

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY-BANGLADESH

WHERE LEADERS ARE CREATED

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VOICES

We are very happy to observe the response of all the AIUB family members to help another member. All the students bought at least one ticket to help him. Academic, Non-academic and administrative members has also contributed a significant amount also.

# HUB's

## Responsibility

### To a Family Member

We always mention the AIUB as a Family. All the students and academic, non-academic members are important part of the family. We distribute all our happiness together to increase pleasure and share our sorrows to decrease the pain. The university is standing in today's position with lots of hard work and sacrifices of the members for more than 12 years.

Shaihan Morshed is a brilliant CSE Alumni of AIUB and working as a developer in IT Department. He was going to receive the graduation certificate in the 8th convocation held in March 10, 2008. Unfortunately he couldn't join the convocation for a severe car accident. His spinal cord was seriously broken, which was threatening even his life. For better and proper treatment he was transferred to Singapore. It was quite impossible for his parents to accommodate the huge expenses of the treatment.

Thanks to AIUB family. AIUB took the initiative to raise some fund for the treatment of Shaihan Murshed. The university organized a day long concert, where Dolchutt,

Haider Hossain, Maksud O Dhaka, Saptak, LRB and Artcell. We are really grateful to Decoration, Sound system providers and the members of the bands for performing free of charge. We are very happy to observe the response of all the AIUB family members to help another member. All the students bought at least one ticket to help him. Academic, Non-academic and administrative members has also contributed a significant amount also. AIUB authority donated 500,000 BDT in the fund. Finally, a handsome amount of 170,000 BDT has been raised, and already handed over to Shaihan's parents. At present he is getting his treatment in the National University of Singapore Hospital and recovering very well and we hope he will join us very soon.



Dr. Carmen Z. Lamagna  
Vice Chancellor (AIUB)

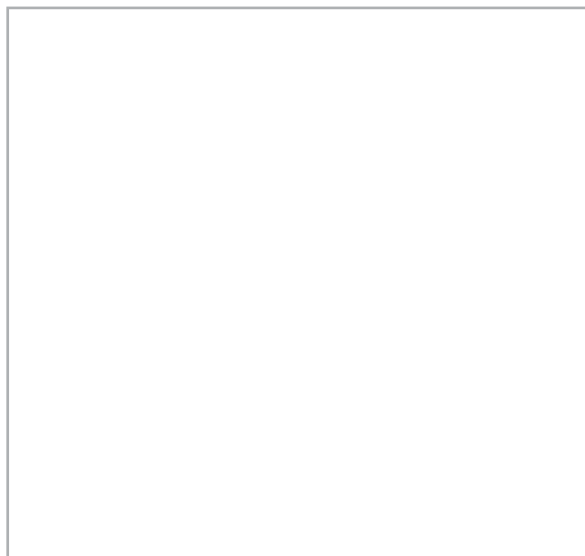
who are AIUB students as well, were sitting in front of campus-4 and campus-2 with four computers having Internet connection. Whenever anyone passed them, he or she was asked about their e-mail address, and if anyone did not have any, they were requested to **open an account.**

# Vote for Cox's Bazar

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It was a different scene on the campus of AIUB on June 2 to June 4. A group of student's, maintainers of an online forum named [www.bdstudentscave.com](http://www.bdstudentscave.com) or [www.bdetc.com](http://www.bdetc.com), who are AIUB students as well, were sitting in front of campus-4 and campus-2 with four computers having Internet connection. Whenever anyone passed them, he or she was asked about their e-mail address, and if anyone did not have any, they were requested to open an account. All those efforts were made to vote for Cox's Bazar so that the longest sea beach in the world can come back at the top of the nomination for seven natural wonders of the world. The three day campaign collected nine hundred valuable votes for Cox's Bazar. The troops of [www.bdetc.com](http://www.bdetc.com) also collected a huge number of votes by campaigning in Notor

Dame College very recently. They also plan to campaign in each government & private universities in Dhaka so that at the end of this year Cox's Bazar can stay at the top among the seven natural wonders of the world. We wish you best of luck [www.bdetc.com](http://www.bdetc.com).



The first event of AIUB Software Club was remarkably successful. We organized first ever “Inter AIUB Software Competition-2007” in March 2007.

AIUB Software Club (ASC) has formed on 7th November, 2006 with the vision to make a bridge between our students and industry and to make a strong network of our Alumni. From our inception we received overwhelming responses from students of different faculties. Currently we have more than 200 members in our club. Within our small tenure we have achieved some remarkable achievements. One of which is its own web site developed by ASC member. Currently it is in testing phase and officially we are going to launch it very soon.

We are very thankful to Mrs. Nadia Anwar, Vice President, Student Affairs, AIUB to run this club under her umbrella. In our inaugural meeting Mr. Manzur H. Khan, Coordinator Student Affairs, Md. Farhad Ahmed, Convener AIUB Software Club, Mr. Mashour Rahman, Coordinator CS Department, Mr. Musfiq Rahman, Coordinator Office of Software Development had conveyed different messages.

The first event of AIUB Software Club was remarkably successful. We organized first ever “Inter AIUB Software Competition-2007” in March 2007. The colorful event was graced by profound presence of Mrs. Nadia Anwar, Vice President, Student Affairs, AIUB. Prof. Tofazzal Hossain, Vice President, Academics, AIUB, Prof. Dr. A.B.M Siddique Hossain, Dean, Faculty of Science, Dr. Kazi A. Kalpoma, Head of CS Department and honorable faculty members and students of AIUB provided their full hearted cooperation to make this event grand success. This opened the door of opportunities for our students to exhibit exciting and innovative software. It was a day long program fostering an array of AIUBIAN talents. Different types of software were exhibited including mobile games, embedded system (Ball tracking robot), database system, online project and many

# AIUB

## Software Club

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more.

At the second phase, ASC also organized “Inter AIUB Web and Graphics Designing Contest-2007” in November, 2007. The program was unique of its kind got excellent responses from all parts of AIUB including management and students. This was a competition among creative mind and intellects which includes different web projects, animated and still graphics design.

To keep up its tradition ASC is again going to organize another “Inter AIUB Software Exhibition -2008” on 16th April. We hope we will receive the same enthusiasm from our student community.

We like to express our gratitude to all club members for working voluntarily and making it top ranked club with full of activities.

We are also welcome new members from different faculties. The registration form can be collected and submitted to Md. Farhad Ahmed, Faculty member, CS Department.

**Md. Farhad Ahmed**

Faculty Member, CS Dept  
Convener, AIUB Software Club

The Office of Sports also maintains and plans for the continuous development of the in-house gymnasium of AIUB for its proper use by the students, faculties, officers, staff and management of AIUB.

# Sports team

Sports have a lot of contribution to all educational institutions and in all places in the world as an entertainer, motivator as well as also works like a marketing tool. Sports also act like a medicine which keeps the students away from getting addicted to drugs or other types of illegal activities. By participating in different sporting activities students increase their understanding among themselves. Sports also increase different skills like anticipation, creativity, and ability to evaluate successes and to maintain and repeat the success. Also it helps a person evaluate his/her failures in order to find out the mistakes and to rectify them.

The Office of Sports at AIUB organizes various outdoor sporting activities such as Football, Cricket, Athletics, Tennis, Kabaddi and also different indoor games like Badminton, Volleyball, Basketball, Handball, Table-tennis, Chess, Pool, Carom, Cyber games, Body-building and different types of board games. The Office of Sports also maintains and plans for the continuous development of the in-house gymnasium of AIUB for its proper use by

the students, faculties, officers, staff and management of AIUB. Other than the above, OS introduces and maintains sports scholarship for the current and prospective students of AIUB. OS also looks after the sports activities of the student community through student teams like AIUB Cricket Team, AIUB Football Team. In addition OS is in the planning stage of introducing two more sports teams namely, AIUB Chess Team and AIUB Table-tennis Team.

Abdul K. Nazmul

Assistant Professor, School of Business  
& Coordinator, Office of Sports

Human body is made up of innumerable cells, glands, tissues, muscles and many other small and big organs which go on working incessantly in order to keep the whole body mechanism active and energetic. In order to keep them capable of doing their jobs well we need food.

No living things either animals or plants can survive without food. Besides oxygen and water we need food for three main reasons - preventing diseases, curing diseases and staying fit. Right food promotes our health, so also wrong food diseases. So there is no disagreement among experts regarding the importance of food in maintaining good health

Human body is made up of innumerable cells, glands, tissues, muscles and many other small and big organs which go on working incessantly in order to keep the whole body mechanism active and energetic. In order to keep them capable of doing their jobs well we need food. Food provides them essential nutrients without which any organs of the body may revolt or one or two may become so weak that they will be incapable of discharging their duties properly. As a result there arise problems in our body which we call diseases. And we become sick. To keep these organs fit we must ensure the supply of carbohydrate, minerals, vitamins, proteins and fat in right dose in right quality.

We can have the sufficient supply of these nutrient elements from common daily food items if we are a little bit selective. Our food items should be chosen from the following groups to avoid the risk of getting sick easily.

**Seeds, vegetables and fruits:** these three types of food provide the five basic nutrient elements to our body. A meal prepared with items from each type is called a 'balanced diet' which keeps us fit and free from diseases.

**Seeds and cereals:** they include items such as rice, wheat, pulses, almonds, beans etc. They generally not only supply strength and proper growth to our body but also defer our old age.

**Vegetables:** vegetables are very essential for our body as they are the source of minerals, proteins, vitamins and many other important elements such as dietary fibre and phytochemicals- antioxidants. Owing to lack of all these elements, our bones do not develop properly, hair start falling. It also results in loss of appetite along with many other physical complications. If our body does not

# Food

## for good health

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receive the right supply of antioxidants we become vulnerable to cancer and wear and tear of early aging. So we should eat sufficient vegetables everyday.

**Fruits:** different kinds of fruits are sources of minerals, vitamins, and enzymes. The special characteristic of fruits is that they contain huge amount of alkaline but less quantity of protein and fat. Another good side of fruits is that as soon as we consume fruit, we become energized immediately and our fatigue is removed at once. The vitamins which we receive from fruits help the body not only to digest the fats and carbohydrates but also to assimilate the nutrient elements from them. So fruits play an immense role in developing the building block of our physique as well as maintaining the general wellbeing of the body.

In addition to these three categories of food, it is essential for us to add complementary foods like milk, curd, honey etc. to our daily food menu. Because they are very useful elements to meet the deficiency of carbohydrate, proteins, vitamins etc in our body.

So it is necessary to combine all the food items in our daily meals in right proportion to avoid various types of diseases and for living an active and fit life.

# **Business**

## **R e p o r t**

**Business**



Large companies generally operate call centers to provide customer service for their clients. For instance, US-based PC manufacturer Dell has housed its call centre in India. If any client of this company calls for customer support, their call will be automatically routed to India for the **relevant solution.**

Bangladesh Telecommunication Regulatory Commission (BTRC) has formally invited applications from eligible entrepreneurs for license to establish call centers. According to the BTRC, any eligible person or company can get call centre license with a nominal payment.

A call centre is a place used for the purpose of receiving and transmitting a large volume of requests by telephone. It can be divided into various categories based on their strategy of function and nature of service. But there are mainly two types of call centers such as inbound call centre and outbound call centre.

In an inbound call centre, customers generally place their queries about product information and report any technical glitches. In an outbound call centre, agents initiate a call to a customer mostly to sell a product or a service. Other types of call centre include CRM call centre, interactive call centre, phone call centre, telemarketing call centre, virtual call centre, web-enabled call centre, etc.

Large companies generally operate call centers to provide customer service for their clients. For instance, US-based PC manufacturer Dell has housed its call centre in India. If any client of this company calls for customer support, their call will be automatically routed to India for the relevant solution. Besides, some companies also use call centers for their internal purposes such as help desk service and sales support.

Call centre is an emerging revenue opportunity for Bangladesh. The global market of call centre industry was US\$ 382.5 billion in 2004 and is expected to reach US\$ 641.2 billion by 2009. This is an enormous opportunity for Bangladesh: at the moment all ingredients are available in the country to seize a significant chunk of the global market.

The BTRC downsized call centre license fees from Tk 50,000 to Tk 5,000 in order to help flourish this service across the country. Call centers are being considered as a booming industry. Dhaka- and Chittagong-based call centre operators will enjoy tax holiday up to three years while other operators will enjoy this incentive for five years. Furthermore, the BTRC proposed 0.5 percent revenue sharing when

# Call Center

the holiday period is over.

Call centers can create huge employment opportunity for students in Bangladesh. Every year many university graduates in our country remain unemployed. Call centre business can open a new horizon for them. In order to work in call centers one should have sound knowledge in English and in some cases French. That is why it may cause a huge problem in

No doubt call centre operation is a big opportunity for Bangladesh. But most importantly, expert human resources are vital in order to ensure the development of the call centre industry. In this regard, private companies should come forward to train people and the government must ensure the quality issues so that the entire system works smoothly and perfectly.

## Ship Building

# Bangladesh emerges as a new shipbuilding hub

Ship building industry in Bangladesh emerges as new export leader of ship as two builders have already grabbed order worth over \$250 million in 2007 as said by ship builders on February 3, 2008.



Experts are hoping the country can become a new destination for companies seeking construction of small ocean-going vessels as traditional shipbuilding nations such as South Korea and China are now focusing on building large ships. Even, relatively new ship building country, Vietnam, is no longer interested to build small ships weighing up to 25,000 dead weight tons.

The focus on Bangladesh came in April, 2007 when Meghnaghat-based Ananda Shipyards signed deals worth around \$100 million with two German shipping companies to build eight vessels with capacity for 325 containers by June 2010. This was probably the single biggest export order for the country. The company then went on to sign two more deals worth \$82 million in October and December in 2007 and the company is now investing about Tk 1.10 billion to set up two dry docks in its shipyard. The company hopes by early 2009 when the docks will be built, they can take order worth \$500 million. According to the industry estimates, more than 100,000 Bangladeshis are now employed in Singapore, Korea and Dubai shipyards. The country has also been known for its small shipbuilding industry, which churns out dozens of launches every year. Most of the nearly 3,000 launches, oil tankers and cargo ships that ply in Bangladesh waterways were made there.

Experts said it was only a matter of time before Bangladesh emerges as a major hub for building small ocean-going ships.

Japanese owned Sanko Optical Co. (Bd) Ltd in Chittagong Export Processing Zone (CEPZ) provides lenses to some of the world's most famous camera brands such as Nikon, Fuji, Konica and Olympus. The lenses used in some of the world's most famous camera brands are being produced in Bangladesh with such success that the company involved plans to expand its operations. It is an example of a growing group of hi tech industries

that are changing the image of the country's EPZs, that have long been associated with the Ready Made Garment industry.

According to the agencies that run the country's eight EPZ's, more hi-tech companies are on the way as international corporations look to find alternatives to China, where the high pace of growth is causing production bottlenecks.

Sanko employs around 1400 female workers producing around 1.5 million lenses per month.

Apart from camera lenses the company also produces lenses for fax machines, photocopies, security cameras, scanners and projectors.

The company earns around US\$ 8 million annually by exporting products. In producing lenses workers need to follow nine stages such as curve generating, smoothing, polishing, cleaning, inspection, centering, coating, second time inspection and packing for export.

The company was first set up in the 1990s and is now looking to expand.

**Pran:**

## Pran plans to invest in I n d i a

Pran, one of Bangladesh's leading processed-food and beverage companies, is going to set up its first foreign factory in India, taking advantage of the country's recent decision to lift its ban on Bangladeshi investment. The plant will be built in the north-eastern Indian state of Tripura. It will initially produce jelly and drinks and is expected to come into operation by 2009 with an annual turnover of around Tk100 crore.

It will supply the markets of northeast India -- Assam, Nagaland, Tripura, Meghalaya, Manipur, Mizoram and Arunachal Pradesh -- known as 'Seven Sisters', said a senior official of Pran Exports Ltd.

India will allocate a 10-acre industrial plot for Pran and the negotiations have been going on between the parties concerned about acquiring land for the project. The Indian government has also assured Pran of banking, electricity and other infrastructure facilities.

Initially Pran will employ nearly 200 people, including Bangladeshi and Indian nationals. India lifted its ban on direct investment from Bangladesh in 2007 and said it would welcome investment from its neighbor country. The move was seen as a precondition for Dhaka to consider the large-scale investment plans of Indian companies such as Tata in Bangladesh.

Pran exports its agro-processed foods and drinks to nearly 70 countries, including USA, UK, Sweden, Cyprus, Australia, Malaysia, Italy, Germany, South Korea, and some Middle East, East and West African countries.

The news of the new plant was announced at an 'Export Sales Conference 2008' of Pran Exports Ltd held on January 23 in Dhaka. Deputy Managing Director of Pran-RFL Group Ahsan Khan Choudhury and other senior officials were present at the conference.

## How Tata has built a Car that costs less than a Motorbike

By the end of the year it will be possible to buy a new four-door family car for less than the cost of a good quality motor scooter. Jon Severn takes a look at the Tata Nano to see how it has been possible to develop a car that will sell so cheaply.

Consumers are familiar with the price of electronic products falling, whether it is digital cameras, wide-screen televisions or DVD players, and even passenger cars have reduced in price in real terms over the past decade. But January's launch in India of the Tata Nano car, priced at just 100 000 rupees (around ?1720), has come as a shock to many people.

Everyone appreciates that labour costs are lower in India than in Europe, but material costs are similar. How can a car cost less than we are used to paying for good quality motor scooters here in Europe?

When the Nano was unveiled the senior managers from Tata made it clear that this is a 'proper' four-door family car, not a motorized quadricycle or four-wheeled moped. Given that the two-seater Smart Fortwo costs around ?9000, it is worth taking a closer look at the Nano to see how it has been designed so as to achieve such a low showroom price.

First, however, Tata acknowledges that there is really no profit margin on the base model; profits will come from customers specifying the deluxe models with air conditioning, electric windows, colour-coded bumpers and other options. And this highlights one way in which the Nano costs have been held down -- the standard model is very basic by modern standards. Nonetheless, care has been taken to ensure that the car has adequate performance, meets current emissions standards (Euro IV), is fuel-efficient (20km/litre) and is safe thanks to crumple zones, intrusion-resistant doors, seat belts and other features.

Indeed, the Nano will inevitably be considerably safer

than the popular mode of family transport in India today, consisting of a motorbike or scooter with the father driving, his child standing in front, and the mother seated behind, holding a baby. Furthermore, the Nano is better suited to all-weather journeys and is a genuinely affordable alternative for many people.

Tata has launched the Nano as a family car for four or five people, but the company concedes that the Nano is no limousine, with its dimensions of 3.1 m long by 1.5 m wide and 1.6 m high. Once again, though, the compact dimensions help to keep costs down, as the smaller the vehicle is, the fewer materials are required for its construction. A small, lightweight car can also be fitted with a smaller, lighter engine. In the Nano's case, the 624.6 cc, 33 PS, 48 Nm twin-cylinder aluminium engine is mounted transversely under the rear seats, ahead of the rear axle line and mated directly with the four-speed transaxle.

## No common components

Because the Nano was being designed to be such a low-budget car, all components had to be designed from scratch, with nothing carried over from Tata's other vehicles. Furthermore, this clean-sheet-of-paper approach enabled the company to use production technologies that were appropriate to the Nano's specification and projected volumes. For example, it is reported that hydroforming is being used for tubular structures, and rollforming is being used in place of stamping. Other design features have contributed to the reduced weight, such as a ribbed roof that adds stiffness and enables thinner steel to be used.

Elsewhere on the car, great care has been taken to minimize tooling and production costs. One small example of this is similar handles and mechanisms for the left- and right-side doors. In preparation for exporting the Nano, it has also been designed with a central instrument binnacle instead of mounting the instruments in front of the driver – which is a concept seen on other 'people's cars' such as the Morris Minor and Morris/Austin Mini around half a century ago.

Girish Wagh headed the team of almost 500 people that developed the Nano over a four-year period. And although some of the vehicle's production processes

may seem 'low-technology' when compared with the heavily automated plants found in Western Europe, a great deal of digital analysis was carried out during the design and development phases of the project. In addition, Tata empowered and encouraged everyone in the company to contribute ideas and suggestions, on the basis that collective thinking – and a vast pool of common sense – would benefit the design and engineering, as well as helping to save costs.

Where particular expertise was deemed essential to the success of the project, Tata used leading suppliers as development partners, such as GKN for the drive shafts and Bosch for the multi-point fuelling system and electronic engine management system. High volumes are an important element in low-cost products, and Tata wants to build one million Nanos per year. However, a conventional plant to build such high volumes would require a substantial investment, so Tata has looked at a distributed manufacturing model, in which entrepreneurs can establish manufacturing facilities based on Tata's low-cost manufacturing unit that offers a low break-even point. Nonetheless, Tata has constructed a new factory in Singur, and many of the suppliers are establishing their own facilities in an adjacent vendor park. It has been reported that around 90 per cent of the car's components will be outsourced, with some 75 per cent coming from single-source suppliers that have received long-term contracts and high-volume commitments in exchange for even lower component prices.

Similarly, unconventional servicing concepts have been investigated, such as training self-employed people who can be certified by Tata to perform servicing at the customer's premises.

## A dream comes true

The Tata Nano is the type of project that stems from one person's vision, and the Nano is the brainchild of Ratan Tata, the company chairman. Originally he wanted to create a 'people's car' as a safer, all-weather alternative to two-wheelers for families of four or five. Mass transport in India is either not

available or of poor quality, and the nation's improving economic climate means that there is a market for a low-cost car. The first ideas centered on a low-end 'rural' car with plastic roll-down curtains instead of doors and windows. However, as the project progressed, it became clear that the market would respond better to a low-cost version of a conventional car.

Something else that changed during the design phase was the choice of materials and production processes. For example, high-technology engineering plastics and adhesives were abandoned in favor of welded steel, as the high-volume production targets meant that waiting for adhesives to cure was impractical.

For several years the Nano has been talked about as a 100 000 rupee car, and this figure is one aspect of the project that has not changed. Ratan Tata says that the figure of 100,000 rupees was first quoted in an interview with him in the UK's Financial Times. Although he had only said that the car would cost in the region of 100 000 rupees, he decided to adopt that figure as a target price. Over the intervening years, this has been increasingly challenging due to inflation and rising costs of raw materials such as steel. Nevertheless, the Nano was launched on 10 January 2008 and Ratan Tata said the Nano will be on sale later in 2008 for 100 000 rupees plus value-added tax and delivery charges.

### A European approach

The most popular European low-cost car is the two-seater Smart, but its price is four to five times higher than that of the Nano. While the two cars are similar in some respects, they are far apart in more ways than price. Smart's philosophy is to offer a compact, safe, clean, economical yet fun vehicle primarily for transporting one or two people around urban areas. No doubt the Smart Fortwo has been the subject of considerable value engineering to reduce the manufacturing and assembly costs, but not to the same extremes as seen in the Tata Nano.

Furthermore, Smart cars are available with a wider range of powertrains, with a particular emphasis on fuel economy and exhaust emissions (but note that Tata plans to introduce alternative engines and transmissions for the Nano in the future).

The Smart micro hybrid drive (MHD) is based on a conventional 71 PS petrol engine with an automated manual five-speed gearbox. However, the starter

motor and alternator are replaced by a belt-driven combined starter-generator unit to serve the car's fuel-saving start-stop function.

When the driver brakes and the speed falls below 8 km/h, the engine is automatically switched off. As soon as the driver's foot comes off the brake pedal, the engine restarts, first gear is selected and the car can be driven off – all without any noticeable delay.

Fuel savings are said to be 8 per cent in the New European Driving Cycle (NEDC), giving 4.3 litres per 100km. Carbon dioxide emissions are reduced by a similar percentage to 103 g/km. In city traffic, fuel savings can be as high as 19 per cent.

For drivers wanting a 'zero emissions' vehicle, Smart is trialling an electric drive (ED) version of the Fortwo in Paris and London during 2008, with a view to this variant entering series production in 2009. With fully charged batteries – which takes around eight hours – the Smart ED can travel approximately 115 km in the Extra Urban Driving Cycle (EUDC). An 80 per cent charge is possible in four hours and it is claimed that the battery will last for ten years.

At current energy prices, the Smart ED's fuel cost is said to be approximately ?

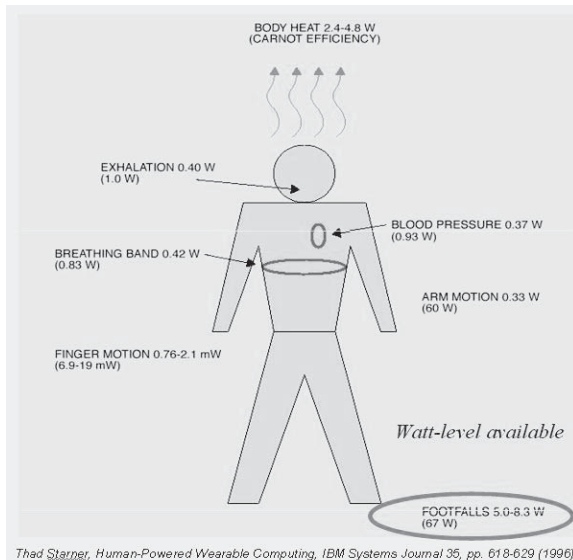
0.02/km, which is considerably lower than the fuel costs for petrol or diesel versions of the Smart. Furthermore, the 0-60 km/h acceleration time of 5.7 s is similar to that available from the petrol variants, despite the electric motor's power output being much lower at 41 PS (30 kW).

Many drivers will also be attracted to the Smart ED because they can enjoy tax advantages and additional benefits such as exemption from road charging schemes. Although the carbon dioxide emissions are quoted as being zero, it has to be remembered that much of Europe's electricity is generated in power stations that emit carbon dioxide and other pollutants.

With the two cars aimed at very different markets, it is not surprising that the Tata Nano and Smart Fortwo have little in common beyond their compact dimensions. Nevertheless, the remarkably low showroom price of the Tata Nano does suggest that Western automotive manufacturers could probably reduce the price of their vehicles considerably if they were able to devote resources to that, instead of continually working towards higher specifications than their competitors, and striving to meet ever-stricter safety and environmental targets imposed by politicians.

# Intelligent Shoe

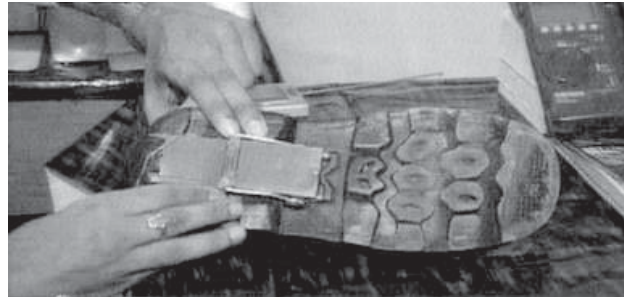
Many of us know or use 'Automatic Watch'. This kind of watch has a mechanism which powers a micro-generator as well as stores energy in microscopic spring for future use. All this are done by the slightest movement of arm. Can you imagine that at a natural movement of arm, what can be the revolution of the micro-generator? It can be as much as five times of the RPM (revolution per minute) of the Formula One car engine. Unbelievable! Believe it.



According to the IBM system journal 35 (1996) one grown up man can generate 67 watt when walking, 60 watt in movement of hand, 0.0069-0.019 watt in movement of finger, blood pressure 0.93 watt, breathing 0.83 watt of which 17 % - 30 % can be transformed.

When someone walks he delivers 500-1000 Newton of force on ground, which is equivalent to his weight. This is the basic idea behind 'Intelligent Shoe'. If we can design a mechanical device that can be integrated in the shoe, this device can absorb a portion of the force then transform the force to electricity. The walking motion of

human is linear. A fraction of this force is transformed from linear motion from angular motion by mean of Lever and Gear system. This mechanism delivers angular velocity for 'Permanent Magnet Dynamo'. Dynamo converts mechanical power to electrical power.



The model I have designed here has four 5 volt Dynamos in each shoe. It can deliver 0.5 to 0.7 watt of discontinuous DC power. By some more improvement in mechanical this can deliver up to 1.5 watt of power. Though the DC power is not continuous voltage regulator is used to stabilize the voltage. Primarily Lithium-Ion battery is charged for back-up power. By using this back-up portable electronic equipment can be powered or charged. This device has been designed for research and testing purpose. Work on this project is still running to make it more reliable and user friendly.



Rural area of Bangladesh is not yet powered with electricity. I hope that my idea could do something for those unfortunate people who are not yet in touch of the modern world of electricity. This can be a new environment friendly power source where each human generates power for himself. Future may start from here.

Interview

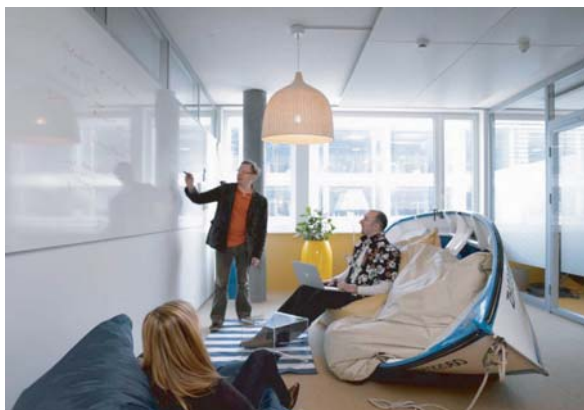
# Interview

Interview



## Brief Background:

Zaheed Sabur completed his B.Sc. in Computer Engineering from AIUB. He represented AIUB at numerous programming competitions at national and international level, both individually and as a member of AIUB's ACM Programming Team-1. He graduated with a CGPA of 4.00/4.00 and was the Valedictorian in AIUB's 7th convocation in February'07. He was also awarded the Chancellor's award, Summa Cum Laude, and Vice Chancellor's award. In March'07, he joined Google as a Software Engineer becoming the first Bangladeshi graduate to have done so. He started off at Google's Bangalore office and 5 months later moved to the Google HQ in California. Another 5 months later he moved to Google's European HQ at the very beautiful city of Zurich in Switzerland. As you can imagine, he loves traveling. His other interests include sports, music, movies, and problem solving.



a\_meeting\_room in Google

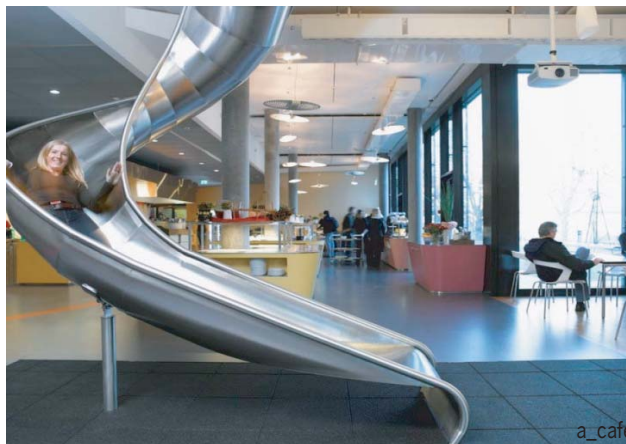
### 1. How much has AIUB contributed in building up your career?

I'm a Software Engineer. Perhaps a Software User ? was the closest I've been to becoming that before coming to AIUB. Prior to AIUB, merely as a teenager, I might have done a lot – my addiction to Electronics led me to win 3 Science Fairs, pass a certification exam as the youngest member of the National Electronics Hobbyists' Forum, my commendable knowledge in Networking let me successfully handle the position of Network Administrator at a couple of ISPs, and so on. But, Computer Programming is something I've never done prior to AIUB. The fact that I wrote and compiled my first piece of Programming code at AIUB, and started at Google a week after graduation, shows how much AIUB has contrib-

uted to my career.

### 2. How satisfied have you been with the teaching and other facilities AIUB provided?

I won't say everything has been perfect because perfection is a relative term that has a different meaning to different people. Perhaps nothing in this world is perfect in the eyes of the entire world. Speaking of my personal satisfaction, I don't think I could have been any more satisfied than what I've been with AIUB. An university is supposed to provide its students with a platform to realize their potential to the fullest and I strongly believe AIUB indeed offers that platform. As I've said, nothing is perfect, every system has its flaws and deficiencies; being upset over that doesn't change a thing rather utilizing its strengths is what helps. I've never attended any training or courses outside AIUB and I got my job offer before my graduation, so all I've learned was during my days at AIUB and that proved to be enough.



a\_cafe

### 3. How can new AIUBians follow you to build up their career?

Please do not follow me, or anyone else for that matter. Simply believe in yourself and you'll do far greater things. Being the person that you are and learning to utilize your strengths should help you the most in building a successful career in any field.

### 4. How do you think a student can achieve success?

Identify your strengths. Don't think you have none. We all have something special in us. Don't complain about what you don't have. Appreciate what you've and make the best use of it. If



ever in your life you would want to work really hard then, trust me, you would want to do it now. Forget the past, because neither does it matter anymore nor can you change it. Forget the future, because you might not be able to imagine how far you could go. Simply concentrate on the present, because this is when you get to create your own future and perhaps a bit of history too.

### **5. How do you plan to contribute in the IT sector of our country?**

It's been over a year now since my graduation and I've been very fortunate to have been gaining such valuable knowledge and rich work experience from the very beginning of my career. However, I would say right now my career is still very young and I've much to learn. Through time I would love to get involved in the IT sector of Bangladesh and may that day be not far when I start contributing.

### **6. How can AIUB find you closer?**

AIUB has and will always be very close to my heart. Post AIUB, whatever I've done, wherever I've gone, AIUB has always been an important part of my identity. It is wonderful to know there are people across the globe, who came to know about AIUB through me. It feels even better to have been able to lift the respect for AIUB in the eyes of countrymen I've met both back home and abroad. I believe the best way an AIUBian can do good to AIUB is by going good to themselves. The further an AIUBian rises, the higher AIUB's flag flies. I'll continue to be an ambassador and await opportunities to do even better things for AIUB.

### **7. Share some of your interesting experiences?**

It has been a wonderful experience to live in 3 different continents, visit numerous places, meet great many friendly Bangladeshis abroad and people from diverse background and demographics. Most importantly, learning so much, doing some great work and getting appreciated for that has been highly satisfying.

Perhaps the only sad experience has been to meet a few odd Bangladeshis abroad who aren't particularly proud of being a Bangladeshi. It wasn't surprising to see people, who were born and brought up abroad, feel that way. And, it was nice to see some of them think differently after a while. However, I was utterly shocked when I was introduced to this Physics graduate of Shahjalal University, presently studying at ETH, by one of their classmates. This person, without showing a minimal courtesy, wrote back to their classmate, "not interested to be introduced with any Bangladeshi" and copied that to me as well. Shame on people who are ashamed of their own identity.

May we AIUBians never be like them. Whether it's a curse or a blessing, it's what we are. If we don't like the way we're, we'll make ourselves better rather than complaining or being ashamed of what we're. Let's make a promise to ourselves, be it the identity of being an AIUBian or a Bangladeshi, we'll always be proud of who we are.

### **8. Some final words to all the students of AIUB.**

Once an AIUBian, always an AIUBian. It's our responsibility to make sure we never have to be embarrassed or ashamed of being an AIUBian. The good things we would do are what would make us deserving of taking pride in being an AIUBian. When you hear people say something positive about AIUB, be happy, be proud, but at the same time do everything you can to make sure it remains that way.

You may also hear people say not so positive things about AIUB. You can either silently accept it and be ashamed to present yourself as an AIUBian, or, you can go ahead and do something great that would make the same people say the best of things about AIUB and let you be proud of being an AIUBian. Now it is up to you to decide what you would do.

Realise the fact that AIUB is as good as you are. So, if you are not happy with the way AIUB is regarded by people and want AIUB to be widely accepted as a great university then just go ahead and make it happen. Yes, it is us who has to do it, because, AIUB is us.

## Microsoft Surface- science fiction becomes real

**Story 1:** You are in a restaurant, you sit and the table shows the menu for you. You select a food with the tap of a finger and the screenshot of the food appears. You then order the food with another tap of your finger. Your food appears in a while. After eating, you place your credit card and the bill is paid.

**Story 2:** You go to a mobile phone show room and see some new models at the stand. You pick two phones and just put them in the receptionists table. The price and feature comparison of the two phones appear in the table. You decide to buy one, so you just tap your finger on the buy button and put your credit card in the table.

This is not a story of science fiction anymore. It is all real. Meet Microsoft Surface, the start of a new age of computing. Microsoft Surface (Codename: Milan), is a forthcoming Multi-touch product from Microsoft which is developed as a software and hardware combination technology that allows users to manipulate digital content by the use of natural motions, hand gestures, or even physical objects. It looks like an ordinary coffee table but the tabletop is the computer screen and is totally reactive to touch and gesture.

With Surface, one can easily manipulate digital content like windows, photos with just their hand. It is even possible to use other objects like a paint brush to do painting. You use your fingers to manipulate the objects on the computer just like real objects. Surface can detect 52 touches at a

time. So, many users can use the surface simultaneously which can enable a whole new era of interactive tabletop computer entertainment. Surface is actually a Windows Vista PC tucked inside a table, topped with a 30-inch reflective surface in a clear acrylic frame. A projector underneath the surface projects an image onto its underside, while five cameras in the machine's housing record reflections of infrared light from human fingertips. The use of cameras instead of touch screen enables it to even detect objects like a credit card or phone. Surface is also able to automatically receive data from your devices through wireless. So you can just put your camera on the table and all the photos will be automatically downloaded into the table for you to view or edit.

Surface is expected to be released to the commercial partners towards the end of 2008. It will appear in various restaurants, hotels and mobile shops to be used to choose meals at restaurants, plan vacations and spots to visit from the hotel room. Microsoft says the consumer version will be released around 2011. It will cost around \$5000 to \$10000.

The possibilities opened by Surface are so immense. Now computing is limited to just single user interacting through keyboard or mouse. But surface will enable many users to interact with each other simultaneously. As it is usable through touch and gesture, it will be so much more accessible to people. People will feel more "real" when they can manipulate their digital content through touch and movement. So we can say that a new era of computing is coming, and surface is just a step forward.

Just try to imagine you are an owner of a sexy, pricey and fast sports car but still you don't need to oil your mother for some extra money to buy fuel for your car. What you do is run your car by the same lithium ion batteries found in your cell phone or laptop. No fuel cost is needed. Isn't it great?

# Car and Speed Boat

This high-speed amphibious sports car can swim, hover above water and it's no slouch when it comes to flat-out speed either. At the push of a button a hydraulic mechanism transforms the sports car into a propeller-powered boat. Then an integrated 'hydrofoil' system lifts the car to 'fly' two foot above the water's surface.

The Rinspeed Splash was created by Swiss genius Frank M. Rinderknecht, 48, at his car company Rinspeed.



It can reach 125mph on the road and accelerates to 60mph in 5.9 seconds. The water performance is impressive too, with the Splash reaching an impressive 45 knots. "That's fast enough for water skiing or knee boarding," said Frank.

The secret of the car is hydrofoil, a nautical technology used to lift the hull of boats from the water to increase speed. But the Splash has adapted the method for serious elevation.

The body of the "Splash" is watertight and special buoyancy chambers provide extra lift.

The car impressed viewers at the Geneva Motor Show and is set to be a hit with concept car fanatics worldwide. The "Splash" is powered entirely by natural gas, which should keep any environmentally James Bonds happy.

Just try to imagine you are an owner of a sexy, pricey and fast sports car but still you don't need to oil your mother for some extra money to buy fuel for your car. What you do is run your car by the same lithium ion batteries found in your

cell phone or laptop. No fuel cost is needed. Isn't it great?

The dream car Tesla Roadster (\$100,000) is a fully electric sports car, and is the first car produced by electric car firm Tesla Motors. The car goes from zero to 60 in four noiseless seconds, has a top speed of 135 mph and can roam for more than 200 miles before needing a recharge. In a 3.5 hour charge, the Roadster will take you 250 miles.

The car doesn't have complex mechanically as the car you're probably driving now. Sophisticated electronics and software take the place of the pounds and pounds of machinery required to introduce a spark and ignite the fuel that powers an internal combustion engine. For example, the typical four-cylinder engine of a conventional car comprises over a hundred moving parts. By comparison, the motor of the Tesla Roadster has just one: the rotor. So there's less weight to drive around and fewer parts that could break or wear down over time.

The first time you drive the Tesla Roadster, prepare to be surprised. You're at freeway speed in seconds without even thinking about it. There is no clutch pedal to contend with and no race-car driving techniques to perform. Just the touch of your foot and you're off, without any of the sluggishness of an automatic.

## Bugatti Veyron

Car, just a three letter words, but still has such a big impact on human kind. It's a hot topic for any one, and just taking about cars gives an adrenaline rush. When we talk about cars, it's obviously about fast cars.

The Bugatti Veyron 16.4 is a mid-engine sports car produced by Volkswagen AG subsidiary Bugatti Automobiles SAS introduced in 2005. It is the quickest accelerating and decelerating road-legal production car in the world, and it was the world's fastest road-legal production car until it was beaten by the SSC Ultimate Aero TT in 2007. It is named after French racing driver Pierre Veyron, who won the 24 hours of Le Mans in 1939 while racing for the original Bugatti firm.

The Bugatti Veyron's price in US \$ 1,440,800 which converted to our currency is 100856000 taka, above 10 crore excluding transportation and Bangladesh vehicle tax.



Asif Chowdhury  
06-06432-1  
BBA



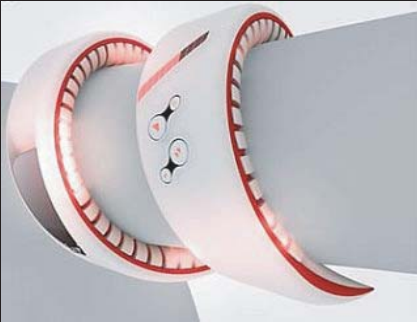
**10. CUin5 Concept Cell phone**

Every face of the phone carries a keypad, microphone, and speaker. The part you touch first gets active while all other edges are in lock mode.

**9. Bracelet Phone with Built-in MP3 Player**

When this Bracelet phone receives any message, it starts vibrating and making or receiving a phone call is just too easy. To read the message, take the bracelet out of your wrist and press the diamond-like keystroke.

It's not just another run-of-the-mill concept. Instead, the bracelet phone comes with a built-in MP3 player. With this phone on your wrist, you are definitely going to rock the party and make others green-eyed.

**8. BenQSiemens Snake phone**

The concept phone looks like a snake and you can wrap it around your wrist.

**6. Onyx Concept Phone**

Well, the Onyx boasts a high-resolution LCD screen and a transparent touch-sensitive capacitive sensor. The video is worth a look to find the tempting keyless touch screen phone of the future in action

**5. Black Box Concept Phone**

The looks of this concept phone from BenQ-Seimens are alluring enough to turn your head. Well, the Black Box changes the control layout according to the functions you use.

**7. Dark Label Retroxis Phone**

The Black Label Retroxis phone by designer Lim Sze Tat reflects a retro approach towards design with clean aesthetics, optimum controls and functions.

**3. Nokia Aeon concept phone**

The Nokia Aeon concept was somehow inspired by Synaptic Onyx. The full surface touch screen display phone concept is indeed cool and tempting but who knows? Nokia is tight-lipped to make any comments

**4. NEC Tag concept phone**

The concept phone has been made up of flexible material and has been named Tag. The flexible material used will allow this phone to change its shape according to the mode. So hang them, wear as a wristband or just wrap around the belt, these phones will never say no to a shape.

**2. Sony Ericsson Concept Phone**

Though it's not sure whether this cool product is actually in works, but people would love to see it get real. All that we know at the moment is its OLED display, a 3.2-megapixel camera, 2GB of storage, and an integrated FM tuner. The ultra-thin phone comes with silver accents and flip-down cover.

**1. Nokia Archive Concept Phone**

This concept phone will enable the users to share ideas at ease and pace. Virtual teamwork is made effortless through smart wireless conferencing and remote presentations. Bluetooth audio ensures strong and clear communication. When mobile technology ascends to this level, we will achieve great things together.



## Raging Silence

A warm breeze on a cold winter's day,  
 Monsoon rains that falls like snowflakes.  
 Broad daylight, yet darkness engulf me like a comforting quilt,  
 The sun hides behind gray clouds as if hiding its guilt.  
 My candle of hope burns on both ends,  
 Despite it glorious blaze, mixed feelings it commends.  
 I gaze at the neon world from my ivory tower,  
 Despite the freedom that seeps through me, I have no power.  
 I am a lone maiden with a heart made of ice,  
 Despite the loneliness, I am willing to pay for my happiness' price.  
 Who has given me such loneliness?  
 Who do I ask for my committed sins' forgiveness?  
 My tower stands stiff and strong,  
 Yet despite all the warning signals around me how I wish I were wrong.  
 A promise of all promises, I wish to fulfill what I have sworn,  
 To diminish this sorrow I have long borne.  
 The thunder outside cant be compared to the raging storm build-  
 ing inside  
 me,  
 Who holds the key to my caged liberty?  
 Please set me free!

Come silence; come join me to end my despair,  
 Where do you search?  
 I am waiting right here.....

Farzana Choudhury  
 Lecturer  
 Faculty of Business Administration

## My Feelings

I feel someone behind me  
 Seems it calling me,  
 Sometimes it wakes me up.  
 Now I realize what it is!  
 It's my love.  
 That is you.....

-Fahmida

## Pure Bond

Sun shapes a moon  
 cute by his light,  
 pure bond as noon  
 lighten be right.  
 Want to see light  
 towards all mind,  
 so shine the life  
 as sun, being kind.

wish to turn away  
 into a great soul,  
 soon will get way  
 heaven like goal.  
 thus we must gain  
 spirit in us vein

A.FATTAH-ALL-MONJUR  
 (07-09635-3) EEE

## Eruption of Liboration

They haunt us  
 to taste humanity  
 "To humiliate" it indeed is their fashion  
 They hunt, we rush horrified  
 These city walls  
 got no salvation for us  
 They tore the violet sky apart  
 Shall we remain 'fallen' forever?  
 'Anger management' did work too well  
 we probably do not have  
 energy enough to revolt.  
 endless corruption  
 Shadow image of liberation  
 Prediction of time to face it all  
 Shall we remain lamb. Silence  
 or shall we  
 Strive to rectify.

Turzo Ahsan  
 ID: 07- 08510-2  
 Dept : EEE

# A ftermath of Barbaric Mutiny

I saw them celebrate as they played in their medieval tunes  
 Unleashing the treacherous tempests locked inside  
 I took a rather pretentious role  
 Gazed upon them believing I ought not to be in the vicinity of...  
 There could even have been a great possibility of finding myself on Death row!  
 For I played the role of a righteous cynic  
 And they could have considered it as profanity  
 They rejoiced liberating their souls, soul asylum  
 In the end they gave birth to an aura of arrogance  
 Miraculously avoiding attack from the anticipating beasts  
 I lingered by them making sure that I kept to the end  
 Saw to the end, cried till the end  
 For I did not know what could stop them  
 From going on and on  
 And carrying on their menacing act of trekking on troubled grounds  
 Had they not known  
 I never got assured  
 Let alone being reassured

By rashadul kabir

## Life

The day is long  
 Every minute is a lovely song  
 I'm sitting here alone  
 And feeling every inch of loneliness  
 Far way, the waves rush on  
 And crush against the vast rocks,  
 The sea gulls don't seem to be tired  
 They're just carrying on their fight.

Written by Fahmida

## Friendship

Friendship is the meaning of love and care  
 Relying on each other and learning to share  
 In your heart friendship can't end.  
 Every second in your life  
 You should think about a friend  
 Never walk on each others back.  
 Don't lead a friend through the wrong track  
 Should not be shy telling problems to each other  
 Having the confidence which makes you feel better.  
 It is the best way to spend life in the future.  
 Paint your life with friend like a beautiful picture.

Rahman S.M. Aminur  
 ID: 08-10276-1

## Death

Death can't be imprisoned  
 Death can't be locked,  
 Death is never sweet,  
 But you'll have to taste it out.  
 Death is never ending,  
 Death can't be blocked,  
 Death can't be escaped,  
 Death can't be stopped,  
 Death shows no mercy,  
 Death shows no pity,  
 You'll have to die one day.

Written by Fahmda  
 Fahmida Narin Mahin,  
 ID: 04-05146-3,  
 Department: BBA ,  
 Major: Marketing, Accounting & Finance

## Feelings....

Walking on the moon,  
 Wading through the cold water,  
 Basking in the sun,  
 Strolling down on the vista at night  
 that generate tremor in mind!!!

Flying in the azure for minute,  
 Being touched with the hair of a svelte,  
 Dreaming an exquisite brunette in reverie,  
 Getting lips touched with a cup of tea  
 do all these evoke feelings indeed?

H. M. Abu Hasnat (Razib)  
 BBA, AIUB.  
 05-05807-2

## SMS POEM / SHORT RHYME

\* / Happiness can give u joy  
joke can fun,  
nature gives lighten world  
as great sun.

Sky gives open mind  
to love as a kind.  
Air always surround u  
though u cant view...

So,  
Afam being Nature child  
wishing u 4 my yield.

Match with nature  
to feel the time,  
i'll be grateful  
if u love the ryme.

\* / Life is short,  
Never think it tough.  
Try 2 abort,  
all moods which's rough.

Everything has solution,  
if u can take proper motion.

\* / U wait for sun  
but sun waits for none.

Sun always boring,  
for its same doing.

Cloud has variety,  
looks like purity.

Life as sky,  
feelings do this verify.

& we love to change  
in our emotion range.

\* / A piece of smile  
can shake da mind,  
variety of looking style  
can turn 1 blind.

A little mistake  
can destroy da bond.  
if belief in lack  
that makes sorrow pond.

A single sweet moment  
cn enlight d memory,  
wana keep permanent  
feelings of glory.

\* / When u fly  
remain u close 2 sky.

When u on tour  
Always get feelings more.

But when u miss anything  
can gain only by imagine.

I not but my soul can fly.

\* / Know u ego of my!  
same as cloudy sky.

Know u my all desire!  
Rainbow sky of 7 color.

Ur crying makes rain,  
as my eyes tear paying.

U smile with sunshine,  
this time saying it to mine.

It seems love to me,  
this time to love any...

\* / Shine the moonlife with the day,  
heaventouch love act as ray.

love 4 u  
love 4 all,  
will raise forever  
will never fall.

\* / Its real tough truth  
life road isn't smooth.

If u wana not me  
in ur spring,  
know that: find me  
in hard timing.

So need to remember just,  
will u find me must

\* / Seeing the stars upon the sky,  
mind wanna joy itself by little try.

Stars cant share ur feelings but i can,  
nothing will remain with u as like wen.

\* / Some your smiles gave us fun  
some smiles spirit,  
you have something done  
which wanna repeat.

Simplicity of you made us amazed,  
memory of you never will be damaged.

wish that you live with honor all the life  
long,  
forgive us from your mind If we were  
wrong.

\* / If there no stars without one,  
i think that is near 2 mine

If d star remain hide 4 d cloud,  
i'll think u r sleeping without doubt.

So keep d sky clear 2 see u

\* / If one give me a smile,  
i can do anything as my style.

But when got unexpected sorrow,  
nothing comes in mind to do.

Egotism Only eclipsed me,  
though its so little to be.

\* / Loving friend  
always grand.  
staying with all way  
shine d life its ray.  
Keep it forever  
feel by heart,  
nothing can cover  
d friends part.

A.FATTAH-ALL-MONJUR  
07-09635-3  
EEE

## Poem

## Poem on

## Friend along with some feelings...

A friend is someone you can belief in  
a friend is someone you can split your sorrow ness  
a friend is someone who lends a helping hand.

A real friend tries to make you smile  
Tries to replace that scowl  
they may not constantly make it  
but they infrequently let you down.

A best friend will lookout your secrets  
Similar to a pricey gift  
A real friend is there for you  
To give you a useful boost.

Friendship is not just the name of a  
widespread feeling. But it is like standing on a damp  
cement...the longer you stay, the harder it's to go away and  
you can never go without leaving your footprints.

Friendship closes two or more persons with frankness,  
Understanding, contentment as well as reliability.  
It assists to create strapping personality moreover  
True friend doesn't make you gloomy.

Submitted by-  
Kazi Ra-few Hossain (ID - 07-07654-1)  
BBA -4thSemester, AIUB.

## Life

Life is a Joy, enjoy it before  
It ends.

Life is a concert, keep it rocking  
Till end.

Life is a mystery, which can't  
Be solved.

Life is a challenge, face it as it  
Appears.

Life is a school where we learn  
Endless leassons.

Life is a puzzle, solve  
Yourself.

Life is a bicycle of joy and sorrow  
of victory and defeat.

Life is a river  
of no return.

Life is a journey to death  
So, make it carefully.

Rahman Saifur  
07-08313-1



# Refuge

Jonathan's spirits lifted as he saw a faint light come from a distance penetrating the dense fog of the forest. He had been travelling for five long, merciless days. The journey had started from the unforgiving ice-cold river water, and then slowly dragged him into the biting, foggy forest. The bullet still imbedded in his left leg, made each step ten times more painful than the previous. But he was a warrior – he would struggle till his last breath! He limped towards the light source, fighting his way through sharp branches and twigs of forest trees with the last bits of energy remaining inside his body.

The light was coming from a big, beautiful, well-lit house. Jonathan's legs felt like lead. He sank to his knees while realizing it was time to remove the bullet. He carefully took off his backpack which contained the deadliest weapon he had handled so far and hastily produced a small, sharp knife from it. His journey would've been a lot easier had he done the job earlier but he couldn't afford to leave a trail of blood indicating his path. His skin burned as he removed the rough bandage. The wound was ghastly. Without wasting a second, he plunged the knife deep into his wound. The scream pierced the silence of the night.

Jonathan crawled to the door of the house semiconsciously. The shabby clothes he wore effectively hid the wound and permanent scars all over his body. He never knew if he had managed to knock on the door before fainting on the doorstep.

When he revived slowly the next morning, he found himself very comfortable. For a fleeting moment it seemed he had died and gone to heaven... But he'd killed too many people to be allowed in heaven, he thought wryly. A short, stout woman in her late sixties was looking at him with soft, kind eyes.

"I'm deeply sorry for the unexpected intrusion," Jonathan began in an apologetic tone. He could be very polite when he had to be. It was part of the game.

"I don't mind. I live here all by myself," replied the woman in a calm, soothing voice.

Jonathan was very glad. It was going to be easier than he had anticipated. He'd need to spend a short time in this place before the police tracked the blood he had inevitably spilled in the forest

and came in search of him.

"How long have you been traveling for, son?" The woman asked affectionately, startling Jonathan.

"The bus was taking us to a field trip. I was in the middle of a deep sleep when it collided violently with the bridge railing, forced all the helpless passengers to jump into the freezing river water and then blew off into bits and pieces," Jonathan lied in a very convincing tone. "I was probably the only survivor," he finished breathlessly.

"Don't talk any more. You're still in a very bad shape." The woman's voice was thick with concern. "Come on, drink this." She gave him a small cup of herbal liquid he'd never seen before. His sharp, analytic mind said it was safe. He took it and finished it in one gulp. It was horrible.

The woman placed a very soft, loving hand over his forehead, and then leant closer and whispered, "It'll help you."

There was something too familiar about her. Her touch produced a vortex of strange emotions inside him. He knew that touch very well, he thought feverishly. The memory was engraved deep in his psyche...

His mother placed a very soft, loving hand over his forehead, and then leant closer and whispered, "Happy Birthday to you! You're nine, sweetheart!" Jonathan was still too sleepy but he hugged his mother happily. It was heaven.

"You're Dad's on his way to fetch your surprise present!" his mother said, stroking his hair.

At this news he sat bolt upright and asked eagerly, "What is it, Mom? Please tell me!"

"Oh that'll spoil the surprise, dear!" she replied playfully.

His excitement mounting, Jonathan hurried to have a wash. His father would be home in a moment!

Delicious aroma wafted up from the kitchen. "I'm cooking your favourite Yorkshire pudding!" came his mother's voice from the kitchen.

"But Mom what about chocolate muffin, strawberry tart and mince pie?" Jonathan asked innocently.

"All right, all right darling, I'll get you everything," she smiled heartily.

The doorbell rang. Jonathan rushed to open it followed by his mother. It was the happiest moment of his life. Standing on the porch was his dream machine – the bicycle he'd been longing for so badly! Jonathan hugged his parents, and almost cried in delight.

Suddenly a big truck full of strangers appeared near their front gate. The men climbed down briskly and walked towards their house in a business-like manner. Jonathan's father nervously sent his wife and son inside the house. Jonathan peeked out of the window curiously to see what kind of conversation his father was having with those strangers. The conversation quickly intensified to a bitter argument. All of them were shouting and uttering obscenities. At one point, the men grabbed Jonathan's father, dragged him towards one of the pillars of the house and tied him to it, while Jonathan and his mother watched horrified. One of the men quickly brought a container from the truck and showered Jonathan's father with its contents.

"Please", begged his father, "I have a family to look after!" He broke into a sob.

With a devilish grin, another man of the team lit a matchstick and pretended to throw it at Jonathan's father.

"NO!" His mother was out of the house. The men turned, looking highly amused. "You won't do anything to my husband!" she shouted.

"And what makes you think that, honey?" one of them said as the rest roared into laughter. "Mind you, you are too pretty for this worthless bastard," said another, casting a scornful look at Jonathan's father.

"GET BACK TO THE HOUSE, EMILY!" ordered his father.

Then one of the men who appeared to be the leader yawned, "This is getting very boring," and threw a burning splint at his father. His father immediately burst into flames.

"DADDY!" The place reverberated with the cries of Jonathan, his mom and his father whose whole body was now licked by hungry flames.

"BURN THAT BOY TOO!" barked the leader.

Jonathan's mother rushed to the house grabbing her son. The men followed lazily. They found the boy first. The leader grabbed him firmly when his mother threw a pot of boiling water at him. The man cried in agony and released Jonathan.

"RUN, JON, RUN!" his mother screamed, now capturing the

undivided attention of the men. "STAY BACK!" she cried hysterically, aiming a kitchen knife at them as they inched closer like slobbering hyenas. Then taking one last look at her burning husband, she held the knife against her throat and slit it.

The relentless howling of his father and the sudden piercing squeal of his mother filled the air. But Jonathan ran and ran without looking back once. It was unbearable. All he knew was that he had lost everything and that he'd never be happy again in his entire life.

Jonathan came back to the real world. All traces of lassitude and exhaustion left him instantly. The fierce animal inside Jonathan was wide-awake. He wanted to kill, he wanted to tear and shatter everything around him. He shoved the woman's hand away from his forehead. The woman recoiled, shocked and surprised at his attitude.

"I could do with some time alone," he told her, trying to keep his voice even.

The woman left him.

Life after his parents' death had been very different. He had successfully avenged his parents and grew up into an anathema to his enemies. His mind rested on the weapon inside his bag and he grinned savagely. It was a tiny bomb he had engineered ingeniously on his own. He opened his bag and examined it admiringly. So small it was, yet enough to disfigure an entire landscape. It would destroy his enemies forever and quench his thirst once and for all...

It took a long time for Jonathan to calm down, after which he climbed downstairs to see the woman. He owed her an apology. The woman was placing food on the dining table. She gestured Jonathan to join her when she saw him. Jonathan opened her mouth for an apology but the woman cut him short.

"Here are some clothes you might need as long as you're here. They are my son's," she smiled.

"Where is your son?" Jonathan asked, suddenly very worried.

"He died last year." The smile faded from her face.

Jonathan's spirits lifted as he saw a faint light come from a distance penetrating the dense fog of the forest. He had been travelling for five long, merciless days. The journey had started from the unforgiving ice-cold river water, and then slowly dragged him into the biting, foggy forest. The bullet still imbedded in his left leg, made each step ten times more painful than the previous. But he was a warrior – he would struggle till his last breath! He limped towards the light source, fighting his way through sharp branches and twigs of forest trees with the last bits of energy remaining inside his body.

The light was coming from a big, beautiful, well-lit house. Jonathan's legs felt like lead. He sank to his knees while realizing

it was time to remove the bullet. He carefully took off his backpack which contained the deadliest weapon he had handled so far and hastily produced a small, sharp knife from it. His journey would've been a lot easier had he done the job earlier but he couldn't afford to leave a trail of blood indicating his path. His skin burned as he removed the rough bandage. The wound was ghastly. Without wasting a second, he plunged the knife deep into his wound. The scream pierced the silence of the night.

Jonathan crawled to the door of the house semiconsciously. The shabby clothes he wore effectively hid the wound and permanent scars all over his body. He never knew if he had managed to knock on the door before fainting on the doorstep.

When he revived slowly the next morning, he found himself very comfortable. For a fleeting moment it seemed he had died and gone to heaven... But he'd killed too many people to be allowed in heaven, he thought wryly. A short, stout woman in her late sixties was looking at him with soft, kind eyes.

"I'm deeply sorry for the unexpected intrusion," Jonathan began in an apologetic tone. He could be very polite when he had to be. It was part of the game.

"I don't mind. I live here all by myself," replied the woman in a calm, soothing voice.

Jonathan was very glad. It was going to be easier than he had anticipated. He'd need to spend a short time in this place before the police tracked the blood he had inevitably spilled in the forest and came in search of him.

"How long have you been traveling for, son?" The woman asked affectionately, startling Jonathan.

"The bus was taking us to a field trip. I was in the middle of a deep sleep when it collided violently with the bridge railing, forced all the helpless passengers to jump into the freezing river water and then blew off into bits and pieces," Jonathan lied in a very convincing tone. "I was probably the only survivor," he finished breathlessly.

"Don't talk any more. You're still in a very bad shape." The woman's voice was thick with concern. "Come on, drink this." She gave him a small cup of herbal liquid he'd never seen before. His sharp, analytic mind said it was safe. He took it and finished it in one gulp. It was horrible.

The woman placed a very soft, loving hand over his forehead, and then leant closer and whispered, "It'll help you."

There was something too familiar about her. Her touch produced a vortex of strange emotions inside him. He knew that touch very well, he thought feverishly. The memory was engraved deep in his psyche...

His mother placed a very soft, loving hand over his forehead, and then leant closer and whispered, "Happy Birthday to you! You're nine, sweetheart!" Jonathan was still too sleepy but he hugged his mother happily. It was heaven.

"You're Dad's on his way to fetch your surprise present!" his mother said, stroking his hair.

At this news he sat bolt upright and asked eagerly, "What is it, Mom? Please tell me!"

"Oh that'll spoil the surprise, dear!" she replied playfully.

His excitement mounting, Jonathan hurried to have a wash. His father would be home in a moment!

Delicious aroma wafted up from the kitchen. "I'm cooking your favourite Yorkshire pudding!" came his mother's voice from the kitchen.

"But Mom what about chocolate muffin, strawberry tart and mince pie?" Jonathan asked innocently.

"All right, all right darling, I'll get you everything," she smiled heartily.

"I'm - I'm so sorry to hear that," said Jonathan, though he was very relieved.

"I'll show you some of his belongings after you finish your meal - er - if you're interested that is," she added meekly. Jonathan wasn't interested; he'd rather use the time to plan his next move. Nevertheless, he agreed. The woman was very kind to him and he appreciated kindness.

One by one she showed Jonathan the belongings of her son with unwavering enthusiasm while he tried hard to stifle a yawn. The last thing she showed him was a very dried rose.

"This is the last thing my son gave me." She clutched it to her chest. "I'll cherish it as long as I live," she whispered as tears trickled down her cheeks.

Jonathan now felt a little sorry for her. "How did he die?" he asked her.

Her expression suddenly changed. She kept her eyes closed for few seconds, left the room abruptly and came back quickly with some newspaper cuttings photographs. She handed them to Jonathan absent-mindedly.

"This house is too big for me. Yet, I can't leave it. It has too many beautiful memories in reserve. I can still remember my son playing in the living room, hiding in that corner, stealing food from the kitchen, growing up, admiring himself in front of the mirror before going to work..." her voice trailed off. But Jonathan wasn't listening. His eyes were fixed on the bloody corpse lying in the photographs. He remembered that day vividly...

He was on his mission to steal the materials needed to make the

bomb. Everything went perfectly well until one security guard spotted him. The guard immediately aimed his gun at him and raised the alarm. Jonathan didn't like to waste time. He moved towards the guard calmly, as if about to return the stolen materials, and then shot a kick right at his chest with lightning speed. The gun flew away from the guard who lay on the floor, blood spurting from his mouth. With the same speed, Jonathan took out his knife and stabbed the guard again and again; the cries of his parents resonated in his mind whenever he killed. He then quickly mopped the blood from his knife and fled. It was a piece of cake...

"Are you okay?" the woman again tried to put her hand on his forehead. "I don't blame you, the pictures are –"

Jonathan drew back hastily. He feared her touch. It stirred a kind of love inside him he had long forgotten. "It was I – I killed your son." The words came out before he could stop himself.

At first the woman appeared she didn't hear him properly.

"I was on an important mission. He spotted me and tried to stop me from getting away," he continued without looking at her.

The woman stared at him blankly, and then staggered backwards. She suddenly appeared very senile. Her face contorted in pain. She looked as if an unbearable agony was gnawing at her insides, paralyzing her entire body. Jonathan could take it no more. He hurried to his room leaving the woman all by herself.

Jonathan had never been guilty of ingratitude. The fact that he had murdered the son of a woman who had helped him so much was torturing him badly. He knew what he'd do. By now the police must have had an inkling of his whereabouts. When they came in the next morning, he'd turn himself in to them and then he'd escape later. He always managed. It's just that the bomb would've to wait a little longer. That was okay. The knowledge of his arrest would give the woman some well-deserved peace of mind.

As it turned out, Jonathan didn't have to wait that long. The police came that very evening. The woman answered the door while Jonathan strained to hear the conversation from upstairs. But he couldn't believe what he was hearing. After a few shocking moments, the police left.

The woman had deliberately protected him! What was she

thinking? The monster responsible for the bloody, gruesome corpse in the photographs was right in her hands but she had saved his back! What kind of a person would do that! He felt dazed and confused as ever. A creature that had died long ago inside him was beginning to resurrect. Even the savage beast residing in him couldn't fight it. He'd heard of mothers dying to protect their children... His own mother had done that. But this woman forgave the murderer who had snatched away her most beloved object – her son! Which of these women was stronger? Or was it that Jonathan wasn't just another boy but someone like her own son, or did his mother come alive in this woman to protect and guide him, to turn him to a human again, to stop him from tormenting others the way he had been tormented at the time of his parents' death... Jonathan covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

He lay awake all night thinking how he'd repay the woman. The answer came to him the next morning. He woke up at the crack of dawn, packed his bag quickly, took out his precious bomb, observed it thoroughly, and then began to deactivate it very slowly and painstakingly. When he was finally done, he left it on the bed together with a small note.

By the time he climbed downstairs, breakfast had already been waiting for him on the dining table. He wasn't hungry. It was time to leave. Oddly enough, the visit to this place had permanently changed something inside him. He couldn't afford to change more.

Just before leaving, Jonathan looked at the woman for a very long time, then said, "May I ask you something?"

The woman nodded.

Are you God?"

## The Making of a Miracle...

How fragile is one's life? How much does it take for a life to begin and how much does it take for it to end? All of us in this world are so busy living this life, making plans for our distant future. But do any of us know what is going to happen the next day, the next minute? Can anyone say surely whether we are going to see the next sunrise?

There is a Creator above us all who is watching over us all the time. Time and time again He has showed His presence to us at large scales. All of us notice that. But do we really take the time out to notice when He touches each of our hearts individually, everyday?

Last year, in the holy month of Ramadan, we witnessed such an experience. We felt God touch our lives and strengthen our faith beyond ever before. The doctors had given up hope. They didn't think he would pull through, but he did.

Throughout his life, he selflessly donated blood becoming one of the most frequent donors at Red Crescent. Not once in his life did he ever think that he would be in need of his own blood one day. He was a B negative – one of the rarest blood groups in the world. Little did we know that this very donation would bounce back to him helping him at the worst crisis of his life. The doctors needed to operate, and they needed five bags to start the operation. We gathered the initial bags somehow but the doctors said they were not nearly enough. We needed more at hand. Friends and family started calling every possible contact as the blood banks of the city had failed to support us. In the scorching heat and terrible traffic of Ramadan afternoon, we saw donors arrive one by one, waiting patiently to donate. Some had refused to break their fast, some lived too far away to make it but there were still some who took the opportunity to do a good deed, to help a man whose very life depended on them. It was a scene to remember. Donors – Muslims, Hindus and Christians alike queued up to donate, not worrying about anything but the man in the operation theatre.

It had already been a few hours since the operation started and the doctors kept demanding for blood. Every person who knew

him even remotely offered help. They tried every possible way to arrange some donors, some life savers. The doctors were losing hope, he was sinking. It had been almost thirty hours since he had been bleeding ceaselessly. Eighteen doctors stood around him at the operation theatre not knowing what to do. Fifteen bags had already been transfused into his body. They needed at least ten more. But even with the blood being supplied magically, they didn't know if he would make it. There were two battles going on. One was being fought by us, arranging the ever so rare blood as quickly as possible and the other, battle was being fought by the doctors inside the operation theatre. Which one was a greater battle, we could not tell. One depended on the other, and yet that wasn't the only factor that would determine his safety.

What would go through one's mind if they heard that a person had bled to an extent that only half a liter of blood was left in his body? What would one feel when they found out that the doctors had torn his ribcage apart, moved his lungs so that they could reach the cut that had occurred in his food pipe.

All the rays of hope were fading into darkness. The doctors had given him all the blood he required, but he was not responding. He was given twenty-eight units of blood from nearly as many different people. All his major organs were at stake. How could a body accept such a drastic change? He was literally drained of every drop of his own blood. The doctors had done everything they could, and yet...

Very few people outside, among so many who were present at the hospital, were aware of his intense situation. I was one of them. His wife, his parents just sat outside praying; praying for his recovery. They had not the slightest idea of the severity of his condition, nevertheless they kept praying, asking for God's mercy, begging for his life. I was inside with the others, nearer to the operation theatre waiting for someone to come from there and give us good news. Every minute seemed like an age. Time stood still, refusing so stubbornly to go ahead. I kept pacing to and fro not knowing what to do. And then I saw his uncle come out; shock on his face and tears in his eyes. I ran to him and asked what had happened; he turned away without answering me. Almost immediately I felt air around me that I couldn't seem to breathe in. One by one, I saw the same expression on every person's face. They dared not speak out a word, but they couldn't contain their tears

within. I still couldn't comprehend what had gone wrong. I went to each person asking what happened, but no one answered me, no one answered me! I felt myself get heavier, almost reluctant, with every step I took. Why wouldn't anyone tell me what happened. No tears came out of my eyes, but I felt a pain inside that I couldn't bear. I kept screaming inside, please someone tell me. I looked around helplessly, when one of his aunts came to me and said "he is no more." I nearly laughed out at her. What was she saying? Had she gone mad? How could that be? It's not possible. There must have been a mistake, and even though I kept denying it, I could feel myself realizing the unbearable truth. Everything around started to make sense... but how could it be? I collapsed on the floor, what would I say to my sister, his wife – only 29 years of age, his son – barely eight years old? My mother, who hadn't stopped praying since the moment the incident started, was sitting right there with her. How would I face her? It couldn't be...

Just the day before I had spoken to him, he sounded so very fine. What were all these people saying? Everything seemed to move around me. I had seen him just a few hours ago, before he went to the operation theatre. He had bid us all farewell, but I had known inside me that he would come back to us. I was so sure everything was going to be okay. How could this be?

Just then someone from inside came out and said that he was reviving. A miracle! I couldn't believe my ears! She said the doctors saw a sign of life in him again and he was slowly coming back.

I could not believe what I was hearing, but the nurse's words were not enough to satisfy me. I waited and I waited and I waited for the doctor. I don't know how long I was standing there looking at those glass doors waiting for a figure to appear. It was nearly midnight when the doctor finally came. He came and the smile on his face told me that I could count on it. Many friends and family members were gathered there together. My sister was standing there too. And we finally heard the words, "the operation was successful." Everything else he said became just mumbled words to me. I ran to find my mother, who was still praying in the prayer room all alone. When I think back now, I remember that her prayers were as incessant as his bleeding. I went near her and repeated the same words. Joy flowed from her eyes, and without a word she bowed down in front of the One Who had blessed us all with a new life. I repeated the same after her. God had answered to our prayers. My relation with him was that of an 'in-law' but even if I'd had my own brother, I don't

think I would have loved that brother the way I love him. God had given a new life, a new chance to all of us.

God had touched our lives and proved his presence to us in such a powerful manner. It truly was the making of a miracle.

Ahmed Sadaf

ID : 06-06851-2

BBA Dept.

AIUB



## First day at University

After passing security I looked for room 122. Asking mama that I am looking for the room. After five minutes the room is open. I enter the room with other students and sit first column and third row. Every face is new to me. Some students are introducing each other and some are sitting silent like me. Students are coming and sitting. Suddenly a very gentle man enters in the room and sits at the back site in the class. He is looking senior than us. So every one is seeing curiously. One of the guys asks him "Hello Boss, you are in the class?" But he does not give the answer. Few minutes later another student asks him "Brother what's your name?" Again he keep silent. So no one is trying to question again. Fifteen minutes passing but any teacher is not coming to our room. So we are waiting. After twenty minutes the gentle man comes in front. He change his ID ribbon and hang the ID properly and saying "Good morning students. I am Ziarat Hosssain Khan and your course teacher." Then he take introduce our sely and discuss about the course. We were very surprise the friendly behave of Ziarat Sir. He is formal but friendly. I like him very much. It was first day at my University.

Md. Abdullah-Al-Rokon  
ID: 06-07478-3  
Dep: BBA

## Oddly Enough...

The most disgusting aspect of capitalism: Hundreds of people stuck in London and the hotels triple their prices. Hundreds of commuters spent Thursday night stranded in London and some have accused hoteliers of cashing in on the bomb attacks. Prices at a number of London's hotels increased by more than double on Thursday night.

A spokesman said hotel profiteering after a bombing attack was reprehensible. With the transport networks down and no way of returning home, one businessman from Manchester told the BBC he had paid £250 for an £80 room.

Commuters said they were appalled, and thousands chose to walk for hours to reach home rather than stay the night in a hotel. "That type of behaviour has gone, and was never acceptable in the first place. It makes us all look bad." "It's outrageous, and I believe the companies doing this should be named and shamed." [news.bbc.co.uk](http://news.bbc.co.uk)

Man trying to escape "evil cloud" chasing him turns the wrong direction on a one way street hitting 5 vehicles, in other news cocaine is a helluva drug

A driver ploughed his pickup into a motorcycle, a car and a

van while headed the wrong way on a busy road and told police that he didn't regret hurting people because "they were trying to stop him from getting away from the evil cloud that was chasing him," according to police.

Vasily Basargin, 28, was high on cocaine and methamphetamine when he caused three crashes involving a total of six vehicles, according to police. Two people were hospitalized. Hurt the worst was a motorcyclist who suffered a broken ankle, a dislocated shoulder and deep cuts, police said. "He's got vehicles dodging, trying to get out of the way, and pulling off to the side."

Basargin didn't have a driver's license. On that day, the city was in the thick of an unusual and intense thunderstorm, with billowing black clouds. [adn.com](http://adn.com)

Husband attempts Tarzan escape through window after wife locks him in room to keep him from drinking with friends, ends up more like George of the Jungle

A Romanian man ended up in hospital after he tried to swing from tree to tree to escape his wife and go drinking. Stefan Trisca, 66, had been locked in the bedroom by his wife who was fed up with him going drinking with his friends. His Tarzan style escape plan backfired when he slipped from a vine and fell 15ft to the ground, breaking his arm, an ankle and a leg. Mr Trisca, of Bacau, said: "I didn't think it would be such a big deal to go from tree to tree and get down to the ground. Unfortunately it was more difficult than it looked in the Tarzan movies." [dailytimes.com.pk](http://dailytimes.com.pk)

Woman wins epic court battle to flash her breasts whenever and wherever she damn well pleases

Elizabeth Book, the stay-at-home mom with a rose tattoo, has won the right to bare her breasts in her ongoing fight to go shirtless anywhere men can. On last Saturday, the 40-something "top-free" revolutionary demonstrated her right to protest by dropping her top at the at an auditorium next to three statues of women nude from the waist up.

"I will be as top-free as the statues," Book said in an e-mail to the nudists and naturists who have gathered to support her cause. "This is not over until Daytona is forced to recognize the unconstitutionality of their ordinances and statutes aimed at the American woman's breasts."

Book's victory in court was only temporary and probably will be appealed. [southflorida.com](http://southflorida.com)

FUZAIL AHMAD SIDDIQUI  
07-08340-1  
EEE



## War against abuses of drugs

Do you know what the weapon to use to devastate a nation? It is drug. First of all the young generation between the ages of 18 and 30 are the core victim of lethal drugs. By captivating drugs people are affected physically, psychologically and socially. Drug addicted people are facing a lot of problem such as - dropping normal working power, damaging liver, stomach, kidneys and sexual organs and many more. Psychologically- they (drug addicted people) are losing self-confidence, power of judgment, as well as fall in depression moreover socially- they can't lead normal family life, involving their-self in a variety of offense to collect money for drugs. The second feature drug is the serious problem not only in our country but also in whole world, especially in South Asia. Several drugs are existing illegal markets which all are using drug addicted people such as Heroin, Phensydil, Alcohol, Ganja (Cannabis), Avil, Yaba, Ice pill etc. Right now several deadly drugs added with these. In Dhaka city most of the illegal drugs founded from Gulsan, Banani, Dhanmondi and Uttara, which all are affluent area. That's a pretty horrific and shameful indication for our country. Drug addicted people are taking these kinds of drugs by smoking, swallowing, snorting and injecting. The worst feature is increasing the number of drug addicted people rapidly in our society. Some basic reasons have for taking drugs as for example searching for pleasure, peer pressure, relieve stress/tension or depression, relieve pain of symptoms of illness etc. And the most essential feature at present we should put off it (drug) as soon as possible by enchanting some vital steps. Our goal should be "a drug abuse free country". But the goal may not be achievable only by one law and order it may be achieved through creation of mass awareness. In this regards public and private partnership is must for healthy environment for next generation. Government should introduce school-base curricula on drugs, effects and dangers, improve the street enforcement of anti-drug law, creation of peer leader from adolescent, organize community protest against drugs abuse and take awareness program to aware students from public and private universities. Another crucial point is parents have to be more careful on their children. If we will do these works successfully then we can change our most horrible scenario of abuse drugs. Consequently we have to win this war between mortal drugs with blissful life as well as survive our self from this weapon call drug.

Written By-  
Kazi Ra-few Hosasain  
ID# (07-07654-1)  
BBA, AIUB

lawyer's car stalled on the side of the freeway. As he was getting out to see what was the matter, a reckless driver swerved taking off the whole car door and knocking the lawyer to the ground. A passing police car pulled over.

As the policeman got out he heard the lawyer shouting, 'my mercedes, my brand new mercedes!' As the policeman approached he was shocked to notice the lawyer's right arm missing.

"Do you realize your arm is gone?" asked the policeman?

The lawyer, stunned, began to scream,

"My rolex, my brand new rolex!"

## Food for Thought

Patient: Doctor, you've gotta help me. I eat apples, apples later come out into the toilet. I eat bananas, bananas come out."

Doctor: That's easy. Eat shit!

## Tough Stuff!

A new mortuary in a tough mill town decided to advertise in an unorthodox fashion, and so draped a banner on the front of their building that read:

"Our Staff will stuff your Stiff."

Not to be outdone, the Madame across the street had her girls respond with a banner too:

"Our Stuff will stiff your Staff."

## Punishment

A man died and was taken to his place of eternal torment by the devil.

As he passed sulphurous pits and shrieking sinners, he saw a man he recognized as a lawyer snuggling up to a beautiful woman.

'That's unfair!' he cried. 'I have to roast for all eternity, and that lawyer gets to spend it with a beautiful woman.'

'Shut up,' barked the devil, jabbing the man with his pitchfork.

'Who are you to question that woman's punishment?'

## First Man?

The newlyweds were on their honeymoon when the groom asked, "Honey, you can tell me.

Am I the first man?"

She looked up and said, "Why does everybody ask me that?!"

## Like and Love

What is the difference between 'like' and 'love'?

Answer: spit and swallow!