

## A MAD STORY

By Mehboob Hussain

A boy was coming from the market when suddenly a bean plant rose up from the ground and touched the clouds. Jack (the boy) thought of climbing it, but as he was too hungry, he wanted to go home and eat and then come back again. So, he went home.

When he opened the door, his mother said, 'I hope you have bought the things I asked for because I have got a prize for you,' showing him a gingerbread boy. Jack ate his meal and as he was going to eat the gingerbread boy, it jumped up and ran away. Jack ran after it and soon caught it and ate it. Then he went to the bean plant and started climbing it.

It was a quick and comfortable journey to the top of the bean plant as Jack had called his friend Super-man to help him out.

After reaching the top, Jack saw a huge castle and a ghost. He went inside and then he saw a man. The ghost disappeared instantly saying, "babare bhag, bhag allore maro." The man told me that his name was Shang Tsung. He told me that Jack had to fight with Lui Kang and shouted 'Mortal Kombat'. Then the fight began. Lui Kang threw a fireball at Jack. But the fireball bounced back after hitting a wall and hit Lui Kang instead. Some doctors took Lui Kang into an emergency operation theatre. Then suddenly some aliens landed and took Shang Tsung away. Mulder and Scully came running but the space ship flew away into space. Then Mulder said, 'I knew that the truth was out there' and went away. Suddenly, from nowhere came Batman and he punched Jack. Jack fell down unconscious.

When Jack opened his eyes he saw Dexter. Just as Dexter was going to put an injection in Jack's head, Dee Dee came and busted the whole laboratory. Jack escaped and ran as fast as he could. He saw a poster of himself on which was written, 'wanted for breaking several laws'.

The Swat Kats then attacked him. Razor launched an octopus missile but it missed and hit Dark Kat's ship. Jack fell into a manhole. It was dark inside the sewers (and pretty smelly too). Suddenly he heard some footsteps. Soon in front of him stood four figures. They told him that they were the Teenage Mutant Ninja's Turtles. Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rafael and Donatello (the spellings are probably wrong) introduced themselves to Jack. Michelangelo offered Jack a piece of pizza. Jack ate it and got out of the sewers.

In front of him stood a house. He went inside and climbed the stairs. When he entered a room he saw Woody and Buzz Light-year arguing. The argument was not stopping and Jack got irritated and left the house.

On his way, he bumped into a car belonging to stone Cold Steve Austin. Steve got really mad and kicked Jack in his face, making him fly away.

As he was flying, he saw a huge ocean. Then he started falling towards the ocean. He saw a ship from faraway. As he came closer he realized that it was the Titanic. Jack hit the "Titanic" and it sank to the bottom of the sea, broken in half.

Jack also sunk to the bottom (with the ship) and stayed there for 72 days (God knows how). When he woke up he saw a trunk. He raised the trunk to the surface and managed to open it. When he opened it, he saw many jewels. By this time Jack was 7327 years old.

With his fortune Jack went to America and stayed there for the rest of his life happily. (He had a broken nose because of Stone Cold Steve Austin and that's the bottom line, 'cause Stone Cold said so).

## THE VENOMOUS SNAKES OF STUDENT POLITICS

By Mohammad Anisur Rahman

Student politics in our country is a sudden windy storm lashing at the innocent minds of students. A northwester of student politics comes merrily to destroy them like a fiend with a hundred jaws. As a mango bud falls with the sudden blow of the of a ruinous storm of baishakh, beautiful thoughts of fertile young minds are struck down with furious political strokes. Although in the beginning they dream of flying holding a joyful world in their hands, consequently they face a terrible quake. This gradually destroys their sense of idealism. All their youthful thoughts which could mature, fall down in hatred like beaten crows. On the other hand, as no one can escape death, no student can remain unaffected from the poisonous political environment of Bangladesh.

Battling the unexpected tempest of politics, the students who finally succeed to hold their existence, become more cruel than the tidal waves on sea-banks. They themselves then introduce artificial storms into the social system. They grow up in an atmosphere of destruction. They learn to think about what they have learnt from the cruel intensity of their predecessors, and therefore, it seems very normal to them to be more destructive than ever before. On the other hand, if we explain the stream of their consciousness, it is very obvious that subversive waves flow in their diseased minds. They themselves become the outlets of their destructive blows. Hallstorms borne in their minds causes severe destruction in the mind of the nation. The soul of the nation weeps and weeps. Unseen bleeding silently brings death first to the mother, then to the entire motherland.

Our education system has suffered immensely due to the venom of student politics. Copying has replaced creativity. The child is the father of man. Like this, a student is the future of the nation. But it is beyond our imagination how a student will be moulded into a responsible leader of the nation, through this cannibalistic practice of politics.

My firm belief is that the seed of all restive situations and tyrannical mishaps is hidden in the practice of student politics. Never can we hope

of a cherished, poverty-free Bangladesh until we have killed the ghost of student politics. The quicker the reform will take place in student politics, the quicker our fate will change. So it is time to rethink student politics and the policy of education. It has caused the death of many meritorious students and given birth to deformed leadership. It has already become a saying that prevailing student politics is the barrier of all healthy thoughts in Bangladesh. If the development of thinking grows in deformed soil of knowledge, it is impractical to seek a healthy future from them. The weeds created by our political ancestors should be uprooted as soon as possible. The jaws of student politics must be broken. We should build a civil group to repel this evil culture.

On one hand, the remaining buds after a severe tempest become the sweetest flowers and bloom beautifully. And on the other hand, delicate minds of students turn into the most bitter poison of cobra after the furious era of political darkness. They begin to bite like millions of cobras. Gradually this harmful quality becomes their centre of business. The more they can bite, the more they can earn. Therefore, a group of cunning minds exploit these reckless students. Never can we expect any constructive role from these terrible people. Whether they want it or not, they are bound to continue their destructive ways. We should stop this dangerous reproduction of cobras which are increasing exponentially in our society. We want the restoration of our conscience. We would like to believe "the deeper the night, the nearer the day."

The future of our beloved country is now in intensive care. We urgently need a well-planned over-haul in the whole education policy and in the politics of students. We cannot stop the tidal waves of nature but why shouldn't we resist this destructive politics? We should take steps to squeeze out such political industries in the colleges and universities. Let us live. Let the storm die. Let us all to sing as P. B. Shelley sings "If the Winter comes, can Spring be far behind....?"

## Charm of Patterns of Light

by ASM Nurunnabi

When Dhaka City glows at night with various patterns of light-neon signs on street billboards, shop fronts and sodium street-lights, it makes a charming sight. This is a characteristic aspect of every big city.

When Tanzir, a boy aged nine years, visited a big city abroad with his parents a couple of years ago, he stayed in a hotel housed in a high-rise building. There, at midnight, when he suddenly awoke from sleep, he felt the temptation of looking out of the window from his 8th floor hotel room to view the nightlife below. There he saw an unending parade of headlights of numerous motor vehicles on the move on the wide street below, even at the late hours of the night. Tanzir looked at the beautiful sight, utterly captivated.

Lately, Tanzir had an opportunity to visit a hospital at night along with his parents to see

an ailing relative staying in a 14th floor hospital cabin. From the cabin verandah, Tanzir took a look at the passing motor traffic on the wide street below. From there, as on the previous occasion abroad, he witnessed an enchanting spectacle of an unbroken chain of vehicles moving with their lights on. The spectacle was almost similar to the one he experienced before in a big western city.

A few months ago, Tanzir had an occasion to visit the village home of his parents. Nearby there were some bushes. One evening, as Tanzir passed by those bushes, he saw a spectacle of a different nature. The bushes were found aglow with numerous clusters of fireflies. Fireflies are nocturnal luminous insects of the beetle family.

To a child brought up in urban areas, a firefly is an unknown thing. Fireflies can be

seen only in villages where there are jungles and bushes. They are fascinating objects with their blinking points of light. Firefly light is produced under nervous control within special cells richly supplied with air tubes.

Fireflies living in big clusters in bushes are an enchanting spectacle, particularly to children. Children in urban areas have little scope for viewing such interesting sights. Only children in villages, who can see fireflies in great clusters in bushes covering a large area, feel the intensity of joy that fills them on viewing such scintillating insects. Their blinking points of light continue during the daytime also, but they remain invisible. On the onset of darkness at night, they come within the range of our vision in all their magnificent splendor. This is a unique feature of village landscape at night.

Education is must for all human beings no matter what their religion is, no matter where they live.

What does education aim at? The answer to this question, I would say, is that education aims at making a person fully fitted for the society and for the country as well. Some say that the purpose of education is to help people survive with power in the world. They say, 'survival of the fittest'; but actually education barely fits into this statement. Before I make arguments on the aim of education, a disputable definition of education is to be made. The disclosure of the necessity of education is also indispensable in this context.

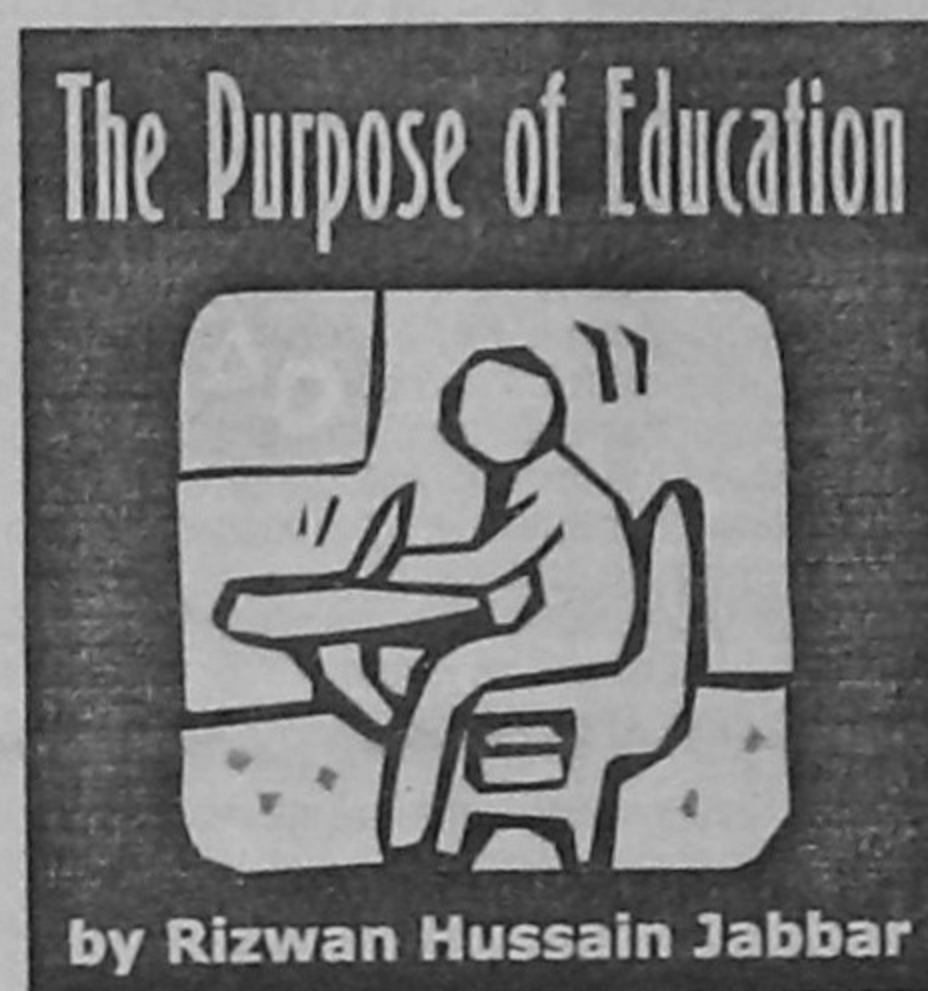
Both human and animals are living beings. In this respect they do not differ.

But yet there is a distinction between them, the human possesses a quality which animals do not have i.e. "rationality". So we can say without any suspicion that humans are both living and rational beings. Human possesses this quality by dint of his humanity for which we are called 'human beings'.

The Human being rational has absolute understanding power to know the world and to know about them. Animals have hardly any kind of sense of realization. But even being rational, humans are seen to go 'astray'. Deviation encircles him. To speak the truth, here comes the importance of education.

A person is naturally guided by emotions and so he is sure to commits wrongs even blunders. Education is there to make a person free from all kinds of error or mistakes. But the education we are speaking of should be an education indeed.

Education means 'light'. There is some sort of a black spot in every human being by which we are forced to commit blunders or crimes, and education is there to remove this spot. This light of education removes all winds of superstitions and prejudices as these unfold many difficulties in the society. Let me ask you a question, what do we find around us? I mean, who are committing blunders mostly. Well it is found out that peoples who are educated are mostly involved in crimes and all such activities in comparison to the



uneducated ones. If we calculate the numbers of criminals around the world, then educated people will undoubtedly overtake the uneducated ones in this case. Does education aim at this? Certainly not.

According to my knowledge, I think that we are probable neither learning real education nor exchanging the ones we already know. There is no substitute to real education, because real education provides opportunities to learn things, which benefits us and removes hampering influences.

There was a time when a person used to lead a subhuman life because there was no light of education in those days. Their minds were dull, they only knew hunting and lived a very mundane life. In the course of time, humans felt the necessity of education in order to discover them, so that they could survive their existence in the world swaying over everything absurd. There begins the advancement of education with a view of checking the beast in us for our own sake.

Now human beings are educating themselves with the help of different education institutions. It would have been a matter of mirth and merriment if we have hardly any kind of educational problems. If we do have any problems then we can seek help and solve our various problems by going to different educational institutions or by

getting suggestions from the educated ones. If it happens to be so, then this world would be a golden domain for us all. But it has not been so in the truest sense of the term. I therefore deem that there is something wrong either with the system of delivering education or receiving education. The fact is that we are not learning real education and we are obviously suffering a lot due to the lack of proper and genuine education.

I am of the opinion that education aims at helping people to be free from all kinds of perturbation and anxieties or chaos and confusion. So that there may be a world of peace, where there will be no competition of sophisticated weapons, arms and ammunitions, where there will be no corruption, oppression or persecution, no terrorism and anarchy. But only a domain of peace and prosperity thinking freely, working freely, walking freely and exchanging views frankly to each other and with one another.

Real education guides a person to the path of conscience. On the contrary, so called education leads a person to the path of emotions. People guided by emotions are hardly seen to be a great person in the world. By force of emotion a person behaves like animals. This is why one led a deplorable and lamentable life in the long run but on the other hand a person who is guided by conscience is hardly seen to do the same thing.

In conclusion, I must say, that no matter what, we have to be free from the mockery of education. The government should introduce such a system of education as to create a conducive or congenial atmosphere. In order to implement all kinds of suitable system of education of all sectors considering its influence upon life in case of removing hampering influences. With a view to developing the system of education, both the teachers and the learners should come ahead to play a vital role, because education belongs to them and vice versa. Let us all join together in making education possible for all. We should all come forward to restore 'real education' in our society, otherwise, later it might not be possible at all.