

RISING STARS

Diaries are a Girl's Best Friend

MANY people ask me why I bother to keep a diary. Why should anyone take the trouble to write down what happened, when nothing interesting ever happens and there is something more important to do, like eat or watch TV or read of book? And why should anyone run the risk of having someone — especially those who you have written about — read it?

The answer is quite simple: writing things down is an excellent way to stay sane. Your life as a teenager can feel tightly controlled by external forces schoolwork is graded by teachers, and whatever else you do is closely monitored by your parents, friends and even brothers and sisters! In a diary you can escape from the rules and regulations of life, you can discard the various roles you play in life you can pick up a diary and write whenever you like and say what you really think of those teachers, parents, friends and siblings, without being judged or marked as how you say it. And you can bluntly say things you would never dare to mention in public.

Because a diary is your very own, it doesn't matter how you write in it — in code, in Bengali, in a different handwriting, in invisible ink or as a prose poem. You can even give your diary a name. Many girls have been inspired by Anne Frank, who imagining that she was writing to a friend, addressed her diary to Kitty. Of course, you can always open with the timeless 'Dear Diary'. My own has variations of Dear Diary from just plain Dear or an especially exciting days, Dearest Dee darling — a sure indication of my various moods and emotions or maybe as days not quite so bright, there's only a simple statement of fact — the date — written out either in full (4th February, 1993) or simply 4/2/93.

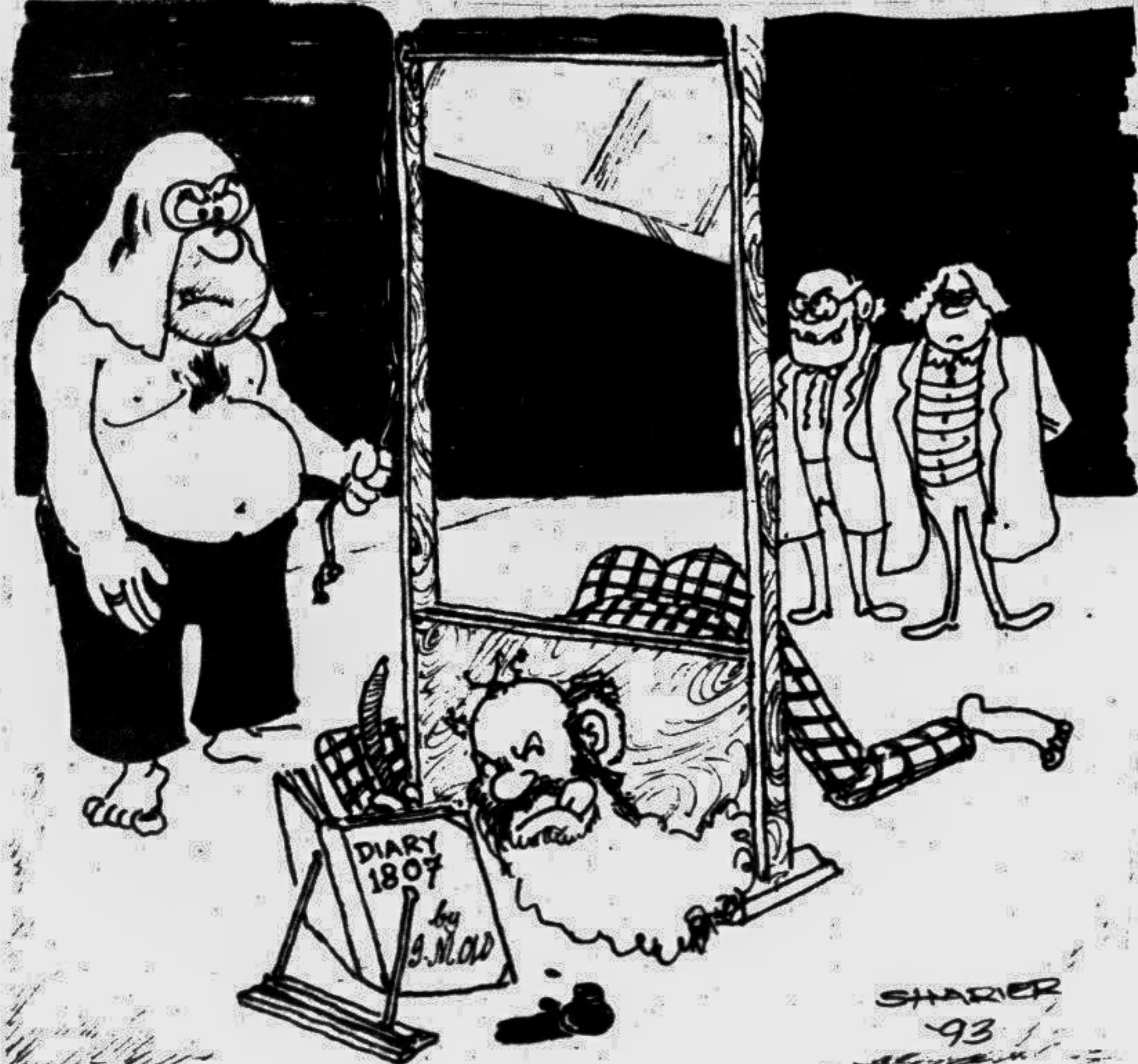
Diaries can be therapeutic. I let my diary bear witness to the outrage and hidden passion I often feel and by writing I keep life in perspective. I use my diary to shout about what's

happening and use it to explain life back to myself. But that's not to say I do not have entries on days when absolutely nothing happens. The truth is, most days are kind of boring. But it's these average days which make up the true

texture of life. That is what the best diaries do. It is often an era's diarist who gives us a picture of what life was really like then. The witty, sharp-tongued journals of Virginia Woolf depict her world — London between the two world wars and the group of intellectuals known as the Bloomsbury group — more candidly and precisely than any of the

countless Bloomsbury books. And we know of London two and a half centuries before her, of the Great Fire and the Plague from the chronicles of tireless diarist, Samuel Pepys. Sometimes it's an ordinary person's diary that gives us an

mean that all great diaries were written during wars or times of crisis. Journalist Bob Greene published a diary he had kept in college 1964. In it, he wrote about girls, sports, his student newspaper — an ordinary boy's average



incomplete. There are few records of World War II as moving and powerful as the diaries of Anne Frank, which her father published as *The Diary of a Young Girl*. There are few civil wars stories as shrewd as *A Diary from Dixie*, the collected journals of a Confederate general's wife, Mary Boykin Chestnut.

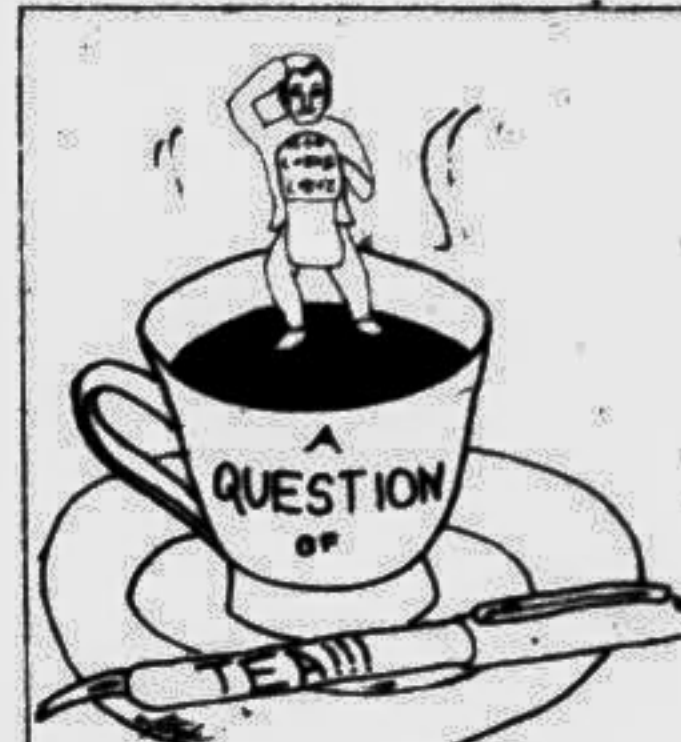
That does not necessarily mean that all great diaries were written during wars or times of crisis. Journalist Bob Greene published a diary he had kept in college 1964. In it, he wrote about girls, sports, his student newspaper — an ordinary boy's average

thoughts, and was able to invoke an entire era. When you write down the ordinary things that happen — what your mother thinks of your new hairstyle, how your younger brother's voice is beginning to croak, how cute the boy sitting ahead of you in class is or how much you hate your physics teacher — all random notes from my class eight diary

A Question of Tea

— Anonymous
THIS story may (or may not) strike you as funny, maybe even downright silly, but it regards one of my life's greater humiliations, though later I could afford the luxury of laughing at it myself which is why I decided to write it down.
The fateful incident occurred during my recent A-level examinations. I had complained to a friend that I often found myself feeling slightly drowsy during exams and was scared that I might even doze off. This supposedly 'wise' friend of mine, called Zero by many people, told me, 'Why don't you ask for tea?' My stupefied response was: 'Tea? Zero, this is an exam hall we're talking about, not a neighbourhood 'cha-er-dokan!' I know,' he responded in that irritatingly patient voice of his. 'You can ask for tea at the British Council. I've seen people do it.'
Now Zero was an experienced A-level examinee - 2 As, 5 Bs, who could argue with him? Even then, my faith in him had its limits and so I did not try out his suggestion till the

day of my last exam. I thought I'd ask for tea just for the heck of it. I mean, can you imagine, being served tea during an exam? WOW!!
So it was that I called one of the female invigilators over.

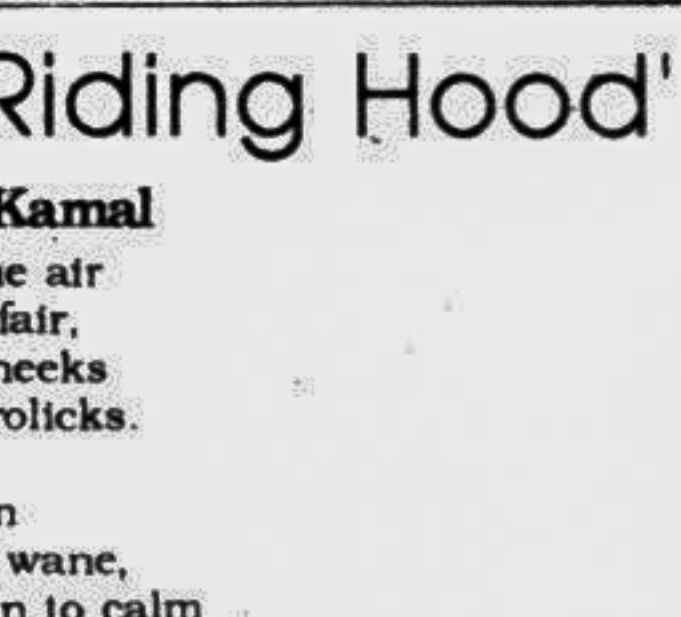


She came over and I murmured: 'Excuse — mmm — mmm — mmm — headach — mmm — mmm — mmm — tea, please?' 'Pardon?' she asked, obviously not falling in the category of Top 10 Best Ears in Dhaka. 'I'm having a bit of a headache,' I repeated in a low, patient voice. 'Could I have some tea, please?'

It took me a split second to realize that my friend (friend — ha ha — what friend?) Zero had been woefully wrong. Her eyes widened and her face took on a look of incredulity as she exclaimed, as loud as possible mind you: 'TEA!!!!!! YOU WANT TEA!!!!!!?????'
Every examinee in the next row turned around to see who this insane idiot was. I could cheerfully have strangulated that woman.
Then, the amazing gall of her, she went into the next room and told the invigilator there, at the top of her voice again mind you: 'A boy in there wants TEA! Can you believe it?????'
I was meanwhile, trying to burrow as deep into my seat as possible, hatching plans for Zero and the invigilator which would make an eternity in hell seem like a picnic with the Seven Dwarfs. I was determined to give that invigilator a special glare on my way out, but ALAS, she was out of sight when I left.
Thus ends my tragic tale. You might now be inclined to say, 'Well, what was the big deal about that?' For such people, I have CENSORED.

'Little Pink Riding Hood'

by Fariha Kamal
The baby threw her legs in the air. She is plump and pretty and fair. With smiling eyes and rosy cheeks. It's a pleasure to watch her frolics.
She tries to talk but all in vain. Then she cries and begins to wane. Consolements and Kisses given to calm. And many a sweet are in her palm.
She is the sweetest little baby girl. Pink as a bon-bon and white as pearl. Guess who she is can't you my dears, She is my cousin with red little ears!
She is the Little Pink Riding Hood. Who is soft and cute and all so good. She is my darling baby sis' And here I end with a loving kiss.



* Dearest K. S. You are simply loving in every way and die for me every day. Your loving friend guess who I am?!

Just For You



* Dear Class of 92. I love y'all! love, Sumaiya
* Dear Waffles, Smooch! Ace Reporter
* Dear TDH. Tonight, 11:00? yours, SWU
* Dear Pappa. Love that leather jacket! Anonymous
* Dear Judith. You're a crummy writer. Dearest Fatzun. You're just as bad. Not-very-dear Sagheer. You're even worse. Dear Judith, Fatzun, Sagheer. I still love y'all anyway. Ashan
* Dear Ahsan. I feel the same way about you. And your writing. Judith
* Dear Ahsan. Ditto Sagheer
* Dearest S. Happy Valentine. Love, R.

STAR PROFILE

Name: Christian Slater.
Age: 23.
DOB: August 18, 1969.
Love: Nina Hwang — his girl friend of many years.
Did You Know That... He was on camera for the first time at the tender age of 14? He donated his voice for practically nothing for the environmentally aware cartoon *'Ferngully — The Last Rainforest'*? You can see him in *'Pump Up the Volume'*, *'Mobsters'*, *'Name of the Rose'*, *'Young Guns II'*, *'Kuffs'*.



JOKES

The young ghost got very scared when his friends told him too many human stories.



Bet you didn't know

ONLY domesticated, pampered cats do this. In the wild they don't fool around; they simply kill and eat. The hunting instincts of our average suburban cat are so rarely indulged that when the cat finally finds a little mouse or a bird, it can't stand to see the hunt end. The cat overreacts. It invents games, like Catch 'n' Release. Pin 'n' Hold. Swat 'n' Claw. Disfigure 'n' Disembowel. You know what we're talking about. There is one exception according to Desmond Morris in his book *Catwatching: farm cats, who get plenty of chances to hunt, will play Catch 'n' Release, but only mothers. Mama cat takes the maimed mouse back to the litter and, as the little fur balls watch in admiration, shows them how to seize and kill live meat.*

The sad old man

YOUTH passes by and old age sets upon human beings. That age seems to be the worst time of life to me and this became my opinion when I observed the old man next door.
My neighbour was a very old and ailing man. He used to stay in the big house all alone by himself. I was very eager to know why he stayed alone in that huge house. Everyday, I used to watch him from my bedroom window. He was very weak and dependent on a stick. He used to come to his balcony and sit on his rocking chair. When the sun used to set he would howl and then go inside his room. Day by day I grew more and more anxious to find out more about that old man's life.
So, one day I went to his house. It was very kind of him to let me, a stranger, in his house. We sat together in his living room, and then introduced ourselves to each other. We talked about many things and soon became friends. One day, I asked him about his life and with a sigh he started his

sad story.
He had one daughter and a son. The daughter was the older one. When his son was born his wife died, leaving his son under the responsibilities of her husband. He had to take care of his four years old daughter and the new born baby.
The man tried his best to raise his son into a good person, but did not succeed in doing so. He could not stop his son from mixing with his bad, spoiled friends and classmates, who encouraged him to take drugs. His son was ad-



'CORPSE'

T HE moon was darting furtively behind the wind driven clouds. All was hushed except the hoot of an owl. The two of us, me and my friend Shahed, were sitting cross-legged round a roaring fire. Apart from the crackle of the flame all was silent in the great emptiness of the forest. Shahed, who was a bit fat and shorter than me was lost in deep contemplation.
'What's up?' I asked.
'I was thinking about Arafat,' he began after few seconds.
'What about him?'
'I heard that one day in May he left the village school and at the end of the afternoon he made his way home to the cottage in which he lived with his widowed mother. He was never seen alive again. The next day his body swollen and muddy was found right in this forest....'
'You are scared, aren't you?' I said.
'No I am not scared,' he replied smiling.
His smile reminded me of the type who would have waved cheerfully to the admir-

ing throngs as their tumbril drew up beside the guillotine. 'Okay let's not argue about this. Go to sleep now,' I said.
In the middle of the night I was woken by an eerie howling which gradually faded away to a whisper. The next moment I realised that Shahed was gone. I lit a torch and played it around the place but there was no sign of him. As I continued my search I could hear crunching noises of dead leaves under my feet. Suddenly I heard a weird noise as if someone was groaning with pain. I set the torch in the direction from where it came. In the faint light I could see someone sitting near a large oak tree. It was Shahed. The moonlight made craggy black shadows on his face. I stepped towards him and the smell

QUIZ CLUB

- 1. What is Ikebana?
 - 2. Which city is called the 'City of Magnificent Distances'?
 - 3. Name the son of Zeus and king of Aegina in Greek mythology?
 - 4. What was the government newspaper of ancient Rome called?
 - 5. Name the first woman president of the UN General Assembly?
 - 6. Name the only Shakespearean play that includes a dog?
 - 7. Which king of France was called the citizen king?
 - 8. Who is Samuel Langhorne Clemens?
 - 9. How much is one cosmic year in terms of years?
 - 10. Which mineral, over the ages, becomes crystallised into marble?
- Answer for 30.1.93**
- 1) The Pyramids are at Gizeh near Memphis on the edge of the Libyan Desert. 100,000 men were employed on it for thirty years.
 - 2) Colossium at Rome. The Catacombs (underground burial places) at Alexandria. The Great Wall of China. Stonehenge. the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, and the Mosque of St Sophia at Constantinople Istanbul.
 - 3) St Edward's Crown.
 - 4) Out of water shocks are 500 volts and under water the voltage is 250.
 - 5) Presidents George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln.
 - 6) 4,000 miles from centre to outer crust.
 - 7) Rajgir (Bihar)
 - 8) November 1, 1918.
 - 9) Ferdinand De Lesseps in 1869.
 - 10) John Loggi Beard.

Send Messages!

The Rising Stars in pleased to announce that we are opening a new column for members only. You can send birthday greetings, good luck wishes, congratulations, or any short messages you want to your friends and classmates. We will print them in our *Just For You* column.
To send your messages through this column, you must be a member of the Rising Stars Club. You can send your messages to the Rising Stars Editor at the Daily Star. Please print CLEARLY, give your registration number, and the date on which you want the message to appear. Remember the page appears on Saturday's.
If your friend's birthday is on Wednesday, don't worry! Just add that date and send him/her an early greeting!
Make sure your message reaches us at least 3 days before you want it to come out.

