

RISING STARS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

Much Dreaded Stress

by Tahmima Anam

Here it comes again — that lovely time of year when all we ever get to see are the classrooms and the books. Now that exams are coming round we see a lot of frayed nerves, furrowed brows, and bitten nails. What causes all this? Stress.

They say that stress is a natural, necessary life function. It is usually used to describe things that bother us — grades, exams, a lost love. But stress, however, is just our reactions

to these things. The aggravators themselves are called stressors.

Stress can happen to you anytime — you really can't get through a day of your life without experiencing it in some form or another. People usually see stress as something negative, but that all depends on how you react to it.

Believe it or not, stress can be a positive feeling. You can take the energy that stress creates and use it to your

advantage. There once was a woman who lifted a 3,000 pound car to save her daughter who was caught under it. The stress she underwent caused physical changes in her which produced a "larger than life" reaction.

This is of course, an extreme case, so don't go expecting great feats out of your next stressful situation. But tomorrow when you have that history exam and you can feel your breakfast churning in your stomach, don't think

about the fact that you forgot to study what the soldiers wore in the second battle in the 100 years war. Instead, concentrate on the things you do know.

Positive stress is most often seen in sporting events and competition. You can channel your stress into getting "psyched" for a game. By getting excited and both mentally and physically preparing yourself for an event you'll feel like you'll perform better. And you will.

You can also react negatively in a similar situation. You can worry about all the mistakes you might make, and wonder about dropping, missing, or not catching the ball. These feelings, though natural, will definitely not help your performance.

Although stress can be a real pain, remember that your life would be pretty boring without its share of emotionally charged moments. Try to imagine your life without any challenges, or without any thing new or exciting. So the next time an exam, soccer game or swim meet comes around, concentrate on your advantages, get yourself psyched up, and you'll do just fine.

Tale from 'Laughing Together'

Shaikh Chilli

Long long ago, there lived a simpleton whose name was Shaikh Chilli. Because of his stupid but innocent actions, he was popular among his friends. They enjoyed his company.

One day, the village zamindar (landlord) sent for him. This landlord was well-known for his dishonesty. He asked Shaikh Chilli to count all the houses in the village. He promised to pay him at the rate of twenty paises per house.

Shaikh Chilli replied confidently. "Didn't cheat? How do you know?" Yet another friend asked.

"I know because this time I cheated him!" Shaikh Chilli replied, looking very pleased with himself. Surprised, his

friends asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean I cleverly gave him a smaller number," came the proud reply. "In fact, I gave him half the number of houses which I had actually counted!"

— Asian Cultural Centre for UNESCO (ACCU)



Poor Shaikh Chilli worked hard for many hours, walking through the streets and lanes. By evening he had given the total number of houses to the zamindar and received payment.

Later, some of Shaikh Chilli's friends came to know of it. They came to him.

A friend said, "You fool, you should have talked to us before agreeing to work for the zamindar. Don't you know he is very dishonest?"

"I am sure he has cheated you," another friend said, shaking his head sadly.

"Oh, no. This time he

'The Rasgolla'

by Sayed Mujtaba Ali

smashed a Rasgolla in his nose with his right hand. With that, in a husky voice, he said, "won't you have it, money? Your fore-father fourteen generation will have it. What do you think of yourself? I told you several times not to open the can. It will all be spoilt. You didn't listen to me."

By that time, the whole custom-house was in a terrible chaos. There were screaming and shouting all over the place, and why shouldn't there be? It was an absolute illegal deed. Every now and then, people get imprisoned for doing such things.

Five of us were trying to pull Jhandu-Da down from the counter, but he was continuously raising his voice to the

top, "won't you have it? Oh my dear, you'll have to. The custom-officer was trying to call the police in a faint voice. But where were they? All the servants including police, guards, orderlies and clerks had completely disappeared. What a surprise! Was it magic?"

By then, we, somehow, managed to pull Jhandu-Da down from the counter. When the customs officer attempted to wipe the smashed Rasgolla off from his nose, he cried, "No, no! Don't wipe it. Keep it. It will be your evidence in the court."

Someone tried to give Jhandu-Da some good advice by saying that he should leave the place before the police arrived. "No!" he said, "see that

man is calling someone. Let his boss come."

Within three minutes the higher-official was there, pushing his way through the crowds. Jhandu-Da came before him and said, "Signore, before you proceed for your investigation, please, taste one of these delicious sweets." And saying so Jhandu-Da put one in his own mouth and distributed some more among all of us.

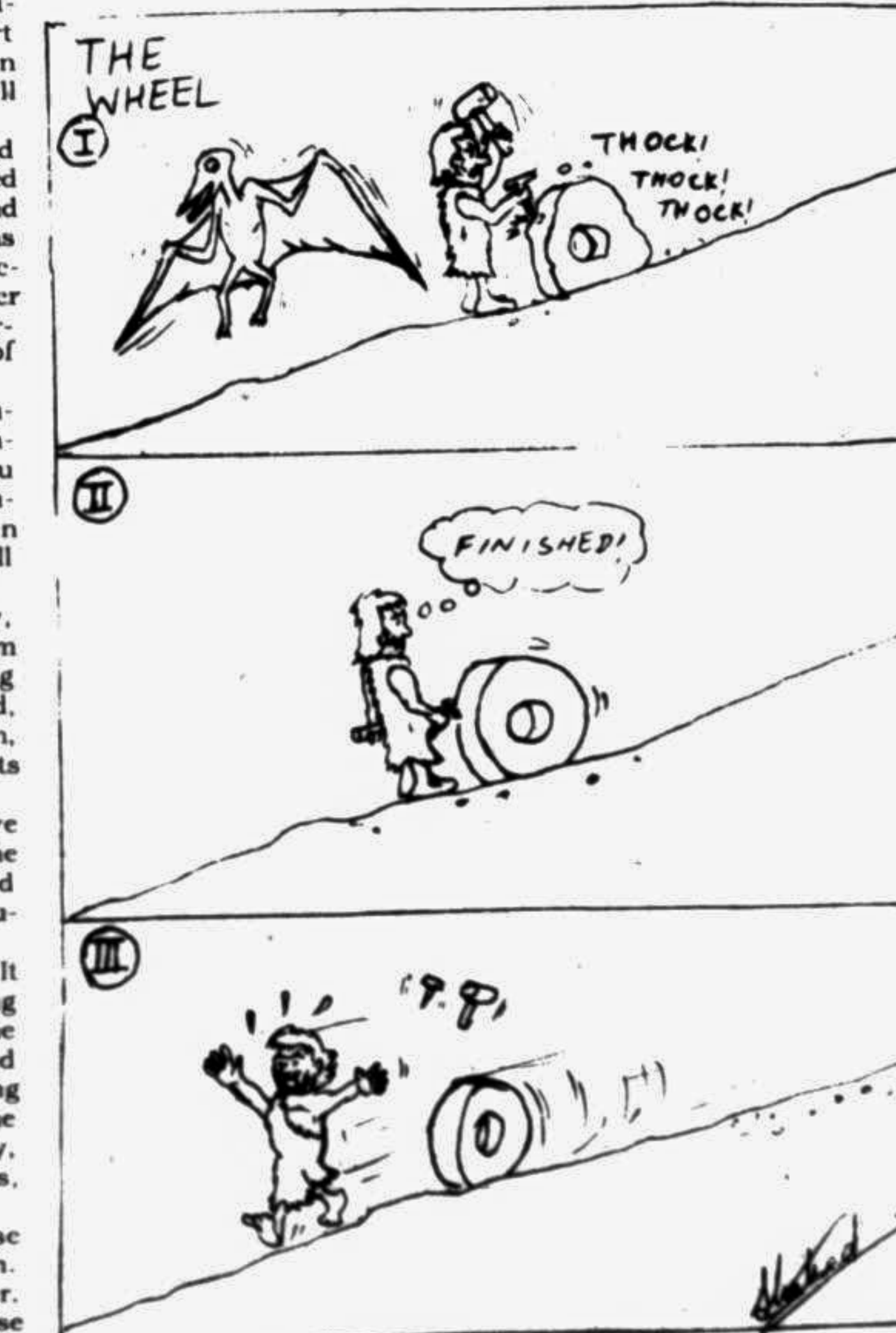
The Capo put one in his mouth and stood there silently, with his eyes closed for a few moments. Then he put forward his hand for another one and then for another.

But the can was completely empty by then. The customs-officer tried to lodge his complaint to his boss. The Capo said, "well, its quite okay that you have opened the can. Otherwise, we couldn't have enjoyed it." Turning towards us, he said, "why are you standing here? Come on, bring some more." As we slipped out from there, we heard him say, "I must say, you're a first-class idiot. You're opened the can, but didn't taste such delicious sweets. Impossible!"

I sang in joy.

"Oh dear juicy balls, how could you be so sweet? Forgetting their casts and races, the whole Italy has fallen at your feet."

Translated by Sanjana Rahman



THink!?

Elaborate on the following ideas and mail your piece, addressing it to the editor, The Rising Star. The best work will be printed on the young peoples page. So give it a try:

- (1) The weather was hot and sweltering. I was.....
- (2) As I entered the kitchen I found it was in total disarray. It struck, that some body had broken in.
- (3) He had hurt his knee, but was adamant to play in order to make his side win.
- (4) The clock struck twelve when I had hardly answered the first question of my history exam.

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: _____
 Full Address: _____
 Telephone No. _____



The Terrible Killer of London

By Samantha Noosheen Zaman

"Jack the Ripper appears again," said the heading in the newspaper. I was reading 'The Daily Times'. Another man was murdered in the train last night. He was on his way to Manchester from London. The body of the man was found in the corridor. There had been three murders during the past three weeks. This was the fourth one. None saw the murderer. The British police had been working very hard to find the murderer.

"So, you have read the story in the newspaper". I turned back and saw my uncle Shams standing behind me.

Uncle Shams is a lawyer, but sometimes he solves some strange and dreadful mysteries. Solving mystery is his hobby.

"Uncle Shams, have you read the news of another murder?" I asked.

"Yes I did," said my uncle. "I think the man who has been killing these innocent people is a very dangerous person."

"Yes indeed. But how did you know that the murderer was a man? It could be a woman," said my uncle.

"Yes it could be. Oh! Uncle,

I forgot to tell you that I shall be going to London tomorrow night by train. Why don't you come with me?"

"I think you shouldn't travel alone by night."

"I am not a bit scared and you know uncle I like mysteries like you do."

"OK! Then go, but be careful. I think, I will see you again in a short time, my niece", said uncle.

The next evening my Dad and Mum accompanied me to the railway station. My seat was beside a window. Uncle couldn't come with me because he had to attend some important work.

"Is it not a very cold night, young lady?"

I turned left and saw an old man in the seat beside me. "Did you ask me?"

"Yes," answered the man. "Yes, it's very cold."

A middle-aged man and his son sat in the seat in front of us. Another middle-aged man entered our compartment wearing a black overcoat and his face was almost covered with an opera hat. His beard was unshaven. Two more cou-

ples and two youngmen were also in our compartment.

Our train started at 7 pm, and we hoped to reach London at 9:40 pm. It was quite dark outside — I hardly could see anything. About half an hour later, the old man beside me was reading. The middle-aged man in front of us was sleeping while his son was reading a magazine. The unshaven man was reading a newspaper and the two men were whispering among themselves.

I had nothing to do, I took a magazine from the table in front of me. But I couldn't read with determination. Except for the noise of train, there was complete silence around. I don't know why I became so thirsty at that time. I got up from my seat and went to the door to see if there was any attendant. But there was no sign of anyone. I decided to go the kitchen room of the train.

When I was walking along the passage, I heard someone's footsteps behind me. When I turned back I saw no one, although I thought I saw the hat of a man. Then I felt something on my neck. When I turned, I saw, it was a knife

and the man who was holding it was wearing an opera hat. It was the same man who was reading a newspaper in our compartment. I almost fainted. But I tried not to show my emotions.

"Good bye, young girl," he said.

"Who are you?" I asked him. "Me? I am Jack the ripper. People call me by that name. Tomorrow the heading in the newspaper will be, 'fifth murder committed by Jack the Ripper'. Now I Ready to die?"

I closed my eyes and heard a big sound. I thought I was dead but I wasn't. When I opened my eyes I saw the man on the floor and blood all over. I couldn't believe my eyes—the old man was standing in front of me and he had a gun in his hand aimed at Jack.

"Thank you, Sir," I said. "Close your eyes, Sheila, the old man said."

"How did you know my name?"

"Because I know you, that's why. Now close your eyes."

So, I closed my eyes, when I opened them again, I couldn't believe what I saw, Uncle Shams was standing in front of me!

Virginia Andrews — 'Heaven'

An Appreciation

By Sara Rouf

When Virginia Andrews died in December 1986, she left a legacy of seven wonderful books and a considerable amount of unpublished work. With her stories she has proved to be one of the greatest writers of all times.

Personally, I would not categorise Miss Andrews merely as a writer, for she can do a lot more than that. She paints her picture with simple words but succeeds wonderfully to make her work beautiful and sensual. She is the author of strange, chilling tales of passion and peril in the lives of innocent children, that have captivated the hearts of millions around the world.

Virginia Andrews proves her masterful skills in her novels of the Casteel-Tatterton family. This spellbinding series is about children abandoned, clinging to their dreams, searching for love and home. It all starts with 'Heaven' the captivating story of Heaven Legia Casteel who had hungered, suffered, and had been deprived but nevertheless survived to win.

Of all the folks that lived in the mountain shacks of West Virginia, the Casteels were the lowest — the scum of the hills.

Heaven was the oldest child in the family. She was the prettiest, smartest girl in the backwoods, despite her ragged clothes and dirty face, despite a father meaner than ten vipers, despite her weary stepmother who worked her like a mule. She had the mystery of her mother too, left unsolved.

Her mother came from the glorious and rich world of Boston city to live in the Willies (as it was nicknamed) — to live a life of a Casteel.

She died while giving birth to Heaven, who lived bearing that guilt. Heaven was different from the others who lived in the Willies. For her brother Tom and the little ones, Heaven clung to her pride and her hopes. Someday they'd get away and show the world that they were decent, fine and talented — worthy of love and respect.

Then Heaven's stepmother ran off, and her wicked greedy father had a scheme — a vicious scheme that threatened to destroy the precious dreams of Heaven and the children forever.

Each of the children were sold away — for five hundred dollars each. That made the father happy but ruined the life of the others, especially Heaven, who was taken in by Kitty and Cal Dennison. Kitty abused her and made her work hard and treated her real bad.

Cal on the other hand, treated her too well. In the end when Heaven left their home, she lost her pride and dignity and all her sweet innocence to Cal Dennison's seduction.

The only place left for her to go was Boston — the hometown of her beautiful mother. There she hoped to make all her dreams come true and build herself as the person she always wanted to be. There she hoped to unravel the mystery of her mother, too.

Heaven's story continues with 'Dark Angel' the second novel in one of Virginia Andrews most passionate, most powerful series. There she finds hope for a better life, but still tangled in a web of mysteries unsolved.

The story of Heaven's life goes on in the next three novels in the series — 'Fallen Hearts', 'Gates of Paradise' and 'Web of Dreams' all of which were published posthumously.

The saga of the Casteel-Tatterton family tells a passionate, romantic and tragic story which is truly extraordinary and captivating.

Frankly speaking, I think that a mere review would not be a justified approach to any of Virginia Andrews' books, for a person has to actually read them to truly understand and realize the power and magic she possesses when it comes to telling a story and manipulate words. A good way to start is with 'Heaven' and you would want to finish off with the rest of the novels in this series.



By Ambari Rahim

QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's Quiz questions: Remember to send your answers by next week.

1. Who is usually credited with the invention of gun powder in 1250?
2. Of which country is the krone the chief unit of currency?
3. Who built the great Agg Fort?
4. Which French King made the famous remark 'The State, it is I'?
5. Where is the Gobi desert situated?
6. Which pop concert had the largest audience? Hint: July 13, 1965?
7. Who was Mildred 'Babe' Didrikson?
8. Who was the first gymnast

to score a perfect 10 in the Olympics?

9. What is the other name for 'The City of Angels'. Hint: It's other name is in Spanish.
10. What is the deepest ocean in the world?

Answers to last week's (October 18th) Quiz Club:

1. Maradona
2. 10 goals
3. Pakistan
4. M. A. Jinnah
5. 1889
6. Victor Hugo
7. Louis XIV
8. Copper
9. 24th October
10. Sweden