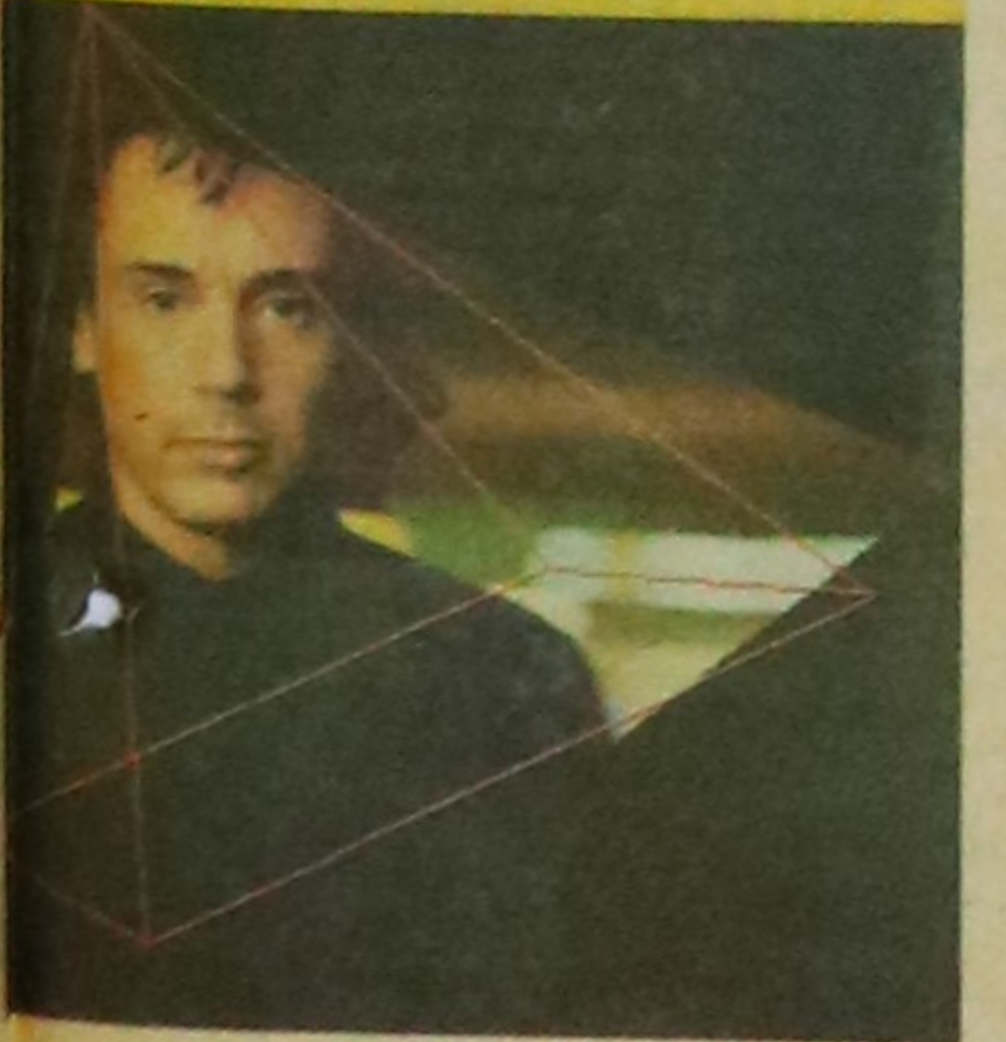




Jarre Millennium extravaganza at Giza Pyramids (above). Jarre performing at the Man Ray restaurant on January 31 (below)



Realaudio Vs. Mp3

By Manzur Morshed
Before mp3, Realaudio was known as the best media file. There are 6 versions of Realplayer. And the G2 Version lets you play realvideos.
Advantages: Mp3 is better than Realaudio in quality. Though Mp3 doesn't show video, it delivers superb quality music. But some aspects of realaudio's sound quality are very near to mp3. Realaudio Music and Videos are very small in size. Example (a 3 MB Mp3 file would size 450 KB in Realaudio format). So if you are looking for low space songs, then use Realaudio. Realaudio is very popular in the internet.
Players: Realplayer G2 from Progressive Network is the best software to play Realaudio files. You can enjoy music and video with this player. It takes around 7.5 MB Space. There are too many software to play Mp3. But Winamp is the best of them. Winamp 2.5 takes only 500 KB.
Encoders: You need encoders to convert your CD or Wav file collections in to MP3/Realaudio files. There are many encoders/decoders for mp3. Example: Audiograbber, MMJB, BladeEncoder, RDACD etc. RealEncoder is used to produce Realaudio files. The two free versions of RealEncoder are 3.0 and 5.0. The registered encoders produce high-quality video and audio.
It is for you to decide which you'll prefer. But, I think you should use both because each of them has different advantages.

Everything but you

By Aneeqa Ishtiaq
I hate dying everytime I feel alive
I hate these kinder of hopes burning inside my eyes
I hate as the feeling inside of me dies
I hate as my love leaves me by,
I hate it when I'm disillusioned of my dreams,
I hate crying out when the inside of me is dry,
I hate not feeling sorry when I see sadness around
I hate feeling things that are not a part of me now;
I hate hoping when I know nothing's at its end
I hate the flames of memories burning inside of me,
I hate reaching out into the void
Knowing what I'm searching for is not for my being
I hate it when life seems brighter than it is,
I hate believing what is not what it is,
I hate this ache spreading inside of me
I hate expecting what can never be
I hate wanting you and needing you so,
I hate loving you
I love you alone.

Thoughts on a June Afternoon

By Sonya
No breeze, no sunshine, no colors,
The sky is cloudy, dull and gray
One line into my diary-
"Another boring rainy day."
Rain, I find depressing,
Exasperating too,
It blots out the beauty
Of a sky that once was blue
Rain reminds me of sorrow,
Of tears and shattered dreams,
Rain, which everybody loves,
Is my enemy, it seems?
I can't run away from life,
And I can't run away from rain,
I just hope that both will come to an end
Before I go insane

SOLSBUURY HILL

By Peter Gabriel



Sweet Child Of Mine

BY GUNS 'N' ROSES

Intro: D Cadd9 G
(D) She's got a smile that it seems to me
(Cadd9) Reminds me of childhood memories
Where (G) everything was as fresh as the bright blue (D) sky
(D) Now and then when I see her face she (Cadd9) takes me away to that special place
and if I (G) stay too long I'd probably break down and (D) cry
(Cadd9) Oh oh oh (G) oh sweet child of (D) mine
(Cadd9) Oh oh oh (G) oh sweet love of (D) mine

(D) She's got eyes of the bluest sky as (Cadd9) if they thought of rain
I (G) hate to look into those eyes and (D) see an ounce of pain
Her (D) hair reminds me of a warm safe place
where (Cadd9) as a child I'd hide and (G) pray for the thunder and the rain to (D) quietly pass me by
(Cadd9) Oh oh oh (G) oh sweet child of (D) mine
(Cadd9) Oh oh oh (G) oh sweet love of (D) mine

(Em) (C) (B7) (Am) (Em) (C) (B7) (Am) (Em) (C) (B7) (Am) (C) (B7) (Am) (C)
c: Solo

E F# G A B C D G chord sequence
Where do we go
Where do we go now
Where do we go
Sweet child of mine

Intro: A E A E A
Climbing up on Solsbury Hill
F#m E F#m
I could see the city lights
F#m E F#m
Wind was blowing, time stood still
A E A
Eagle flew out of the night
A E A
He was something to observe
F#m E F#m
Came in close, I heard a voice
F#m E F#m
Standing, stretching every nerve
Dmaj7
I had to listen; had no choice
(E) Dmaj7 Dmaj7
I did not believe the information
(E) Dmaj7
Just had to trust imagination
(E) Dmaj7
My heart going boom boom boom
Dmaj7 D A
Son, he said, grab your things
Esus4 E (D the intro)
I've come to take you home
2. (Follow the chord sequence)
To keep in silence I resigned
My friends would think I was a nut
Turning water into wine
Open doors would soon be shut
So I went from day to day
Though my life was in a rut
Till I thought of what I'd say
And which connection I should cut
I was feeling part of the scenery
I walked right out of the machinery
My heart going boom boom boom
Son, he said, grab your things
I've come to take you home
3.
When illusion spin her net
I'm never where I want to be
And liberty she pirouette
When I think that I am free
Watched by empty silhouettes
Who close their eyes but still can see
No one taught them etiquette
So I will show another me
Today I don't need a replacement
I'll show them what
the smile on my face meant
My heart going boom boom boom
Hey, I said, you can keep my things
they've come to take me home



The Butterfly From The Window

By Sabreena Ahmed
Nishi lived in the "Rahela Orphan's Institute". She heard from the teachers that an old man gave her when she was 6 months old. But she was not bothered by where she came from. She was very happy in the institute with the children of her age. Once a friend of her told her that when a butterfly sits on anyone, she gets married very soon. Hearing that, Nishi took the bed beside the window by requesting their Headmistress. The south faced window brought the gentle wind and healed her soul. She always waited for the butterfly. And one day it came through the window. It flew here and there. But at last it didn't sit on Nishi. The little girl didn't get upset. She waited for the butterfly eagerly.
Many years passed away. Our little Nishi grew into a very pretty lady. She studied management and had a well-paid job in a private firm. She lived in the "Working Women's Hostel". Here also, she took the bed beside the window. She waited for the butterfly to come.
In the office, a colleague liked her very much. They went out together after work. And one day, he said to her that he loved her very much and he wanted to meet her family. Nishi honestly said that she was brought up in an orphan institute. But the colleague didn't believe her. Then she showed him all the papers of her institute. From the next day, the colleague started to avoid her. After noticing this change of his, Nishi asked him the reason. He hesitatingly answered that his family doesn't want a girl from the orphan's institute to be their bride. Nishi was shocked! For the first time in her life some one brought up the matter of her birth. She had a pen friend named Catharine in Australia. Nishi told her everything. Catharine wrote:
"Such worthless guys are not your type. They only see your family or your income. The person who cares for you and loves only you and not your money, is the right one for you."

Catharine was a real friend of Nishi's. She was like a healer to her. Nishi's pain got much less when she met Rafi. He was a computer engineer. They liked each other very much. Nishi's choices matched with Rafi's very much. But one day she heard from someone that Rafi was a liar. He only flirted with beautiful women.
Nishi started to think that she was the worst creation of Allah who had no trail of heredity. She got very depressed and she was willing to kill herself. In that time she found Tareq. He was from a middle class family. He was a very ambitious man. This time Allah didn't deceive Nishi. Tareq was the right person for her. He told Nishi that he only loved her for her wonderful behavior. Anything else was useless to him. Tareq earned a scholarship to go to Australia for higher studies. After studying there and doing good result, he would have a good job. He sent letter to Nishi twice a month. He made first of January the birthday of Nishi's as she didn't know her birth date. Every January, Nishi received wonderful gifts from him. Nishi believed very much that this time the butterfly would come and bring happiness in her life. She thought that she would tell Catharine about this after they get married.
But after a year, Tareq wrote to Nishi very less. Nishi was very worried that Tareq was sick or something. One day she received a long letter from Catharine. Catharine wrote:
"Nishi, I have found someone very special. We are going to be married in the next month. He is not from Australia. But he would get the citizenship after marrying me. But he loves me very much. It is not that he is marrying me only to get the citizenship. And you wouldn't believe who it is! He is from your native land. And his name is Tarek!"
At the next dawn, a wonderful yellow butterfly came in Nishi's room with the mild ray of the sun. It sat on Nishi's eyes. But it flew away at once. The butterfly didn't want to sit on a lifeless object. The butterfly came in at last. But Nishi couldn't feel that anymore.

Darkness

By M Taha Tareque

My name
once locked up
for a while then
and I was
turning off
none other
inside and
house. For my
will pay you
and. As Noel
great act of
bright named
order was not
hands and got
floor and the
my brother,
was no
wishes and lit
the but I tried
the other
mind, "it was
and she was
down
Then Rupert
was no sign
a hundred
but I knew
friend.
That night
in darkness
off the light