

RISING STARS

The Young People's Page

What's in a Name Again

by Naheed Kamal

Each time you open a newspaper you see one article or other about the perils of "names" in general, in and around Dhaka city. The problem is not merely a Dhaka phenomena, it is universal even though in a different way. True what's in a name, but sometimes the mix up is too much to handle. "Macdonalds"? Well it is a free world. You hear of bands called "Sudden"! Leaves me speechless. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery then "The Little River Band" has done it, but atleast they are good at what they do. Is "Merile" a copy of "Nerli"? Perhaps not a direct copy but all the same. Then there are these crazy perfumes "Charles" as in "Charlie"? The list is endless.

We have all become name conscious. In quest of an unusual name we delve deeper and deeper into a myriad of bizarre names. A name is not only a 'title' but it is an identity. A name identifies who and what one is. An "Elvis" is the King of rock 'n' roll, Madonna

is, well Madonna is not exactly the Virgin Mary, but she is Madonna. A Calvin Klein is a treasure and so on so forth.

These people were born with ordinary names (usually) and they made extraordinary identities for themselves. When a new born arrives the entire family and their friends go into a frenzy to find an unusual name and unusual they turn out to be. Plus the name must have a 'good' meaning and it does not really matter how hard it is to pronounce the name and spell it and write it and that it may just give the kid a major complex by the time he can read and write. A name makes up a person's self and you need only two or three to make a 'self'. I have heard of people with atleast six names comprising of one person! There are already too many people in the world let them have their share of names. As the years go by the innumerable names are slowly but surely dropped until the basic two or three are left and the

kids realize how silly mummy and daddy had been. Then there are those who take pleasure in naming their kids with such oddities as "Bottle" and these people are for real. I knew a boy in school who had a perfectly acceptable name but for some reason he was called "Bumba".

We have got this need to be different... Its the new thing, the in thing, the right thing... call it what you will, it is something and it baffles the mind. In search of a name some have come up with the exceptional, the innovative and creative ones, such as "Cute". This is a cute name and totally acceptable. It is perfect for "cute" people, there are cute talks, perfumes, creams, lotions and shampoos: all these cute products to make you cute. Then comes the eye opener; we have all heard of and even used these extraordinary ultra-mod "Unisex" products — Eternity is the prime example. But of course we are different, we come up with the one in a

million... Cute after Shave!!

But alas what's in a name, right? Its a free world and you can do what you feel like, write what you want to so long as you are prepared to take the infamy, name calling, stone throwing and notoriety involved with it, remember "The Satanic Verses"? and you can call an after shave "cute" if thats your fancy... who am I to complain, after all I even work part time for an ad firm and get paid to write the eye opening lines for these products. If the name of a product is meant to identify with the user then what would the ideal "Cute" man be like? A Wimp!

The right to choose and do is always there but we also have that additional advantage of having a "Brain" and the human logic. We cannot all act Tarzan and call the little baby boy you find "Boy". If you have got it then use it and don't abuse it, and if you don't have it then ask your friend, somebody has got to have some sense.

The Tiger and the Dried Persimmons

There was once a small and sleepy village, surrounded by mountains on all sides.

A tiger lived on the mountain behind the village. Whenever he climbed to the top of the mountain and roared, the people in the village trembled with fright.

On a winter night, when all the world seemed to be covered with snow, the tiger climbed down. He had not eaten for several days and was very, very hungry.

As he was desperately looking for food, he came near the window of a house. A lamp was flickering inside.

Suddenly a baby began crying loudly — "ang, ang, ang." He cried continuously.

Just as the tiger, looking around carefully, was about to enter the house, he heard the voice of a woman. "Keep quiet. There is a fox coming! What a wide mouth it has. It looks so frightening." But the baby did not stop crying. The mother said again, "Ah, now it is a bear! Keep quiet. The bear is just outside the window."

But the baby, paying no heed to the mother's threats, continued crying.

Crouching down below the window of the house, the tiger thought, "That's a strange baby. I wonder what he looks like. He does not fear a fox or even a bear."

Feeling very hungry again, the tiger stood up. The baby was still crying.

"Oh, look... look..." came the mother's voice, "here comes a tiger! He's there, just under the window..."

But the baby continued crying.

The tiger was so shocked and frightened that he collapsed on the ground and almost fainted.

"How on earth does she know that I am here?" The tiger muttered to himself.

Taking a breath after a while, the tiger peeped into the room again.

The baby was still crying. He did not show any sign of being afraid of a tiger, either.

The tiger had never seen a living being which did not fear him. He had always thought that all the creatures of the world could not but tremble at the very mention of his name. But this strange baby did not care. Nothing seemed to put fear into him, even a tiger!

Now, the tiger began to feel worried. At very moment, the mother's voice was heard again, "Now, keep quiet, here you are...dried persimmons!" The baby stopped crying at once. There was complete silence. Not even the sound of breathing was heard. The tiger wondered "Who the deuce is Persimmons? He must be more powerful and ferocious than me." The tiger was both worried and scared.

Just then something heavy fell on his back with a thud. The tiger ran for his life, sure that what had jumped on his back was none other than the dreaded persimmon.

Actually, what had jumped on his back was a thief who had entered the house to steal the cattle. He had jumped from the roof, mistaking the tiger for a cow in the dark.

The thief was taken aback too. He was scare to death when he realized that the animal he was riding was not a cow, but a

Luckily, the thief found a drooping branch of a tree within his reach. He seized it, climbed up, and hid himself among the branches. He had at last escaped from the tiger's back, to his great relief.

The tiger was relieved, too. "Thank God," said he, "for saving my life. The persimmon is really a terrible creature."

He ran back to his safe abode in the mountains.

from "Laughing Together", a UNESCO publication



Joys and Perils of Student Life

by Tanya Hussain (Class VII)

Oh! What fun it is to be a student! The joy of working hard at studies and getting good grades. Your time is yours and yours alone to be spent freely with close friends and relatives who don't live on opposite ends of the earth, but are always around and about you.

Constant worries about paying astronomical bills and plotting against colleagues at work do not haunt your dreams. No, in fact, your shoulders bear no weight whatsoever and are as light as feathers.

Now, that's what being a student is all about. You are your own man. No one keeps you from doing what you wish from flying to the moon to jumping into Dhanmandi Lake and having a delightful swim with the extraordinary variety of fish. You don't have a boss, wife and screaming children to constantly pacify. No, in fact, you've only yourself to tend to.

But, oh! Why must the perils always accompany the joys?

The constant slanders of fellow enemies. The fright of shrinking to the size of an insignificant mouse under the eyes of the principal boring down intimidatingly at you. The continuous disapproving comments of teachers and over-conscious parents will only end once we are adults. When will that joyous moment finally arrive? Now, that's the big question. Why's it taking so long? A teenager's bedroom may be covered wall to wall with posters. But, then again, every square inch of empty space is occupied by those four-cornered objects which haunt our dreams, or shall I say nightmares — books.

Weekends might as well have been abolished for all we care. For, instead of reducing the piles and piles of overdue homework assignments and allowing us to relax, weekends just seem to multiply them. A spare hour at such times seems like a God-sent gift from heaven.

Thus, as you all have experienced, student life is a very important period of time of

one's life. It can only be understood and appreciated when the stage has been passed. This period of time of the life

of the individual may not be all fun and no work, but a superficial look at anything is not a look at all.



QUIZ CLUB

This week's Quiz Club questions are:

- Which bird is associated with immortality?
- Who in mythology is the Minotaur?
- Who is the present prime minister of Peoples Republic of China?
- How old is Mother Teresa?
- What is the name of Thailand's Crown Prince?
- Who is the world's number one squash player?
- When did the US and coalition allies launch airstrikes against targets in Iraq and Kuwait in the recent Gulf war?
- Where was the Temple of Diana?
- When was the Palace of Versailles completed?
- What is the river of diamonds?

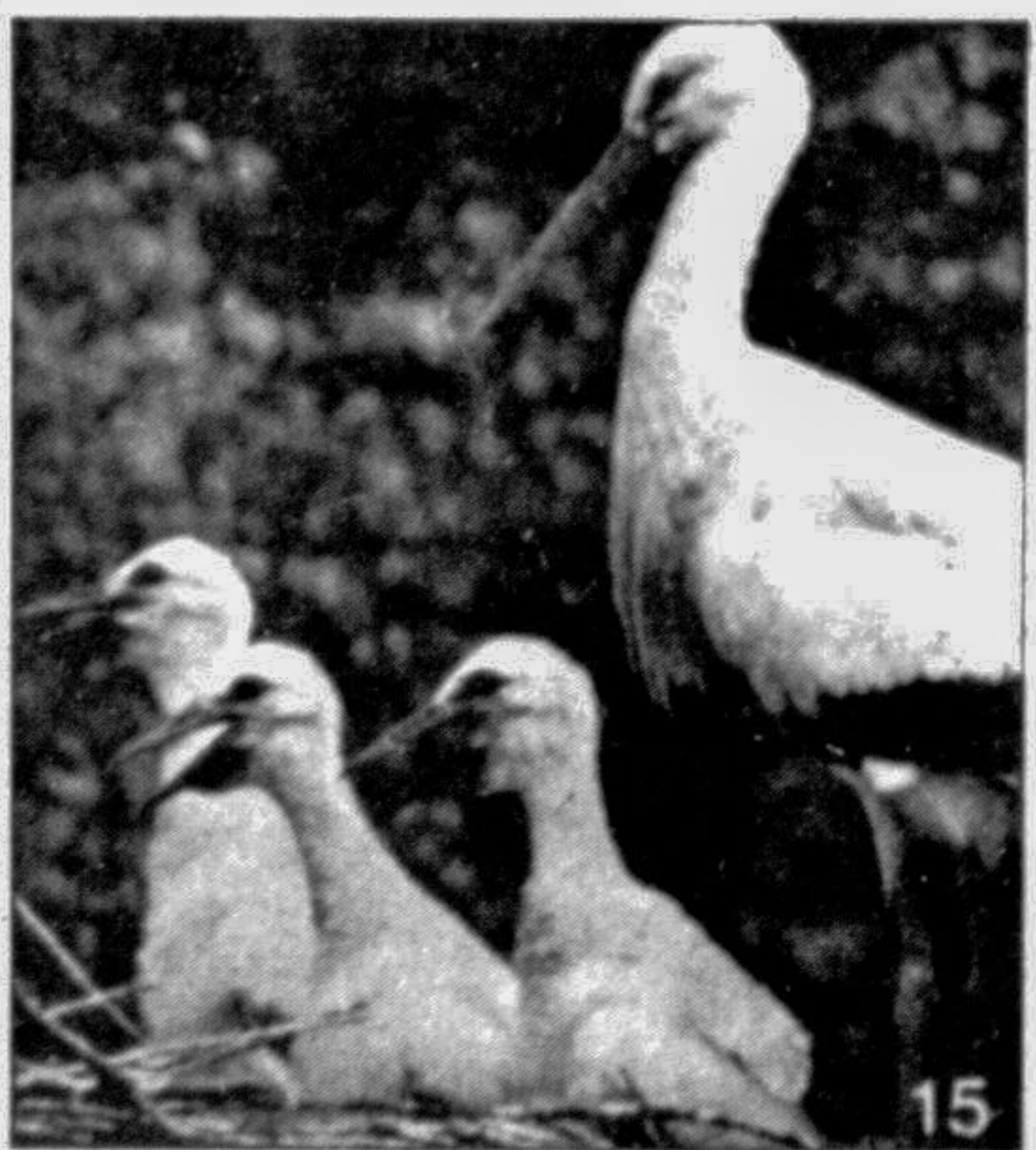
Answers to 27 December's Quiz Club are:

- The Palats de l'Elysee.
- Happy Birthday to You.
- Alexandria.
- Alexei Leonov.
- General Agreement on Trade and Tariff.
- Rabindranath Tagore's "Dui bigha zameer."
- Titumecr.
- Uttari Kumar and Suchitra Sen.
- "Runner".
- Kishoreganj, Mymensingh.

What do you call someone who shouts too loud at a football match? A Foot-bawler!

The young teacher was complaining to a colleague about her low salary. "We get a really poultry sum of money every month."

"You mean 'poultry', don't you?," asked one of her friends. "No," she replied. "I don't. I mean 'poultry'. What I earn is chicken feed."



Baby Storks have black beaks, but when they grow up, their beaks turn orange.

Better Every Time?

Compiled by Badhan

- It is true that god made man before woman but then there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece.
- Behind every great man sits an even greater woman.
- When women go wrong, men go right after them.
- In politics if you want someone to make a speech, ask a man. If you want something done ask a woman.

Registration

If you're waiting for your Rising Stars Club registration number, don't despair. Here are the next numbers. We hope you all have your new registration. If your name is not on the list, and you have sent in the membership form, don't hesitate to write or call and let us know. Remember to type any articles or stories you send in.

- Mehrin Ahmed..... RS 0020
- Nabila Naushin..... RS 0021
- Tahseen Hassan
- Ali..... RS 0022
- Nadia Nayeema
- Mujtaba..... RS 0023
- Asif uddin
- Y. Khan (Boney)..... RS 0024
- Tanzeem Iqbal Ali..... RS 0025
- Tauseef Chowdhury..... RS 0026
- Mahbubur Rahman..... RS 0027
- Kazi Mefta Bin
- Munir (Rory)..... RS 0028
- Maman Mash-Hur
- Zarif..... RS 0029
- Sahil Omar..... RS 0030
- Miss Alia Abid..... RS 0031
- S. M. Saleh
- Nazmul..... RS 0032
- Mahruul Ameen..... RS 0033
- Md. Nahid
- Hassan Siddiqui..... RS 0034
- Ferrin Nasir..... RS 0035
- Mohsin Nazir..... RS 0036
- Ashek Sakhawat..... RS 0037
- Tahsina Tasnim (Ishnat)..... RS 0038
- Shurif Zaid Alam..... RS 0039
- Fahimida Naz
- Mustafa..... RS 0040
- Syeda Lipika
- Hayet (Lipu)..... RS 0041
- Amashch Anadil..... RS 0042
- Ashnah Chowdhury..... RS 0043
- Md. Kamran..... RS 0044
- Afnor Jamile..... RS 0045
- Sabah Rahman..... RS 0046
- Shejuti Amin Khan..... RS 0047
- Imran Shaki..... RS 0048
- Shama-E-Zaheer..... RS 0049
- Ruhana Jahan Khan..... RS 0050
- Mehjabeen Khan..... RS 0051
- Nabeela Alam..... RS 0052
- Md. Omar Sharif..... RS 0053
- Yasmin Hafiz..... RS 0054
- Sarjida Shaheed..... RS 0055
- Santia Iarat Ronce..... RS 0056
- Alwina Sharmeen..... RS 0057
- Kashly Kabir..... RS 0058
- Ferdous Khan
- Shawon..... RS 0059

Child Development Through Play

By Raimundo Dinello

—Courtesy UNESCO Courier

CREATED in Sweden, the United States and Switzerland, the first toy libraries were institutions which lent out games and toys. Their counterparts in Latin America, known as ludotecas, are something quite different in that their centre of interest has shifted away from games and toys towards the players, who are offered a range of play activities.

In societies suffering from chronic economic crisis, the creation of institutions for play may seem like a luxury. In the name of this misconception those children who most need to play are often deprived of the opportunity to do so. With its interaction between communication and creative expression, freedom and self-discipline, play is extremely valuable in child development and in helping children to fully belong to their culture and society.

Latin American ludotecas seek to do more than fill the gaps in the formal education system. The experience of the network of ludotecas extending from Mexico to Tierra del Fuego which has been set up under the auspices of the

Whether it forms part of an extracurricular education project, of the social development centre of a poor district, or of a children's dispensary, each ludoteca has its own methods of work and its own objectives. But they all have a social and educational function, the idea being that play will encourage the development of more creative, self-reliant individuals, better equipped to contribute to society.

One notable example is the ludoteca started in the big top of a circus as part of an itinerant cultural programme in Brazil's mining district. The creative and organizational abilities that both child and adult participants discovered in themselves thanks to the ludoteca led to the establishment of an association to improve living conditions in the neighbourhood.

RIDDLES

- What is it that wipes its face with two hands all day?
Rep. of Korea
- I see him, but he does not see me.
Burma
- What four letters would frighten a thief?
Papua New Guinea
- The white man with a black hat.
Sri Lanka
- There is a woman who wears a crown
And has eyes all over.
Philippines
- Flying high in the sky
In a disciplined life:
In early spring, migrating to the north,
In late autumn, staying in the south.
China

Answers next week!

Tiny Star

by Diran (Age 10)

A tiny star fell from the sky, into the sea. The fishes rushed over to look for it. "How stupid of you! You are looking in the wrong place," said the oyster, and opened up its two shells. "Here it is!" cried the fishes, overjoyed. A lovely pearl gleamed between the edges of the oyster's shells.



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. _____