

RISING STARS

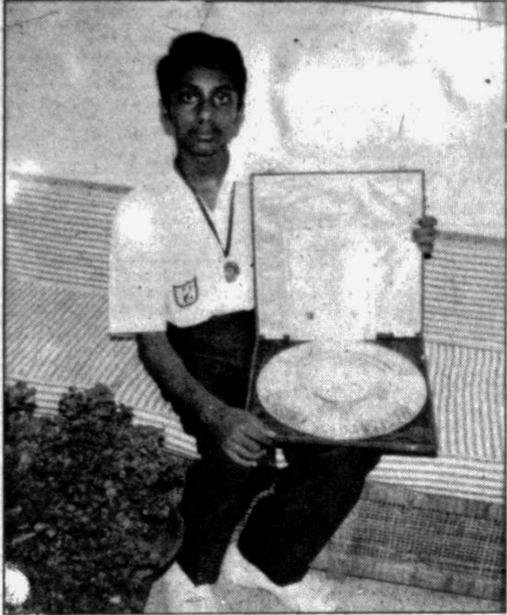
Salute to a Rising Star

by Parveen Anam

Shaquat Wasi Ahmed, is 14 years old. Not a great big age; it is only his achievements which are great. In one so young, a student of a city school, Scholastica, since KG 1, Shaquat Wasi has just been awarded the gold medal, for his painting, entered in the Shankar International Children's Competition 1992 held in New Delhi. The competition was part of the SAARC competition, held for children, from all SAARC competition. Wasi is the proud winner from Bangladesh.

mother at a very early age, who put him into an art school, when he was a few years old.

another, and has a long list of accomplishments to be proud of. But the SAARC competition,



Wasi with his award

There has never been any looking back since. He has gone from one achievement to

is the one which has put his name in the international arena, bringing him fame both

Wasi recently travelled to Delhi, to receive his medal from the Prime Minister of India. It is at moments such as these, that our hearts bubble over with pride and joy, at the talent of our young. The country has so much to look forward to, in the likes of this young talented artist, who brings fame to his country.

After his return from Delhi, he has been informed, that he has also been selected for the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Gold Medal. The same painting, which won him the laurels in the Shankar Competition, won him this medal.

Talking to Wasi is a pleasure. He is a modest child; and loses no time to point out that all his success is due to the encouragement he has always received from his parents and his teachers. His passion for art was discerned by his

at home and abroad.

Wasi is a hard working boy and takes his studies seriously. He writes well as his teachers proudly point out and never shirks work. Wasi himself is humble about his achievements and with a shy smile will shrug off excessive praise. He will insist that his school work is equally important to him. Although he practices pencil sketching for figure drawings, he specialises in water colours.

His father also encourages him by critically appreciating his works.

Wasi gave interviews to Doordarshan, while in India and was taken on tours of Agra and Jaipur, which he enjoyed.

Asked about his vision of the year 2000, when he will just be stepping into adulthood, he sounded a pessimistic note! He did not seem confident of a strife free world and thought we would all have to work extra hard, to make it livable! In a young person, these are words, which make us sit up and take notice. But then again, it is the young themselves, who give us every reason, to look at the future through a rosy hue. And youngsters like Wasi, are included in our bright hopes for the future, both for the country and ourselves. Perhaps after all, it is the young of this land and of other lands, who will make this world a better place — and livable.

Oh No! Its the Phone Again

Faizun Kamal

ONE day the phone rings at Her house and the following conversation takes place.

She: Hello?
He: Hello?

She: Yes, whom do you want?

He: (Mimicking her) Yes, whom do you want?

She: (Indignantly) Excuse me?

He: (Mimicking her again) Excuse.....?

Slam goes the phone on her side!

Another day, the phone rings again and the poor, unsuspecting girl picks it up.

She: Hello?
He: Hello. May I speak to Fuzzy?

She: Speaking.

He: Oh, hi!

She: Hi! (Pause) I'm sorry I don't think I recognise you.

He: No.

She: May I know who's speaking?

He: (With a laugh) I am!

She: (In an exasperated tone) For God's sake, don't you have a name?

He: What's in a name, anyway?

She: (Sudden realization dawns on her). Rez, if this is your idea of a joke.....

He: Rez? My God! I'd rather remain nameless than live with a name like that!

She: I don't have any more time for this 'faltu' talk. (Ready to hang up).

He: Wait! Wait! God, you still haven't recognised me. It's me, Zero!

She: W-h-a-t?! It was you all this time! You..... (She says a long string of unprintable words that has been censored for the sake of respectability!) The next time you try to be funny, pick someone else, not me. I don't have your sense of humour. (Slams down the phone).

And that's the way it goes. Phones have become a very necessary part of our lives. We practically couldn't live without them, especially us girls! But phones can also be a big bother. They are the source of irritating phone calls popularly known as crank calls. Crank calls are calls made by nuts who have a weird sense of humour and who have nothing better to do.

According to the type of calls they make, these bozos can be classified into the following categories:

(a) THE RUDE BOZO: This type calls up innocent people and says obnoxious things to them just for the fun of it. (What fun?)

(b) THE SILENT BOZO: This type simply calls up,

hangs on to the line and doesn't say anything at all.

(c) THE HEAVY BREATHER: This nut finds it extremely amusing to breathe heavily on the line, while the person on the other end is frantically saying 'Hello! Hello!'

(d) THE HAPPY TYPE: The phone rings and you pick it up. You say hello two or three times and then the nut on the other end starts laughing. You wonder what the heck is so funny and promptly hang up, cursing him all the while.

These are just some of the types. Never fear, they are always coming up with something new to irritate you and drive you up the wall. It's during times like these, that you sincerely wish that there were nothing called phones.

Well, crank calls will go on as long as there is a phone in the house. So there's nothing much you can do except may be say a few obnoxious things yourself and slam down the receiver, or better still, keep it off the hook. But then again, there's a chance of the phone going dead, if you keep it unhooked for too long. Well, it's a vicious circle, isn't it? But still, have heart.

Well, a curse on all crank callers. Oh dear, I have to go. I think I hear my phone ringing.

JOKES

Daft definition: What's the definition of extinct?

The smell of bad eggs. Did you hear about the dog who limped into a saloon in the Wild West? He said, "I'm looking for the critter who shot my paw!" A lady rang the police station. "Send the flying squad as quickly as you can," she said. "I've lost my budge." Doctor, doctor, I feel like a spoon.

Sit there and don't stir. What holds the sun up in the sky?

Sunbeams. Here is a newflash: TWENTY LADDERS WERE STOLEN EARLIER TODAY. POLICE WARN THE THIEF THAT FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN.

Did you hear about the man who ate soapflakes for breakfast? He was so mad he foamed at the mouth and was all of a lather.

Teacher: What is the difference between lightning and electricity?

Pupil: You don't have to pay for lightning.

Daft definition: What is the definition of a caterpillar?

A worm with a stripy sweater on.

What do you get when you cross a bee with a bell? A real humdinger.

Why did the orange stop in the middle of the motorway? It ran out of juice.

Beautification or Confusion?

by Rabbana Omar

THE forthcoming SAARC Summit has brought with it, for the past few weeks, a kind of chaos and confusion throughout this city. All of a sudden the government seems to have realised that our capital city, Dhaka looks old and shabby, hence it needs to be beautified.

As it is, the traffic of Dhaka (Bangladesh in general) is so very unruly. But on top of that, all the major roads of the city are being repaired simultaneously. The result is that there is a perpetual traffic jam in the important parts of the city. Mymensingh Road, Mirpur Road and the Airport Road are all being repaired at the same time. The traffic has gone absolutely out of hand. One cannot go into the street without damaging one's eardrums and without uttering an unpleasant syllable. The constant honking of the automobiles is enough to drive a person insane. It takes around an hour to reach Dhanmandi from Sonargaon Hotel. If the government did have plans to

renovate our dilapidated capital couldn't they think of it earlier?

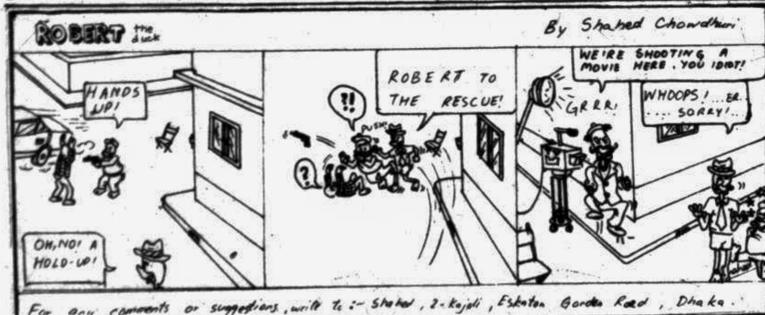
The Green Peace conference has surely evoked love and passion for the growth of plants in Bangladesh, such that trees are being planted on the footpaths! The name should definitely be changed to 'plantpaths' because there is hardly any space for the people to put their feet on. Plants usually thrive during the monsoon season, therefore the approach of winter has made them look dead and weak already. Besides, the water and the soil provided are not enough for their survival. Moreover, we are a curious race. When the delegates and high officials will pass by, all these footpaths and even the roads, are going to be covered by onlookers. Will the delegates even get a glimpse of the iron railings and droopy plants?

The islands separating the roads are extremely low — will they be able to keep the trucks, the mother of all auto-

mobiles, from going over them? It seems that the word 'PLAN' does not exist in the vocabulary of the authorities who have undertaken the task of beautifying Dhaka city. Facts must be faced. We are a poor country, so why not let the world see us for what we are?

The country's economy is crippled, people are living in a 'hand to mouth' condition — How can they pay such high taxes levied on them? It is high time that the government realised this. Instead of improving the roads which are in fairly good condition, they should work on roads such as Elephant Road, the roads in Lalmatia and many others, which require urgent attention.

The way the things are moving, maybe by the end of this month the building of the Taj Mahal will be completed here in Bangladesh. Let us just hope that they do not intend to build the Statue of Liberty within two months for the next SAARC Summit!



Bet You Didn't Know

The lost tomb of Attila the Hun lies somewhere in Hungary — Attila the Hun came riding from the east with his fearful horsemen and terrorized Europe in the 5th century AD. He died suddenly on the last of his many wedding nights,

when he choked on his own blood from a severe nosebleed! According to legend, he was buried in a hill somewhere in Hungary, but no one knows exactly when. No one even knows whether or not the burial place has ever been plundered.

The legend suggests that Attila was buried with his treasure and with the bodies of those who carried him to his grave. His coffin is said to be covered with a layer of gold, a layer of silver and a layer of iron.

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:

The Strange New Boy

by Israat Ahmed

Class V

THERE was something about the new boy in our class. He wasn't very friendly. He didn't want anyone to tell him where the bathroom was, or what we had done so far in our studies. Without any help from anyone, he copied the notes, did the work alone. We were all astonished. Nobody talked to him. Once Lucy and Liza (my friends) had asked him his name but he had knocked them down. So nobody, except for one silly girl who was always at the bottom of the form, talked to him. (She sure can make impossible things possible. Her name is Julie.)

Julie followed the boy around like a dog. She sat next to him in class. And if he ever dropped anything on the floor she would jump to get it. But still he would not talk to her or anyone else.

One day I gathered enough courage to follow him. He walked and walked and walked and I got tired, then thankfully, he turned into a gate and entered a garage. I peeped in. Oh! My Goodness Gracious! I nearly exclaimed out loud but stopped myself. I saw a laboratory full of wires tape recorders, televisions, computers and video games etc. And guess what? Tons of Archie Comics lying on the floor! What a boy! No wonder he was at the top of the form! From the inside of the house came a sinister "click! click!"

Then walked out some small green creatures with feelers. I saw that the boy also had on a hat, green in colour, with feelers. The creatures tapped out a message in a Morse code. I caught a few words — "it is ready, sir". I was puzzled and full of curiosity. As it was getting late, I decided to go home. As I walked home I was deep in thought.

The next day, I spilled the beans. Everyone knew by the time he arrived. Julie said, "I'll tell him." We requested her not to, but she never listened to anyone and so she told him. Julie is such a stubborn girl. When he arrived, she jumped on her feet and told him everything with a big 'Peeps-gel' smile. Surprisingly he didn't say anything. I tried to avoid him but I couldn't.

During break, I saw him go behind a bush. As I approached it I saw the green creatures telling him all the answers of chemistry test and physics test and classwork answers which were going to be asked of us that day. I noted down all the answers. "It's not cheating", I told myself as I wrote. I laughed a little thinking about my friends Julie, Lucy and Liza.

That day, my response in class was super. My friends were staring at me as if they

saw an alien or a giant answering all the questions specially, Julie she was staring at me like hippopotamus. (I hate it when she stares at me like that). But I was happy because I got full marks in the tests I never thought I would even pass in that day. I followed him, again. But this time, very unfortunately, I was discovered.

He held me in an iron grip and took me to the garage. On my way I thought of never even forgiving Julie. . . the most kind-hearted and generous friend of mine. (Actually I mean idiot and stupid as she was the main culprit of all things). Why did she have to tell him about . . . I fainted. When I came to I saw that I was tied to a chair, while that horrible boy did something with some purple liquids. On pressing a button, five robots rolled in. They were commanded to do something. They did and I fainted again. The next thing I knew I was put into a silver space suit. They put me on a trolley and I was rolled into a rocket with that stupid boy. The rocket shot up. I was thinking about Julie and felt like crying. I fainted again. How sad I was on my way to Mars, to lead a new life.

Strangely enough, I am no longer sad. Today, I see myself settling in Mars and writing this story, and probably I'll faint again. And all this is true. (Real true.)

Revenge

by Tadib Muqtada
Grade VII, New Delhi

IT was a hot sunny day in the middle of the afternoon in mid April. I was about six years old then and living in Bangkok. My grandfather had just come to visit us. We were both sitting and watching the television and Grandpa wanted to watch the news.

"No! Don't change the channel", I shouted at Grandpa. "Why not?" my grandpa shouted back. "You have been watching action serial all day, and now I want to watch the news!" "No!" I screamed back. "My action serial only comes once a day while your news comes every half an hour." My dark black eyes reflected against the sunlight, watery with anger. My hair was blown by the strong cool breeze coming from the half opened window. Then Grandpa shouted back at me, his bald face was all red, and any man who saw him could realize that he was furious. He stood there 5' 10" tall, staring at me through his dark glasses but his anger was nothing compared to what I was feeling (well at least I thought so).

With his face full of heat and firmness he said, "Turn it

to the news channel right now". Then suddenly without prior notice my mom walked in. She said, "What's all the argument about? Your grandpa is a guest in our house, and you must treat him with respect". Hearing this heart breaking news I walked out of the TV room because I knew there was no use arguing with my mom. I turned my head once more to look at Grandpa and I left the room. I finally realized that my grandpa had won this battle but I wasn't going to give up so easily either. I would get my revenge sooner or later.

I started walking up and down in my cozy room. I was trying to change my mind and play with my Lego and board games but that was impossible because I couldn't get the incident out of my head. The incident just froze in my head and I couldn't get it out. It was like a big basketball trying to find its way out of a box whose hole was not big enough for the ball to come out. I picked up one of my toy cars with one of my sweaty hands, and threw it on the floor with one of my hardest throws. As

it smashed against the ground one of the wheels broke apart.

I suddenly remembered that my grandpa was going to a very important party that night. I then decided to hide his party shoes, put perfume on his shirt and a couple of other things that he wouldn't know about.

The sun was going down, and darkness was creeping in. It was about seven o'clock, the party would start at eight so I had enough time to get my pranks ready. So when the sun had completely disappeared I got out my water gun and shot it right on his trousers then I got out his shoes and hid it under the darkest part of the bed. After that I got out his nicely pressed shirt, crumpled it, and hid it under the table. Then I slowly walked out of the room my mind happy, for I had gotten my revenge. When grandpa finished his shower he couldn't find anything and he got really mad. Then after a while he apologized to me, (that was just what I wanted to hear) and I returned all his belongings, not in the best of condition though.

STAR PROFILE

Name: Kevin Costner

Age: 37

Marital Status: Married

Did you know that:

- He is the son of a utilities worker?
- He graduated from a California University with a business degree in 1977?
- In the last four years, nine of the eleven movies he's acted in have become smash hits?
- "Dances With Wolves" — the first movie he directed in, fetched him \$ 180 million?
- The first movie he acted in was called "Sizzle Beach"?



QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's quiz questions. Remember to send in answers by next Thursday. If you get all of them right you may win a very attractive prize! Participants must be under 21.

- Q1. Who was the first woman president of the United Nations General Assembly?
- Q2. Which place in India has the highest rainfall?
- Q3. What is the capital of Sierra Leone?
- Q4. When did Vasco-de-Gama discover the sea route to India?
- Q5. Who wrote Les Miserables?
- Q6. What is the national sport of Spain?
- Q7. Who created the character of Rip Van Winkle?
- Q8. What is the local currency of Bulgaria?
- Q9. With which sport is the word 'Cox' associated with?
- Q10. Who was Oliver Cromwell?

Answers to November 7th's Quiz Club

1. New York
2. Bangladesh, Bhutan, India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Nepal and Maldives.
3. White House
4. 1903
5. 400 metres
6. Sol
7. Stratford-on-Avon
8. Jerusalem, Israel
9. Cricket
10. Pearl S Buck