

RISING STARS

When Parents Break up

DIVORCE... a nightmare of life to children, a part of life taken away from an innocent child. Fighting, screaming, then it happens... divorce. It is a sad fact that children can be emotionally hurt by their own parents. Who knows, someone may be crying or doing drugs because of the hurt inside. Fear, insecurity pain, the anger can all make a child take some drastic action as a revenge on the parents. Hopes and dreams for the future all disappear with nobody to talk to or trust, the child is afraid of being laughed at. Children have nobody to lead them to happiness.

Unanswered questions such as why does divorce occur or what can be done, wander through their minds. Children worldwide are the victims of divorced parents. Some ask questions such as, Do kids ever run away? Are children abandoned? Why? Who gets custody of the children? How is the child supported?

There are many reasons as to why married couples get divorced. Sometimes in a family the children are very much loved by their parents but the adults are slowly drifting apart. It is their relationship that isn't working out. So they think that the only and most simple solution is to get a divorce. There is a wider acceptance of divorce as a solution to unhappy marriages. But many people know that this is not the only reason for divorce. The expansion of job opportunities for women is opening up therefore making them less dependent on husbands. Couples especially of middle class background now-a-days are having fewer children, with an average of two making the fi-

by Cristina Bulmer

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finalized there is only one parent around the house and the home seems empty. The children worry about what will happen to them if the parent they were living with had some kind of accident. The worry about the divorce can easily stress out the youngsters and cause them to start doing

divorced parents often dream of their mom and dad getting back together and falling in love again. But then when their parents start meeting other people it is common for the child to feel jealous or left out. Then questions start wandering through the child's mind such as, will they stop talking to each other forever, will they stop loving me?

It is very hard for the young person to take sides with the family if one parent talks about the other. If one parent were to re-marry then the pain could cause the child to make an attempt to destroy the relationship. The child could also get ideas of revenge or a way to make the parents pay for all the pain they'd caused. He or she may start to smoke, drink or even do drugs. At very bad times it is possible for the children to run away.

In the past only men were responsible for their families and now both men and women share the right equally. After a divorce it is possible for the children to run away if they are not wanted by their parents. If a child does run away their life would be very likely for him or her to sleep in old cars and deserted buildings.

According to the article Born, raised... thrown away published by Kiwanis, in the United States alone runaway children of divorced couples range from 1.3 million to 2 million per year. The average age of children who run away because of their parents' divorce is fifteen for a girl and seventeen for a boy. Sometimes when divorced adults are working they don't have time to look after the children so they leave them in the care of others.

At times it is hard to decide which parent should get



argue he'll get all tense at the change of manner. When a child overhears his parents arguing, he might feel scared and guilty, believing he is the cause of it all. As a consequence, the child feels lonely and un-loved.

After the divorce has been

things wrong. For example they might stop doing their homework, throw things around the house or sometimes fight with friends. They might even feel ashamed to tell their closest friends about their own family situation.

These young victims of di-

custody of the child or children. It's not easy to tell what is best for the children. There is joint custody which gives parents equal responsibility for raising the child.

In many countries it is more common for the children to stay with the mother. Some groups that are concerned about the children's welfare say custody gives violent spouses control over their victimized families. Other groups say that joint custody becomes a bargaining chip used by fathers to negotiate the lower levels of child support with wives who want sole custody. Parents who share joint custody say that benefits outweigh costs. Rarely, the judge will ask the child which parent he/she prefers to live with.

Many children wonder how they will be able to live with their non-working mother when their working father is gone. Usually they will be supported by an alimony. Alimony is a certain amount of money paid by one spouse to the other during legal separation or after divorce. The amount of money is set by the court and it is either paid monthly or by installments. The alimony is sometimes based on the spouse's financial conditions. Whoever has the highest income would pay the alimony. If the spouse fails to pay the alimony for any reason he/she could be sent to jail, although these laws are not always enforced.

Divorce causes unbearable pain to children mentally and emotionally. It can affect their studies and daily life. They could have difficulties forming permanent relationships of their own with fear they may not work out. The children are left with a feeling of loneliness in their lives. With the unfortunate yearly increase of divorce unfortunately, more and more children's lives are blighted by the loss of family relationships.

A Dream Or ...

by Fariha Kamal

I don't know how, why, or where I was, but I found myself in a small room. It was musty and dusty too. I got up to examine the room. There was no way of escape, but I saw there was some disappearing powder in a basket nearby. I cannot tell how I knew, but I just knew it. I started to rub some of it on the wall and miraculously a hole eventually formed; big enough for a human being to pass through. I walked through the passage. It was filled with cob-webs and dust. Finally I entered a room and saw a mummy there. Isn't it strange? Now I was clear, that I was inside a pyramid and by some strange magic had been put here. I went fearlessly towards the mummy and opened the coffin. As I did so, it sneezed got up and yawned. I was very startled.

I said 'Hello!' The mummy replied 'Eh? who are you?' I told him my name and what had happened to me. He got up unwound the bandages with which he was wrapped, and oh, what a surprise I got to see that he was my good friend Ishtiaque! I was very astonished and asked him what he was doing here. He replied with an air of dignity: 'I was the ruler of Egypt, King Ishtiaque VII' was at my wits end.

Then the most amazing scene met my eyes. Suddenly, Naureen, another friend of mine, appeared out of nowhere and said she was Cleopatra's favorite maid and had been buried with her when she died.

With them, now I found some courage to find my way out. King Ishtiaque led Naureen

and me to a room where we saw stacks of food and treasures. The three of us ate a sumptuous meal and started on our journey.

As we approached another room a hideous animal appeared. It roared at us and we backed away. We were so scared that we didn't notice a hole behind us and as we backed we all fell inside. It was pitch dark in there but gradually we got accustomed to the darkness. We scrambled up and noticed something written on the wall. It said:

To The Spirits Of Darkness
Tap three times on the wall
Tap three times and then crawl
Then whistle shrilly, and give a shout
To see the spirits come out of the spout!

We were so curious, that we wanted to follow the directions and see what happened. But I persuaded them to leave it alone. So we wisely left it alone. We walked through a narrow tunnel; it was damp and water trickled from the cracks. We trudged along silently till we caught sight of daylight. We hurried. When we reached the end, we saw it led us to a deep, dark forest. We sang out in joy. King Ishtiaque, maid of honour Naureen and I danced and pranced about. When we calmed down a bit, King Ishtiaque said he had to leave us to go back to his Kingdom. We sadly bade him good bye, as he was a merry companion to have.

Then Naureen and I started walking to find a way back to my country. We tramped along

warily. As dusk fell we reached a clearing in the forest. A fire burnt there. We were relieved to see it. We saw six men and women sitting round the fire. I asked one of them where we were and told them our problem. The King (that's what I thought) addressed me and told us that he could help us and as he spoke to us I exclaimed in recognition. There was my third friend Maashed.

His companions were also richly dressed. I thought it was too much when I recognized them as my classmates. The ladies were Tehsin and Shapan and Asif was the ground vicer of King Maashed and Shapaq was his philosopher.

They showed us around and promised to help us. We slept peacefully. As dawn approached I woke Naureen. The king Maashed led us to a large room. Two guards stood at the entrance. By now I was accustomed to see the familiar faces, so it did not strike me odd to see that the guards were Sabrina and Sayema. They wore long white gowns and held a spear in each hand.

Inside the room, there was a huge pizza. The king told us to eat our way through it and that after we finished eating we would find ourselves in our country. Isn't it a curious happening? We bade the people goodbye, thanked them and started to eat. It was very delicious! As we reached the end everything started to whirl and to behold I found myself safely tucked in my bed when I went to school I found out that Naureen and I had the same dream. Still now it's a big puzzle to us and the question remains:

Was it just a dream or...?

FANGS JR VIII

by Sagheer Bin Faiz

WHILE everyone is pondering on exactly what Don M will do with that fratted transmitter, we turn our attention to the other side of the world i.e. at good of Waffles. We did say he was out of the story but he's back by popular demand.

Having fallen for and married the Beautiful Saudi Arabian Princess, Waffles was now taking her to Cox's Bazar for their honeymoon. (Did you expect the Riviera on a chauffeur's salary?) But the train journey was absolute, undiluted hell. Waffles was discovering that his marriage with BSP (Beautiful Saudi Arabian Princess) was a big mistake. All she did on the train was moan and complain. If it wasn't the hard couch, it was the air conditioning. She sent Waffles out at every stop to buy her a souvenir and Waffles, venom in his eyes, once ran to the nearest

telephone booth and looked up 'Divorce Lawyers' in the directory. Unfortunately, this stop was Ashuganj, not exactly famous for its divorce lawyers, so Waffles was out of luck.

Then he heard a radio report announcing that a hurricane was impending in the general vicinity of Cox's Bazaar and ran back to BSP to tell her the news.

"Don't be such a wimp, Waffles!" she blared. "One hurricane isn't going to ruin our honeymoon!"

Waffles had no choice but to shrug helplessly at SM (Superb Maiden), BSP's companion and maid, who winked back at him.

Well, they finally got to the beach, deserted because of the government's successful evacuation plans. The sky was overcast and very very dark, but that didn't deter BSP at all. Clad in conservative garb, she lay down on a Persian rug spe-

cially made for beach use and yelled to Waffles.

"Get me a Coke and a burger."

"But the stand is closed," Waffles argued. "Don't argue with me! SM, go with him. The clumsy fool's liable to drop everything!"

So a very irritated Waffles and a very enthusiastic SM scampered off; for some reason, SM yelled.

"Fred will be dead no more!" All of a sudden, they heard a scream and turned around. The hurricane was coming — a huge 19 feet tidal wave was heading straight for BSP. And in front of Waffles and SM's eyes, it swallowed BSP, and then instead of progressing, the wave turned back towards the Bay of Bengal.

Next week- Don M reveals the secret of the transmitter and we finally reach the end of this staggering epic. — to be continued

QUIZ CLUB

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

- Q 1. What is the local currency of Indonesia called?
 - Q 2. What is the place of workshop of Zoroastrians called?
 - Q 3. What is the parliament in Nepal known as?
 - Q 4. When did the Hundred Years War break out?
 - Q 5. What was the battle in which Nelson defeated the French in 1798 called?
 - Q 6. What is the capital of Bolivia?
 - Q 7. What is the largest bell in the world called?
 - Q 8. Which city is known as the Eternal City?
 - Q 9. Who wrote the famous novel Lolita?
 - Q 10. Who was the creator of the character Tess?
- Answer to November 14th's Quiz Club:
1. Dushanbe.
 2. General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs.
 3. Hockey.
 4. George Bernard Shaw.
 5. Agatha Christie.
 6. Chinese Buddhist pilgrim who visited India during the reign of Chandragupta II.
 7. Peso.
 8. Tibet.
 9. Waterman.
 10. Ice Hockey.



Why the Egret Rides on the Carabao

A bird often seen in the ricefields in the cattle egret. It is a white bird with long legs and got its name from its habit of standing on the back of the cattle, especially carabaos.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why the carabao does not drive off the egret with his large horns. Wise men who know about animals tell us that the cattle egret stands on the carabao's back to catch the flies which bite the carabao.

There is however, an old tale which explains in a much more interesting way why the egret rides on the back of the carabao.

The tale is as follows:

Once, when the world was young, the carabao and the egret had a quarrel. They spoke many angry words to each other, but their quarrel was not settled. At last the carabao said, "Let us settle our differences through a contest. Let us go down to the river and drink its water, each as much as he can. The winner will make the other his slave."

"How shall we tell who drinks more water?" asked the egret.

Replied the carabao, "The one who can make the water shallow will have drunk more water."

The egret thought about the matter for a moment. Then she said, "You have such a large stomach that it will be easy for you to win the contest. But I am willing to compete with you in a water-drinking contest."

"Then let us go to the river," said the carabao.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry," replied the egret. "We do not have judges yet, let us wait until tomorrow. You ask the four-footed animals to

come and judge our contest and I shall invite the birds."

After they had parted, the egret flew behind the bamboo groves and hid in a big tree beside the river. She sat watching the water for a long time. At least, she flew away and asked the birds of the surrounding fields to come and judge the contest the following day.

Next morning the birds and beasts came to the river. The carabao had invited the four-footed creatures of the field, while the egret had invited the birds. The judges formed a long line at the bank of the river and said, "Let the drinking contest begin."

"You drink first, egret," said the carabao.

"No, you drink first," replied the egret.

"If I drink the river dry, you will have no water left to drink," said the carabao. "Then there will be no contest."

"Do not be too sure about that," said the egret. She turned to the judges and asked, "Honorable judges, which of us should drink first? It was the carabao who suggested this contest."

"In that case let the carabao begin," the judges ordered. So the carabao dipped his mouth into the water and started drinking. He drank and drank until the birds and the beasts thought that he would never stop.

Strangely enough, however, the more the carabao drank, the deeper the water became. No one but the egret knew that at this time, the tide was rising. She had studied the river the day before. The water from the sea coming in through the mouth of the river made the water in the stream deeper. So the longer the carabao drank, the higher

went the tide.

Finally the carabao was swimming where he had stood at the water in the beginning of the contest, and the judges started laughing at him. Then the carabao came out of the water and said, "Let the egret drink if she can."

"I shall be ready to drink as soon as I have arranged my feathers," said the egret. She spent a long time arranging her feathers, but she was really waiting for the tide to turn.

When the egret saw the water start flowing back into the sea, she walked to the edge of the water and said, "Now I'll try to drink as much water as I can."

She dipped her bill in the water and pretended to drink. Soon the judges could see that the water was becoming shallower. Not knowing the secret of the tides, they looked on in amazement. The carabao was alarmed when he saw that the water was getting lower every moment. When the tide was entirely out, the river became very shallow. The egret lifted her bill and said, "Now, honorable judges, pronounce your judgement."

"The egret wins," said the beasts.

"The carabao loses," said the birds.

"Let the carabao become the slave of the egret," said the beasts and the birds together.

And that is why you often see the egret standing on the back of her slave, the carabao. As she rides on the carabao, her head is thrown back and her eyes are half-closed. It is said, she thinks of the great drinking contest that she won long ago.

— A tale from Laughing Together (Unesco publication)

Memories of Yesterday

by Harvey Anthony Ellis

Memories of yesterday, when I first met you. Looking at those beautiful eyes, Made me fall in love with you. Feelings I thought I fought, Surfaced in my heart. The love that I destroyed in myself, Conquered me at last. Sadness or happiness, Anything I can bear. I just had to get the feelings out, From deep down there. Whenever I did, I did out of love, In a way. But all these things are memories of yesterday.

Do Children Need Homework?

by Tadib Muqtada

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MY answer is a big No to that question. I am saying a big No to that question because we already do enormous amount of hard work in school. Whenever you see us in school you will find our heads buried in a book.

With homework at home, after a tiring day, I feel like I'll faint. I know we are children, but still I think we also should have some rights. With homework we hardly have enough time to play or talk to our parents. All we have time for is doing our homework, having our supper and going to bed.

Sometimes children have to wake up early in the morning just to finish their homework, a project or a report. So that means some kids don't have enough sleep either. I wonder what the teachers think about us. I'll tell you what they think of us. They think we have computers in our heads, and we can work like robots. In other words, they think that we are super-brained fast writers. Nobody appreciates we are only human beings.

We go home with our bags filled with books. We can hear our backbone cracking and it seems like it's going to break apart any minute.

Our brains are working so hard all the time that they threaten to burn out.

I agree that you should have

JOKES

Batty books:
What is the difference between a sock and a camera?
One takes five toes and the other takes photos (four toes).
On which side of a chicken are there most feathers?
The outside.
Where do wasps go for their holidays?
Stingapore.
Which tail never wags?
A shirt tail.
Mike: Could you eat an egg that wasn't cooked?
Ike: Only if it was an Easter egg.
Sue: I spent eight hours on my maths book last night.
John: Eight hours?
Sue: Yes, I put it under my pillow before I went to sleep.
What does it mean if you find a horseshoe? Some poor horse is going around in his socks.

Picture Quiz

Here is a new picture quiz for you to solve. Can you guess what this is? Answer next week. The answer to the last picture quiz is The Eiffel Tower in Paris.



Bet You Didn't Know

Boys were kept to be whipped instead of princes — in medieval times it was quite common for a royal palace to have a 'whipping boy'.

This was a companion about the same age as the young prince of the place. It was considered to be beneath the dignity of the prince to be punished, the 'whipping boy' was whipped or punished instead of the prince whenever the prince did something wrong.