

TEENs and TWENTIES

To My Teddybear

by Raihan Jamil

MY dearest Teddybear, This is probably my first and last letter to you, before you become someone else's "inspirations of life." I never thought that I'd have to write letters to you, in order to be with you! Now, I am writing to you, to relieve some of the immense pain I am now going through. A letter is probably the best mode of communication, when one can not share things with another. The very thought that I can never be the same 'old Daddy' to my dearest daughter again is making me panic.

I still remember the day, as if it were only yesterday, when you were born. When the doctor told me that you were born, I felt elated. I wanted to shout at the top of my voice until it cracked I wanted the whole world and the stars to know that, I have a little daughter now and that she has the cutest possible face anyone could ever imagine, and the cutest smile. I exactly remember the first time I took you on my lap. I kissed your cheeks and said, "From now on, you will be the sole purpose of my existence, my dearest Teddybear. You'll be my heart and my soul and my world."

How quickly time passes! Now, I can't even think of carrying you on my shoulders, like the old times, and walk through the parks late at night, under the blazing stars. Neither can I think of telling any bed time stories to anyone. You've grown up so quickly!

I still remember the day, clearly, when you were sick one time, and couldn't sleep at night. You wanted me to carry you on my lap and walk in the garden. And I did exactly so. I carried you all night and walked in the garden, until you slept in the early morning. It was the sweetest pain any father could ever bear. And now, all I have been left with is some sweet memories. The time for creating memories are gone. It's time to go back and read the books we have written for all these years.

That is the only hope I am left with. I've selected someone, who will love you and care for you very much, to be your life partner. And the fact that, no matter whose wife or daughter-in-law you will be from now on, the whole world knows that, you are only "my" daughter and will live that way, makes me a bit relieved from my agony.

Twice in my life, you've made me cry. The first time was at your third birthday, when in front of all the guests, you said, "Daddy, I love you more than anyone else in my life," and I started to cry out loud, like a baby. The guests were so surprised! However, I was the happiest person in the whole world.

And now, the pain of loving and losing has left me speechless. No one can hear the silent cries of my heart, nor can they see my tears. I am dying in pain. From tomorrow, you will be the brightest star of someone else's sky. I feel like, I am the saddest person of this whole world. I pray to God, so that I have the strength of bearing this pain.

Of course, I admit that, now I can save some of my earnings — maybe a huge part of it, even. But then again, how can anyone measure the opportunity cost of love? Moreover, there were some hidden pride in knowing that, my daughter is so popular that, she gets a lot of crank calls! You had come into my arms, crying, into this unknown, queer world. And tomorrow, you will be walking away from these arms, crying, into yet another world. Both of these worlds are loving and caring and yet, they are so very different. You are the only bridge between these worlds — and so you can share them both. At this moment, I can only wish that, you have the same "Teddybear" for yourself as you had been for me, and say — "I will be here always, for you."

From,
Your Loving Father



Tomb Raider: Hot Adventures in Lost Civilisations



Tomb Raider Review

"http://www.game-revolution.com/"

a game by
CORE DESIGN, LTD.

Publisher
EIDOS

Minimum system Requirements

Pent60/ Recommended 90

8MB Ram/Recommended 16+

DOS 6.0 or Win95

2xCDROM/Recommended4x

SVGA/Sound Card/Joystick

review by George laTourette Jr. "http://www.game-

revolution.com/misc/staff
with very important footnotes by Sharier

ly eventually disowned her and she turned to writing to fund her trips. She published travel books and detailed journals of her exploits of ancient sites and civilisations. Now she searches in an almost forgotten realm of intrigue and danger for a lost artifact.

The controls in Tomb Raider are incredibly simple. There are 9 controls aside from character movement. These controls give players a myriad of possible actions in the game. The buttons: Action — use this button to pick up items, pull levers, shoot, grab ledges and any other possible action in the game. Draw/Holster Weapon — as described. Jump — used for jumping forward, backflips, and sidesteps just push the joystick in the desired direction. Lookhold down the 'look button' and use the joystick to have Lara look in that direction. Roll — used to do a quick roll and turn around.

Walk-for walking instead of normal running mode; character will not fall off edges while 'walk' button is pressed. Inventory — used to access found items; new weapons, first aid kits, keys, etc. The last two buttons are side-leave left or right.

All of these controls are invaluable. For example, while running, push the walk and jump buttons together and Lara leaps into the air and does a forward roll upon landing. The jump button is used to swim and dive deeper. Before you begin your adventuring, visit Lara's mansion from the main menu. There you will be taught all the main controls

in the game by Lara herself, including some very helpful hints on how to run, jump, and grab onto far away ledges.

The graphics in Tomb Raider are GOOD!!!! There are very few texture mapping mess-ups considering the phenomenal volume of the game. From all of Lara's moves to all creatures encountered, the movement and realism is fantastic. The caverns and lost temples are beautifully rendered. The water has an incredibly realistic and disorienting feel. The sound is also a rare treat. Instead of an annoying soundtrack, EIDOS implemented sound effects. Echoes, short drumbeats, and environmental sounds were used. The creatures encountered will stir those magical sounds of fear with their howls and footsteps. Surprise is the key element in Tomb Raider which makes it so enticing.

The creatures in Tomb Raider are beautiful. They could have done a bit more work on the texture mapping of enemies, but I don't think it's that important in a game of this calibre. The beauty is in the movement. Almost fluid, the wolves, bears, and the bats of the first level have a "feeling" of realism. They even sound real, making odd noises and grunts as they try to devour your flesh. The real treat was at the end of the first level. I climbed down into a "Land of the Lost" of sorts and I heard a creature approaching. I readied my weapons and when I looked, I almost fell out of my chair! A hungry velociraptor let out a horrifying scream and charged for

the kill. My first instinct was to get the hell out of there! I ran, slipped, dodged, and shot like my life really depended on it. After disposing of two of them, I quickly surveyed the silent valley as I healed my wound. I began to run forward, guns ready and felt the adrenaline pumping in my veins... "C'mon! Bring Em On!!!!". As I turned the edge of a clearing, my eyes popped out of my head and I nearly wet my pants. A HUGE (and I mean HUGE!!!!) Tyrannosaurus Rex leered down on me and began to charge. About face!!!! Run!!!! Tomb Raider is filled with chills and thrills to keep you craving for more. Spiked pits, baboons, lions, panthers, alligators, freaky skinless things, and enemy mercenaries are just a few.

Overall, Tomb Raider is a fantastic adventure with non-stop action and puzzles. I think that it's one of the reasons why games even exist. It's my favourite game to date and I'm sure you'll agree when you see it. Phenomenal Graphics and Superb Sound Effects. Hot adventuring in lost civilisations. One of the best games of all time!

Footnote: Hey gals and guys if you've got internet connection, you can download the free shareware version of this game from this address: "http://www.game-revolution.com/but watch out, although the compressed Zip file is only about 5 megabyte it can take hours to download. Plus you gotta have a Zippluggn7, exe to view and save the Zip file. Zippluggn7, which is a plug in filter, is also available at the same site for free (for 30 days) After 30 days, they say it will not function anymore. You have to have the Zippluggn7, exe installed in your hard drive (that is C:/ or D:/). By the way, it will take between 10 to 20 minutes to download this one.

If you have Norton Commander to back you up (Norton protected Recycle Bin/Norton utilities/etc.), don't bother to download Zippluggn7 (cause you have Pkzip programme in that case!), all you have to do, while downloading, is specify your plug in filter's path. If you don't find the filter in time, don't bother. Save the download.

The internet runs on a myth that it is cheap and the most efficient way to transfer data. Wrong! Americans are now suing the America Online for failing to give them the service they had earlier claimed to give. In our case, the modem speed hardly matters. If you have a 28 Kbps modem or a 14.4 Kbps one, you can never expect a download at the constant maximum speed! In fact, it is amazingly slow! Instead of 28 kb per second, you should feel very happy if, ever, you can download any data at the speed of 2.8 kb per second (I never got anything above the speed of 1.4 Kbps, I swear). So if you want to download anything, keep handy Tk. 300 to bribe your dad. You'll need it when the bill comes.

Beauty Bites...

THERE must be some characterised times when you get carried away with your thoughts and actions; don't you? Some of the "very" conscious may not agree, but most of the humans are like that. I was in a same situation a few days ago. As I was changing roles, or at least trying to do so, like the jackets of a wardrobe while performing some layman duties, an emotional distance was grown between us — me and my "new" friend, because on her part, she seemed to have found some adjectives of life.

She should have been by now (the time we spent together) become more than a friend. But like human merry-go-round sees many changes, my Book of Life culminates with a dream fantasy of a fancy-dress ball in which I feel the barrier between "she" and "I". What I was feeling is like this — "I would sample life's tortures once more and shoulder one more at its senselessness. I would traverse not once more, but often, the hell of my inner being. One 'day', I would be a better band at the game..."

Well, that's what "I" was thinking, but she was least perturbed, or rather least bothered, about it. For she thinks her 'past' and 'present' to be the most grateful (she has a preoccupation to laugh at Life) undermining everybody else's sorrow. She pretends like the Angel of the Duinees Elegies to see and summarise human life as a whole. If you ever happen to meet a lady with such striking ability (I think there's a lot out there) to beautify her sorrows, never let her go away. I try more to interact with her, taking her to my library to read out the very first sentence from Tolstoy's Anna Karenina: "All happy families are like one another; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."

Her face illuminates and to tell you frankly, at that time, she looks exactly like my Laksmi with Pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries. But unfortunate "me"; if she really were "my" Laksmi, she wouldn't have hesitated to let me nestle in her beauty — beauty that disturbs my human hunger. Many of you may be bored to death reading about my Laksmi again and again, as my friend Romel once again asked me about her existence. I answered in affirmative. And I wish —

and 'you' have every liberty to differ — that you see what I see and feel what I feel. I think if someone like my Laksmi existed in your life, you wouldn't have to project yourself as "too-smart" whenever you come close to the female species of human beings.

Let's start with beauty. In beauty, Laksmi is a Greco-Bengalee version of Hardy's Eustacia Vye, and unlike Eustacia, she would have done more than well on Olympus without any preparation. You must forgive me for comparing Laksmi to one of my once-imagined female strangers. But again, I often do feel like shouting at her: "Oh thou art fairer than the evening air/Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." This was what Marlowe's Faustus was wasting his soul to Helen. But do not mistake me — I'm not entertaining any sentinel from Hell. I already have enough within my "self".

See, how much I am engrossed in and carried away with 'one' person's beauty! And for that, I sometimes rebuke myself from the Old Testament, saying: "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

But as I was born handicapped from my mother's cradle with all the elements of an anarchist and a non-conformist hemmed in by his hectoring lifestyle, I was trying to get back at a hypocrite browbeater. Definitely, I was carried away accompanying my characteristic flaws. I whispered to Laksmi with all the punctuations of my inner wrath that "I had learned that society imposes insults that must be borne, comforted by knowledge that in this world, there comes a time when the most humble of men, if he keeps his eyes open, can take his revenge on the most powerful."

These are the times Laksmi plays her "beauty" card — from heavens, she takes me drawn into her, pressed onto her human limbs, spreading her swan-like anchor over my body and soul. Resurrected, I feel like the Eagle who finally has dived into the Ocean, illumined by the morning Sun.

But no... a little later when I realise that it was just a passing dream, I go up, up to the rocks where beauty can 'only bite'...

—EK



"Bahe Anandadhara" on BTV

by Kazi K Arafat

THERE'S a theory in economics called the Law of Diminishing Returns. The Law actually talks about the value of efficiency of economic products, policies, etc, but it's uneconomic application can be uneconomical, if you think about it. Everything yields a certain amount of reciprocation that keeps on increasing to a certain extent, until it reaches its climax and starts its downward climb. In a graph, it looks like a cross between a 'u' and a 'v' turned upside down.

Before my article itself starts achieving Diminishing Returns, as anybody who's been unlucky enough to suffer a couple of minutes of BTV (I'm still looking for someone who can endure more than that will know, the programs, when euphemistically described, are so insane that the only thing they're good for is there for spiritualists who crave a taste of eternity. So we could all maybe, raise a crystal tumbler of iced Pepsi and unanimously agree that they couldn't get any worse.

That's where my ramblings about the Diminishing Returns come in — a great thing about the law is that it works even if you turn the upside-down "u" downside-up. Therefore, since BTV positively can't get any worse, it has to get better. And if readers are interested in seeing just how this phenomenon is going to take place, tune in to "Bahe Anandadhara", which is to be aired the night before Eid.

This show from Nadiya Movie Live Features, among other things, the "Eid thoughts" of celebrities like ministers Mohammed Nasim and Mizanur Rahman Chowdhury, movie directors Etesham and Azizur Rahman, actress and actors Shabnoor and Omar Sunny, and singers Agun and Akhi Alamgir.

It's also got a performance by Taranga Lalitkala Kendra, and Selim Chowdhury's rendition of Hasan Rajas "Agun Lagaiya Dib Kone" to which the graceful Alia Rahman will be dancing along. It's not missing in, what's inevitable BTV "magazine show" — an attempted music video which in this case, will be less half-hearted than most people would give them credit for, since this show allegedly has some technical wonders (something called image dissolving) which were explained to me but which I did not understand one bit.

Last and least — it's also got a fashion parade choreographed by Bibi Russell. The whole thing is written, composed, directed and presented by Bulbul Zilani Chowdhury. I'm not sure if the last para sounded like an advertisement or not — I want it to, since I'm expecting a lot from this program and BTV has to improve, we know all that and since I know too that the marginal utility of this write-up is turning sour, I'll say a hasty goodbye and wish a happy Eid to 60th my readers.

People of The Soil

by Fardeen Chowdhury

Spoken word, challenged down to the last syllable Challenge met by those young and able They gave speech to those yet unborn Their spirits live, yet bodies torn.

Years passed and aliens still roamed the land People resolved to claim their very own sand The time for sacrifice was certainly at hand They will not accept any reprimand.

Untrained yet strong to the core They won't take the abuse any more For one land they dearly fought Like the speech they costly bought.

Red permeated the greenery of the soil Blood of men and women who didn't recoil It matters not if you're young or old It matters not if you're willing and bold The hyenas run, the people celebrate

THE beast in Man is free! Oh! It's free — Oh! Please see.

The beast in Man is free, And cares not what may be, It growls in its joy, And in fury, as in Troy. It howls in its joy — A boundless, guiltless joy.

Oh! It's cruel — so cruel Oh! Look it's so cruel No law can bring it down It's so crafty — so cruel.

The man I love so much Is no match — no match This beast can bring him down And burn him — like a match. Oh! see! Oh! It's free! As ruthless as can be. My body it has battered Oh! see — Oh! Please see.

War-and The beast

by Mariam Kabir

My child it has held My child — Oh! my child Will mercy stir its heart? For my child is so mild.

Oh! No! My house! The beast has burnt it down. My neighbors it has killed There's nothing called "My Town".

Blood is running wild, Yet there's no case to be filed, For the beast is a ghost,

Of which no man can boast.

My family is gone. My Dad and Sis — all gone And at daybreak — at dawn I cry for mum — alone.

My brother has lost too; There's nothing he can do. For the beast fears no law, So my brother has lost too.

Oh! war, is it you, Who brings sorrow to, A poor lonely soul, who wants nothing as a whole. But a tie to her heart And a shield from all that heart.

Oh! war, why have you, Obscured what is true, Played life and hue, And scarred what is true?

The beast you've set free, Has a killing spree, Which you can't dominate. For it is too late.

Oh! war, why have you? ... why have you? ... Why have you?!

Quotations!

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

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

The absurd man is he who never changes. Barthelemy

Thus all things are altered; nothing dies. Ovid

Change everything except your loves. Voltaire

All things change, creeds and philosophies and outward system — but God remains. Mrs Humphry Ward

Every change makes the favourite of fortune anxious. Schiller

In government change is suspected, though to the better. Francis Bacon

It is natural for a wise man to change his opinion, a fool keeps on changing like the moon. Latin Proverb

Charity Our charity begins at home. And mostly ends where it begins. Horace Smith

The poor man alone, When he hears the poor moan, From a morsel a morsel will give. Thomas Holcroft

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. I Corinthians 13:13

Charity creates a multitude of sins. Oscar Wilde

Charm It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have charm, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. James Barrie

All charming people, I fancy, are spoiled. It is the secret of their attraction. Oscar Wilde