

By Irtifa Tazkia Islam

Yesterday, I was watching a cartoon show on the television where a little boy goes to the past and gets to see a person putting feathers all over his body in the wish of flying. And then the same person goes to the future and finds people flying in the sky. Like this in the past many people tried to fly like birds making hand made wings of their own but of course they did not succeed in that because if they would have succeeded then today we would be flying in the sky instead of flying by aeroplanes. Yes, the reality of the present time is that we cannot fly by flapping our wings (since we don't have any). We are too heavy to float in the sky because of the gravitational force attracting us from the centre of the earth. Again we do not have any wing muscles but we have only strong body muscles and our bones of the body are also not hollow like the bird's bones so practically we cannot fly. But I am not telling that people have never flied. People like Neil Armstrong who have travelled to the moon have flied though only for sometime. But even at this point science have not let us be unhappy because some more marvellous creations of science have made it possible for us to fly. That is with the help of the

When we think of airports of course a thought comes into our minds that it has to be in a very large area where planes can take off easily and where the main waiting room and the office building should also be big sized. That is the place where people wait for the plane to take off or to arrive. They have to sit for hours on the chairs reading newspapers, especially when the plane is late to arrive or take off. So it must be very clean and comfortable. All the tickets, visa and passport offices and many other official places are included in the airport. They are often crowded and there are also some little (and expensive) shops all around. Staff, passengers, officers and everyone are on their way for something and they often make the place a little dirty. The dustbins are often unnoticed by the people and they often throw away garbage hither and thither. In some countries maintenance of the airports are very good but in some countries including our one, the systems should be developed a little more. Not only the systems but also the people who often make these places dirty sometimes knowingly and sometimes unknowingly. When a foreigner arrives at our country the first place he will see is the airport and of course we do not want to give them a bad first impression about our country. Talking about the "systems" and about the "foreigners" I remember that some months ago some relatives of

Airports really need a lot of care and attention for it to be in a proper form. Every day so many people go to the airports, so many luggages are carried there. That is why the airports need more attention than we give to them. Our main airport is in the model town of Uttara. It is a very nice place, with gardens all around. I am sure we all will be able to make this place nice and clean. So we have to try harder to bring a good result. We dream to fly. Maybe that dream will not come true but we can surely fly by planes. We know that our dream cannot come true but of course we can dream about another thing and that is to make the place from where we fly a better place by our hard work and skill. We only need the dream and the wish to make the dreams come true.

By Sakib Aziz Chowdhury

but it's actually something that keeps me positive! Please read...

Dark and dismal, that's how I feel. Jealousy, self-pity and misfortune are weighing me down. If I could just fly away for just one fleeting moment, to where the sea cools my anger and the air clears my thoughts. Then to the birds to calm my fears. Why must I feel so much heartache? I should be able to see that beautiful paradise wherever I go. To have that lightness in whatever I do. Unfortunately for me I carry my heart deep within me where no one may touch or see. I wish someone could just pull it out of me. Throw it away, far away so that I may never have so much depression stopping me from the joy that I use to feel. Why must one thing lead to another making it seem that nothing and everything you do just causes you failure, and that everyone around you has this touch that makes it work. Where's my touch? Where has God hidden it? I wish He would show it to me, but I know that this is a test to see if I feel His strength and power. God, oh God, I do feel it, that's all I feel. Your honour, and your protection, your love keeping me through each day. As if to say my answers to my problems are right before my eyes and I refuse to see it. Dark and dismal, it clogs my thoughts making me another person. Who am I? Why must I feel this way? It's interesting how some things can change you. You should just drown the heaviness and fly away with your lightness. It's not that easy. You have to want it, you have to make it happen. You need that power that only your mind, body and soul put together can make. Well I feel powerless. My mind wonders off, my body hangs on to my soul that's ready to give up. I know that I do have some sparkle left in me. I don't know where it's coming from, but it's there. Maybe God's lighting it for me. Trying to show me that I am special and that I owe myself the joy and happiness that I use to feel. Well that sparkle or light, whatever it may be, it needs to grow brighter for me to see, because the clouds are too heavy and thick for me to see through. My heart is hurting the most. It's the one thing that is getting bruised the most. That sparkle or light needs to heal my heart, then maybe it can cure all the pain and confusion that causes my three connections to disperse and fade. The parts that do remain are struggling to keep me together. This darkness is a great big, dark cloud that clogs my thoughts. It will not last. I will not let it. It will pass. If I hope and pray for that better day, I will see that light and feel that sparkle that used to shine so bright in my soul. For now I must live day by day, fighting and waiting for that angel of mine to come to me and bless me with her magic.

By Azfar Hossain

The knife man lunged and in a flash, he had the point of his knife at Rezwan's throat. Rezwan froze and his face paled. I was so overwhelmed by the suddenness of the events that the next thing I knew I could not move.

When I arrived home an hour later, my mother was waiting impatiently for me. She was about to lecture me about being slow in getting a few things but she stopped and listened dumbfounded and related the recent events to her. When I finished she smiled and said that she was glad I was not injured.

: A Brief Synopsis

By 3D

The second type of ESP can be illustrated by this case: a mother living in one town dreams that her son, who lives elsewhere, had an accident. The following day she learns that a car hit her son. It does sound a bit like a

But these are not just possibilities. There are many cases of these happenings. It is not surprising that a mother feels very uncomfortable about something and it turns out that her son/daughter may be in trouble. If we look around we can see many cases of mothers feeling uncomfortable about their children just before something happens to them. Does it prove that ESP exists? Scientists had done a lot of experiments on ESP but there is no satisfactory answer to this. Many people say that they feel things before they happen but there is no perfect, scientifically satisfactory record of those events to prove the existence ESP. Though something seems to be there in these happenings, the concept of ESP is still an open question for most scientists.

By Narmin Tartila Banu

Beyond the stars
Deep into the sky,
Further than everything
Wish I could spy.
To see you universe
To know you better,
To answer every question
About every matter.
What great wonders,
What queer mysteries,
Do you behold
As untold stories?
A little creature
Like me on earth,
Knows almost nothing
Of your vast worth.
Where you start,
Where you end,
Is beyond my power
To fully comprehend.
You were a mystery,
You still are,
How far till
Your door is ajar?

By Antony Jacobs

I stand here, alone and naked,
 Your blow has left me devastated.
 But I still look forward to your arrival.
 Your Devastation, because,
 Though I do not dare tell my kind,
 I love you.
 You come every year and
 sweep me with your wind.
 You go through my leaves without pause,
 Without restraint.
 Never realizing that this is
 THE TREE THAT LOVES THE STORM.
 I wonder, Do you ever look back
 after your devastation.
 Do you look back at the tree you have left,
 Ruined and alone,
 I guess not.
 It is just another tree.
 But do you know that this tree
 dreams of this devastation.
 Waits to be torn apart by
 your indifference.
 Grow leaves only to be torn by your wind.
 These leaves don't flutter to any wind but
 yours.
 But as I wonder I see that
 You have gone up in the sky,
 And are caressing the clouds.
 It is then that I realize that,
 I am just a tree.

by Sumaiya Tanim Huq.

We had picnics together on the roofs
 and got tanned
 When we were young
 we used to play with bears
 Now my eyes are filled with tears
 I don't have those furs now
 You forgot me, I wonder how?
 Do you miss me?
 You don't have a minute to spare to call me
 I believe we could still
 have those days back
 And I am missing you
 And my heart feels like a rock