

# RISING STARS

## "Tis the Season, Marry Me?" To Write or not to Write

**S**HE sees a face of ghoulish, baleful ugliness, so terribly repulsive that she falls back a step. It is a face of such hateful and contorted violence that it burns itself incredibly on her mind. "I am supposed to marry this guy?" "Marry it?" These lines pass through her mind at that moment of time.

Another photograph and another shriek as she looks at it with her eyes starting out of her head. Another photograph and the same type of ghoulish seer and malicious face and that unforgettable squat body. Aaaaaaauughhh! You might think it's pretty simple stuff — the guy says "yes" and the girl says "huh-what?" and they swap these golden bands and go on living happily ever after ..... well sometimes All that is getting married. I am here to bore you about a wedding and that is a totally different pack of cards. If you are not a financier of these supposedly heavenly events you are in for a mega surprise when you do become one.

Don't get me wrong, I am big on weddings and that kind of stuff but you see I am trying to make this long so that "they" just might take notice and pay me a bit more. In the case of a 'love marriage', the guy tells the girl that "without you the whole universe is crumbled bacon bits dipped in axle grease" and the girl takes pity and says "yes". Now if mom and dad agree on both sides then it is "Yippeee!" but if not, oh well they just get married anyway!

An arranged marriage is a lot messier than the "luv-stuff". Certain societies have these weird ways of getting two people into matrimonial mumbo jumbo.

First of all they run a check

and a cross reference and a thorough check of the guy/girl; they hire PIs to find out how many flings they had in those "I wanna go out with somebody" years and how many cancellations (you know when the proposal almost makes it and then it suddenly falls

through). Then they get chummy and they find out if "he" has a big bank balance (I mean they want to know how much money his dad has at the Swiss Bank). In her case, they find out if she has a house at Baridhara or her own private airplane naturally financed by Abbu-Ammu.

Then if he and she pass the inquisition, Mommies and Daddies give them their telephone numbers so that they

can get to know each other before D-DAY.

After thousands of bucks on phone-bills and 'Eta kono grahoker nambor noi..... Please be sure of the correct number' and meetings at Gelataria

outdo the other then they are quick to criticise on how the other side is incapable of keeping up with them.

The Holups: Poor couple. At least that's what I think. If there is one reason why I might never marry when I am supposed to marry it will be,

suits with white ties and white suits with green ties and women wearing saris (that weigh more than they do!) waiting in line for the most important part of the wedding...the food. And as they go on gobbling up the food — they gobble some more while the couple gets two dozen wall-clocks, uncountable lamps, numerous tea sets and carpets and cars and paintings and TVs and VCRs and prize bonds. But wait! All this is being recorded by our friendly "Video-Man". He gets everything on video tape, no matter how; if he has to fumble or stumble or dangle from a tree top to get it. He zooms in on you when you least expect it or when you simply don't want him to — yes he gets you when you are putting that greasy morsel of fried rice with chicken and beef dipped in "borhani" into your long awaiting tummy.

Everybody from the bride's khala's brother-in-law's son's friend's mother to the Chief Guest (take your pick — it could be a man decorated with lots of medals on his chest or a supposedly very important Lady) try to stuff the bridegroom with one whole goat, a cow and a sperm whale. The bride on the other hand wears make-up and jewellery to fill Chadni-Chawk and Hawker's Market!

The Boo-Hoo and my Ending: This is when the bride is going off, with the bridegroom never to return as a sequel (singers crossed!). The bride gives her father's coat a wash with salt water; her mother now has second thoughts about the whole thing, her brother is happy to get rid of her at long last and the editor is swearing at me to finish this garbage off. Whew!

because of that yellow gunk that they are forced to put on their faces. Then comes that "day" and that "night". The bridegroom turns up in a car which everyone wants to get a glimpse of rather than the groom. As they eye the car and questions like "How many flowers have they used to decorate the car?", "What colour is the car?", "Is it a mercedes?" pass in the air, the wedding takes place. We can see black

**I**f you guys are thinking that I'm going to write a very interesting or exciting article for you, you are very mistaken. I'm not much of a writer, certainly no match for the talented writers and poets of the Rising Stars Club. Let's suppose I do write something. What's it going to be about, I start to wonder. So I take my pad and my favourite Parker pen, go outside, find a comfortable, warm spot in my lawn and sit down to think.

Now, it happens that I live just next door to a 'well-known' English Medium school — how fortunate (?) of me! But as soon as I sat down to think, a strange cacophony began at the school next door, which, in my opinion, was enough to drive any sane person out of his mind. The dissonant sound made it virtually impossible for me to do anything but stuff cotton wool in my ears. Oh well, I can't blame them for making a bit of noise, it was only natural. And I hear that they're moving away. But that's not all. As if the shouting wasn't enough, a white frisbee came gliding like a flying saucer from next door and landed on my lawn. Usually I'm not a rude person and I would've returned the frisbee, but this was just not the time.

I quietly slipped away to the back-yard where my dog,

**by Adeeb Z. Mahmud**

Newton, was sitting in the sun. As soon as he saw me, he came running up to me. That's all very fine but before I had written even two lines he started to test the sharpness of his teeth on my new pair of shoes.

"What, exactly, do you think you're doing, Mr. Newton? I ask him.

He looked up as if to say, 'Where did you get this new pair? It's going to be fun chewing 'em.' The dog may be man's best friend but when an Alsatian thinks that its time for exercising his jaws, it's not very wise to hang around, at least not around my Alsatian.

So I got up and go into the house to my room. Finally I'll get some peace and quiet in here," I thought. But it just wasn't my day. The telephone started to ring just as I came in my room. So, I went to the phone and reluctantly picked up the receiver.

"Hallo, is that you Adeeb?" It was my cousin Saad.

"No, this is CNN International," I replied.

"Oh, it is you. So how are you?"

"Couldn't be better."

"Look Adeeb, I need a favour. You know that friend of mine who lives in Dhanmondi near your place? Well, I bor-

rowed a couple of books from him and was supposed to return them this afternoon. Only I forgot that I was supposed to go shopping with my Mom today. You know my Mom, she's gonna kill me if I don't go with her and my friend's gonna kill me if I don't return his books today. So I need you to return the books for me. And .....

"Saad, I'm trying to write an article for the newspaper."

"Oh really, for the New York Times? Ha ha I just kidding. But don't bother, they'll never print it. So it's settled then. You're coming to my house and taking the books. Thanks a lot Adeeb and be sure to return them by one o'clock. Bye." With that he hung up.

Some how I don't recall ever saying 'yes' to his proposal in our conversation. But that didn't seem to matter to him. Perhaps, the thought that I also wanted to kill him hadn't come to his mind. Why do these things always happen to me? And what about the article? Oh well, I hadn't yet decided what I was going to write about. And it was probably a waste of time, not to mention the paper and postage. Besides, what are cousins for? I looked at my pad lying on the table where I had managed to scribble a few lines. 'May be another time,' I said to myself as I got up to get ready.



**I** had just awakened from a sweet dream. I was sitting on my bed and in a good mood enjoying the wonderful trail of my dream. Just in front of me was a picture of Mickey Mouse hanging on the wall. Mickey was smiling at me and saying, 'Have a nice day!' I thanked him and was all the more assured of a pleasant day ahead.

"Hurry up or you will be late for school," came the warning from Mum. At the breakfast table—"Mum may I have a sandwich with the burger?"

"No. That is for your uncle and his family."

"Are they coming today?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"You are talking too much. Finish your breakfast and go."

"But I am fed up with the same breakfast each and every day. Bread and egg."

"One more word and you will get nothing."

So no more word. I finished my breakfast quietly and left for school in a hurry.

"What a start of a nice day. Huh!"

Just when I stepped into the school gate—Ding, dong.....

The teacher was kind enough. "I don't want to see that happen again"—a stern warning. The rest of school went quite alright. I tried my best to concentrate on the lessons but somehow my mind drifted to New York thinking what Stefan Edberg was doing

**Have a Nice Day**  
**by Nabila Haque (Class IX)**

in, the final of the US Open Tennis Championship.

"Chotu." Mum was calling.

"Yes mum."

"Come here." Sounded bad.

"What are you doing?"

"Reading a story mum."

"Who told you to place this flower vase down here? I saw the broken pieces on the floor."

"But mum....."

"How many times did I tell everyone to be careful with this, specially when children are around. And now you....."

"But mum!....."

"Shut up. Now clean this mess."

I tried very hard to tell her that I didn't do it but in vain.

My mood was not at all good after a restless noon. And now this really sank me. I knew mum liked the vase very much and so did I. The truth is I didn't do it. But who will listen to me? If anything goes wrong everybody shouts, "Chotu how?" "Chotu why?" "Chotu when?" and so on. That was just what had happened now.

Fine, now what could I do? I turned on the TV to watch the cartoon. The announcer promptly announced a discussion programme on behalf of 'Anti Tobacco Day.' "Oh Drat!" I put the TV off. The whole evening was a bore. At night after finishing my homework I

went to watch TV. I had studied none stop to finish it quickly and didn't go in front of the TV during the evening to make sure that I could watch the late night movie.

"Chotu."

"Yes Mum."

"Go to bed."

"But Mum I want to watch this movie. I worked hard. At least let me enjoy myself now."

"It's 10:30 and you are supposed to be in bed."

"I know but only for tonight."

"Chotu don't argue with Mum. Go to bed," commented my elder sister. "You always watch the late night movies, so why can't I?" I demanded. "Because you are still the little Chotu, that's why." She said mockingly. Well, I had to accept it.

Slam! I shut the door of my bedroom. That was all I could do.

When I sat down on my bed I just thought—

"Yeah, sure. What a nice day I had!"

Next morning Mickey had his usual smile and was wishing me a nice day but I paid little attention to it. I opened the newspaper, the headline read "EDBERG RETAINED HIS TITLE." My joy knew no bound.

Well Mickey, at last Stefan and I will have a nice day!

**The Ups & Downs of 1992!**  
**by SB Faiz and JGD Costa**

1992 — what a year — not! But on the other hand, it's not exactly a year that you could consider in consequential. We at RS have decided to take a rather on conventional look back at 1992 by making these dreaded lists. Enjoy going through them and don't say we didn't warn you!

**Top 10 Newsmakers**

- (1) Bill Clinton
- (2) George Bush
- (3) Ross Perot
- (4) The Pakistan Cricket Team
- (5) Madonna
- (6) Freddie Mercury
- (7) Diana & Charles
- (8) James Fenimore Cooper (for writing "The Last of the Mohicans" so that it could be turned into an awesome movie with hunky Daniel Day Lewis and gorgeous Maddy Stowe)
- (9) Bobby Brown and Whitney Houston
- (10) Rashed Khan Menon

**Top 10 Losers**

- (1) Bush
- (2) Perot
- (3) Queen Elizabeth
- (4) Sinead O' Connor
- (5) Michael Jackson
- (6) Pince Charles
- (7) Diana
- (8) England's Cricket Team
- (9) Benazir Bhutto

**Top 5 Calamities**

- (1) America sank, got blown about, exploded and yet moneyyed to service!
- (2) Cyclone that almost hit Cox's Bazaar
- (3) Bosnia-Herzegovina
- (4) The fire at Windsor Castle
- (5) Somalia

**Top 5 Snappy Dressers**

- (1) Our very own RS artist Wafi
- (2) Billy
- (3) Hillary
- (4) US
- (5) The Queen (not!)

**Top 5 Celebrities Most Bugged by Press**

- (1) Charles & Di
- (2) Woody Allen
- (3) Fergie
- (4) Fergie's Texan beau
- (5) Billy's Cat

**Top 5 novelties in Dhaka**

- (1) Candy floss (novel haunt for indecent people)
- (2) Girls in biker shorts (???)
- (3) The Daily Star's new office
- (4) Sideburn's (Ed- I smell a rat!)
- (5) Dirty Hair (Ed-Shahed, Khusk!?)

**Top 5 fashion accessories**

- (1) Nose Studs
- (2) 19 hole son each car
- (3) 50 gold necklaces worn simultaneously
- (4) Floral headgear
- (5) Loud, mismatched colours

**Top 3 loveliest movies**

- (1) Poison Ivy
- (2) Cool world
- (3) Aliens 3

**Top 3 serials on RS page**

- (1) Fangs Jr
- (2) The Miracle
- (3) Space Bubbles & Me

**Top 10 movies (in no particular order)**

- (1) Last of the Mohicans
- (2) Lethal Weapon III
- (3) Batman Returns
- (4) Death Becomes Her
- (5) Under Siege
- (6) Far & Away
- (7) Dracula
- (8) Home Alone 2
- (9) Basic Instinct
- (10) Malcolm X

**Bebop Gets Bopped**  
**by Tamzeed Ahmed**

**Class-III**

**O**NCE The Turtles decided to go water-skiing. But when they reached the river they found that everybody was on one side where there were waves and on the other side there were no waves. Michealangelo said that they would ski on the less-crowded side. Everybody did not agree. As Michealangelo was skiing alone he kept falling all the time. The other turtles laughed at him. So he got angry and ran to them. As he was running he tripped over something and fell. The turtles gathered round the place where Michealangelo had tripped. It was a device sent from the Technodrome. The turtles understood that Shredder was behind all this. So they went to the sewers with the device. When Shredder heard all about this he sent Bebop to destroy the turtles. Bebop was running on a mountain. He tripped over a rock and fell from the mountain. He got hit on the head and changed into a good person. He went to the sewers and helped the turtles to break the device! The turtles were astonished. Bebop was returning after destroying the device and again fell from the mountain. Then he got his memory back. He found that he had destroyed the device instead of the turtles and thought that Shredder would be angry. So he went quietly to Shredder's hideout. Shredder caught him and asked him what had happened. Bebop said that he had destroyed the device. Shredder got angry and chased him all over the town.

**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 your answers by Thursday. Participants must be below 21.

- Q1. Who created the famous character Perry Mason?
- Q2. Who was Aurobindo Ghosh?
- Q3. When was Indira Gandhi born?
- Q4. Where is the Birla Planetarium?
- Q5. What is the capital of Malta?
- Q6. Where is Guadalajara?
- Q7. Who was Bessie Smith?
- Q8. What is Charlie Chaplin's daughter's name?
- Q9. Which city is known as the City of Seven Hills?
- Q10. Who wrote The Forsyte Saga?

**Answers to December 12th's Quiz Club:**

1. Li Peng
2. Chuck Jones
3. Victor Flemming
4. 1913
5. Valiant fighter and patriot who created a Hindu state in defiance of Mughal power — (1626-1680)
6. Dirham
7. Althing in Ireland
8. Great Barrier Reef in Australia
9. E.M. Forster
10. Arthur Conan Doyle.

**JOKES**

Q. What loses its head every morning?  
A. A pillow

Q. Why do ships have round portholes?  
A. So the seawater won't hit the passengers square in the eye.

Q. What's the worst part of being an octopus?  
A. Washing your hands before eating.

Q. Why is a boxer like a postage stamp?  
A. Sooner or later, they both get licked.

Q. What do you get if you cross a rifle with a rabbit?  
A. A gun with a hare trigger.

Q. What's the easiest way to hold your breath?  
A. Blow it into a balloon.

Q. What happens when a soccer player kicks a duck?  
A. He foots the bill.

Q. When is a ship not on water?  
A. When its on fire.

Q. Why is a dog's tail like the centre of a tree?  
A. Because it is farthest from the bark.

What do you call a man with a number plate on his head?  
Reg.

Pete: Can I have some of your doughnut?  
Joe: Yes, you can have the hole in the middle.

**Happy New Year**

To all our Rising Stars readers,

**By Kamrun Nahar**

**Riddles**  
**by Tanima Hossain**

I spin my web,  
Then I have a nap,  
I catch flies for dinner  
In my cunning trap.  
Ans. **tarbiq**

In marble halls as white as milk  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk  
Within a fountain clear,  
A golden apple doth appear,  
No doors are there to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.  
Ans. **gg**

**STAR PROFILE**

**Name:** Saif Ali Khan

**DOB:** 1971

**Did you know:**

- He is half Bengali?
- He is married to the actress Amrita Singh?
- He spent 12 years in England at Prep School and Winchester College?
- He walked out of the very film that brought him into the industry in the first place?
- He calls his wife by her pet name Ding?