

Before I Went To College

I Wish I Had Known:

- That it didn't matter how late I scheduled my first class, I'd sleep through it anyway.
- That I could change so much and barely realize it.
- That if you wear polyester everyone will ask why you are so dressed up.
- That every clock on campus shows a different time.
- That if you were smart in high school, so what?
- That I would go to a party the night before a final.
- That I could sleep until 12:55 and still make my 1:00 class.
- That my best friend is the worst roommate.
- That you can know everything and fail a test.
- That you can know nothing and ace a test.
- That I would never watch the news, and I would be totally out of touch with the world happenings.
- That Home is a great place to visit, But I wouldn't want to live there.
- That the more money your parents give you, the less you have every time you check your account!!
- That parties get old, and sometimes you just want to kick back and watch a movie.
- That most of my education would be obtained outside of class.
- That friendship is more than getting drunk together, but I met most of my friends through drinking.
- That I would be one of those people that my parents warned me about.
- That you would be totally broke, but still have enough to go to a bar!
- That I would go home every weekend my Freshman year.

© 1999 Randy Glasbergen. www.glasbergen.com



"Do you, Jason, take Karyn to have and to hold, to E-mail and fax, to page and beep, until death do you part?"

IT'S A AD, AD, AD, AD WORLD

By Theta & Jumma

- * **Dog for sale:** eats anything and is fond of children.
- * **Vacation Special:** Have your house exterminated.
- * **Toaster:** A gadget that every member of the family appreciates-- automatically burns toast.
- * **Save** regularly in our bank. You'll never regret it.
- * **We** build bodies that last a lifetime.
- * **Man wanted to work in duracite factory.** Must be willing to travel.



By Sal-Man

One of the things I hated the most about losing Star World a while back was missing Friends. So I was pretty relieved when we started receiving ZEnglish. But the problem is that there seem to have been a whole lot of episodes in between that I missed out on. If you're in a similar jam, then weep no longer. You can find the script for every single episode of Friends at The Complete Friends Script Index- <http://www.thefcsi.com> browse the scripts by episode, or download entire seasons at a time! I'm still busy reading through season 1.

Also, I'm a type of dog called a "Pug". Find out what kind of dog you are at <http://www.emode.com/tests/dog2.html>. My latest favourite place for getting midi files is <http://midi-network.musicpage.com/>

Penstation

A boy was walking down the street. An ordinary boy as the passerby's saw him. But if anyone looked carefully into his eyes, he would see something special, a laughter about everything, different from the ignorant looks of adolescent teenagers. The boy was tall; around five feet ten inches, sturdy but not stocky, nor muscular neither fat. A fluff of crossed-cropped hair falls just over a cut mark on his forehead. A little lower, beneath a pair of thick eyebrows lay two black intelligent eyes, which are most of the time covered by a pair of thick-rimmed black glasses. Beneath them lay a nose and a pair of cheeks covering a set of hard set jaws.

The boy is Robi, a fifteen-year-old youth who studies in high school. He is cool and quiet with a very few good friends. Most of his classmates think of him as a nerd. He was just plain odd and source of their laughter. Robi didn't mind. All he wants to do is stay out of trouble.

But on the first day of the new school year, the laughter in his eyes has been replaced by a cold determination. There was a black past of Robi, which he had been trying to hide. He was a member of one of the most notorious gang of the neighborhood. They all had carried knives, which were used to hijack people. They fought with other kids. Sometimes they mugged people for their money and other valuables, using which they used to buy cigarettes and drugs. Robi was one of the best. Until, one day, one of their friends got caught and suffered from serious wounds inflicted on him by the police. Robi decided to leave. He hid away



By Md. Rifaat Newaz

his knife, stopped smoking, a hard task for any chain smoker.

And now his past is again coming back. One of his classmates had challenged him to a fight after a simple quarrel they had. His classmate was abusing a girl when Robi arrived. Robi had run into a fit of rage and fought with the boy. He would have killed him if the fellow student had not stopped Robi. Now the classmate had challenged Robi to a fight. Robi did not want to fight, as he knew that if he got into his fits of rage he could even kill a person. He was afraid of himself.

Robi reached the gate of a white two storied building. There is a vegetable garden outside. A green money plant tree covered around one side of the building. He pushed the gate. It didn't budge. He kicked the door out of anger and pressed the bell. He went inside and entered the building. This was Robi's house. He walked down the hallway into his own room, which was just beside the master bedroom. He closed the door of his room silently, so that his mother won't know. He opened the closet door and shuffled through his clothes. He then opened a secret compartment in the base. It contained a black velvet box.

Robi took the black velvet box out and opened. Below gleamed a metallic dagger with the design of a snake on its butt and one black leather sheathe. Robi tied the leather sheathe to his leg. Then he slid the knife in to it. He covered it with his pant and left. Robi walked out of the house unmindfully. He knew that if he did not fight today he could never again be a member of the class. His friends and fellow would segregate him. And he knew that he could not bear it. So, he decided that he would have to fight.

He walked through the streets towards the field. It was a large field used by the kids around the field to play. That was supposed to be the venue for the fight. When he reached there, he saw a crowd around the field. Robi once again thought about going back to his house lie in the bed and forget everything. But that was not possible. If he did his classmate would laugh over him and rejoice Robi's cowardliness.

He continued walking toward the crowd. He walked straight to the center and faced his opponent who was already there. Robi ducks as a punch flies at him. Robi rolled on the ground and brought up his knee. He saw the boy fly back. The boy was Arif. He was fat and strong but he did not have the speed that Robi had. Arif got up and charged at Robi. Robi backed but somebody from the back pushed Robi forward and Arif and Robi collided. Robi fell to the ground. Unable to move Robi lay there. The collision had left Robi without breath. Arif pulled out a knife from his belt. Was he going to stab Robi? Arif ran towards Robi and jumped up planning to land with the knife on Robi's hand. But he didn't make it as Robi, with a sudden surge of energy, had brought his legs up and Arif flew over Robi. Robi got up and pulled his knife out as Arif lay and watched. Robi was about to stick his knife onto Arif's chest, when he thought what was he doing? He had run from this all his life and now he was nearly submitting to his animal instincts. Robi turned and dropped his knife.

As Robi was walking away he felt something sharp hit him in the back. He fell from the impact. Why was his vision getting cloudy? He looked down, why was the grass turning red? Whose blood was it? A sudden revelation came to him. He was stabbed. He wanted to speak. His mouth moved but nothing came out. Slowly a red haze came over his eyes and everything went blank.

KOLKATA-SHOLO (CALCUTTA-16) SINGER-ANJAN DUTTA

Reviewed by Nazia Hussein

For those who are regular listeners of Bangla Modern Songs the name Anjan Dutta is quite eminent. And even those who are not much into such songs, I am sure have heard the name at least once or twice. Anjan has been a successful singer from the beginning of his career. Although he himself admits in various interviews that one of his inspirations was Shumon Chatterji, another well-known Calcuttian singer. To a few Shumon fans it might seem that Anjan tries to copy his kind of music, but they all have to admit that it's the groovy wordings of his songs, which makes him different from Shumon.

Anjan's visit here in Dhaka and Chittagong in 1997, has increased the number of his fans in Bangladesh. 2441139 or Bella bosh, Kanchon Jonggha, Roma, Marian, Calcium, Mala etc are few famous songs from his last few brilliant albums. What I like most about him is that he doesn't have any fixation with love songs or should I rather say chayak khaos songs, which is common in our local band music. Even when his last album couldn't prove to be superior to his previous ones like "Purono Guitar" and "Bhalobashi Tomai", his popularity didn't shrink a bit. So when his latest Album "Kolkata-sholo" (Calcutta-16) released many awaited fans like me rushed to the stores to get it not thinking for once if it's worth the mad dash or not.

No matter how grouchy of a person I sound, don't be surprised to hear that I believe this time it was worth it. Just like the old times this album has the mixture of terrific wordings and at the same time his own remarkable music.

The album starts with the song "Akin Brishtite"(a day in the rain). With typical Anjan Dutta style this song sets your mood for the whole record. Here he talks about a rainy afternoon, and the things he would do or he wants to do on such a moment. Then comes "Aar Akta Nam"(another name). This again says the story of different people. From the famous ones till the ordinary people-this song basically talks about the names of different individuals.

The 3rd track "Half Chocolate" is one of the best songs of the album. With a very catchy beat in this song the singer actually taunts his girl friend mentioning how the girls these days go crazy about people like Saurav Ganguli, Leonardo DiCaprio and Ricky Martin, and still wants to keep a boy friend who would always save the half chocolate for his girl.

Escaping from the enthusiastic mood Anjan goes into a very slow and harmonious tune in his next song "Shokalbelar

Khide"(morning starvation). Which mostly talks about the wants and the requirements of people these days, and how they are all being executed in one way or the other. Here he doesn't scruple while telling the story of one of the most famous Bollywood star Salman Khan. He very elegantly talks how this star goes on killing innocent deers just as an act of recreation. The last song of this side "Jete Hobe"(have to leave) is another conventional Anjan Dutta song. That we all have to leave the world one day so why not live with full satisfaction- is the main theme of the song. For that, earning a little black money to buy the long wanted Maruti car is no big deal. The middle class people of the society are never going to be contented with what they have. So till they die wishes after wishes are all they are going to have. And since we have to leave the world anytime anywhere, why not try to fulfill our wishes in any possible way at an early date?

On side B the first song "Bondhu"(friend) is rather a soft and eloquent one. The meaning of friendship is portrayed here. And that friendship between opposite sexes shouldn't always be given the name of other social relation is what Anjan actually tries to say here through the stories of little kiddish enjoyments of friendship.

Next comes the title song "Kolkata-Sholo"(Calcutta-16). One of the best songs he has ever sung. Even though it's basically about Calcutta, still one cannot but enjoy the magnificent tune. Especially when Anjan will sing at the top of his voice the line "Ei Kolkata sholo anar" I am sure you, just like me would wish to God that if I only had such a persuasive voice!

The last 3 songs of the album are quite usual. "Ek je chilo Ghora"(there was a horse) is a symbolic song where the Ghora (horse) stands of us, the common people of the society. "Amar Janala"(my window) says about the world through one's window. And last but not the least "La Paloma Johnny" is one of the songs in which Anjan uses an English songs tune. He has done this before and this time also has been able to disclose a dance teacher's life through the song.

Throughout the whole tape effective influence of violin is noticed which is played by Devshankar Roi. The singer himself as usual did the music and the lyrics. The album was released last year, I know the review comes a little late but I'd suggest all the readers who are into such songs to get the cassette as soon as possible. It's worth it.

A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE

Written By: Meherabin Hosain
(Dedicated to my buddy, Mehrose Hossain)

I stay in this dark room, day and night. I have to sleep on the hard, damp and soggy floor with cockroaches, rats and ants walking around. And a plate with a stale bread and water lying on the floor. Two months trapped inside without even a slight peek at the open outside world. The noxious gang (a gang of kidnapers and murderers) has drugged me and kept me here. Now they have planned to bury me alive within a few days which is why I am writing this, in order to show the world how I felt before I died.

I scream and cry inside, bearing all the tough pain given to me. But I can't express it. My inside burns from aching. My heart gets dreading. My throat gets drier and drier by the moment for the need of enough water and I feel that my meat is tearing apart. They plan to kill me. Huh! I first am going to starve to death. They don't even give me enough food to even somehow manage to slip my hunger away. I can't go on.

I feel that my fate is near, but when I get close to it, it moves away, millions of miles away leaving me here to survive through the unbearable hardship. Oh! The woe and agony! Suddenly I really can't take it anymore and slowly drown down into a faint. I close my eyes. Aaaaahhhh! So relaxing, so smooth, so light, so comforting, so soft, so painless. I feel wonderful. I am free with nobody to bother me. I can do anything I want to. But wait! No! There is a fork in my path. Oh! even my dreams have turned into a nightmare and are treating me wickedly.

Out of the blue someone is forcing me to walk over sharp thorns which are pricking me making me bleed like a waterfall. I struggle hard and can finally open my eyes and as I do, painful, hot shredded, and meaningless tears trickle down my cheeks. As I look around me, I find none there to help me. No, not even a soul, let alone humans, I, after several minutes finally get my strength to sit up but I don't have the guts and confidence to stand up, and even if I do I know that I will fall again. I want to stand up to it. It's unbearable. Such sorrow pouring over me. I want to break all the bars in front of me and proceed on ahead. It's going to deep. I must get rid of it before it ruins my soul. It has already ruined my body. But my body is not what I want to save.

It's my soul that I want to keep. But no, I can't do that because of my weakness and my fear. It is because I am frightened that I don't have a future. I tremble all over. I can't stay up properly and strongly. Even my inside shakes so much that I have to hold myself still to stop my shaking. My feet



wobble and I can't walk and fall when I try to. I am in the lack of power and in want of strength that I have to sit back with a numb and hollow self. It is because of that, I am being defeated, because of my fragile self, and because of that I have no freedom and since I don't believe or trust in myself, I am not strong and I have to tolerate all these hardships, and not say anything.

This is all so tormenting, and these people are the ones who has harmed me and prejudiced me into this level. So I have to zip my mouth and hear all this distress poured down and thrown against me with no liberty, no independence, no hopes, no dreams, no expectations, no wants, and no destination. Isn't there any justice in this world? Can people only think of making a person suffer? Why do they only have cruel intentions? Why can't anyone stop them before they destroy this human race. Why do they have to murder the innocent. What will they gain by taking a life of an innocent. How can they leave a small child like me in this abandoned place far away from civilization? What fun could they possibly have by harming and torturing a child?

They have frequently whipped and spanked me leaving red scars on my back. They didn't even care if I bled badly or not. Why does this world have to be so cruel? Why does this all have to happen to me? What harm, what wrong and what mistake did I do? They have made my days bloody and depressing and my nights terrifying, cold and stiff. I have no intention of escaping since there are absolutely no roads open. After this time I have lost all my hopes and as a result I have found out I am helpless. (Sigh) But right now, can anyone tell me my way out of this cruel and wicked path? Can anybody give me the key, the answer to get myself out of this strong grip?...