

# RISING STARS

## To Wear or not to Wear — A Uniform!

**Y**OU can't always get what you want, then again you don't always want what you get. This jurisdiction definitely applies to the two college students who were one day discussing the dress codes in their respective institutions.

**Rima:** That olive green uniform really becomes you. It looks like it was created with your form in mind.

**Sima:** That's easy for you to say. You have the freedom to wear a salwar kameez today and a pair of denim cut-offs the next day, if you like.

**Rima:** I am a lover of variety but do you know that I could handle a math assignment with more ease than I do choosing what to wear every day? Do you know what it is like to wear your best outfit only to be asked if you couldn't find anything better to wear? Of course not, you have a uniform, symbol of righteousness and unity not to mention school spirit, blah, blah, blah.

**Sima:** You're too full of complaints! There are hundreds of us who would give our eye and teeth to wear anything we choose, but if we wanted to do that we'd have to join a school which doesn't have a uniform. You whine about wearing something which does not get you as much attention as you would like it to, well try and spend at least a week in a uniform which makes you conspicuous only if you stand in a group of twenty or so. This outfit which you fancy so much feels like a burlap sack and makes me look like a trick-mirror image come to life! And as you would suspect, there are even accessories to go along with this "goody two shoes" costume: braids—if your hair is long enough, no jewellery, no nail polish and a touch of lip gloss is even too much to hope for. Whereas you, Miss Problematic, are allowed to don party wear and heaps of make-up if you like and no one cares if you leave your hair to stream down your back or get a fancy hair do; and you have the gall to tell me how unfortunate you are! Yours may be a sad story, girlie, but it would be a cold day in July before you'd have me say I'm happy for this dress code. Whatever long lost reason it was that I joined this

school for, the uniform was positively no attractive part of it.

**Rima:** Well, now that you mention it, may be having a uniform does sort of restrict you in ways, but ANYTHING would be better than tossing out my wardrobe searching for what I want to wear the next day. A uniform would be so-o convenient — time saving, not to mention energy and money-saving!

**Sima:** There's an easy way to solve your problems you know. You guys could get together and tell your principal how much you miss wearing your old uniform and how it

burden and the lack of fashion-consciousness which the school uniform restricts her to but tolerates it as school spirit (or whatever) as long as she does not come across people like Rima who sound disdainful and to some extent, patronizing. What is it that can be done to solve the dilemma of the uniform wearer, then? Half the week in it and half the week out of it? Sports uniforms are a close relation to that one. Strictly formal clothing for classes? The ban on the existence of the casual (as in sloppy) dress! Whatever it is

the inside as the meticulously maintained outfit does on the outside.

When you see a little girl with a charcoal grey skirt or a stark white salwar kameez, you'd know her as a student of so-and-so school. Because the choice of colours for school uniforms is so limited, many schools (both private and public) in Dhaka have badges with the school monogram sewn on to them. Now if you were to see this same girl going to school in a frilly organdy number of an unironed rag of linen, there's no telling what ideas would fill your head, with regard to herself and as to how



never feels as if you're not coming to school but going out for a fun-filled day which will only be interrupted by a few useless lectures.

**Rima:** Are you being sarcastic?

**Sima:** If the shoe fits, then wear it! Rima, as you might realize by now, is a hard girl to satisfy. She overtly enjoys the freedom a casual dress code allows her but is nevertheless dissatisfied that this dress code is as lenient as it is. Sima is of a more practical type who realizes the

and may come to be, it is very likely to be rejected by a public who demand variety but will not know it if states them in the face!

A uniform has so many advantages which it is never given credit for. It may get dull and boring, but it gives you a sense of respectability and shows that the wearer takes pride in her school because she proudly displays herself as an emblem of that particular school, even if she does not feel as full of school spirit on

the institution she studies at in run. The uniform impresses the outsider who is exposed to the school in concern for the first time.

If the children are taught to know the importance of the uniform they wear, they must be taught a hundred other useful things in addition to the lessons printed in school books. First impressions last and the very first impressions you receive of a school boy or school girl will be created out of what you see him or her as. Even the most empty-headed

people can look good in a uniform too, though, can't they? That doesn't count — dull or not, the main objective will be to capture the outsider's attention. Mental destination and personal impressions will follow up once the first step is made.

Of course, that can be counter argued by the fact that a uniform won't put extra brains in a person's head, and that all those who don't wear uniforms are not good students and such. Well, I believe it's all a question of maturity, in this case. Very few colleges, you will notice have uniforms, and the universities obviously don't. In my opinion, if you're old and intelligent enough to be studying at college levels you should be trusted to know what garb is suitable for school and what is not. You are given a tougher choice at this level because you are given the freedom to dress as you like, but also expected uphold the integrity of the institution and not make the clothes too outlandish — either too dressy or too sloppy. Your sartorial bearing ceases to impose on your mental bearing by this stage because people are too befuddled by the variety of fashion they are faced with and grow to care less and less about what you wear and worry about what grades you make. Which is even worse! People like Sima spend so much time and energy dressing to please others that one is left wandering if her sort ever gets anywhere academically! Trying too hard doesn't get anyone anywhere in social circles either!

The sweetest solution to be provided to those who have a uniform which is just another unnecessary burden is to think of how much respect you generate from people who don't even know you personally. For those who aren't happy about the uniforms they don't have to wear... too bad. You don't like it the easy way, you wouldn't like it the hard way — you're definitely not worth trying to please. For all those who have better things than what am I going to wear to school, to bother about, well, congrats! Now you can employ other means to scandalize your teachers other than wearing just what they forbade!

## Conclusion of Fangs Jr Part IV

by Sagheer Bin Faiz

"Sue, I hate to do this! I'm really sorry, but we have to crawl onto the rafters. They'll never see us this way!"

Sue just nodded her head in a resigned manner. Outside in the street, Waffles' voice could be heard loud and clear saying, "Where on earth did those two go?"

"In here" Dr Rook yelled and they could hear footsteps approaching the warehouse.

Sue gritted her teeth as she crawled onto the steel rafters, wide enough and strong enough to support her. Saggie B followed, just in time. They entered into an empty warehouse, nothing but loads of empty space and chains hanging from the rafters above.

"Mash, you moron!" Waffles groaned. "There's no one here! Come on, guys."

Sue was just about to breathe a sigh of relief when Mon Ami, evidently, not satisfied with a peremptory glance, looked up at the rafters. An evil smile settled on her lips as she spotted the two of them.

"Come back," she called the others "They're here all right!"

"Sue," Saggie was about to say. "Ya, I know," she cut him off in mid sentence. "You're sorry!"

"Oh no!"

"This is our only chance. There's another back street behind this warehouse and it leads to the radio station. This warehouse is pretty old. See that part of the wall. It's crumbling away. If we can grab on to one of these chains and swing through it, we'll break it for sure."

Sue looked down at the grinning Waffles and sighed. "I suppose beggar's can't be choosers."

Waffles' grin turned into a frown when he saw Sue wrapping her arm around Saggie waist as he grabbed a chain.

"Hey!" Waffles yelled "get down, now!"

"There goes nothing" muttered Saggie as he let go of the rafter and swung the chain with all his might. He closed his eyes as they approached the wall. "Almost through," he thought before they crashed into the rock hard wall. His last thought before he blacked out was "oops!"

### Part V

"Sue..." "I know! You're sorry!" They had come to a few minutes ago still groggy from the collision and had discovered themselves in a musty, dark room where they were bound to two very heavy barrels.

"Wonder why they didn't bother to gag us?" Saggie asked.

"Because no one can hear us even if we try singing!"

Barcelona "at the top of our voices," Sue replied dejectedly.

"How do you know?" "This is our cellar!" "Oh! Figures."

The door created open and Waffles walked in, a big irritating grin on his face. He was followed by a very angry looking CC.

"Hello! Sumu!" this was his pet name for Sue.

"Hi, CC" She replied woodenly.

"So now you know! There was a kind of resigned finality in his voice."

"All too well!" "I still want my child!" "You won't get it from me!" "I will!"

"No, you won't!" "I will!" "You won't fool!" "Says who?" "Says me!"

At this, CC smashed his first into a barrel. Luckily, it was empty, otherwise they would all be standing in a pool of wine, such was CC's strength that the barrel had now become two halves of a barrel.

"You want me to try this out on his head?" he yelled, pointing at Saggie B.

"Leave him out of this!" Sue yelled back.

"Yeah, leave one out of this!" Saggie joined in.

"Who's talking to you?" This was CC and now he was walking towards him, murder in his eyes.

Suddenly the wall smashed open, bricks went flying every where and amidst the blare of loud trumpets came that familiar yell that so many criminals had come to fear.

"This is job for SUPER JUDES!"

And she stood there, in all her might and glory, ready to unleash her anger.

"At her!" CC snarled and two other henchmen pounced on her, hockeysticks and wrenches in their hands, Waffles was supervising all this from a convenient distance.

Bang! Crash! Rupture!

Hockeysticks, wrenches and henchmen went flying in all directions while Super Jodes just stood there looking like a housewife who'd just swatted two flies invading her kitchen.

"Alright, CC! Game's up!" "Not so fast," the nasal voice of Mon Ami crept in.

Saggie was about to yell "Watch out!" but it was too late. Mon Ami had raised her Longitudinal Wavelength Propagator (better known to all you lay men as a Magic Wand) and propagated high energy longitudinal waves (or rather zapped) at Super Jodes

to be continued.

## Are We Killing Ourselves?

by Rabeth Khan (class X)

**Y**ES, with and without spilling blood. Our news dailies present headlines stating, "Two killed in a family feud," "18 blacks slain in South Africa," "Severe civil war in Bosnia-Herzegovina," "Another disease due to pollution," and other hair-raising news. What's the gain in killing one another and destroying the earth? What we are doing is making double sure of our death.

The negative response by the people towards violence is climbing up the stairs, but a particular section of people are still acting as a barrier to peace. Poverty and illiteracy can take part of the blame, while the remaining portion goes to so-called bad-guys of the society. Many fights result from trivial reasons such as possession over a bull and things like that. Acid-throwing stabbing or shooting are the consequences of a handful of human beings.

There is an English proverb — "Great men think alike," but to satisfy each and everyone's greed and wish, should the answer be civil war? Ofcourse not! So if the answer is no, then why have fifteen-twenty per cent of the

world's countries engaging in civil war over the last ten years? The meaning of civil war, barring the dictionary, meaning means an independent country broken into two, dividing its glories and sorrow just to make a few people happy. For example, Yugoslavia is no more a sovereign state, but divided into two. The reason is simple. The Croats want an independent state and are using violence to get it. But I don't know why they don't want to live together as they did even two years back—maybe the answer is again in the difference of race or sect. It is right to choose the easier way but not if arms have to be used and thousands have to be killed.

Pollution is another weapon, created and conducted by men to destroy themselves as well as plants and animals. People pollute water, air and cut trees. In return they get an unhealthy environment and a greenhouse effect. Diseases resulting from this include severe respiratory disorders, accumulation of lead in the blood and other numerous diseases. It is better to be shot dead, rather than suffer inhumanly from the

combination of deadly diseases and then die. To control environmental disorders different organizations are working to inform the people about the hazards of pollution. Meanwhile, children are being motivated by cartoons on TV like "Captain Planet and the Planetectors," and clubs like "Friends of the Earth," "Greenpeace" to be aware of all this. But as the environment clubs are mostly located in the west, the warnings or messages cannot reach the East and even if they do, it is insufficient.

So if the answer to every crime is no, then why not change the routine from wars, pollution and nuclear bombs to friendship, greenpeace and flowers? Time is still left for a crusade — a crusade to save the earth and other living species to bring all smiles instead of tears. Better late than never, if we want to survive.

Be a member of a Friends of the earth 26-28 Underwood Street, London N17JQ b) Greenpeace 30-31 Islington Green, London N18JE And join the 'crusade' to save the earth!

## The Crafty Doctor

by Fehmida P. Ali, (Class III)

**O**NCE upon a time, there lived a lady in a big house which was decorated with beautiful pieces of furniture. She had lost her husband in the war, and her two children lived far away from her. She led a peaceful and humble life.

One day she developed an eye infection and lost her eyesight. She asked her neighbours to send for a doctor. When the doctor examined her eyes, he said he could cure them, but the treatment would cost a lot of money. The lady agreed to pay a huge sum to the doctor if he could cure her eyes, but not a penny if he could not.

The doctor was a very sly man. Every day when he went to the lady's house for her treatment, he used to steal some of the beautiful furniture in her home, taking advantage of her blindness. He delayed

her cure and removed her furniture one by one from the house until there was nothing left.

At last the lady was cured. When the lady saw that her house was empty of all furniture, she guessed what had happened. When the doctor presented the bill, she refused to pay saying that her eyesight had not been restored. The doctor was very angry and sued her at court. On hearing the case, the judge asked the lady why was she refusing to pay the doctor. The lady replied that the cure was not complete because she could not see even a single piece of furniture in her house. The judge understood and told the lady not to pay until her eyesight was completely restored. The doctor had to finally return the lady's furniture in order to be paid his fees.

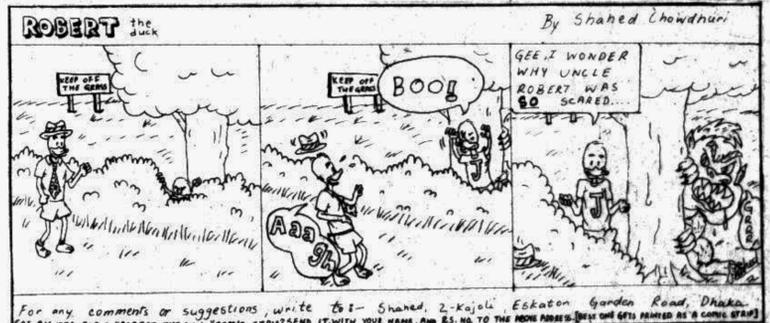
## QUIZ CLUB

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

- Q1. Which city is known as the 'city of skyscrapers'?
- Q2. What are the SAARC countries?
- Q3. What is the official residence of a US president called?
- Q4. When was Buckingham Palace built?
- Q5. How high is the Empire State Building?
- Q6. What is the local currency of Peru?
- Q7. What is the birthplace of Shakespeare?
- Q8. Where is the Wailing Wall?
- Q9. With which sport is the term 'Maiden Over' associated with?
- Q10. Who wrote 'The Good Earth'?

Here are the answers to October 24th's Quiz Club

- 1. Marcello Malpighi, an Italian anatomy professor in 1686.
- 2. Abel Janszoon Tasman.
- 3. The giant panda.
- 4. Barbary ape.
- 5. Constantin Sioiovaski.
- 6. France.
- 7. It provides for life imprisonment for fourth offenders.
- 8. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi.
- 9. 32,000 light years.
- 10. Beauharnais Alexander Vicomet.



## For Want of a Card

by Mahruba Sameen Hussain

**G**RANDPA has a very special pack of cards. He kept them locked in his drawer and kept the key with him. He told us that it was very precious but never showed it to us. Every Saturday after noon we would go to visit him and long to play with his cards. An opportunity came one day. "Grandpa is sleeping and the key is on his bedside table," reported my cousin Samia. Riaz, the cleverest one of us volunteered to get the cards.

After ten minutes or so he returned, with the cards in his hands and a triumphant grin on his face. All of us sat down on the grass in the garden and proceeded to play a game of spadetrump.

A gust of wind suddenly blew away one of the cards. Frantically we ran after it. But alas! a crow came and sat on it. With a certain amount of interest it was examining the card.

On an impulse the crow took the card in its beak, flew and sat on a tree nearby. The

stupid creature was grinning evilly (or so it seemed). We felt so exasperated. After a certain amount of speculation the crow let go off the card. Down it came and went plopping into a muddy puddle. "Sheesh!" We carefully retrieved the card and washed it. It became kind of soft and sloppy. Now came the question of drying it. We placed the card under the fan and left it to dry. A little later Samia, Riaz, the cleverest one of us volunteered to get the floor.

It seemed to stick like glue. Finally it was free. We led out a sigh of relief. We ran towards Grandpa's room to return the cards.

A strange sight met our eyes. Grandpa was sitting on the bed, playing with HIS cards. When he saw us he said, "There you are. Here are those cards."

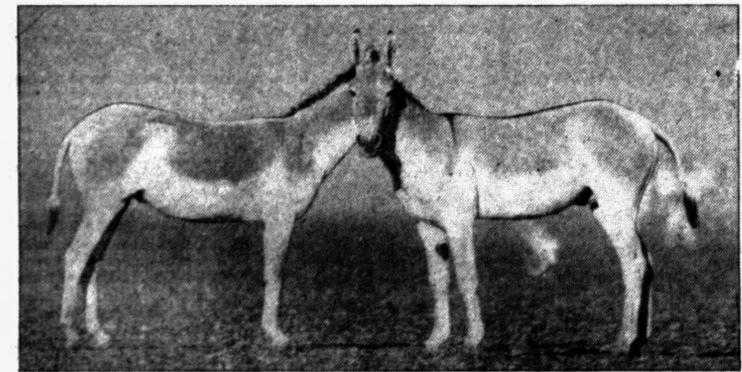
I wanted to give them to you. Take good care of it. We were flabbergasted. Riaz had brought the wrong pack of cards.

## Registration

Here is a new list of club members. Welcome to Rising Stars Club! Please send us your articles, poems, sketches, short stories etc with your registration number.

- Nafisa Akhter Banani, Dhaka RS: 0215
- Asma Abbasi (Shilpi) Siddheswari Road, Dhaka RS: 0216
- Ehsanul Azim Dhanmondi, Dhaka RS: 0217
- Soheli Sadeque Juna Cantonment, Dhaka RS: 0218
- Imrul Abedin Uttar Bagbari, Sylhet RS: 0219
- Mir Ahmad Shaif Uttara, Dhaka RS: 0220
- Mahbubur Rahman Gulshan, Dhaka RS: 0221
- Mahin Rahman Bailey Road, Dhaka RS: 0222

## Picture Quiz



This is another picture quiz for you to solve — Can you guess what this is? Answer next week.