

RISING STARS

Destruction of the Innocent

by Kelly Schmidt, 8th grade, Malaysia

As the gunner shoots off the harpoon, there is a loud echo that surrounded the prey. Minutes after, there is a pool of blood in the water. As the prey surfaces the boat pulls the victim aboard. This is not small fish or dangerous shark. This is a large whale that man has hunted and killed. The whale is brought on deck of the boat and men with knives immediately begin the task of stripping the animal of its skin, separating it into different parts and storing the sections in the lower parts of the boat. After this they begin looking for another victim. Whaling plays a very important part in our world and are becoming endangered species. This article will explain the reasons for killing whales, how they are killed and how whaling can be stopped.

People kill whales because they have many uses. Nearly every part of the whale can be used for something. The skin is used to make leather. It's cartilage is made into glue and the bones are ground up to add as a supplement to the food of other animals. Another important part of the whale is the oil. This oil that is found in the blubber is used for fuel lamps, soap, margarine, cooking fat, paint and varnishes. A substance found in the head cavity known as spermetecet is used to make candles, cosmetics, and shoe polish. Ambergris is a material found in the hind gut that is used for perfumes and other cosmetics. And one of the remaining resources is baleen. There is not a very large amount of this but it is

very strong and flexible which makes it a good material for umbrellas and women's corsets.

Many Japanese kill whales for their food. It is stated that Japanese like the food because

Because there was such a concern about the decline in whale stocks, several nations set up the International Whaling Commission in 1946 to try and keep the industry alive and to keep them from

the Commission and therefore, the whale population continues to decline. Another well known fund for saving the whales is the World Wildlife Federation. This group is not only interested in whales but



it is very salty. There are probably more whales killed by the Japanese than any other nation. Whaling in Japan and Russia has not changed any since the new regulations have gone into practice.

becoming extinct. Since that time many of the species have been helped but for some such as the bowheads, it was already too late. A few countries such as Japan and Russia do not heed to the regulations set by

also many other animals and issues concerning the environment. Harpooning is the main method used in killing whales and is something very hard to comprehend. A professional

gunner is aboard the boat. When a whale is spotted, the gunner takes aim and when close enough to the large animal, he shoots a large steel object, the harpoon, with a rope attached. Shortly after impact, the head of the harpoon explodes. How long does it take a whale to die after it has been shot is hard to say. Many whales make sharp turns and movements to get the harpoon out of its body and that just speeds up the process. After the whale is dead, air is pumped through the whales body in order for it to float and be spotted. A flag is also attached to the harpoon to indicate the whale's position. Can you imagine the intense pain when the explosion of the harpoon takes place? As the blood leaves the whales body and it takes its last breath does man ever wonder what it must be thinking? Many whales have sophisticated brains which are still being studied to determine how much they really do know and think.

Studies taken most recently show that there is more money to be made today in giving whale shows and having whale watching trips than there is in the sale of the whales resources. So why must the destruction continue? It can be seen that whales are very useful to man and the environment but that does not mean that we have to kill them. Unless action is taken immediately, our children and their children will not know the joy of whale watching that our generation has known.

Adventures of Fangs Jr. Part II

by Sagheer Bin Faiz

ON this fine morning CC Small stared out the window towards the grounds of his palatial mansion. It had been seven years since his emergence from the woods. CC had in the meantime, cashed in on the lucrative undertaking and coffin making industry and built an empire. 'Small's undertakers' became a household name all around the world.

So Small had every reason to be happy this morning. There was one tiny fact, however, that would have made him very unhappy indeed. His wife was on to him.

At first, it was the meat. Before the hiking incident, the real CC, Sue's CC, had been a vegetarian. But ever since the incident, he'd been hooked on meat. The doctor had said the accident might have disrupted his daily pattern and she'd put it out of her mind.

But ever since their marriage, CC had been making surreptitious out of town visits; when Sue inquired, he responded evasively. She had a private detective follow him; the man telephoned from a booth to tell her that CC was regularly visiting the woods were he'd had that accident. That was the last she heard of him. She called his agency to discover that he'd never returned from that trip, and her mind was filled with a nasty suspicion and question nagged at her constantly. "What on Earth was CC doing in those woods?" and worse "Did he have anything to do with the missing detective?"

And one night, the shocking truth was revealed. CC was

obsessive about keeping his study locked, he was fanatical about his privacy and Sue knew that there was something locked away in his study that would explain everything. So she made a duplicate of the key which CC had hung around his neck, while he was asleep and using the old 'bar of soap' trick and broke in one day when CC said he'd be coming in late. She was about to open his desk drawer when she suddenly heard CC's voice in the hallway and her heart came close to stopping. Obviously, he'd changed his plans. There was a chest on one side of the room which CC had purchased 2 days ago, and luckily, it was still empty, she jumped into it, just in time. CC walked in, followed by his chauffeur and trusty sidekick Waffles.

"Your grandpa's ... some dude, Mr Small!" Waffles was saying. "Yeah, I feel sorry for the poor guy up in the woods," CC replied. "I propose a toast." He poured out two glasses of XO Cognac from a cut glass decanter. "To?" "To my vampire empire! My grandfather will be so pleased."

"Amen!" The words hit Sue with the force of a C-4 bomb. She was stormed, to say the least. Her mind was spinning. Her CC, HER CC, was a VAMPIRE! She couldn't believe her ears. It was impossible. And yet ... And then it all came to her, how CC couldn't stand the daylight after the accident, his conver-

sion from vegetarianism; and she knew that her CC had been killed in the woods by this imposter and his grand father. And then she made her decision. She had to run away from this dangerous man. Far, far away.

To be continued.....

Jokes

Policeman: Have you seen a man with a big briefcase?
Sammy: No
Policeman: Did he tell you to say that?
Sammy: Yes
Mrs Smith: What are you going to do when you grow up, James?
James: Grow a big beard.
Mrs Smith: Why?
James: So there won't be as much of my face to wash.
Teacher: How many fingers do you have?
Pupil: Eight.
Teacher: What if you take three away? What will you have?
Pupil: No guitar lessons.
Who invented fireplaces?
Alfred the Great (grate).
Batty books:
Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Norma Lee.
Norma Lee who?
Norma Lee we go swimming on Sundays.
but I thought we'd call and see you instead.
What did the car say to the road? You're round the bend.
Did you hear about the farmer who planted rows of records? He was trying to grow popcorn.

Fragments of Sentiment

by William H Bony (Class XI)

TWENTY years have passed
The moon is up on the sky again.
Night is still young, the hedges on the lawn are lost in their dreams.
The wicked wind whispered by, "come with me".
I walked and walked.
Where? I did not know.
Twenty years ago on the river bank there was a boy idly sitting and knitting, endless dreams with silver threads and a golden needle.
Behind him a serpentine street ran towards the unknown.
I knew the cracks on it
I knew the trees; I knew the birds that flew on it,
I knew the wind that blew on it.
Yet one day
I had to go away, leaving them behind, on the quest of life.
Life had treated me well
I had bright moments and those of darkness and desolation.
My solitude, I shared them all with you and you and you.
I sat on the side-walk
The mystic night laid its thousand eyes on me.
The wicked wind grazed my ears, "welcome, welcome home".
I sat still, I was sad
sad
awfully sad.

'Life without trees'

by Sana Akbar (Class-VII)

TREES are most important in our lives. The trees give out oxygen which is very useful to human beings. Trees take in carbon dioxide which we breathe out. So, it is almost like a cycle, which is a very important job they are performing. It also helps to keep the earth's surface cool and calm. Without this the earth's surface would be hot and dry.
Nowadays deforestation is taking place all over the world. It is done to make houses, furniture and all the goods for the home.
Without trees floods occur more frequently. In Bangladesh, floods occur for this reason. People cut trees for their own use. They know the consequence but they don't bother. It is we who have to take care and save the trees. Every one should at least plant a tree and take care of it, so that afterwards it will take care of us. It is not one person's job. We have to be united to do this work. We have to take care of trees. So we can save the world ourselves and our children.

Bet you Didn't know

— Sodium is preserved under kerosine oil because it catches fire in the presence of moisture.
— Stars twinkle because of the difference in various layers of the atmosphere and the stars appear as points of light.
— In the summer we prefer to use white clothes because they are good reflectors and bad absorbers of heat and hence they keep our bodies comparatively cooler than the coloured clothes.
— Electricians use rubber gloves because rubber is an insulator and does not allow electricity to pass through it.
— Parachutes have holes to avoid oscillation while descending owing to charging current of the wind. This allows the air to run out of the parachute regularly.
— Cloudy nights are warm because the heat of the earth is not radiated due to the cover of clouds so that it remains a closed and warm atmosphere.

Riddles

Twenty I slew, sliced off their heads;
No life was lost, no blood was shed.
Answer: Nails
What did the upper teeth say to the lower teeth?
Answer: Meet me at lunch

QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's quiz questions. Now don't forget if you get all of them right you may win a very attractive prize. Please send in answers by next Thursday.

- Q1. What is the largest river in the world in volume?
- Q2. What is the capital of Fiji?
- Q3. What are the national languages of Switzerland?
- Q4. What is the modern name for Kalinga, a place in India?
- Q5. Who invented the phonograph?
- Q6. On what day is 'World Postal Day' celebrated?
- Q7. Who invented the motor car?
- Q8. Who was the Man of the Match in the final of World Cup Cricket this year?
- Q9. What does ESCAP stand for?
- Q10. On what day was Rajiv Gandhi assassinated?

Answers to October 3rd's Quiz Club are:

- 1. 1979
- 2. Sunderbans, Bangladesh
- 3. Martin Crowe
- 4. Nissan ZX3
- 5. Edmund Hilary & Sherpa Tenzing
- 6. J B Priestley
- 7. Six
- 8. Golf
- 9. Rabindranath Tagore
- 10. John Milton

We are happy to announce October 3rd's Quiz Club winner. And the winner is Munish Kumar Batra of Dhanmondi. Congratulations Munish! Please do collect your prize from our office The new address is House 11, Rd 3, Dhanmondi.

Losing My Breath

by Judith G De Costa

ONE evening I was sure I was going to be choked to death as I sat watching TV. Not many minutes had passed since I badly charred a couple of slices in the toaster (not the pop-up-when-it's-done sort) and then my neighbours were burning leaves in their backyard. Only that the burning leaves smell like melting plastic. My whole house looked like those famous smoky clubs we always read and hear about. So long as you could focus four feet ahead of you. And never mind what it smelled like, to say the least it smelt of black smoke. I had to get out.
It was a chilly evening and after dark as I donned on a dark sweater and stepped out, hoping no one would see me healing about in the shadows and presume me paranoid. My intentions were to catch a breath of fresh air outside before I caused permanent damage to my lungs inside. I hadn't walked twenty steps from my door step when the smell of frying ... something filled my nostrils. I hadn't walked a hundred yards before the familiar fumes of more burning rubbish greeted me. This helped keep the mosquitoes away, an old woman informed me. Further down the street one desperate housewife determined to keep her home mosquito free was fumigating her house furiously. I damned

Space, Bubbles and me

by AKM

The songs I churn out — once happy, brightly and lively songs of life, leisure, and love — are now melancholy.
The stupid computer can't even play a game of chess. It doesn't know how to keep people happy. The only lousy thing it can do is answer my questions.
And its answers are making me madder and madder, day by day.
I'm in a terrific position, aren't I?
Day 11. I've decided to listen to the radio. News, specifically. I am now the proud owner of a sports starship, having won the grand prize of the Galactic Lunacy Sweepstakes. All I have to do is collect it.
I am also the proud owner of a MPS label. MPS stands for Missing Person in Space, and nothing could have been closer to the truth. I, of all people, am the only person who has not been rescued yet from that incident. It looks trouble loves me so much that it doesn't want to let me go.
I am really in a great spot.
Day 12. I hate everyone. I hate GSS because their

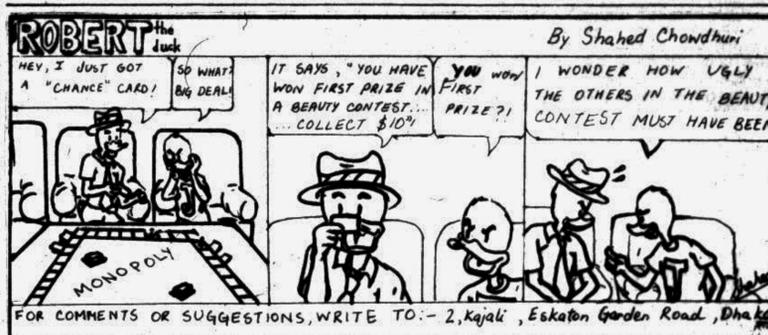
rescue bubble is not working and it is killing me, ever so slowly.
I hate the Jona Danel crew because they left me alone in a bubble big enough for eight.
I hate the people who were supposed to rescue me because they haven't found me.
I hate also hate the terrorists who blew the starship up (or the manufacturer of the stardrive, which ever the case may be) because they made me lose my data cartridge.
I hate my parents because they haven't got those rescuers of mine to get me.
I hate my friends because they probably don't care what happened to me.
I hate what's-her-name because she probably left me by now for some other guy.
A strange thing, though, is that I hate my kid brother for the same reason as before: he broke my prized model robot collection.
But I still hate everyone.
Day 13. Oh, its a long way to Tipperary ...
Don't get the impression I'm drunk. I am an absolute teetotaler. No alcohol for me.
But if we consider that I am

over four hundred and fifty light years from home ... then, indeed, it is a long way to Quailor.
Oh, its a long way to Quailor ...
Day 14. Albert Einstein once said, "I never look towards the future. It comes soon enough."
Since I'm not Albert Einstein, I can look towards the future and let me tell you one thing. It is taking forever to get here. The problem is that I don't have a future. I know I'm not going to be saved, so I suppose I'll be frozen for eighty-two thousand years, if Quailor hasn't moved out of the way by then. So, I have to wait another for thirty six days for my freezing. Hopefully, my cells are the obedient type.
So much for Einstein.
Ahsan S Kabir once said, "A person's capability is limited only by his or her imagination and belief."
I'm not Ahsan Kabir either. Anyway, my imagination is not really limited. But my belief... I believe I will not be rescued. I imagine that I will die from the cold.
(to be continued)

STAR PROFILE



Name: Mariah Carey
D.O.B: 1971
Did you know:
— that she is being referred to as the white Whitney Houston
— that her mother is Irish and father Venezuelan — African
— that she prefers to stay up all night and write songs and sleep till 2 pm
— that she had five consecutive number 1 hit singles in the US
— that her first job was as a hairdresser and her boss called her 'Echo'



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.

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