

RISING STARS

221b Baker Street

by Sonia Hossain

A century has passed since the tall, lean, distinguished figure, with a peak cap and pipe, England's most renowned consulting detective ever, Mr Sherlock Holmes was created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes' mysteries are read with great enthusiasm, and still delight readers all around the world.

221b Baker Street, which was once the residence of this legendary detective has been turned into a museum for his admirers. If you happen to be there during unrush hours, you probably have to knock to enter. If you are expecting Mrs Hudson to open the door — there you are wrong. Instead, a tall, lean friendly constable (like one of those during Sherlockian era), ushers you in. He takes the charges, asks you to sign your name in the visitor's book, he then tells you to go straight up the stairs — which leads to the rooms once occupied by Sherlock Holmes and his close friend Dr Watson. There a woman in Victorian attire shows you to the rooms. You are now at your own will to explore the private rooms of

the master sleuth. At one end of the room is a fireplace and in front of it are two easy chairs, separated by a coffee table. On the table Sherlock's deerstalker cap and his dunhill pipe are placed and his violin is just besides the fireplace. A little ahead of the fireplace to the right-hand side is a writing table. On it there are some books, old magazines, an old telescope and Dr Watson's hat. At the other end of the room, there is a divan and a dining table. On the table there are several phials of chemical crystals, silverware, and some fine china. The adhering room is the bedroom.

The second floor is mainly filled with souvenirs of all Sherlock Holmes' mysteries. A wig from 'The Copper Beeches', the drawings of the dancing men from 'The Dancing Men', a document and photograph from 'The Red-Headed League', and so on. In the adjoining room, there are two or three big pin-boards, where more than hundreds of visiting cards, photos, short notes etc. for Sherlock Holmes from his admirers are pinned.

On the opposite side there are some portraits of Holmes' adventures and photographs of him in London.

There is now just one more floor left to explore. That is the Sherlock Holmes souvenir shop. There you can buy everything you want of Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes' mystery books, video tapes, postcards, and so on. This is however, not the place where any of Sherlock Holmes films

were shot.

Before you are leaving, you take one good look at Sherlock Holmes' room again. On one of the easy chairs, a man with a hawklike nose, sharp eyes and square chin is sitting. He has the peak cap on his head and the pipe in his mouth — for a moment you are mesmerized, he looks straight at you, smiles, just then a camera's flash goes off — no he is just another admirer.



The Sherlock Holmes Museum

The Catastrophe of the Crazy

English Language

by Mahruha Sameen Hussain

IT'S true that English is the most widely used language in the world. It has the largest vocabulary, perhaps as many as two million and one of the noblest bodies of literature. Nonetheless, let's face it — English is a crazy language.

There is no egg in eggplant, neither pine nor apple in pineapple and no ham in hamburger. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candy, while sweetbreads which aren't sweet are meat. We take English for granted. But when we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicks and can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guineapig is neither a pig nor from Guinea. And why is it that a writer writes, but fingers don't fing grocers don't groce, and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is so one moose, two meese? Doesn't it seem loopy that you can make amends but not just

one amend, that you comb through the annals of history but not just one annal? If the teacher taught, why isn't it true that the preacher praught? If a horsehair mat is made from the hair of horses and a camel's-hair coat from the hair of camels, from what is a mohair coat made? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I wonder if all English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what other language do people drive on a parkway and park on a driveway? Recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? How can overlook and oversee be opposites while quite a lot and quite a few are alike? How can the weather be not as hell one day cold as hell the next? You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language

in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which your alarm clock goes off by going on.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the

human race (which, of course, isn't really a race at all). That is why when stars are out they are visible but when the lights are out they are invisible. And why when I wind up my watch I start it, but when I wind up this essay, I end it.



by Imran Saif, Class I

Star Profile

Here is something new for all of you star struck fans. All you ever wanted to know about your favourite movie or pop star plus his/her picture!

Compiled by Judith De Costa

Name: Tom Cruise
DOB: July 3, 1962
Birthplace: Syracuse, New York



friends like these... He's just done a movie with Nicole

called 'Far and Away'.

His worst fears are overcome and he has become the father of a child that he so badly wanted to be.

Marital status: Divorced from actress, Mimi Rogers, presently married to another actress, Nicole Kidman.

Interesting info: He's dyslexic, but works very hard to remedy his handicap.

Before becoming an actor he actually contemplated becoming a priest.

His best friend, Emilio Estevez, was the best man at his first wedding and was also rumoured to be dating Mimi after their separation. With

"The Lilacs in My Room"

by Shahpar Selim

THE large brown envelope was inserted snugly inside the mailbox. Trisha could see it clearly among the junk mail and other debris. Nobody else was at home and she knew she would have to go and fetch it. She wandered to the front gate and stood there looking at it. A feeling of dread came over her. She knew what was inside. Forms and papers confirming her acceptance at college. Suddenly she wanted to tear it to pieces. Trisha took the envelope and left the rest of the mail in the mailbox.

She slashed it open in her room and a million pieces of paper fluttered to the carpet. She felt as if she had slashed her wrists and the blood was draining out, leaving her helpless. She thought, 'Here I am, leaving home, these papers are as good as confirmed tickets. How ironic that I should be alone at the point of getting these, alone with all I'll leave behind.' She ran out again,

into the cool evening air and collected the rest of the mail and put it on the dining table. She said nothing about the brown envelope.

She thought about it the next day. True, it was the college her parents had wanted to send their daughter. Not even expecting to get in, Trisha turned out to be one of the choices. Her friends joked about the computer black out at the Admissions office.

For weeks, she was in ecstasy. But that was in summer with four more months to join. Now, however, nothing felt like a part of her anymore. She kept thinking, 'why worry about what I think? I'm not going to stay here anymore.' Mechanically she would dust her room but the vase would be empty and yet it was the season for lilacs and for her, they were customary. And everytime someone asked her when she would be leaving, she felt her patience wearing thin.

The next day she showed the brown envelope to her family. Two weeks later there was a huge party. On that evening she told herself in the mirror, 'you are being paranoid. A going away party does not mean a good riddance party.'

A month later she was off to college. Thankfully she had everything in a better grip now. Although she knew the college calendar by heart, she also knew that she would never be coming back home. To her house, yes, but not to her home. Trisha would have to make her own home. Not necessarily back here. But the time to worry about it was not now.

She waved goodbye to her family. As the plane taxied she did something she hadn't done recently. She laughed out loud, she laughed from her heart, where she felt the mixture of hope and dread. She thought, 'How typical,' and there was a smile on her face.

On the Receiving End

By Md Atique Ullah

Now they have decided to open the safe... Let's see what happens On the Receiving End...

Thus, they had come so far planning burglary, fixing the time, arranging necessary items and ultimately gazing at the safe now.

There was a crescent on the sky today and the man on the street stood gazing at it. He was quite revived at its sight and all his tiredness seemed to evaporate. A warm, dry breeze blew over his face and it carried with itself the mixture of the scent of the flowers in the bungalow gar-

den and the smell of the rotting garbage which lay scattered beside the drains. But the air smelt pleasant to him.

It encouraged him to search for the doctor's house again. He felt as if he had emerged into a new life where he was the lord of the night. Everything seemed very calm and quiet like a graveyard save the barking of a few stray dogs which were the guardians of the streets at night.

Presently, he stood in front of a placid bungalow. It looked very calm like the sea when it is not angry. He glanced at the number plate and in the little

moon light available, he found it matching with the required address.

He felt quite relieved as if a big burden had been thrown off his shoulder. He stood quite hesitantly in front of the gate thinking whether to go in and wake up the whole house out of its calmness at such an hour. Would the doctor feel irritated? he thought.

He had the sudden impulse to retrieve and go back to his house and lie to his wife that he doctor was not available. But the memory of his ailing daughter crying to be soothed off her illness forced him to restrain his impulse.

To be continued

Picture Quiz



Dear Rising Stars readers, we are now introducing a new item to make the page a little more interesting. From now on every week we will have a picture quiz. A picture will be printed and it will be your job to write a story of not less than 250 words (not more than 400 please!) using the subject of the picture. This week we have a picture of a girl in a saffron sari. Now use your imagination and come up with a sensational! Remember the best one will win a prize. Send your stories by no later than June 4th (1992 of course!)

Little Teny and the Thieves

by Irina Ahmed Class IV

Little Teny was a naughty boy of ten years. He was so naughty that he was separated from his family. He sometimes stole things from people's houses, and now that he was separated, he had to steal from different houses.

One day Teny went to his aunt's house, who was a very rich woman, to steal some hens and ducks. But unfortunately he saw some people just when he was about to enter the farmhouse. He thought they were people of the house, so he quickly climbed up a tall tree which was right beside where he was standing.

When the people came

under the tree, Teny was so scared that he fell right off the tree on top of the people! They too became scared and ran away. Then the members of the house woke up and came out. You know what they saw?

They saw eight sacks of gold and precious stones! They did not see anyone there, so they went to the big lawn, which anyone had to come across if they wanted to go to Teny's aunt's house. There they saw a group of people and a little boy running after them. The members of the house ran

after them and soon caught them.

They saw that the little boy was Teny and the group were a group of thieves! They called the police and as soon as they arrived the members handed the thieves to them.

Now what about Little Teny? His aunt took him to the house and asked him to tell exactly what happened. When Teny told the story, his aunt was so happy that she told him that he could live with her and do whatever he wished! And from then on Little Teny did not have to steal anything and lived happily ever after.

Registration

Here our list of new Rising Star Club members. We are looking forward to your articles, sketches, poems, puzzles, jokes or anything else you can think of, so send them in real soon eh!

Md Kamran, Class-V, RS 0121
Eza Imret Choudhury, Class-III, RS 0122
Rabeth Khan, Class-X, RS 0123
Imran Saif, Class-I, RS 0124
Sherin Hasna Kalam, Class-X, RS 0125
Anil Aftab Kalam, Class-V, RS 0126
Omar Saif, Class-IX, RS 0127
Raquib Chowdhury, Class-VI, RS 0128
Zeyad Rahman, Class-III, RS 0129
Sonia Hossain, RS 0130
Ishrat Shaheed Runa, Class-III, RS 0131
Sami Islam Chowdhury, Class-VIII, RS 0132
Rony Kabir, Class-V, RS 0133
Ms Shahpar Selim, Class-XI, RS 0134

Jokes

• A man was deaf, but couldn't afford to buy a hearing aid, so he hung a piece of string over his ear.

"Do you hear better with that string over your ear?" a friend asked.

"No," said the man, "but people shout at me now."

• "Why did the spy spray his room with insect repellent?" "Because the thought it was bugged."



Spectacular Style

by Sanjida Shaheed

Class-X

When someone refuses to face up to some unpleasant reality in the hope that it will go away, we often say that they are burying their heads in the sand or behaving ostrich fashion.

Such a statement is very unfair to ostriches. They wouldn't dream of burying their heads in the sand in the mistaken belief that what they can't see can't see them.

In fact, what an ostrich does do is to stretch its long neck along the ground so that it can size up a potentially dangerous situation. From a distance, it can appear that the ostrich has buried its head in the ground.

Once the ostrich has made up its mind, however, it can move at tremendous speed on powerful legs, which are capable of carrying at speeds of up to 70 km/h.

Those same legs are also capable of delivering an extremely unpleasant kick — so whatever you do, never underestimate an ostrich. And mind that!



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.

Answer to Friday, May 8th's Quiz Club

1. Cars Lupus.
2. The study of life processes considered as due entirely to physical and chemical forces.
3. Aurora.
4. Bolshaya.
5. Botswana.
6. Tokyo.
7. Moscow.
8. Barbary ape.
9. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi.
10. King Farouque.