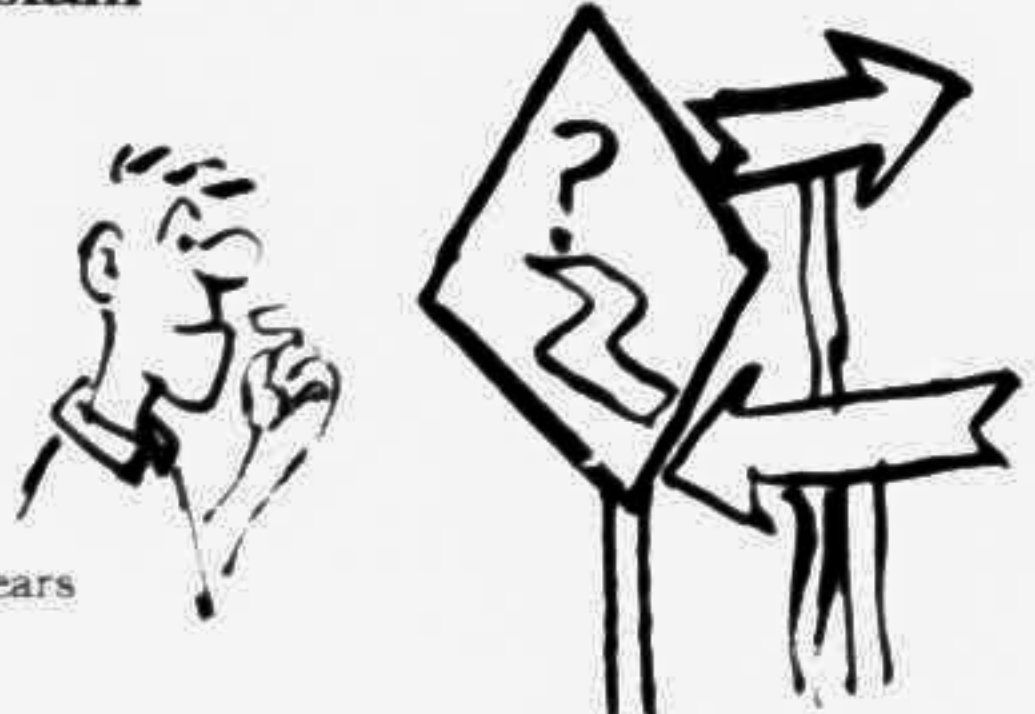
by Scarface

I was always, I am still, I always will be beside you—forever. And if the sky was to fall upon you, I would lend out my shoulders to you. If the voracious seas were to engulf you, I would carry you to the safety of the shore. If the woods ever creep up to you, I will pull them down with my bare hands. And if the rain, the sun ever were to harm you, I would gladly shelter you in my powerful embrace. If ever old memories came back from the past to haunt you, I would sing sweet songs of the future. If ever sadness spread a cold black shroud over you, I would do my best to cheer you up, my darling. For I cannot bear to see you miserable. I would be your friend to rely on, your shoulder to cry on—forever. But dear love, If you ever fall in love with me, even accidentally, There'll be nothing for me to do, but hope that life itself was not only a mirage, an illusion, a dream-not only make believe.

Where I want to be

by Faisal Islam

In the city of Rajshahi is where I want to be. Because I was born there you see. And most of my family living there happily. Because they are together. And I only see them once every three years. I have my parents here. But I also want my grandparents near. Because for them I still care. I live 2700 miles away from there. But life is not fare. I guess I have to go back to seeing them once every 3 years. But oneday a bird whispered into my ear. And told me that we would be united in a place where God has created.



Death, The Universal Truth

by Fardeen Ahmed Firoze

MAN is mortal. He survives on the God's call. When God calls In zero the heart beat falls

No one can deny it. No one on earth can prevent it. The thing which everyone will meet.

The doctors can't prevent. Neither can a saint The doctors can only cry. To God the Saint can only cry.

There is nothing to do infact to say. But to the god to pray. So after death he could peacefully live. Because there is no hope to achieve.

The man who does good deeds. To the Heaven he goes. The man who does bad deeds. To the Hell he goes.

Everyone has to trust the death It is the universal truth

Suddenly the death comes. In moment it attacks. And after a second dies the man. Like a fish on the frying pan.



A Living VCR

by Ahmed Shah Andaleeb

ONE night, I went to my aunt's house to play with my cousins. Since my aunt had just returned from America, I asked my cousins what she brought for them, they said, video cassettes. Then we decided to watch one of them. We turned the TV and the VCR on we put the cassette in, just as we put it in, it got stuck. We ejected it and took it out. We got up, just then the VCR started to eject itself and go inside continuously just as if it was breathing. Then we sat down and tried to turn the VCR off. We kept on pressing the button until our fingers were quite sore. At last the VCR was off. We got up but still the VCR was ejecting itself and going inside. It was frightful, then suddenly it stopped. We ran into the dining room where our parents were eating and I told my parents and friends about the VCR, which seemed to be a living one to me.

In response to our competition on X files, Shaela Ahsan Khan and Dr Mayesha Sakura have this investigation. Their story is just fabulous and we declare them the winners! Congratulations! Do collect your prizes from our Dhanmondi office on Thursday 6th February 1997, at around 3:30 PM.

How Big Is An Atom?

LET US begin by saying that anything we know about the atom today might be changed tomorrow. Science is constantly learning new things about the atom as atom-smashing machines are built.

Oddly enough, the word 'atom' comes from the Greek and means 'not divisible'. The ancient Greeks thought an atom to be the smallest possible particle of any substance.

Yet today we have found more than 20 different particles in the core of the atom! Scientists believe the atom is made of electrons, protons, neutrons, positrons, neutrinos, mesons, and hyperons. Electrons are particles that carry a tiny negative charge of electricity. The proton, about 1,836 times as heavy as they electron, carries a positive charge of electricity. The neutron, still heavier, carries no electric charge at all. The positron, about the size of the electron, carries a positive charge. The neutrino, about one two-thousandth the size of the electron, has no charge. Mesons may be either positively or negatively charged. Hyperons are larger than protons.

How all these particles or charges are held together to make up the atom is still not known to us. But these atoms make up the elements and they differ from each other. One way they differ is by weight, and thus elements are classified according to atomic weights. For example, hydrogen is '1' on this table and iron is '55'. This means that an atom of iron is 55 times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen.

But these weights are very small. A single atom of hydrogen only weighs about one million-million-millionth of a gram! To give you another idea of how small atoms are, let's see how many atoms there would be in a gram of hydrogen. The answer is about 6 followed by 23 zeros. If you started to count them and counted one atom per second, it would take you ten thousand million million years to count all the atoms in just one gram of hydrogen!

What Is Atomic Energy?

ATOMIC energy is energy obtained from the atom. Every atom has in it particles of energy. Energy holds the parts of an atom together. So in atomic energy the core of an atom is the source of the energy, and this energy is released when the atom is split.

But there are actually two ways of obtaining energy with atoms. One is called 'fusion' and one is called 'fission'. When fusion takes place, two atoms are made to form one single atom.