

A Journey to the Depth of...??

by Suchismita Roy

His name is percival. He looked like it too.

A pale, snub-nosed, freckled-faced seventeen year old male human with the vacuous expression of a modern day Don Quixote. His hair stuck out like the piles of a newly washed carpet hung out to dry, and all the steam rollers had found their ultimate opponent in his unique looks. Add to this scarlet frilly wafers to the sides of his head (i.e. his ears) and you had a conglomeration; no man, woman or least could stare at for long without getting their respective eyeballs twisted. Add also to this the physique of a malnourished scarecrow and you'll get a rough idea of Percy-boy's phenotype.

Now for his genotype which was [Tantantara...a...all] Magnificent! Exquisite! Smashing! Wow! [I've run out of adjectives] Cor blimey — was 'e sumfink or what! He was unpresumptuous, considerate, generous, kind, thoughtful [past! past!] hard-working, earnest and sober [ere pass that feeler over to me] Yet woe betide him, he aroused no trembling in any female bosom [we mustn't forget his whopper of a mug must we?] life is unjust. [what is just? — even the justice system is unjust, see? so there!]

As I was gabbing, Percy... yes Percy had a fascination for WOMEN! [Yes fell as you heard that one right]. But 10 behold! Vat is this? Ach neoni! neini! ze female of his choice was not one of ze common pale, huge-eyed, fairy ones but a flashing, snapping crackling female with snaking black locks, glittering black eyes and a little carmine mouth that sneered arrogantly at all but him. The sheer thought of her made him quiver with ecstasy.

"Pop!" a drop of water landed on his nose, lounged about in a possessive manner and gave what Percy thought was a challenging look Percy gave back an appropriately defiant look and thumped the drop of water from his nose. What was the world coming to nowadays when even drops of water thought they were up to your level, huh?

Percy looked up to see where the offender had sprung from. And instantly... instantly... in the time it took a goat to cross the road Percy had figured out the answer, it would have taken us morons years to find out. What was it? It was from [Tantantara... Zong! Clang! Boom!] the Sky! Percy was overwhelmed and dazed by his intelligence. He recuperated by staring up at the sky for a while when his super smart brain recorded the fact that the sky looked like whipped cream. Very old whipped cream. Very moulty whipped cream.

Percy opened his mouth to holler... "Broudbaboom Boom". No he did not say that, it was just the loony thunder geeking about.



Percy contemplated. Percy contemplated very hard. Percy contemplated his time with one eye shut and one eye screwed up. He wheezed out a sigh of relief. He had decided at last. A dry Percy was better than a wet one any day. He tucked his shoes under his armpits and headed for the nearest shop in that quaint little side street. He stumbled in and wiped ze rain from ze tired brow. When he blinked around he found himself in one of those tiny family owned antique shop.

But hilt! what was that? Lying on a fearsome of 320 degrees, and two and a half feet from his trembling body was something that made his heart acquire the heart beat rate of a canary bird (1000 beats/min). The object was an ebony statuette as black as a match-head on a moonless night. It was a tempestuous Woman lashed viciously to a mast, her body and face taut with proud defiance. Her medusa-like locks snaked over a face maligned with arrogance and hate.

Everything became still. Only his ears fluttered in a slight draught. His face acquired the irritating expression of a sleepy cow. He sighed. A sigh that came from the depths of his tangled intestines. The corners of an inane mouth drooped and out trickled some transparent stuff. He rocked slowly on his heels. Slowly his amplitude increased and there was a Whoosh! followed by a CRASH! He had hit the floor. Yes pardners, you're right again. He was suffering from the classic symptoms of Love. Tac! Tac! Tac! Imperious heels clicked on their way.

Percy levered himself into a standing position. Krunch! (that was one of his miserable ribs). The proprietor stood squarely at the counter. His cochlea shot out of his ears, unwound and then shot back in. He stood there stunned as if he had been hit on the head by an unkind thunderbolt. He was actually (bom!) shell-shocked. (Singer! snigger!) For you see, in front of him stood the living copy of the ebony statuette.

Ms Medusa looked at him. She looked at him very carefully. He was wearing the expression of a frozen leg of chicken. She inserted her thumbs into each ear and after slight hesitation said, "Booga Wooga Booga Wooga Bunga Bunga Hunga Bunga". His features remained as immobile as before.

She sighed deeply and took up an antique knitting needle and shouting *Aiyaaa-aahh*, he thrust the point underneath his sternum. She stepped back to observe the results.

"Gurk! Gurk! Gurk!" Percy spluttered into life once more. He cleared his throat. It was the sound of a cold-ridden vacuum cleaner. He then lifted his index finger and wheezed out "are you..." and pointed in the figurine's direction. It was all too overwhelming for his sporangium sized brain.

"Yess...I modelled for it" came the voice — over a hypothermic glacier — it seemed to Percy.

Percy ransacked his brain (it didn't take too much time) for something to say. He had to show the filament lamp of his life that he was a man of substance... very substantial substance [we.e..ll... he was rather dense] He had thought of it! Romances all over the world would be quoting this line to their Juliet's. He cleared his voice and said, "Have a jelly bean?"

"Indeed no," came the frosty answer. Percy realized his mistake. He should have offered toffee.

He plopped his bag of jelly beans into the waste paper basket. He hated jelly beans. Toffee rose to No. 1 in his love offering list.

Percy glanced up shyly and asked, "How much is that beautiful lady in the window?"

Ms Icicle thawed perceptibly and said, "£200".

Percy's nose quivered slightly and his eyes started to fill. His lambkins noticed this and hastily said, "Okay, okay make it £100." Percy wheezed out a sigh of relief. Just a little masculine weakness. It worked all the time.

On Saturday, Percy traipsed gaily into the shop, a cheque in one hand and a bag of toffee in the other.

Ms Medusa soon appeared her tempestuous black hair off set by the green of her shirt. The transaction was quickly made and cradling the statuette in one hand, Percy made his offering of love.

Ms Medusa exclaimed and said, "Toffees are the most elegant darlings in the world." She beamed sweetly at our Percy and blushed an unbecoming pastel orange.

Percy collected all his elusive scraps of courage, pasted them over his heart and gushed out "Oh my sweet Aph...ape...ur mmm...Aperodite, these toffees wither and fade beside your lovely face. Your eyes twinkle like two doves — I mean two stars and..."

Here he was interrupted by a tugging at his sleeve. A small face, strikingly like the one which and bewitched him, begged him to lift her up on to the counter. Percy saturated up to his eyeballs in love obliged and babbled out to his darling, "Indeed my papsicle, your parents are fortunate to have two such raving beauties in the family. Your sister does you justice."

"You flatterer," exclaimed his love grinning toothily, "calling my daughter my sister, but wait and must meet the rest of my family." Saying so she called out, "sheepskins, yoo hoo sheepskins, bunnykins wants you to meet this nice little man here, the one who bought that monstrosity you carved, sheepskins... yoo hoo shee..."

Percy walked calmly out of the shop. He flung the statuette wantonly into the nearest ditch. He put his hands into his pockets and headed to a pile of rubbish. It seemed warm and inviting. A fit place to end his journey.

"A thrilling experience in my life"

by Tanzir Latif

To be frank, I usually do not come across thrilling experiences often. But once in a while, something extraordinary happens that really surprises me. The grove escapes for sometime. Thrilling experiences give us a moment of real excitement. And this excitement lives in our memories forever. We recall these memories now and then, and think of them in astonishment and sometimes, even in admiration.

Such a thrilling experience occurred in my life once. The incident took place on the play ground. I was some third or fourth man at the time. I was chosen for my school eleven. I was always the twelfth man. Between you and me, let me confess that this was only because there was another player in the same category as myself who happened to be better than myself. I was a medium pacer, and was never good at batting. The other player, who was also a medium pacer, was a useful batsman in the lower order. I considered myself the better sportsman, but he was certainly the greater player. And as this counted in competitive matches, I never grumbled or complained. I was ready to wait for my time.

My patience was rewarded in the end. I got a chance in the first eleven. Our team had shot up into the final of the inter-school cricket championship tournament and I replaced the injured player who had played in my parallel position. Imagine my happiness! Our team had played sixteen matches before reaching the final, and I was the twelfth man in all those sixteen matches. I was sure to be a spectator again in the final, but the injury of that player gave me the opportunity to play in the game.

Our captain lost the toss and we were to field. The weather was warm and sunny. The pitch was on excellent batting track.

My team was looking for a spinner was brought in for the next over and he also got a wicket in the last ball of his over when the batsman was caught by me at gully. A handsome score of 63 for no loss after ten overs scrambled to 65 for 3 after twelve overs. I nearly got a hat-trick in my second over. The first ball of this over was pulled for four runs. The second ball was a yorker and it blew away the batsman's legs. The next batsman in was caught behind by our wicket-keeper. I was on a hat-trick. But I failed when the next batsman hooked me over mid-on for a four. I took my revenge by catching that very batsman at

ball came straight at me and I flicked it over third man for a six. The next ball was wide of the off stump. I charged it for a cover drive through the gap, and it was four runs the moment it left the bat. I tried to hit the next ball over mid on but it took a thick outside edge and raced over the head of the slips for four more. The next ball was really short and I hit it over extra cover for a six. I scored two runs from the last two balls of the first over. 25 runs were scored of the first over. I was on 22 of just six balls. Our captain blocked every single ball of the next over. I hit the first ball of the third over over gully for a four.

The next ball was again mis-hit by me, but it went for four runs. The third ball was coming down the leg side and I steered it for four more. The next ball was a full toss and I pulled it for six runs. The next ball was real short and I hit it for six more over cover. The last ball of the over was another full toss and I tried to hit it over mid off. But the ball took the thin inside edge of the bat and it flew over gully for four runs. That was my fifty. I scored it by facing only twelve balls. I hit five fours and four sixes. Our captain again blocked the next six balls of the fourth over. Our score was now 53 for no loss after just four overs. Our current run-rate was 13.25 while the run rate required was 1.56 per over! I missed the first two balls of the fifth over. I got frustrated and tried to hit a yorker for six. My leg stump was uprooted. Our first wicket fell at 53. The crowd stood up while I headed for the pavilion. I had finished my task.

Our captain and the next batsman in scored the necessary 72 runs in the next twenty-one overs. We won the match with nine wickets and twenty-four overs in hand. We were now the inter-school cricket champions. It was the climax of that glorious day: A twelfth man taking seven wickets for 18 runs, taking two catches and scoring a brilliant 50 of just twelve balls. I won the 'man of the match' award for my efforts.



and the outfield was as fast as lightning. Everything was in favour of our opponents. The two openers sent in, gave our opponents an excellent start. They took full advantage of the 'thirty yard circle restriction' and scored runs easily. They scored 63 for no loss at the end of the tenth over. Nine boundaries were hit by these two. Our captain brought me in as first change, and bingo! I took a wicket at the first ball of my over. I was able to beat the batsman in pace and his off stump was uprooted. The new batsman blocked the next four balls successfully, but I managed to trap him with leg before wicket (LBW) at the last ball of my over. I got the breakthrough

third man at the next over. Our opponents were now 76 for 6 after thirteen overs. We were back in the match. My bowling figures were five overs bowled, two medians, eighteen runs and seven wickets. I had also taken two catches, and we needed 125 runs to win the final, and the run rate required was just 2.5 per over. I was sent in to open with our captain. I was to take advantage of the 'fifteen over long, thirty yard circle', while our captain was to play the anchor role. I could hear our supporters calling 'Hasib, Hasib' (that's my name) all over the gallery. The first three balls were called wides by the umpire. The next

Indo-Pak Foreigners Cup Goes To Akram And Associates

by Ishrak Ahmed Siddiky

ARE you amazed by the title? Well don't be because that is the precise name we can give to this year's league. In fact the number of foreigners (mainly Pakistanis and Indians) participated in this year's league for the big teams like Abahani, Mohammedan, Brothers, Biman and other teams is all time high. Well I will come to that later.

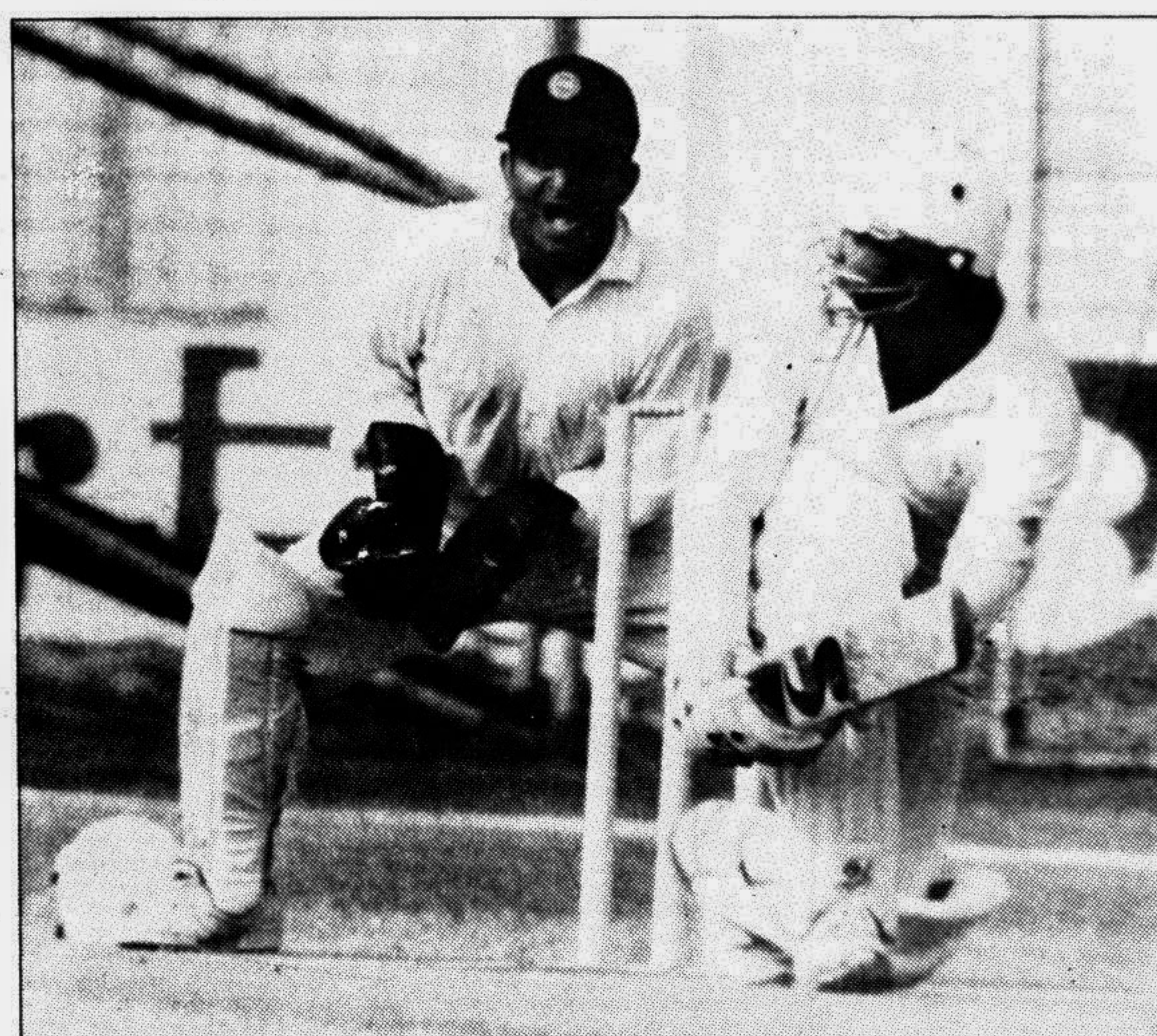
After two years of hard work, Abahani again emerged as the league champion and Kalabagan was runner-up. We all expected Abahani to win the Damal and Reporters' Cup and the team won overwhelmingly. Mohammedans performance at this year's league had been pathetic, while Biman, Kalabagan and Brother's Union performed well.

Abahani started well in the league but at their last games of the first phase lost to Kalabagan and Brothers. For seven matches they were unbeaten and in their eighth match lost to Kalabagan by three wickets and to Brother's Union by one wicket. While in their ninth consecutive match they beat their arch rivals Mohammedan by four priceless wickets. All the players of Abahani were committed towards their team and they played very good cricket. Their batting and bowling clicked at the right moment and they did well in all the departments.

In one of their matches they were 43 all out against Biman and that was their all time low score. Starting the super league Abahani players were extremely cautious and won the much awaited league. Abahani's Javed Omar Belim played well, and has a very good basic. Naimur Rahman and Akram Khan's magic started at the end for both of them played their natural game towards the end of the league. Partho, however, was quite a disappointment to the team. In bowling Abahani's Jahangir Alam, Zakir Hossain and Darjoy did well. Iqbal and Khan did well at the last stages, but they should change their style of bowling in order to capture more wickets.

At this year's league it appeared that Mohammedan were a second division team. Their batting, bowling and fielding departments were just horrible and that's why they were deprived of a hat-trick of winning the league title. The day their batsmen did well their fielders let them down and the day the fielders and bowlers did well, their batsmen failed them. They just could not click at the right time and they also did not have a good luck on field. Their players were of high calibre, but their performance was just mediocre.

Is this the kind of performance we want to see from a team like Mohammedans? Of course not! They could have easily won the league. In fact it seemed that the Mohammedans were not in their senses, they never performed so hopelessly before since 1974 when they failed to reach the football super league. They lost seven matches in a row. Wow! what a record! After beating Wari by 181 runs their losing streak ended. They lost to Abahani three times this year. They could not reach the



Damal Smriti final because of their picnic mood and miserably failed to win the Reporters Cup. Only Bulbul and Sanwar played well. In some of the matches Bulbul played exceptionally well. Minhazul Abedin's performance at this year's league was just hopeless. He could not even do a half century even. The performance of the Mohammedan players were just ludicrous. I hope they will do better next year.

Biman, Kalabagan and Brother's Union's performance at this year's league was quite entertaining, but they really possess a talent to win the league. They could have won the league easily but due to some wrong decisions they had made, they lost the crowning victory. In the first phase of the league their performance was good, but at the super league their performance was just disappointing. In the first phase all the three teams lost thrice. Though Brothers and Biman have both won the league once, Kalabagan failed to win the league yet. But they did quite well and have become runners-up. All the teams played exceptionally well but what they lack is a good planning. They should also be some what disciplined. On the whole, 1996 was good for all of them.

Harun al Rashid of Kalabagan played well and Selim Shahed was also at good nick. Saiful, Ataur and Zakaria bowled beautifully and we all hope they will do better next time.

Brothers Union's Jahangir Alam, the highest run scorer at the league, played superbly. His performance at this year's league is eye catching. He made two centuries and some fifties. Saifulah Gem also played well and was the highest wicket taker, and I hope he will get a chance at the national team

next year. Athar Ali of Biman also performed well. He is one of the best all rounders and proved his calibre at this year's league. In bowling Rafiq and Manna did well, but Rafiq should try to ball in length to do well in ICC. Altogether the performance of the players at this year's league was not up to the standard, and it is really worrying me, for what will be their performance at the ICC. They are not at all serious and they lack commitment and patriotism. In fact, the thousand of sport zealots all over the country are very worried over their performance.

One of the worst side of this year's league was the number of foreign players each team hired. In fact the foreign players dominated all the tournaments of the country this year. This influx of foreign players should be checked. In every team there is foreign players. I am not saying it's bad, but too much of everything is not good. In fact the success of all the clubs lie behind the foreigners.

There are lot of Indians and Pakistanis playing not only in the league but also in the first division and second division cricket. If we could get quality players like Wasim Akram, Wasim Haidar, Asif Mujtaba, Sikandar, Gus Logie, Samanasekara, Neil Fairbrother then it's okay, but what we are getting are a bunch of sloggers, who are teaching nothing but slog the bowl down to the boundary. BCB should impose a rule like: any club can take only a single foreigner in a game and can bring two foreigners. While in first and second division cricket no foreigners can be taken.

First our young players should learn from local coaches. Teams like Ajax are

winning because they bring outside players and they fully depend on them, and the big teams are responsible for this. Let me give you burning example: Last year, Gulshan Youth had Ashoka Malhotra, Arun Lal and Chetan Sharma playing for them and they caused havoc in Abahani and Mohammedan line up and was a budding team close to causing threat at any moment. This year they had financial difficulties, could not get any foreign players, lost all their matches in their premier division and has slid down to the first division. I really feel bad for them, and BCB is responsible for this. In fact now the result of the team depends upon how well the foreigners play.

Well BCB is sleeping, its time for them to get up, and start acting, otherwise they would be blamed for this. Get up BCB! Well the SAARC cricket is starting from February nineteenth and that will be a preparation test for the ICC. From ten days of SAARC cricket we have lot to learn, for many experienced players will play there. The last three SAARC tournaments have been a success and hope this one will be too. With only a month left for ICC, it will be a perfect practice for us. My heart is leaping fast and I just can't think anything but ICC. I don't know what our players will do. Our cricketers should be more serious, more committed to the game, and they should listen to Grenridge, they must listen to what he says. We cannot look back, we just climbed half of Mount Everest and we have other half to go. As an optimist, I can assure you it won't be long when our green and red flag will be flying high with other eleven countries at the lush green Lord's, our eternal destination!

The Truth

by Shuddha F Sadi

THE truth should be The truth We have to spread it In every tooth harsh and sooth We have to spread it Behind And in the front and Children's mind We have to spread it Wherever We have to spread the Truth forever

What Am I?

by Shuddha F Sadi

I like to play Everyday I like to swim And also dream I like to read And to heed As I can learn And I can lead I hate to fight And sleep at night I want to fly But hate to lie

Disney Family

MICKEY Mouse and Minnie Mouse. They live in their mini house. Donald Duck and Daisy Duck. They quack always 'paeb and spuck' Mr Goofy and Pluto Dog. They do not like to live in fog. Walt Disney created them. They have different colour and name. But everyone is every child's friend. This is my poem's end.

A Topsy-Turvy Day

by Munjulika Rahman

I started the day topsy-turvy. My school starts at 8.30 and I woke up at 8.15. Imagine! It took me ten minutes to get ready and five minutes to tie my hair. So I didn't have time to have breakfast. My mother was screaming because I refused to have my breakfast and I finally excused myself by saying that I was feeling sick. I promised her that I would finish my tiffin in school.

While running to the car, a black cat crossed my path. Oops! Bad Luck! Anyway I hurried to the car and was finally off to school. As the car started moving I saw that my mother was calling us back. I wanted to ignore her but we went back again. As we neared her I saw that my tiffin box was in her hands.

We finally started moving and every two minutes I was telling the driver to drive faster. When we were half way to the school — guess what happened? The front bumper of our car came off when it slightly brushed against another car. As our car was moving fast, the driver couldn't stop the bumper from getting crushed under our wheels. Our driver being really hot tempered immediately got off the car and even though the other car had sped away, he was waving and screaming at the top of his voice. I had to get out of the car to convince him that my father won't fire him for this.

So again we started towards school and finally reached there at 9.30. I was one hour late! When I opened my bag to take my books out, I suddenly realised that I had packed my bag according to Wednesday's

routine and it was Tuesday! I mentally prepared myself for a lot of shunting and scolding from my teachers. And you can be sure they gave it to me in generous helpings.

The Topsy-Turvy Day finally ended with me cutting my finger badly. Anyway I did my homework with a lot of pain. I checked my bag twice before I went to bed and I couldn't even sleep properly because I forgot to take out the extra blankets and it was freezing tonight.

Peace

by Usaila Alam (Udita)

Hidden deep in the ancient vale of darkness it sits motionless as if in a trance Like the fallen god Satum amidst confusion Gone is the glorious crown the wand of power the absolute pride of happiness complete and in it's stead has fallen a dark shadow of a battle lost of a subdued surrender to the lusty explosions of war and destruction that reign supreme it sits defeated Like a fugitive who has no anchor, no shore no destination.

Winter

The sun is shining like gold, I don't know why it is so cold.

Like see: The outdoors are full of snow. And the boats are waiting to row.

The children are making snow men. And their parents have kept away their fans.

They also make pies. Wearing their ties. They thought about their rice. And kept it away from mice. For the rice were so fine. That it, lasted for a long time. But one day when the mother was cooking at her pot. She found that the weather has become hot.

by Sabrina Nigar

My Teddy Bear I have a teddy bear I look after her with greatest care. She is always sad For the doctor has said Her baby is mad.

The Party

I went to a party with a gift People in the party gave me a lift.

There is a Place of My Own There is a place of my own To go there and think about I sound A nice tone I hear And it was very fair.

by Sabrina Nigar