

RISING STARS

Vain About It

by Naheed Kamal

ANCIENT Greek Mythology speaks of the beautiful youth, Narcissus, who was so entranced with his own beauty that he spent his time peering over his image in a pool. Hence the flower called Narcissus. Point: Vanity is dangerous. It can turn you into a weed!

When my friend's ex-boyfriend snidely remarks that she can't walk two steps without glancing at her reflection in a window or mirror, I laugh with everyone else -- and never let on that I'm guilty of the same "crime".

The difference is I only check myself out when I'm alone. Everybody does it as often as they can and probably enjoys it immensely. Everybody else will say you are vain. So what is wrong with vanity I ask you? We blush shamefully when caught in front of a mirror. Why are you ashamed? You may not be a knockout but the best kind of love is self love.

Now my friend (the one who is vain) possesses the looks to be vain. Her startling looks cause men and women to turn 180 degrees anywhere we go. On the other hand I am slightly above average, which I have known since I overheard the guys in my class rate me a 7. Being aware of how others judge me, though, doesn't stop me from seeing myself as a rare person (perhaps not a potential knockout but rare just the same). I do have those days when I believe that any guy asking for my name and number would have to be blind or desperate. But then there are those rare days I feel on top of the world. Memories of times that I do consider myself beautiful -- as well as my faith

Vanity is dangerous. It can turn you into a weed!

In morning showers and eye-liners -- are what I call vanity. Not everybody is beautiful like a covergirl -- but there are those whose high cheekbones cast shadows at noon. These people keep the rest of

vanity stops me from covering behind the curtains, I can flirt just as well, if not better. Why then, when we are caught gazing in the mirror for the sheer pleasure of it, do we quickly "find" a purpose: pre-

The taboo on vanity seems kind of out of place and old-fashioned at a time when the concept of beauty goes beyond the surface.

Experts claim that caring about our appearance is not a cardinal sin. Best selling books and magazines instruct us on how to lose a cardinal sin. Best selling books and magazines instruct us on how to lose weight, or hide it, camouflage circles under the eyes, make cheeks look better, get hair-cuts to shorten long faces and so on so forth. None of the experts though advise that as part of our regimen we should take at least 10 minutes off to marvel at what we are, or what we can create.

Despite everything we still have this fear that looking in the mirror, when not on a fault finding mission, means we just might fall irrevocably and exclusively so in love with what we see, and turn into a flower! Face it, when was the last time you saw someone who turned into a flower by gazing too long at his/her reflection?

A reasonable dose of vanity is not self-inflation. I am not saying there aren't extremes. There are those who go beyond the limit. The aim is not to turn into "Reggie Mantle" replicas.

I have seen a woman spend a full 20 minutes examining her face from every conceivable angle -- while the speaker spoke about the growing poverty of the third world. She was an extreme case of mirror madness.

But for the more reasonable among us, I see nothing wrong with openly admiring yourself and feeling shameless about doing it.



us from making miserable comparisons. Under the right conditions, reassures vanity, I could look that good. At parties where everyone else looks like imports from "Elle" magazines,

tend to fix your hair, frown over an invisible pimple? Does being seen taking pride in yourself make you feel shameful? Its embarrassing you might say. But why is it so?

'The History of a Writer Ghost'

by Samia Israt Ronee

Class - X

DEAR Human friends of Rising Stars, I have got something to tell you. You must read my letter very attentively and don't become fed up and leave it unattended. And now here's what I have got to say...

One day in our class, "Home Work : 7, 9, 12, 13, 15, 21, 22, 24, 27, 31, 32, 37, 40, 42, 47." Oh! These were the most difficult and the toughest sums of that chapter and Madam had given them for next day's home work. That meant I would reach home at 2:30 pm and would not be able to finish them until 2:30 am or may be 4:30 am. And the ultimate result would be that I would have to stand up during the whole period tomorrow because after all the hard work for 15 ugly sums, not a single one would be correct.

I began to do the sums as soon as I had my lunch. Mum and Dad were not at home and I was all alone. I was trying to do my sums correctly. We say that we can never think of a shimmering summer after noon without a cool breeze. But I had to think about it and there was a load shedding too. Suddenly there was a cool breeze and I looked through the window and 'Kal-Baishakhi' or the Nor'wester was coming with black clouds and fierce lightning.

I closed all the windows of our flat. I tried to concentrate on my sums. But there was a sound coming from the kitchen. I peeped in and it was all clear. All of a sudden my eyes focussed on the drain.

The net was slowly being opened. I was sure that no

thief could enter through a four inch drain. But a black hand crawled out of it. I could neither move nor cry. My eyes were fixed on it. After the hand, came the arm, then the whole body, but it didn't have a head. I can not describe how it came out of the drain. I think it came like a snake I would have liked it, very much, to be a snake but it was standing there like a human being. It had sewer garbage all over its body. And something like black grease which might have been blood was coming out from its severed neck. All these happened in a few seconds.

Suddenly as if I remembered something I turned around and ran to my room and locked it. I knew that the black drain ghost which was following me. I heard its foot steps along the passage. It stopped in front of my room.

There is no drain in the door and no attached bath, so the ghost can never enter, I thought.

But ghosts can do anything, the drain ghost now turned to be a 'key-hole' ghost. Because I saw a black line of filth coming out of the key hole and then it shaped in the form of that headless creature. I could go nowhere. The ghost was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly the idea of opening the window and calling for help came into my mind. I jumped towards the window and opened it, but alas! Not a single creature was seen on the road.

Woowooooo ... something greasy is in my shirt and a bad smell, ... Oh God! The ghost, its

fingers are coming nearer and nearer my neck, only a moment or two and I will also be a writer ghost, a member of

which were for homework. And lo, these were the same numbers of my class-mate. I kept silent for the rest



the TEENAGE GHOST SOCIETY.

"Ha, Ha, Hi, Hi, Ho, Ha, look at Ronee! Sleeping in the class..." Ah! At last I am in the ghost society. I slowly opened my eyes. My friends were looking at me. I breathed a long breath. What a relief, it was just a dream, correction, a nightmare or a classmate. A friend said, "Hey, get up, sleepyhead, it's maths class now."

The greatest surprise for me came next. Madam entered the class and wrote in the blackboard some numbers

of the class. I went home and everything happened just as in the dream. The only fact was that it was in dream that I turned in to a writer ghost and now it is true that I AM A Writer Ghost.

This is my history of becoming a ghost. And the drain ghost, he is my buddy now. And now I am sending him to the Rising Stars office with this letter to print and also to bring some new ghost friends to our Teenage Ghost Club. Thanking you -- Ronee -- The Writer Ghost, Teenage Ghost Club

Picture Quiz



Here is another Picture Quiz. This time all you have to do is identify who the character in the picture. Here is a hint to help you: 'A day that is good and holy to us is of great assistance him.'

Send in your answers by Thursday, June 2nd.

QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's Quiz Club questions. Now rack your brains and send in your answers by Thursday (April 3rd). An attractive prize awaits the lucky winner!

- Who wrote 'The Dogs of War'?
- Which well known actor is super model Cindy Crawford married to?
- Which country won the World Cup football in 1986?
- Which unquestionably famous person was born at Stratford-on-Avon?
- When was the Stoncherg built?
- What is the national sport of Spain?
- With what sport is the term 'sudden death' associated?
- Who created the character of Hercule Poirot?
- What is the capital of Mexico?
- Who discovered coloured photography?

Answers to May 15th's Quiz Club

- Tokyo.
- Nadine Gordimer (S Africa).
- H Ali Akbar Rafsanjani.
- Lagos.
- Suez Canal.
- Rajasthan (India).
- Sir Walter Scott.
- Great poet of Persia (1050-1132).
- Florence Nightingale.
- John Wilkes Booth.

Would You Like to Know?

by Sanjeeda Shaheed

Class - X

A Policeman's Plight — During a drought in Singapore, a Chinese woman threw a bucket of water out of her window, soaking a policeman standing in the street below.

She was fined, not because she hit the policeman, but because she wasted water!

The Danger in a Yawn — To put your fingers in front of your mouth when you yawn is not only good manners, but also an old custom.

In the days when people were afraid of evil spirits, they covered their mouths with their hands, to protect an evil spirit from jumping in!

Twister — Get your tongue around this. El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula! That is the original Spanish name for Los Angeles, USA. It simply means, 'the town of our lady Queen of the Angeles of Porciuncula.'

No Bathing, by Order — At one time, it was thought that bathing was dangerous to health. It is said that in 1845, a Boston Municipal law actually made bathing unlawful, except on medical advice.

What's in a Name? —

How were weekdays named? Four of the names we use for the weekdays are of Scandinavian origin, while the others come from heavenly bodies. Sunday is named in honour of the Sun, Monday was the day of the Moon, Tuesday was the day of 'Tiw' (the Scandinavian god of war, Wednesday comes from 'Woden' (Odin); chief of the Scandinavian gods, Thursday is named after Thor, the god of thunder. 'Freya' or 'Frigga' is the goddess of friendship, gave her name to Friday, and Saturday was the day of Saturn.

On the Receiving End

Now there begins a dispute among them... Let's go On the Receiving End...

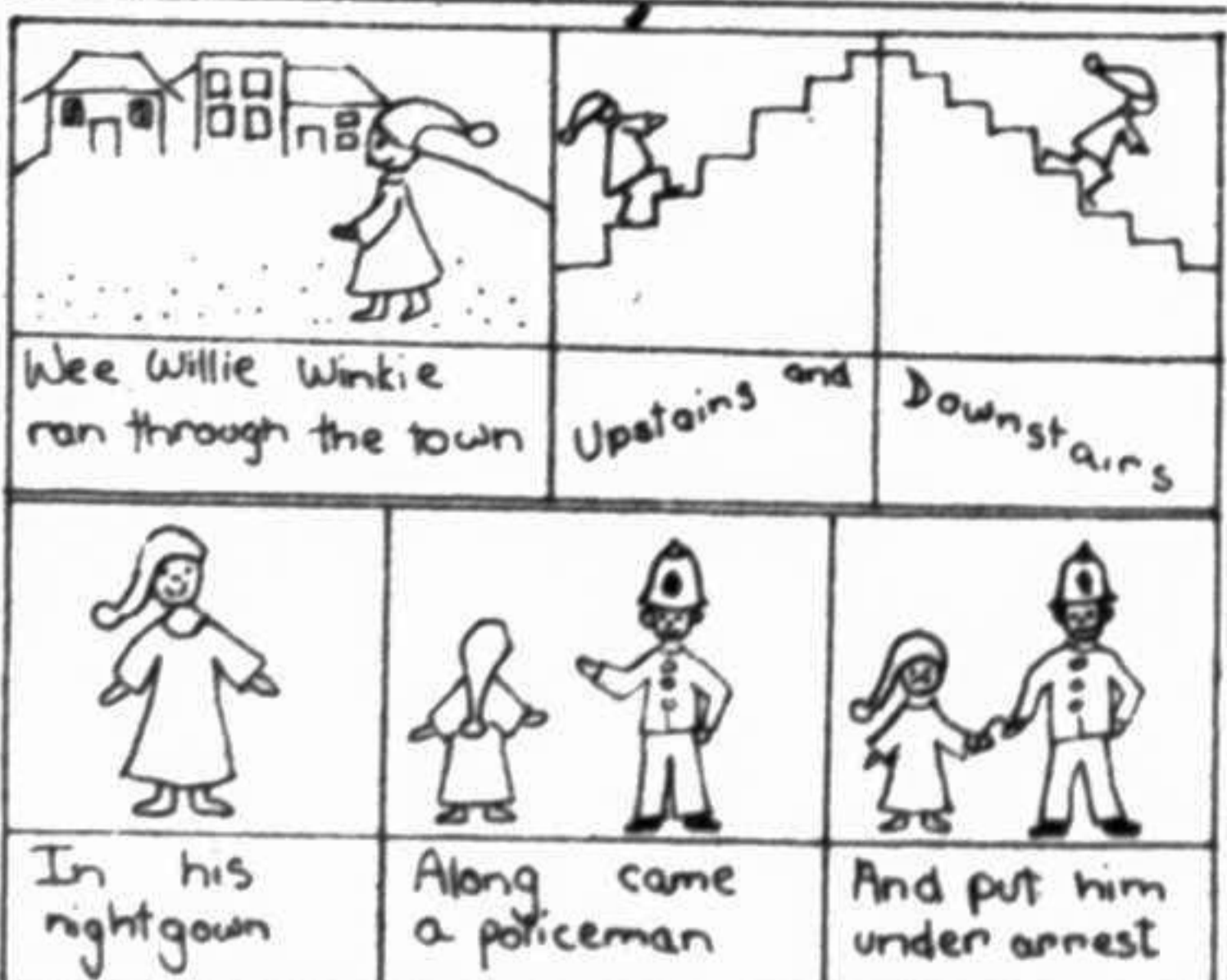
by Md Atique Ullah

All the same, he stood in front of the gate giving a second thought whether to go in.

"Have you filled up the sacks properly? Make sure

nothing is left behind," the dark complexioned man warned.

At this, the maid asked him why he was taking so much; he was supposed to take her share only.



So never go out at night — unless you're fully dressed

by Heron Holloway

Star Profile

Dear star struck fans — your this week's profile is one of world's famous pop stars.... Look who she is....

Name : Madonna Louise Ciccone
DOB : August 16, 1958

Birthplace : Bay City, Michigan
Marital status : Divorced from Sean Penn

Interesting Info : As a five-year-old she charged friends to teach them to dance.

She used to cut piano lessons she was forced to take and would go hide in a ditch.

Recently she has signed a contract with Warner Brothers which will give her millions for each of her next 7 albums.

She's recently done this baseball movie with Tom Hanks called 'A League of their Own'.

She loves to be seen in the scantiest of clothing, in case you haven't noticed already.



She's probably the only woman to ever re-release a single and get away with it, the single being 'Holiday'.

Do It Yourself



Help the beetle find his way out of the web before the spider gets him.



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.

Class:

"Shut up! I said no such thing. So leave us alone. When the owner arrives say that you know nothing about..." He couldn't complete his statement.

—Till Next Week