

RISING STARS

Secondary Smoking

by Angela Smith (8th grade Malaysia)

DID you know smoking can harm people and cause lung cancer even if they don't smoke? What this means is that, if people breathe in air from the smoke, it can harm their lungs. So people are not safe at all. Secondary smoking is also called passive and sidestream smoking. People are trying to ban smoking in public places because nonsmokers can be harmed.

Secondary smoking can give lung cancer just by living with smokers. Secondary smoking may be worse than smoking. Some books don't really know which is worse. Some people say secondary some smoking is worse. Even though people are arguing about which is worse, the fact is that no one knows. Some businesses refuse to hire smokers because it might harm the nonsmokers.

Smoking can affect unborn children and infants. Problems with pregnant women who smoke is that they have a higher rate of miscarriages than nonsmokers. Infants born to smoking mothers tend to have a lower than normal weight at birth, which is dangerous to their health.

Pregnant women who smoke two packets of cigarettes a day block off 40 per cent of the oxygen to the unborn child. In figure 1 the picture shows a mother and child together. This is an ex-

ample of the kind of advertising that is being done now to make people want to smoke. Infants under one year of age whose mother smokes have

twice as many lung infections as infants of nonsmoking parents. Smoking is much more dangerous for the infant. Cigarette advertising has



been banned from radio and TV in many countries. Regulations in many cities and states prohibit smoking in such public places as elevators, stores, public transportation, vehicles, schools, restaurants and hospitals. Nonsmokers fight for their rights to breathe fresh air, and the antismoking trend should continue to grow. In figure 3 you can see how people are fighting for their rights, to breathe fresh air. Cigarette smoking is considered to be the most dangerous form of air pollution.

Nonsmokers can get lung cancer just by living or working with cigarette smokers. We need to remember "There is no such thing as safe smoke." The lung cancer risk for pipe and cigar smokers appears to be only slightly greater than for the nonsmokers and it is clearly much less than for cigarette smokers. Nonsmokers get lung cancer easier than smokers that they live with.

It can be seen that secondary smoking is not good for your health and not good for unborn children. Some people say if you stop smoking 5 years before having a baby it won't harm the unborn child. But I don't think that is true. People are still trying to ban smoking. So now that you have read my article will you help me try to ban smoking in public places, so nonsmokers can't get harmed?

The Bright Light of Tomorrow

by Trishna

A baby is born today. No-body knows whether tomorrow that child will bring a better or worse future. But it is always said that today's children are the bright lights of tomorrow. Bright or dark that depends on the present. That child is to be built the way we would like to see future..... shining in the bright light or dead in the darkness. But who would explain to that child how and why we have caused this mess in the civil world he is born in? His eyes wet with tears are the proof of his fears inside. He has stepped in a world where people are being killed, but no one knows why. Just look what we have done to this world and how we have changed into ferocious beasts, killing the innocents, looting the poor, raping the helpless and destroying this sweet home of ours. This child must build all that we have destroyed and show a way to live better. He must bring back the peace that used to dwell in the heart of this world, a long time ago, the sympathy one had for the other and a united world under no presidents or kings, but God. This would put a stop to the wars, which lead to nothing but death of men, women and even children.

As we go on fighting with each other, we kill the hopes of our future — the children. Wars, shooting, bombarding — what are they doing in the world of God's greatest creation? It would not have mat-

tered much, if the list of the victims consisted ONLY the names of criminals, but it does not, indeed majority of them are poor, innocent people who probably had nothing to do with politics, government or ruling. But this is what we are showing our youngsters. We, ourselves, are shattering the dream we all have, 'to live a peaceful life'. But are those children learning anything from us which can improve this pitiful condition of this world? Does the child which has just been born have the luck to live till tomorrow in this fearful world of today? We don't have faith in ourselves so why have high hopes and why do we expect so much from the younger generation? Drugs and weapons are what we have given them to go through the coming decades. But this is not only the dream of the present generation, but our forefathers'

too! Now look what WE have given them.... blood, destruction and death. So just don't give lectures to the children on the microphones and sit idle dreaming; get up and make the PRESENT better.

Bet you didn't know

— Koko was the first gorilla to learn the American sign language for the deaf. Born in July 1971 she was taught by Dr Franklin Patterson of Stanford University in California. • China was the first country to use paper in 107 AD. • Artificial limbs were first fitted by doctors in India 3,500 years ago. In ancient Greece the age of a woman was counted from the day of her marriage.

Registration

Here is a new list of members. Welcome to our club. Please take note of your registration numbers which you will have to include when you send us your writing, sketches etc.

Fardeen Chowdhury Dhanamdi, Dhaka RS: 0168	Tadib Muqtada New Delhi RS: 0181
Tania Nasreen (Papri) Gandaria, Dhaka RS: 0169	Trina Islam Lalmatia, Dhaka RS: 0182
Sayed Faraz Rahman Jafrabad, Dhaka RS: 0170	Syed Ashfaq Qadri Suddeshwari, Dhaka RS: 0183
Md. Emran Bonogram, Dhaka RS: 0171	Amir Hussain Dhaka RS: 0184
Prima Chowdhury Bonant, Dhaka RS: 0172	Ayesha Hamid Dhaka RS: 0185
Farzeen Saleh Shamoly, Dhaka RS: 0173	Md Shadique Basha Dhaka RS: 0186
Tanjed Saleh (Babu), Shamoly, Dhaka RS: 0174	Reshima Khathoon Dhaka RS: 0187
Md. Emran New Eskaton, Dhaka RS: 0175	Razib Rashedin Green Road, Dhaka RS: 0188
Ms Abu Noman Khan Chittagong RS: 0176	Md Kabiruddin Nartinda RS: 0189
Sharmin Sultan (Joya) Ibrahimpur, Dhaka RS: 0177	Naina Shehzeen Ahmad Elephant Road, Dhaka RS: 0190
Chowdhury Abd-Allah Qaseed-Bin Husayne Dhanomdi, Dhaka. RS: 0178	Navine Murshid Dhanomdi, Dhaka RS: 0191
Zareen Nizam Chittagong RS: 0179	Nadine Murshid Dhanomdi, Dhaka RS: 0192
Albari Rahim Lalmatia, Dhaka RS: 0180	Tany Kabir Rajbarag, Dhaka RS: 193

Jokes

The small-town grocer was not in very good spirits. It was a rainy day and his old joints ached. So he was not pleased when three small boys entered.

"I'll have a dime's worth of lemon drops," announced the first.

The old man climbed the ladder, took down the candy jar, filled a small bag and returned the jar to the shelf.

"And what will you have?" he asked the second boy.

"A dime's worth of lemon drops," was the answer.

"Why didn't you say so before?" asked the irritated proprietor.

Turning to the third boy, he said, "Do you want a dime's worth of 'em, too?" "No, sir," said the latter.

The old man climbed up and went painstakingly through the whole procedure once more. As he sighed and dusted his hands on a cloth he demanded of the third boy: "Well, what is it you want?"

"A nickel's worth of lemon drops," came the answer.

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"Is ink expensive?" asked the little girl. "No, it isn't," replied her father.

"Then why is mother so much upset because I spilled some on her hair?" persisted the little girl.

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Teacher: "Name a person who always talks nonsense."
Student: "A teacher!"



Describing curd (yoghurt) to a blind person

A blind man had heard a lot about curd, but had not eaten it. He asked someone what it was like.

"It is white," he said. "The poor blind man did not know what white was. 'What is white?'" he asked.

"White is what the crane is," came the answer. "And what is a crane?" asked the blind man. The man bent his arm at the elbow and the wrist. He asked the blind man to feel his arm and said, "This is what a crane is like."

The blind man felt his friend's arm and sighed, "Oh, eating curd is not going to be easy."

The proverb illustrates explaining something unknown with the help of another unknown thing.

Sri Lanka

— A tale from Laughing Together (Unesco publication)

A Freedom Fighter's Plight

by Asheq Khan (Class VIII)

IT was a Friday night. I finished my homework and was waiting in front of the TV set for the Bill Cosby Show. Suddenly the bell rang, our maid servant answered the door and came up to me with a piece of paper, and said someone was calling me. So, I went to the door, saw a man with a beard wearing a soiled lungi and a dirty shirt.

I asked him what he wanted. He told me he was a freedom fighter. He showed me newspaper clippings about his war exploits. And now he wanted help from us. So I called my father.

The freedom fighter started telling my father that he was from the district of Jessore. He had a daughter and a son.

He asked us to help him because he needed money to get his daughter married off.

He also narrated the deplorable conditions in which he and other members of his family were living. He had very little to eat and his daughter and wife were forced to wear torn kathas. His son couldn't go to school but was forced to ply a van at a tender age.

After listening to his problem my father went inside to consult with my mother and after few minutes of discussion my father decided that we should give him one hundred taka from our zakat donation.

After receiving the money he was overcome by emotion. Then he started talking about his arduous struggle for sur-

vival with tears coming out of his eyes. He said he came to Dhaka only a week ago. He had spent the night at a bus shade near the Teacher Student Centre (TSC). Then my father inquired whether he had contacted any well-known and influential person in the city. He said he had contacted a number of leaders of the freedom fighters association for help. But all of them had rudely turned him down even though some of them knew him personally and his contribution to the liberation of the motherland. He also mentioned that some times he felt like snatching ladies' bags and running off, because these ladies were spending so much money on luxury items when he could not even feed his family.

After finishing his story he thanked us for helping him and for listening to his problems which many people did not even bother to do.

A Friend At Last

by Mahruba Sameen Hussain

FIFTEEN years old Faria was feeling downcast. Two days had passed since she had been admitted to Lakeview High and had not made any friends yet. Somehow the girls in her class were avoiding her. Was it because of her skin colour? Faria wondered. She was a Bangladeshi girl, short and brown skinned with long dark hair and deep brown eyes. Faria had the feeling that everyone was avoiding her because she was not white skinned like them. A few months back, Faria's father had obtained immigration in the USA and had decided to settle there with his family. That was how Faria had ended up in Lakeview High. She missed her friends back in Dhaka and yearned to be with them. Faria felt like an alien in this strange country.

The other day, one of the girls, Michelle, had taunted her because of her "Shalwar Kameez" which she found most weird and old fashioned.

"Hi!" Faria turned. She saw a slim tall girl with a small heart-shaped face, short honey-brown hair and laughing violet eyes. "MY name is Sarah. I am the head girl of your class. I have come to apologize for Michelle. It was rather stupid of her to say such rude things to you. We should not have avoided you all these days. You see we are not used to having students of different nationalities in our school. I hope you will forgive us. We want you to be our friend. Faria's eyes lit up in happiness. She smiled at Sarah. Arm in arm the two girls walked away. For them, racial barriers were completely overcome by friendship.

Shattered Souls

by Zeenat Chowdhury

IT has been 12 years. There is very little I remember about her. I don't even remember her fever her face, her tone, her smile, her touch, but I do remember the pain. Her pain intertwined with mine lives and breathes inside of me.

She was 9 years older than me but we had no trouble relating to each other. There was a special bond between us and we both felt it. We were friends from the moment I was born. I liked it when she was around; I liked being alone with her and I could spend hours just listening to her speak. Sometimes when I woke up early and she was still asleep, I would just sit across and watch. I would study every line of her face, watch her expressions change as she dreamt. I had all her movements memorized; how she would shift her weight and change sides and when she would do them. If she ever had a nightmare I would feel her pain. All her thoughts and feelings always seemed to reach out to me, especially her frustrations and agony. I could just feel her soul desperately seeking me when she felt pain. It was as if the anguish was chasing her soul and it would run around madly seeking my shelter and when her pain reached me, her soul stopped running. Otherwise her's was a happy soul. She always laughed and enjoyed herself. She made the best of every situation she believed in living and loving life. It will be demeaning and superfluous to declare that we were close. I worshipped and respected her and she believed in me.

It was only the four of us and we had the best days. She had something with our father that ran deeper than the bond between us. They felt and suffered each other's emotions every minute. We all lived in a world of our own, where we each knew our separate joys and thrived on each others' happiness. We believed in life and we were happy.

I was 10 when my mother died and 15 when my father died. He died in an accident. His car took a dive from a very steep cliff. His car was found at the foot of the cliff but there was no trace of his body. She was only 24 but that night she aged by a hundred years.

After that, I hardly ever saw her. She went off to work in

the morning and returned late. When I did see her she scarcely said anything. It was as if someone had just scooped her soul out of her body. She was hollow inside. She crawled from one day to another, not feeling, not living, I could picture her soul twisting in agony, but it had stopped running. She suffered her anguish alone. She totally shut me out. I would creep into her room at night and just sit there trying to feel something. All I felt was darkness; intense, vibrating darkness.

One night I confronted her. I told her that I couldn't bear this any longer. I told her of all I was going through and half the time I didn't know what I was saying. I was just screaming at her, she broke down and started to cry. I went on. Her pain was hitting against my heart like rain against an upturned face. I went on to what we used to be like: what it was like when our mother was alive and what it was like when our father was alive. For one second I felt this incredible rain engulfing me the very next minute there was emptiness. I felt nothing. She stopped crying; I looked at her face and I saw nothing. There was no expression. No signs of betrayal. As a matter of fact there didn't seem to be a face.

That night I dreamt my father standing where he had died. It seemed he was waiting for someone. He had an expression of anticipation. He was eager to meet the person he was waiting for and yet he was unhappy for someone else. Someone was coming for his anticipation broke into a smile. Suddenly I felt this wave of uncontrollable pleasure and happiness entangled with a selfish pain, come on me. I woke up. There was something missing and instantly I knew what it was. I ran to her room — she was gone. I looked out of the window, the car wasn't there either. The room was gloving and it felt really light. I realised then where she was and suddenly my whole being caved in. The pain exploded inside of me and I felt my inside shattering into a thousand pieces. Now I could feel my soul being wiped out. I felt a cold hand scooping out the last bit of my soul.

Next morning it was on the news. Her car was found in exactly the same place as my father's one and there was no trace of her body.



STAR PROFILE

Name: Jon Bon Jovi
DOB: March 2 1962
Birthplace: New Jersey, USA
Marital Status: Single
Did you know that:

his real name is Jon Bongiovi
his mom used to be a Playboy bunny-girlie
he collects mouth organs — and even has one from 1903!
blonde one for the filming of *The Delinquents* she's a bit of a hippy, and likes colours, sequins, and rick-beds (?)
her nickname is Bruiser

after she knocked Jason Donovan out on the set of Neighbours one day she's ozone friendly and likes reading about Green issues



QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's quiz questions. An attractive prize awaits the lucky winner who gets all the answers right so rack your brains and send us your answers real quick (by next Thursday)!

- Who is known as the 'Man of a Thousand faces'?
- Which city had the old name Krung Thep?
- For whose armies was canned food developed to feed?
- Which animal has three hearts?
- Who wrote *The Sleeping Beauty*?
- In which year did Russia and China sign the 20 year treaty of friendship?
- Where is the palace of nation's located?
- Name the major warrior tribe of Kenya?
- Who discovered that rattlesnakes possess a 'third eye'?
- What is 'aprospecta'?

Answers to 15.8.92 Quiz Club questions:

- Matt Blonrdi of the USA
- Lovina Corina of Romania
- Colin Jackson, Great Britain
- Citrus, Altius, Fortius: Fastest, Highest, Strongest
- Juan Antonio Samaranch
- Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan
- Fu Mingxia, 13 years old
- One
- Domingo and Carrero
- 2.02 metres

Announcement

Here are the names of the five winners of Robert the Duck quiz. They are Md. Minhazuddin — 1st prize, Md. Kabiruddin — 2nd prize, Kashfiy Kabir — 3rd prize, Syeda Shaharbanu Shahbazi — 4th prize and Andaleeb Hasan — 5th prize. You have each won a special Robert the Duck bookmark. Please come and collect it from our office.



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. _____