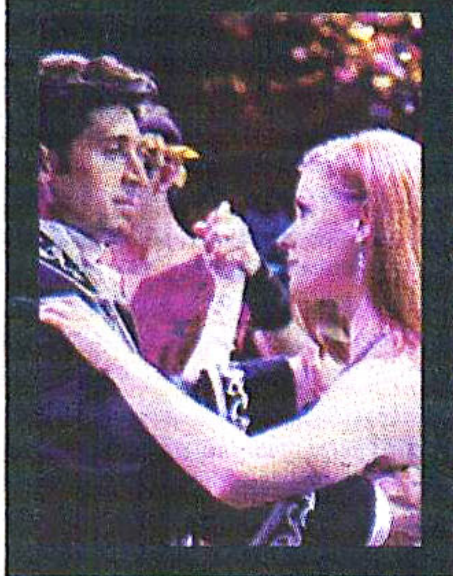


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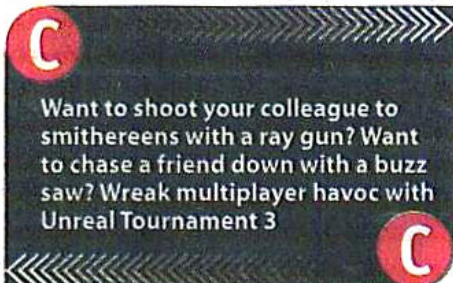


2

We continue further down the alphabet defining a Bangladeshi

Playing computer games and being good at it pays off (though rarely!)

3



Want to shoot your colleague to smithereens with a ray gun? Want to chase a friend down with a buzz saw? Wreak multiplayer havoc with Unreal Tournament 3

C

6

Fantasy fiction - Swords, muscles and men in insane metal gear

A bird gets freedom but it's not what it's quacked up to be

7



Caged Fear

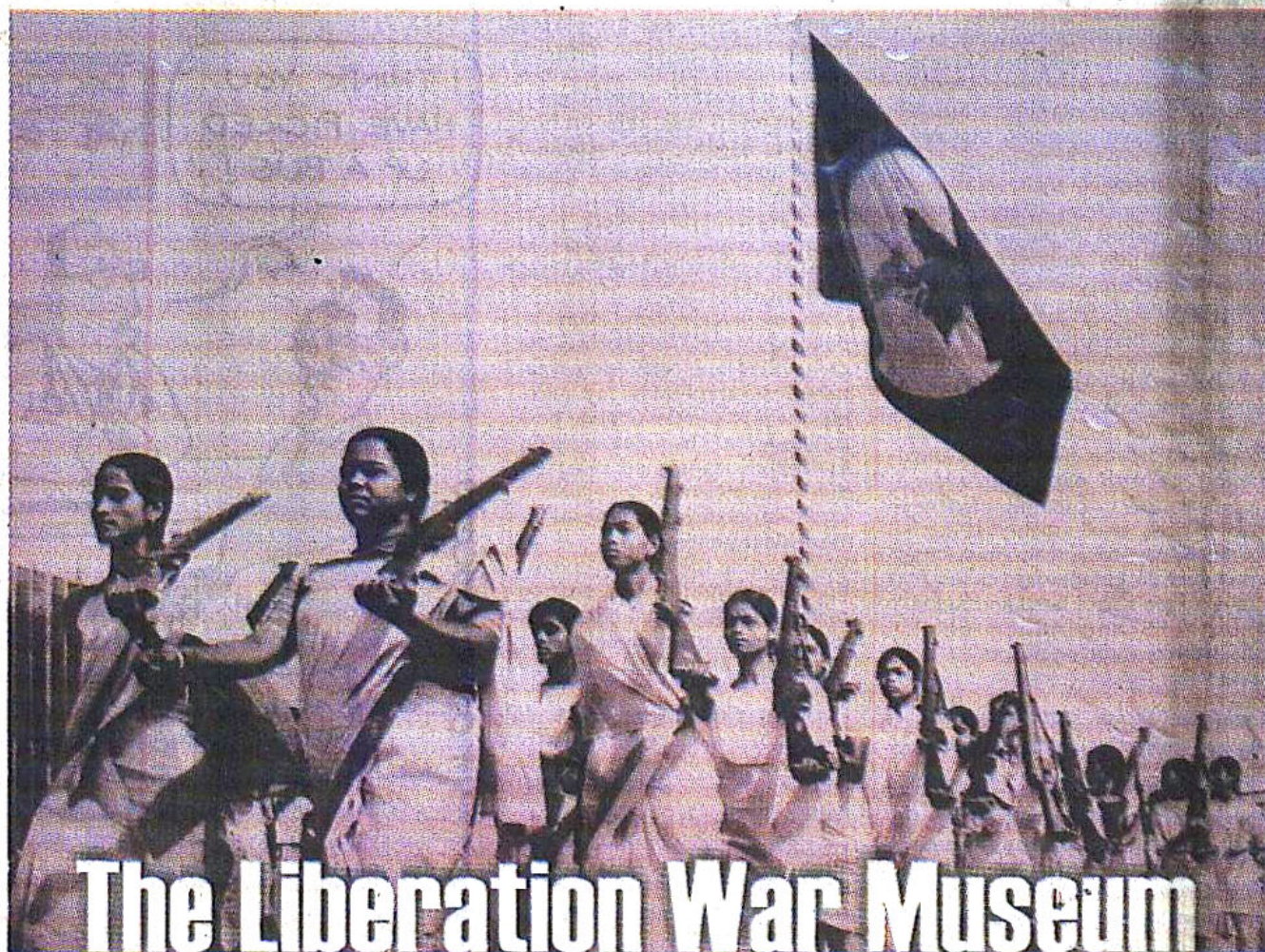
The tiger crept closer and closer, to me. I shivered and felt a drop of sweat breaking out on my forehead. I retreated a step. The tiger halted at my movement and studied me. He licked his lips and bared his fearsome teeth. He began to come closer. I took one last look and moved away...away from his cage.

By Osama Rahman

Toaster

The shining new Glock-21 has become the love of his life. And he likes nothing better than love and reprisal combined. Rolling down the glass slightly Preston kept his watch on the street for that scumbag. He would put in three of those 35-cent bullets through his chest the moment he shows up. No one steals his toaster!

By Hitoishi Chakma



The Liberation War Museum

The true accounts of our war

By Shuprova Tasneem & Adnan M.S. Fakir

WHILE we have quite a few museums scattered all over our country, the true account of our Liberation War history is barely depicted in any; in 1995, eight prominent individuals took the initiative to fill this large gap and established the Liberation War Museum, located currently at 5 Segun Bagicha. It was certainly not an easy task to accomplish, and they had to personally travel to many remote corners of Bangladesh in search of genuine information and artifacts regarding the War. Though the Museum was initially set up with their own funds, an appeal to the country brought in donations from many different quarters, starting from large companies to schoolchildren saving their allowances!

The Liberation War Museum has done an astonishing job by appropriately recounting all events that occurred in our history which lead to the creation of Bangladesh. Divided chronologically into six galleries, each gallery exhibits exclusive mind-blowing collections of photos, stories and facts about our war.

Hinduism and Buddhism were always intricate with Bengal until the emergence of the Muslim era in the 12th century and the Museum starts off with a brief display titled "Secular Bengal" with models of

Paharpur, Shat Gombuj Masjid, Kantajir Temple and other historical monuments, giving adequate reasons for us being a secular nation. The display continues with a wall dedicated to great people in Bengal, starting from Rabindranath and Biddhushagor to Begum Rokeya and Kazi Najrul Islam. There is also a section dedicated to the dissent against foreign occupation during the British Colonial Period, giving us various details, from the Sepoy Mutiny and other rebellions organised against the British to even the names of those hanged in British prisons.

After the British era, the Partition of the large terrain into Pakistan and India is accentuated upon while the major exhibits are chronologically divided into the important occasions that occurred from the Partition in 1947 to the birth of Bangladesh in 1971. It tells us about the Language Movement in 1952, giving us extensive details of all those who were martyred for the sake of their mother tongue, including newspaper clippings and heart wrenching pictures of the bloodbath.

There is comprehensive information on the West's oppression on the East, the ban on Bengali cultural activities, the Agartala Conspiracy Case, the mass upsurge that followed in 1969, the struggle for democracy and national right, the first

nation wide 1970 election which Sheikh Mujib unanimously won, the 1971 Non-Cooperation Movement, the "negotiations" that Yahya Khan pretended to hold, the role of great leaders such as Moulana Bhashani etc. Details are revealed for each incident, through leaflets, manuscripts, old newspapers, personal diaries, posters and also through individual incidents such as the pictures and belongings of a 13 year old boy killed by the Pakistanis while participating in a rally, a young woman who was shot while feeding her infant and many others. The terrible cyclone of 1970 is also portrayed with rare pictures of the decaying bodies washed ashore after the disaster, the devastation that followed and the Pakistani government's indifference towards the crisis.

Horrific footage of the genocide beginning from the night of 25th March, 1971 follows. The most striking part of this display was the pictures. There were photos of women hiding their faces and crying over the dead bodies of their sons, of countless bodies piled over each other and being eaten by scavengers; intellectuals butchered by the Razakars and a freedom fighter's infant, whose head was crushed by the boots of Pakistani soldiers.

SEE PAGE 2

