Diaries are a Girl's Best Friend

by Sumaiya Andaleeb

TANY people ask me why I bother to keep a dia-ry. 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 ft?

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 Dee 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 therapeutical. 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

Name: Christian Slater.

DOB: August 18, 1969.

Did You Know That

Age: 23.

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 intellec-

tuals known as the Bloomsbury

group - more candidly and

precisely than any of the

STAR PROFILE

He was on camera for the first time at the tender age of 14?

mentally aware cartoon "Ferngully - The Last Rainforest"?

"Mobsters", "Name of the Rose," "Young Guns II", "Kuffs".

He donated his voice for practically nothing for the environ-

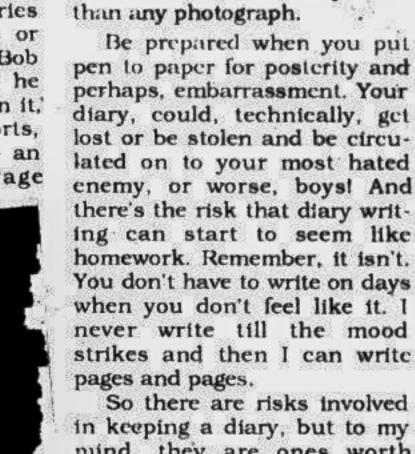
Love : Nina Hwang — his girl friend of many years.

You can see him in "Pump up the Volume",

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



about yourself.

As Anne Frank wrote: "Oh spite of everything, and find my own way through it all..."

- you get a more detailed and hence more accurate picture

Be prepared when you put pen to paper for posterity and perhaps, embarrassment. Your diary, could, technically, get lost or be stolen and be ctrculated on to your most hated enemy, or worse, boys! And there's the risk that diary writing can start to seem like homework. Remember, it isn't. You don't have to write on days when you don't feel like it. never write till the mood

So there are risks involved in keeping a diary, but to my mind, they are ones worth taking. There are times when its difficult to talk or trust those around you; times when you face a problem you simply have to work out on your own. These are the times when only reading or writing a diary will do. No matter what the subject, a diary can be comforting, especially on rereading. If an old day was boring, you don't feel that bad that this one is too. Reading about other people's problems can help you find that your problems are not your alone; solutions do exist. Novelist Franz Kafka wrote on a cold January day: "Trying to write. Complete standstill. Unending torments". Kafka, of course, went on to write many books. Writing in or rereading your diary, you may discover that you knew the answers to same question all along. And you may feel just a little better

so many things bubble up inside me as I lie in bed, having to put up with people I'm fed up with, who always misinterpret my intentions. That's why in the end I always came back to my diary. That is where I start and finish, because Kitty is always patient. "I'll promise her that I shall persevere, in

Forget diamonds! A diary never tells your secrets, never breaks a promise, and is always on your side. A diary is, in fact, your best friend.

A Question of Tea

- Anonymous

IIIS story may (or may day of my last exam. I thought 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'!!"

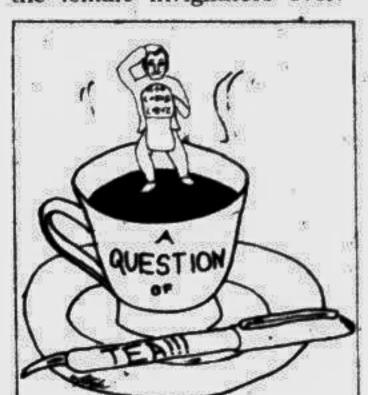
"I know," he responded in that irritatingly patient voice of his. "You can ask for tea at the British Council. I've seen people do it."

Now Zero was an experienced A-level examinee - 2 As, 5 Bs, who could argue with

Even then, my faith in him had its limits and so I did not try out his suggestion till the

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 - mmmm - murmur murmur — headache murmur murmur - 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? I I) 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 11111 ???? 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. | 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 frolicks.

She tries to talk but all in vain Then she cries and begins to wane, Consolations 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 earst

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.



What is Ikebana?

Which city is called the 'City of Magnificent Distances'? Name the son of Zeus and king of Aegina in Greek

What was the government newspaper of ancient Rome

5. Name the first woman president of the UN General

Assembly? Name the only Shakespearean play that includes a dog?

Which king of France was called the citizen king?

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) Colosseum 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.

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) Raigir (Bihar)

3) St Edward's Crown.

8) November 1, 1918.

9) Ferdinand De Lesseps in 1869 10) John Loggi Beard.

* Dearest K, S,

You are simply loving in every way and die for me every day.

Your loving friend guess who I am ? !

★ Dear Class of 92. I love y'all !. love. Sumaiya

Dear Wasles, Smooth! Smooth! Ace Reporter

Dear TDH. Tonight, 11'00? yours, SWU

* Dear Fappa. Love that leather jacket!

Anonymous * Dear Judith.

You're a crummy writer. Dearer Faizun. You're just as bad. Not-very-dear Sagheer, You're even worse. Dear Judith, Faizun, Sagheer, I still lave 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,

"No it was real.... a and now h-he possesses my b-body..." he stammered. Don't be stupid, how can you know that ?" "Because I can feel it inside

by Mohammed Kabiruddin

ing throngs as their tumbril drew up beside the guillotine. 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 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 that hung heavily in the air rotting corpses.

here?" I said. But he seemed to be motionless. I grabbed him by his hand and took him back to the

"I saw it....." he babbled "I saw him and his face was so horrible....." "Saw what? saw who ?" I

asked. "Arafat I saw him sitting

.....his face was all white... and his tongue was hanging

Suddenly he began to make harsh sobbing or guttering noises in his throat. Without another word he plunged to-

wards me. I tried to protect myself as best as I could with my forearms but he switched his insane assault to my body. moaned as he grabbed hold of my throat. I could feel the hand's grip kept on squeezing

and squeezing. The next moment everything became black in front of my eyes and I fell senseless to the ground. Many days have passed now. But still I could not find Shahed I do not know if he is

dead and if he is alive then where is he? What has the ghost of Arafat done to him? I wish I could figure it out.



Send Messages! The Rising Stars in pleased to announce that we are open-

ing 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.

JOKES

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

the water in the goldfish bowl like I asked you to do? 'Because they haven't drunk the first lot yet.

'Why haven't you changed



Bet you NLY domesticated, pa-

mpered cats do this. In the wild they don't fool around; they simply kill and eat. The hunting instincts of our average suburban eat arc 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 cuts, who get plenty of chances to hunt, will play Catch in Release, but only mothers. Mama eat takes the matmed mouse back to the litter and, as the little fur balls watch in admiration, shows

didn't know

them how to seize and kill live

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

"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 sodden and muddy was found right in this forest..... "You are scared, aren't you?" "No I am not scared." he replied smiling.

The sad old man Shahreen Munir

thoughts, and was able to in-

ordinary things that happen-

what your mother thinks of

your new hairstyle, how your

younger brother's voice is be-

ginning to crock, 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

When you write down the

voke an entire era.

OUTH passes by and old age sets upon human beings. That age scems to be the worst time of life to me and this became my opinion when I observed the old man next door.

insight to and defines a certain

period. There are few records

of World War II as moving and

powerful as the diaries of Anne

Frank, which her father pub-

lished as The Diary of a Young

Girl. There are few civil ware

stories as shrewd as A Diary

from Dixie, the collected jour-

nals of a confederate general's

That does not necessarily

wife, Mary Boykin Chestnut.

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

HE moon was darting

fire. Apart from the cackle 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

His smile reminded me of

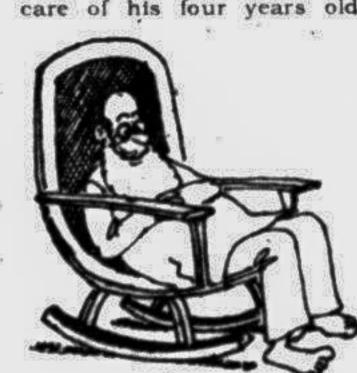
the type who would have

waved cheerfully to the admir-

"What's up?" I asked.

deep contemplation.

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

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, spoilt friends and classmates, who encouraged him to take drugs. His son was ad-

dicted to drugs and soon died at a very young age. His daughter grew up into a

good person. She loved her father and always took a great care of him. But after marriage she was unable to do so. Her inlaws and husband were completely against her father, and did not even let her visit him, because her husband did not get what he demanded during their marriage. So she left her father alone and went away. His relatives do not even visit him, because they think he is

> uscless. This is the story of his life. Along with him I also started crying. Before coming back home I promised that I will visit him everyday. Next morning I went to visit him. I saw many cars in front of his house and was rather surprised. I went inside and saw he was

> This is not a very uncommon story in real life. Young people think that the old people are useless. But they are not. I know and understand this from seeing the old man next door.

CORPSE

Okay let's not argue about

moonlight made craggy black shadows on his face. I stepped towards him and the smell

around him was like nothing so much as the stench of "Hey what are you doing

there by the side of his coffin and he looked at me...." his voice faltered.

"I think you just had an hallucination" I said.