

# RISING STARS

## The Secrets of My Success

by Ahsan S Kabir

I bet that if you see me some time, somewhere on the streets, you'll tug your mom's sari, point frantically, and say, "Mommy, mommy! Look! Do you know who that is? Ooh, wait until I tell my friends! They'll envy me forever! Wow! I saw Ahsan Kabir!"

Who? Mothers are no fun. Yet now, after years of being hounded by hundreds, millions, quadrillions of fans all around the universe, I've decided that I'm fed up with all that gushing admiration; so before I retire, let me reveal to you the secrets of my success, so that you can make your own ephemeral mark.

If you think I got where I am by working extremely hard, sleeping little, clearly defining my ambitions, and pursuing the aforementioned ambitions with an iron will, and, as a bonus, by virtue of a superior intelligence, you couldn't be more wrong. I'm merely average, even dumber, but that was no barrier. Look at all those dumb blondes out there, earning a million dollars per breath, who've got nothing between their ears except for a vacuum (which is nothing, but never mind). What do they have (and do) that you don't, aside from devastatingly good looks?

Nothing, really. If it seems unfair to you, well, that's just too bad. You aren't cut out for success, even the easy way.

It's all very simple. For one thing, don't listen to what your parents tell you. Mess up your life, make a big mess out of things, and then listen to them inform you, "We told you so."

My favourite proverb should be a guideline: "If you've got a job to do, get someone else to do it well." This one is in vogue everywhere, from the prime minister's office to that hole in the street people are digging for no sensible reason. Is there any girl out there who hasn't managed to get one of her horde of admirers to do her homework? (Girls are notoriously difficult to coax to do a simple favour for boys. The things they learned at their mothers' knees are just inhibiting. Mention equality of the sexes and women's liberation, and they'll stare at you blankly.) *Vive la corruption!* Winston Churchill once said "Toil with our own blood, sweat and tears." Not only is that smelly and sick, you can forget it! That was valid in ancient times; but we're in the nineties of the twentieth-century now. You're measured by the amount of work you get done lying back on your bed. To this end, try to look your very best and make spending time with your delicious bait; you'll get even the most reluctant person dogging your heels, begging for the honour of labouring for you.

And don't waste time. Time is money, and you should spend it judiciously deciding whom to manipulate. Remember, everyone is not your friend; at best, they can be your contemporary business associates. Refuse their gifts,

politely. Definitely do not accept a Rubik's cube. These people want to surpass you in the game of life, and are trying to stop you from coming on top by keeping you preoccupied.

You'll always run into opposition like this, wherever you go. To deal with them, I can only advise you to read *Winning At All Costs*, by Dr Fred Bramst. Pieces of his invaluable advice that I picked up:

*If you will be in close proximity to an opponent, do not brush your teeth or shower for at least one week beforehand.*

*Casually mention to opponents that you are holding a member of their family "in a safe place" and will consider releasing him or her when the competition is over.*

He also advises using techniques such as verbal abuse and intimidation. I'm afraid I can't give you any examples. If you really really need to know, ask your friends about biological needs. I'm sure they'll be overjoyed to increase your vocabulary.

Be selfish. Don't let thoughts like, "But that isn't nice"; "He's going to be hurt because of me."; "We should all share"; "My mom told me not to do this"; disturb you. No one else could care less about your reservations, so why should you?

If this all seems to be rather cutthroat, unforgiving and

ruthless to you, you can bet your fur it is! If you think you can't stand the pressures, you can always take up the more relaxing and unrewarding career of a housewife. Or a househusband.

Nevertheless, you now know everything it takes to make it big in the world. I'm retiring, but I hope you'll remember to mention me in your autobiography. Yeah. Right.



## Living Dangerously

by Sadia Mahfuz

HELLO! Let me give you a quiz. I'm an insect very very tiny, though not microscopic. I am found anywhere and every where. Could you get it? I'm an ant, a black one. I'm one of the 14,000 species of ants in this world. Our cousins of Africa and Australia make great anthills in which they live, and even in Africa they are a great delicacy.

I was born (as far as I can remember) beside one of the pavements of Ramna Lake. After my birth, we felt a serious problem of accommodation, as we all had to cram under a stone. Luckily, one of our relations informed us that the human beings of the next house had gone on a vacation, and that they had forgotten to close the mouths of their sugar and jam jars. So temporarily we decided to go there as many of our neighbours had.

Days passed wonderfully at our new home. Every morning we all went out all in one line to brush our open teeth by the leaking tap. As we passed we always stopped a while and discussed the daily happenings. Next we went to the jam jar and then to the sugar one.

We usually lost at least two to three of our friends and relatives each day in this daily process of ours. But that's no big deal. We aren't as emotional as you are, you see. We all burst into laughter when we see people crying and mourning for each other.

But things weren't so easy after all, as one day we saw in THE ANT HERALD a news that shocked us completely. It was about the return of the human beings! We immediately started packing I went to get some sugar for our journey back home. But as the sugar crystal was heavy to carry it took me some time and meanwhile a dipper entered into the jar, lifting me along with thousands of sugar crystals and dropped me into a container full of hot, brown brown liquid. You won't understand how I felt then. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. But I am grateful to the dipper as it saved my life by throwing me out of the window! Although from that moment my life in the wild started, I tried my best not to be dejected.

Did I tell you my name? I'm sorry as I didn't. I am Tary.

Executive Director of ANTS DEFENSE AGENCY (ADA). This is the club we founded (me, and my friend Luna) in the branches of the chrysanthemum tree. Our main lookout is to defend ourselves from you. Indeed we are not foolish. Now every night we have a meeting at the end of the biggest branch of the tree. Seven thousand ants, who came from Africa, as they were scared that they too would be devoured by human beings also took shelter in the tree. We are advancing pretty fast and have calculated that with united force we will be ruling the earth one day.

Well, thanks a lot for reading my life history. But before I say goodbye, please promise that from now on you'd be careful on what you step on. You might be destroying thousands of lives that may seem useless to you.

TARY TUNNER  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
ANTS DEFENSE AGENCY  
(ADA)  
PHONE-88-26  
CHRYSANTHEMUM TREE  
LEAF CODE NO-6488847  
RD. 6 RAMNA, DHAKA.

## Unpleasant Memories

by Shahreen Munir (Class IV)

SO many incidents happen in our life. Some are stored in our mind as memories — pleasant and unpleasant memories. My mind has stored more unpleasant memories than pleasant ones.

Once, when I was little, my mother bought me a beautiful dress. I wore that dress and went outside on the field to play. Suddenly, a dog came running towards me and tore a piece of my dress. I was feeling so unhappy that I started crying. I've still got that dress in my attic and whenever I see it, the disastrous memory comes back to my mind.

Another day, my mother got a gold koala bear pin from a foreigner and gave it to me. Believe it or not, while showing it to my friends standing on the road it slipped from my hand and went inside a hole which was on the road. That was my worst day, because that day my mother beat me so hard that the pain stayed for, two, three months.

Another day, I was playing in my school's monkey bar. As usual, my hands were sweaty and, all of a sudden, I fell from the monkey bar. I really hurt my back which turned black and blue.

These are not the only unpleasant memories I have, there are many others. I hope from the next time my mind will store more pleasant memories than unpleasant ones.

## JOKES

Jim: Dad, can I have fifty pence to give to a little old lady?

Dad: Where is she?

Jim: Behind the counter in the sweet shop.

Man in bus queue: Hey, who do you think you're pushing?

Other man: I don't know — what's your name?

Daft definition: What's the definition of a waste of time? Telling hair-raising ghost stories to a bald man.

What do you call a toothless elephant? Gumbo.

Batty books: Tommy: Have you ever been bitten by an ant?

Jimmy: No, but my uncle slapped me once.

Why did your grandma put wheels on her rocking chair? She wanted to rock and roll.

What can you put into a glass bottle, but never take out? Crack.

Why did the match box? Because it saw the ski jump.

Why did the fruit punch? Because it saw the wood fence.

Why did the spy spray his room with insect repellent? Because he thought it was bugged.

What do you get when you cross a dog with an elephant? A very nervous postman.

Maud: How old is someone who was born in 1950? Claud: Man or woman? What does a Mexican say to his chickens? Ole!

What do you get if you cross an northern football team with a sofa? Manchester settee.

## A Gambling Place for Politics and a Show Biz Centre

by Onamica Tarique

Class-VIII

to go the way we want then why let politics show us the way? The standard on politics here is totally different than those in Western countries where politics are usually peaceful. But what happens here. A clash goes on, and immediately offices, industries, educational institutes are closed. Politics is to be blamed. Whenever you open the daily paper, you can read headlines reading "Hartal called by so and so party. All schools, shops, offices etc will be closed indefinitely."

Those who are rich send their kids to foreign countries for higher education with a proper academic atmosphere. But what happens to us? Not all our parents can afford to send us to luxury schools with a better study system. And why should they have to? We were born in this country, our motherland. It is Bangladesh that should provide security to us to continue our education.

Why go to another foreign country and get established there? What remains of Bangladesh then? My friends, you'll agree with me that almost every big politician of this country has sent his kids away to other countries to acquire better education. What a shame. In their speeches they praise Bangladesh all the time. But it seems they don't trust

the country. Bangladesh is one of the poorest nations in the third world. It has the capability to get on its feet — but only if it had that chance. Twenty one years has passed since independence and Bangladesh failed to achieve progress. We should learn our lesson from Japan — which is a very hard working nation. In a very short time, they have become one of the world's wealthiest countries. Japan is an example to us — a country that performed its duty to its people.

Negligence is also a great trait of this country. You can divide Dhaka in to two parts, a developed side, and an undeveloped side. Old town which holds a rich cultural heritage is now a total slum. It is a real shame. It has been neglected for ages. I wonder when that part of Dhaka will collapse.

The saddest thing to be heard is about the freedom fighters under whose guidance this country has become independent. They are now considered as 'vermins' of the society, totally neglected in time of need. How could we be so merciless and cruel as to neglect them?

The question still remains. When will the government realize its own mistakes and work at making this country a better place for us to live?

## Picture Quiz

Here is another picture quiz. Can you guess what the animal in the picture is called and where it can be found? Answer will be given next week.

The answer to last week's picture quiz is rickshaw pullers in Calcutta.



## Rising Stars News Brief

Newly elected US President Bill Clinton's 12 year old daughter Chelsea Clinton sent her New Years greetings for Tashima Tabassum Tanima, a student of standard II of Baby Care Academy, Sylhet. In reply to Tanima's recent letter, Chelsea sent her a hand written letter to Tanima from Little Rock, Arkansas on December 11th 1992. The letter is reproduced here.

Chelsea Clinton

Thank you for taking the time to write to me. I don't know if I'll get a chance to write you again with school, ballet, and movies, though. Thanks again for writing and have a great 1993!

Sincerely,  
Chelsea Clinton

## The King Who Would Always Groan

by Syed Saadat Qadri (Class III)

The king sat on his throne. He would always moan and groan. He was an excellent chef. And he always had fish and beef. He was not a rich king. For he had no ring. He would always groan. Even when he sat on his soft and cosy throne.

## A Day in the Life of a ... Crow!!

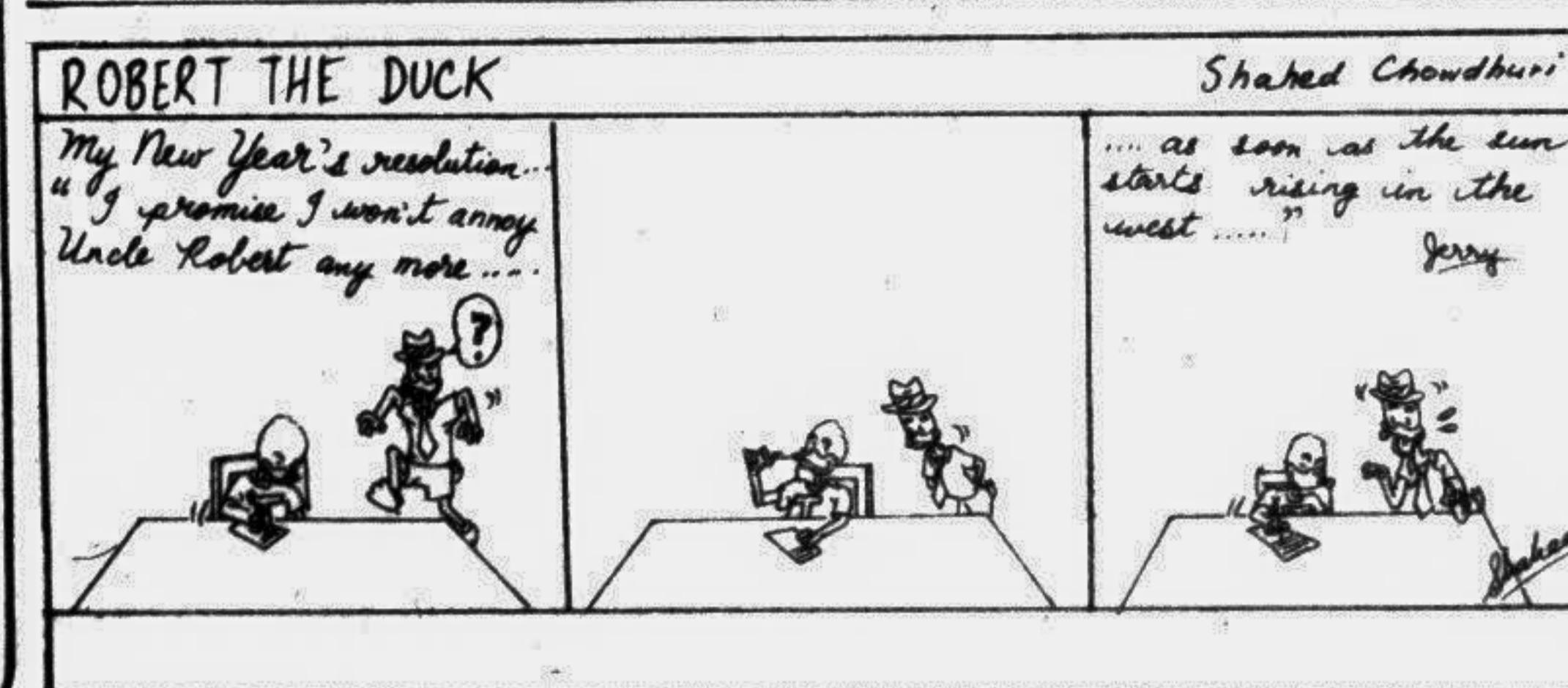
by Tazeeb Mahtab

get a chips packet plus crumbs if I'm lucky. After preening my feathers, I fly over to the school yard. There, I wait with my chums for the children to come out for break. Kids are very messy eaters, and some child or other will always drop a chip or crumb. End tiffin-time, we crows have a feast!

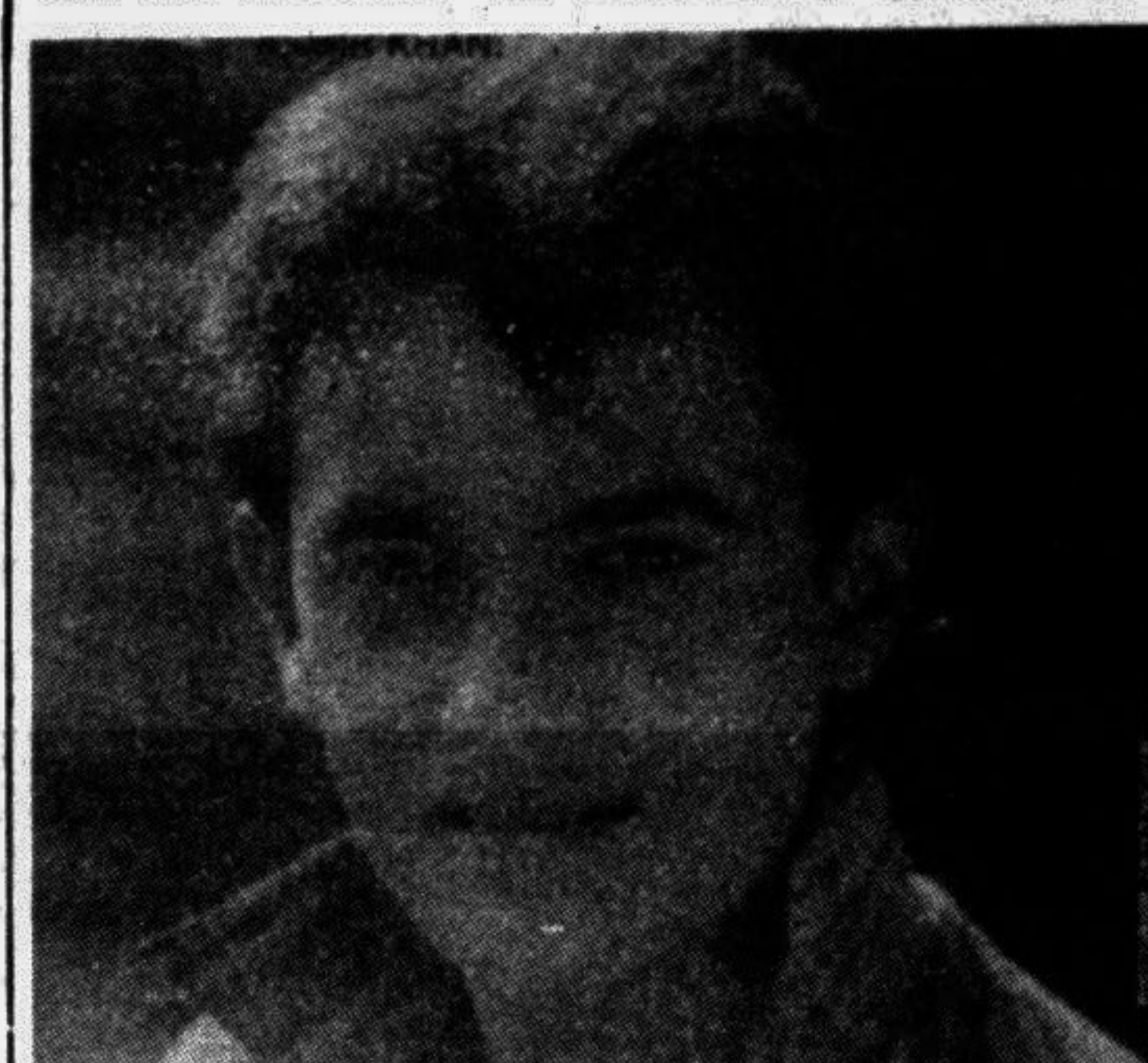
Lunch finished. I have a quick splash in a puddle, and then just loaf about until afternoon. Afternoon is the best part of the day. You see, a little

girl living nearby often scatters grains to her chickens. But those fat hens can hardly waddle about on their short legs. By the time they've arrived at the spot, we've cleaned up half their chow!

By now, its dusk. With a full belly, I go back to my night perch. We then start our dusk chorus (mind you, nobody objects to that). Song finished, down goes my head under my wing, and before you can say 'Gadzooks', I'm fast asleep.



## STAR PROFILE



Name: Aamir Khan

DOB: 1966 or 1967  
Marital Status: Married.  
Did you know that:  
He often does triple shifts of shooting films a day?  
He has decided to do only one or two films a year?  
He has a younger brother called Faizal?

## 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 Thursday. Participants must be below 21.

We are also happy to announce the winner of December 19th's Quiz Club. And the winner is ... Sana Akbar! Congratulations Sana! Please contact our office to know when you can collect your prize.

- Who is Fernando Collor de Mello?
- What does KAFCO stand for?
- Who is Kenya's President?
- What are the names of Prince Charles and Princess Diana's two sons?
- Who is the vice-captain of India's cricket team that played against South Africa in Cape Town on January 2nd 1993?
- When did the Jadukar Samad junior football tournament begin? How many teams are participating?
- Which is the oldest hospital of Dhaka?
- When did the earthquake in Egypt that killed at least 500 people? (hint : 1992)
- When did the Earth Day Summit open and where?
- Who wrote the popular TV drama series 'Bohu Brihi'?

Answers to December 19th's Quiz Club

- Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman; b) Syed Nazrul Islam; c) Tajuddin Ahmed; d) Capt. Mansur Ali; e) Khondker Mushtaque Ahmed; f) A. H. M. Kamruzzaman
- The provisional government was formally set-up on April 17, 1971.
- Gen. M. A. G. Osmany was appointed Commander-in-Chief.
- Brig. Abdur Rab and Group Captain A. K. Khondker were appointed as Gen. Osmany's Chief of Staff and Deputy Chief of Staff respectively.
- The country was divided into 11 sectors.
- Maj. K. M. Saifullah led S Force; Maj. Ziaur Rahman led Z Force; and Maj. Khaled Mosharraf led K Force.
- Abdul Quader Siddiqui of Tangail was known as Tiger Siddiqui.
- 3 Dogra Regiment was the first Indian Army unit to take part in direct action alongside the Mukti Bahini, on November 3, at Belonia. On December 3, formal war broke out between India and Pakistan.
- Lt Gen Jagjit Singh Aurora of the Indian Eastern Command accepted the surrender of Pakistani forces, as the Joint Commander of India-Bangladesh forces.
- The Al-Badr, composed of cadres of the Islami Chhatra Sangha, student wing of the Jamaat-e-Islami, carried out the kidnapping and killings of Bangladeshi intellectuals between Dec. 10 and Dec. 15.
- Geraldine Chaplin