

RISING STARS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

By Naheed Kamal

THE demise of the initials USSR makes one Beatles tune archaic. Now that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republic has ceased to be a union as such after 70 odd long years many popularly used phrases such as the "Iron Curtain" (coined by Winston Churchill himself) and the "Cold War" — are also redundant. John Le Carré's much read spy thrillers too are redundant; and who wants to be a "Red" if the mighty CPSU has fallen. It is not only that a political ideology has failed but the very ideas, thoughts, and culture which evolved due to it have become part of history already. Politics is often like religion and those who believe in it, do so with a religious fervour. Humans are a fickle race. They skip from one idea to another and are never fully satisfied with any of them. It is accepted as mere human nature to be dissatisfied and the concept of "Revolution" is one which gives rise to many happy thoughts.

us to war. The last two centuries have given us socialism "liberty, equality, and fraternity", the free state, and Universal suffrage, also Women's lib, communism, the demise of the British Empire, the United States of America, Bangladesh, Marilyn Monroe, Cuba, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Di, and so much more to celebrate of mourn but it has also given us two World Wars, the Iraq war, the Irish conflict, the Golden Temple massacre, catastrophic civil wars, etc... I could continue for ever. There is always an uneasy sense of peace in our world. It used to be that the fear of what the aggressive Prussians might do to Europe kept the other

European nations on their toes. Of course the Prussians feared an uncalled for attack by one of his neighbours and so inevitably some-one had to make the first move and it was always the Germans who became restless and so the scapegoats. The Asians were not without their mishaps.

One after the other the colonies began to rise up in arms demanding freedom. Freedom they got and to this day freedom they still seek. The end of the War to end all wars gave birth to Hitler and another war and this time it was a definite World War;

nearly every free (and occupied nation), with the exception of the neutral Swiss, was involved in some way or other. The war only ended when the Americans (with the help of German scientists) split the atom and blasted two entire cities and their occupants off the face of this by now not so Green Earth. The Japanese accepted defeat and the world was at peace; well, not exactly.

With the end of the "Hot war" began the "Cold war" and thus ended the friendship between the Soviets and the Americans.

The communists had their part of the world and the Americans had theirs. In typical fashion they argued and fought until they could argue and fight no more. The end of this phase of our history came with the Eastern Block rising up to demand freedom. This began the same cycle of one revolution after another until nothing remained of the tyrannical rule of hard-line leftists, communism and the ideas which was born of the infamous concept.

History, it is said, repeats itself in some vague manner. If the situation as we see it in the world is something to go by then we can be assured of more chaos yet to come. But, there is always a "but" which allows us an alternate to every thing and it is upto "US" ... this generation to see to it that we do not end up fighting an endless war. In the words of Dylan Thomas,

Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage, against the dying of the light.

It is after all our only home and if we do not work to save then how can we free ourselves truly and wholly from the abnormal fear that eats us all, and is the reason why we end up fighting senseless wars like we did in Kuwait, Afghanistan, and now in Sri Lanka. We can put an end to all the unnecessary blood-baths, we just have to remember:

The lives of great men remind us
That we must make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind
Footprints on the sands of time.

But there is a little problem. You must cultivate the habit of reading, not only for study and knowledge, but also for pleasure.

You would find that most persons had not developed the habit of reading (planned reading, not reading to kill time). It is not their fault. In their early years they had missed such an atmosphere. This is very much true in developing nations.

So remain a student all your life, and try to enjoy reading something every day. You have to give some time to yourself, as you plan and give time to other activities you like to do. Do not waste your time as a student, as life is short, and life's demands are many.

— A Mawaz
Contributed by A M M Adeeb

Green Card

by Shazly Omar

French actor Gerard Depardieu was nominated for Best Actor during the Oscars this year. The film which earned him this honour was his first Hollywood venture, "Green Card". He stars opposite Andie Macdowell, of "Sex, lies and videotape" fame. The story begins with the unmarried Modowell in need of an apartment. The only one available is exclusively for couples. Depardieu is in need of a green card so he can continue working in the US. In the best comedy tradition, they fulfil each other's requirements and decide to marry, on paper. But they do not live together, and when immigration officials begin getting suspicious Depardieu is obliged to move in with his 'wife'. The plot develops along expected lines, as the pair try to outwit officials while keeping each other at arm's length. The freshness lies not so much in the predictable falling in love but in the characterization of the two protagonists and their superb acting.

A Date With A Florentine Lady

By Anusheh Anadil

Goodness gracious! I have been sleeping so late! I had to hurry like anything. 'Oh no! I am late. I will miss my date' — just like the white rabbit of "Alice in Wonderland", I kept on repeating the same words! The rabbit ran through the tunnels and so did I. I hurried through the underground metro stations of PARIS.

Here I was hunting my way through the French tunnels and floundering with the French language; neither could I understand what they were saying, nor could they understand what I was saying. What a mess. I would hate to delay our rendez-vous, and also to disappoint her. "Excusez-moi, ou est-ce-que 'Le Grand Louvre'?" I questioned every person I met in the roads of Paris, frantically asking for directions to the Louvre museum, where I was supposed to meet her. I almost started to cry. To me, meeting her was almost like a tryst with heaven.

After walking a mile or two, I sat down on a bench, full of fatigue. Just beside the bench there was a sign saying "Musée de Louvre" with an arrow pointing towards a large building. I could not believe my eyes. Was I really there? I questioned myself. I ran towards it dementedly. I kept on running till I could find her. Voila! It was there. I could feel the cold tears running down my cheek. It was too happy a moment for me.

It was almost unbelievable. Just imagine yourself standing in front of the most beautiful woman in the world. Goodness! did I fall in love with her! Anyone would do so. There was something special in her that really attracted me. Her eyes were filled with glory and elegance. Her smile was much more than just lovely. It was everything I wanted it to be.

Mona Lisa, one of the greatest pieces of work an artist had ever painted, was there right in front of me. I had always been anxious to see it. I had always admired her beauty and had adored the beautiful scenery of the painting. I could easily believe that Leonardo must have ordered music to be played at every sitting so that the beautiful smile and expression should not fade from the lovely lady's face.

It was like a dream for me to see something as magnificent as that. The Florentine lady of the picture kept smiling at me, and I too returned her smile as though she was real.

The Key To a Better Life

By Maissa Karim

The sun spat on the pavement, its heated saliva smothering the run-down concrete. Inside the artificially cool Gardenhouse restaurant, the affluent perched delicately on their comfortable seats and sipped cool drinks with chunks of ice floating on top, while I stood, and yearned desperately outside.

I sighed and scolded myself for letting my hunger entice me. I would eat, when there was food, and food would be there when there was money, and when there was money, that only God knew. It wasn't because none of us worked hard it was simply that whatever we earned wasn't sufficient to buy whatever we wanted, and that consequently led to our present situation — virtual starvation.

My mane is Raoul, I have two brothers; Pito and Juan as well as a two-year old sister called Rucia who is perpetually unhealthy and greatly needs medical attention. Mamma is fiftythree now and Papa died some time ago; old age they said lovingly. Personally I thought it was because of his indiscriminate love for the ultimate poison — alcohol.

We live in an impoverished slum here in what one would classify as being the most dilapidated sector of the city. Our habitat, specifically speaking, consists of cardboard from an unknown packaging company and plastic bags derived from the local supermarket. Mamma works at the big garments factory on the other side of the city. She has to take a bus there everyday, we spend half of the little money we have on the bus-fare itself.

The sun boiled the surface I was standing on; 'merciless.' I thought, just like everything else in life. The withered tree on the roadside welcomed me with its temporary shade from the oppressive heat. I was cognizant that no one would desire having their shoes shined in this unsoothing weather. Forecasted thoughts filtered into my mind entwined with the bare facts I already knew. How could I possibly change the future? I pondered with despair.

Yesterday was calamitous. Mamma lost her job, 'too old,' the manager said, 'getting remarkably careless with the stitching, but not to worry a replacement can be found with

no difficulty," he anxiously reassured his boss. Along with this disastrous blow, Rucia suffered from one of her now frequent attacks of high fever and severe fits of coughing. Guilt welled up in me every time I saw her. She was so small, so helpless. I watched Pito and Juan shrivel into skin and bones, their hollow cheeks a reflection of our extensive hunger. Mamma and her portable grief over Papa's

slightly open revealing the neatly stacked pieces of paper next to each other called money. Again I furtively surveyed my surroundings; not a single person could be spotted. It was at this point in my life a thousand questions simultaneously flooded my mind. What would Mamma have to say about this. Mamma who believed so strongly in religion, in morality. I thought about all of us who had been brought up



death. The dark heights of defeatism that encompassed us completely.

An hour had passed and no sign of improvement. I decided to make my onward journey home. It was so quiet that all I could hear was my fatigued panting as I continued to trudge on. The faded red and white sign of 'Mario's Grocery Store' caught my eye. I looked inside. There was no one. I looked around me, there was no one. I nervously took a step forward, the cash register inside was

to be as honest and hardworking as possible in our poor conditions. To be charitable to each other as well as other people and most important of all to never get involved with the tempting crimes of my family, their desolate, haggard faces and then at last I thought, 'what about me? What will happen to me if I get found out doing this terrible misdeed?' I could picture myself standing on the green bank of goodness, peering down into the black waters of evil. I made the decision. I took the plunge.



Does the youthful play last amongst humans?

Since the dawn of time man has been revolting against one another. More than two hundred years ago the French rose against the Absolute Monarch, Louis XVI and the face of Europe was altered in the course of the French Revolution of 1789. The First Republic was formed and lasted only until Napoleon formed the very first "Empire" in France and Monarchy was once again established in France but ended in 1848 when the Second Republic was formed, which became the "Second Empire" under Napoleon III (Napoleon II died without ever ascending the French throne). The Third Republic lasted till the occupation of France in 1940, then came the Fourth Republic and then the Fifth Republic

This is proof of man's fickle character and what's more the French are an extremely volatile race and in 1848 they staged "the revolution to end all revolutions." This was of course not applicable to the Russians, Chinese, Koreans, and infinitum. War is thus another aspect of human nature. In the history of mankind, for every year of peace, there have been four hundred of war. It is the idea that "do unto others, before they do unto you", this acute fear of losing that drives

Letters to a Son On Being a Student

NOW you are a student in the school. Later you would be a student in the college or university. After that? Well, you still remain a student—all your life!

I have finished my career and will retire soon. I shall remain a student as long as I live. That might surprise you, but it is true. I have been a student all my life, because I am learning something every day. A student's job is to learn. You are learning whether you are in an educational institution or have finished your formal education, and have taken up a career.

Even while you are working, you are learning. Experience is also learning. During your career, you have to read and study every day; but not from a textbook. You have to keep up with your professional knowledge, through self-study at home, attending training courses and seminars, or reading magazines and journals.

Exchange of views with colleagues and peers is also an important learning process.

You give out what you know, and take in new information, and follow it up. In short, you have to be up-to-date all the time, if you wish to succeed in life; otherwise others would get ahead, and leave you behind. You have to enjoy your own success!

Standing 'first' all the time is not practical, and also not necessary. But what you have to keep in mind is to expose yourself to new ideas, new ways of doing work, and keep thinking all the time. This

thinking part is the most important lesson in life. If you stop thinking, your development stops. You cannot improve and become better, either as a person, or in your work.

The purpose of education is to make you think, and think correctly. For correct thinking you need certain tools, as a carpenter, technician or mechanic needs some tools for his daily work. You are trained to be able to use your brain. You have to develop certain qualities of the head and heart, such as analysis, judgement, and foresight. These qualities are necessary to take correct decisions in life. There are other qualities about which you will learn later in life. There are many 'self-improvement' books available in the market (or in the libraries). As you know, we have a good library at home, on a large variety of subjects. These publications would keep you engaged and entertained for many years. A book is a man's best friend.

- What do too many cooks spoil? The broth.
- Which country produces BMWs? Germany.
- How many sides does a pentagon have? Five. Collected by Sifat Chisti
- In which TV series were Arnold and Willis Jackson adopted by a wealthy family? Different Strokes.

Olympic Field Hockey Championship in 1984 at Los Angeles?

- Miscellaneous
4. Who was the first Governor General of Pakistan?
 5. When was President Jawaharlal Nehru born?
 6. Who wrote the Hunchback of Notre Dame?
 7. Which French King made the famous remark "The State, it is I"?
 8. What metal is alloyed with tin to make bronze?
 9. On what day is UN day celebrated every year?
 10. Of which country is the Krone the chief unit of currency?

QUIZ CLUB

Here is a new set of quiz questions. Answers will be given on October 25th, exactly two weeks from now. So get on with it and send in your answers as soon as possible!

- Exclusively Sports
1. Which player got a red card in the match between Argentina and Brazil in the 1982 World Cup?
 - (a) Zico
 - (b) Maradona
 - (c) Socrates
 - (d) Ardesi
2. How many goals has Garry Lineker scored in the World Cup final rounds?
 3. Which country won the

R D L S

We have more riddles for you this week:

- (1) There are no milestones, only twelve villages in single file. There are two men — one lean, one fat — who go round. When the lean one reaches twelve, the fat one completes a mile. — Sri Lanka.
- (2) The flower that blooms over the mountain head, the flower that blooms when we are in bed. — Sri Lanka.
- (3) What is it that takes dried clothes off and wears wet clothes? — Rep of Korea
- (4) He is born under the waters of the seven seas; He has no head, only a trunk to please; His eyes are upwards, but the food on the ground he sees. — Sri Lanka.
- (5) Why did Yokomo put some sugar under his pillow? — Papua New Guinea



Answers to October 4th's quiz club:

- 1) Ferrous Sulphide
 - 2) Alexander Dumas
 - 3) 1789
 - 4) Gitanjali
 - 5) 12
 - 6) Scary
 - 7) Ireland
 - 8) Thailand
 - 9) 15
 - 10) King Philip II
- Here are the last week's puzzles unscrambled:
- 1) A silk worm
 - 2) Water
 - 3) A pine apple
 - 4) A mosquito net
 - 5) A star
 - 6) An eggplant

Hair Care

Hair hysteric: rewashing, redrying, and restyling after it turns out a mess the first time isn't going to get your hair anywhere. Here is what hair experts have to say about liking, even loving your hair: 1. Get a haircut with simple lines (or start growing your hair into a simpler shape). Skip the tricky asymmetries and the dramatic layering — they just make more work.

2. Ditto for shampoo — once you find one you like, stick to it.

3. Just stop drying when your hair is still slightly damp. Avoid piling on more mousse, gel or hair spray whenever your hair is not turning out right (certain death for any hair style).

4. More reason to eat all your vegetables — a good diet ensures healthy hair.

5. Keep a bad-day accessory/styling option around for rainy, sleety, or too humid weather. Some ideas: a trench braid, pretty combs, a fabric-covered pony tail holder or headband.



Fill out this form and send it to us, and you will be a member of the Rising Star Club. Send in your writings, illustrations, and cartoons. It is an ideal opportunity to express yourself through the print media.

Name:

Father's Name:

School:

Class:

Full Address:

Telephone No.

