

# RISING STARS

## MTV : Turn it on and just watch what happens . . . .

CABLE TV has been around for well over a decade now, but let's admit that it is still considered to be a great luxury to the world over, least of all Bangladesh. Thanks to the STAR TV network in Hong Kong, now all you've got to do, to enjoy 24 hours of music, films and sport, is to dish out several thousand taka — get yourself a satellite dish and sit in front of the TV set until your eyes pop out or the set gets busted. Which ever comes first.

I'm not going to waste time and energy telling you how many channels are available, you all probably can list them of the top of your heads by now. Personally, I prefer to keep MTV on all day, if I don't get thrown out of the house for disturbing the peace and tranquility first. But sometimes, that is not such a good idea, especially if you are the naive sort who consider Music Television to be a family channel. Yes, undoubtedly, it is great to flaunt in front of friends and relatives when they come to visit and it smooths out the awkward silences between small talk before and after meals with them; but trust me, you would rather share useless gossip or swap incorrect weather reports, rather than watch scenes our censor board would have never permitted while

your feet tap along to the beat of the music in front of these highly conservative, highly baring and very unwanted guests! Solution simple — change the channel. Thank

by J.G De Costa

Right. But enough about that life goes on without chatshows. At least for the lucky few such as

it not filled with snatches of everything from rap to pop, which show up in my head like last air waves on a radio. Nevertheless, I've been giving a certain issue a little bit of

'Jump me if you can.' Parents have an antipathy to music videos like they would to your best friend if they found out that he/she was a junkie. If you're unfortunate enough to have both at them of home while you're watching a show you wouldn't miss if you were getting married in five minutes, the following scenario is so typical.

Father: Turn this noise off! I'm trying to read the paper, but thanks to you, all I've read is the headline about five times over.

Me: (aside) Why can't he read the paper somewhere else? I wonder if the moon is quiet enough for him. (Aloud): Daddy, nothing else has been added or taken away since you read it this morning.

A story silence, broken only by the soft pluckings of a guitar on the TV, prevails.

Enter Mother. Mother: I want you to lay the table for dinner.

Me: In a minute. Twenty minutes later during a commercial break.

Don't you guys think R.E.M are great. Father and mother exchange glances. Father props up a pillow behind his neck and is snoring hard in the next instant. Mother gets up to go and lay the table for dinner herself, while I settle back to finish off this weeks edition of MTV unplugged. There was peace and con-



heavens for a real family entertainment channel which you can switch to during emergencies like this (note, that only as a last resort would you opt to turn off the whole set).

myself. But where would I be (I'm being sincere this time) without music? A mental home perhaps. If my mind were to become pre-occupied by an empty humming sound, were

thought recently and I think I just might be right. MTV does not close the generation gap. It lodges itself in between like a wall which looks down on both side and says, smugly,

## The Ghost of Ruby Ashley (Part I)

by Fariha Kamal

### Autobiography

I was born on 31st July, 1827 when Miss Ruby Ashley died. She was only nineteen years old when she died. So I was quite a young ghost. When her funeral ended I was finally free to explore the world on my own. I found it comfortable to roam in the dark. I was very curious about nature and wanted to see and know things. I found it very amusing that I could see everything and no one could see me. I also found my power of passing through solid doors, walls, trees etc very handy.

Contrary to widely held popular belief ghosts do get hungry! My favourite dish is 'klutza' a delicious ghost food. I made quite a lot of friends after I came to this graveyard. Other spectres both young and old took an instant liking to me as people liked the former me. They called me Smiley because I always had a smile on my face. Some of my friends were Snoopy who had a bad habit of snooping. Then there was Spooky who was a bit mad and there was Boogles a sweet, baby spectre who died at birth. There were also quite a lot of ghost rabbits, cats, dogs and birds. We used to throw parties on very dark nights. We also had shops, schools where younger ghosts were educated. I myself did not attend the school as I was busy enjoying myself. Us, ghosts also held games with other ghosts from other graveyards. The ghost world was altogether fun, exciting and full of interesting happenings and characters. There was peace and con-

### My Adventures

Living peacefully, I became restless and wanted excitement and went out looking for it. I had been living in this graveyard for eight years. On a fine morning of 17th March 1836, I went out in search of adventures and found many. There were then Victorian houses and castles. I enjoyed frolicking about. I visited many houses of both rich and poor, unseen by the human eyes. For fun I sometimes used to upset a cook by spilling her kitchen floor with mud or annoying the maid by dropping her washings. I became very naughty then.

One night, before Christmas, I visited the home of a poor man. They were the Johnson family. When I went inside I saw two small children thinking sadly of all the luxuries that their father could not afford. I decided to do them a good deed. I hurried to a store, packed an evening dress, two frocks and an expensively cut suit. My next destination was the food store. I stuffed turkeys, sherry wines, candies and other dishes in a large basket and I went to a tree shop. I chose a little fir tree already decorated. Then I went back to the house. I quietly stole inside, kept the things in the living room and spent the night there. My main intention of staying overnight was to see the Johnsons' reaction to my presents. In the morning all of them came down and the father was the first one to say: "Where did these things

come from? Oh God, Anna, Linne am I dreaming?"

I could see it in their eyes, that they were very happy. Then the mother said: "I don't think it's right for us to have these. They are not ours."

I was so touched that I spoke on impulse without meaning to do so. I said: "It is from me. Accept my gifts and I'll be pleased." There was a moment's silence then the four of them chorused "Thank You!" They were so shocked by pleasure that they did not wait to think who had spoken. I left the Johnson family there, contented and gay. I myself felt pleased and glad as I had been able to help someone. Then I flew to my home to celebrate my Christmas.

"My Adventures" Part II will be continued next week concerning the friendship of me and a lonely boy and our adventures. Share them with us.



## Can't stop it!

by Tasin Ahmed

Deep down in my soul, I hear a moaning  
My conscious is crying,  
My thoughts are weeping,  
My memories are dying to talk of his past.  
His past, full of fear and hopes,  
Full of determination to win the war.  
Not only for independence, but also for being independent.



His past utters the sound of warriors,  
His past shouts with joy of winning the war.  
Deep down in my soul, I hear a moaning,  
My heart is busy with thoughts of future.  
What will I be? What can I be?  
What will this society make me to be?  
Deep down in my soul, I hear a moaning,  
I am trying hard but I can't stop it.



don't forget to invite me to the party.  
Love, Judith.

\* Dear Sagheer  
Have an awesome wonderfully fantabulastic, radical birthday!  
Seems it runs in the family; looks like you and I are finally getting somewhere (if you know what I mean)  
Love, Fizzy.

\* Tasin, you liar, idiot, rumsull. Just because you have a NACI girlfriend doesn't mean you have to support everything they do. Anyway you weren't present in the 1991 debates. And they never did call me Shahruk what his name.  
From Mr J Alamgir"

\* Dear Sags,  
Now that you're 18 you can finally:  
1) Drive around town if you know how to drive  
2) Stay up till dawn if you can make it till five  
3) Drink beer till you puke and I don't mean a sip  
4) Pierce your ears or if you like your upper lip  
5) Get out more often and stay out of your folks' hair  
Do any of the above only if you dare!  
Have a great birthday &

\* Dearest Ad-non-Rock,  
Hope to see the Ivy League graduate, Paris-based cosmopolitan winning the FA Cup in Monte Carol dressed in Armani!  
In other words, hope you get all that you desire.  
Love, Andi!

\* Dear Kashfi (Tith),  
Loads of love on your birthday.  
Though a belated one.  
Hope I'll always wish you belated birthday forever.  
Ever yours  
SIR

\* Dearest Kalim Khan's Secret Admirer,  
You desperately need glasses.  
Naira Khan.

## April fool weekend

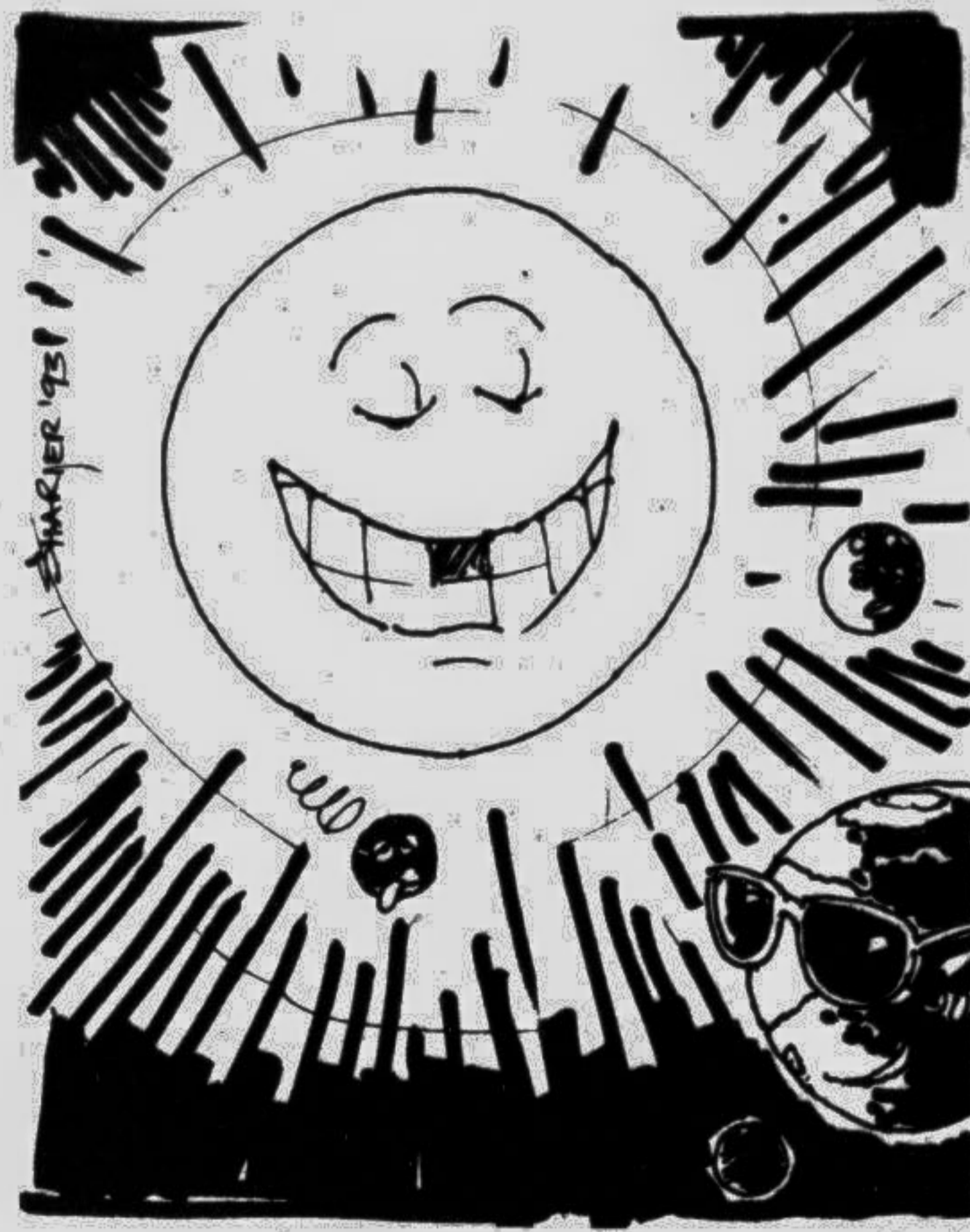
# Why?

by ASK, & BF, JGC & FK

Why?  
Why Not?  
But Why?  
Because.

## STAR PROFILE

The Sun  
Age- 500 million years  
Marital Status- Single. It's too hot to handle!  
Did you know that...  
.. it is the hottest star in the universe  
.. it is worshipped day and night by 13 followers  
.. it has a British tabloid named of ter it  
.. at night, it prefers, for some strange reason, to be called the Moon.



## RIDDLES

Working hard for her whole life,  
Beautiful flower gardens her haunts;  
She is making something valuable,  
Sweeter even than delicious candies.  
A honey-bee

You'll go that way,  
I'll go this way,  
We'll soon meet  
At a beau (bow) spot.  
A vase

Bent over when filled,  
straight when empty.  
Arithmetic above, play in a swing below.  
A rice plant

A tiny tot, this girl:  
Her name — Miss Ruby Red.  
Clad in a skirt of scarlet,  
A piece, the price on her head.  
She burns mouths and brings tears;  
In this she's unequalled, with no peers.  
Red chillie

Let me narrate a story, my son.  
It flew away without feathers and wings,  
With only a thread tied to its neck.  
A kite

## Wacko Jacko's Family

Courtesy — Anodomela  
Translated by — Sagheer Bin Faiz

THEY were always different from any other boys of that age. In the evening, everyone else would dump their schoolbags in a corner and run out to play. Even the boys in the town of Gary were like this. But they were different, the Jackson brothers were different. The boys at school decided they'd sneak in and see exactly what they did in the evenings. In the evenings, the tiny Jacksons were singing relentlessly in their second floor apartment.

Crane driver Joe never in his wildest dreams thought Michael would be so talented. To tell the truth, even the Michael Jackson of today hadn't expected so much. The 1969 hit "I Want You Back" made the Jackson Brothers overnight stars. The five brothers would go out in a motor car every weekend, would sing like mad for 2 days, and then on Monday, they'd turn up at school.

In his first programme in 1968, Michael attracted the attention of famous songstress Diana Ross. That started his phenomenal rise. "Jackson 5" left the town of Gary for California. Even though the other 4 were famous enough, Mickey became a MEGA star. They were 6 brothers and 3 sisters. Dad Joe used to play

## JOKES

"That man's annoying me."  
"Why? He's not even looking at you."  
"I know. That's what's annoying me!"

Mavis fell in love with her boyfriend at second sight — the first time she didn't know he had any money.

"It's true you've fallen in love with Dracula?"  
"Yes. It was love at first bite."  
"My! How fantastical!"

## QUIZ CLUB

- Name the smallest state in USA.
- Who performed the first human heart transplantation?
- Who said "A drop of honey can attract more bees than a litre of water"?
- When was Napoleon defeated and exiled to St Helena?
- Where is the Brandenburg Gate?
- What is the currency of Turkey?
- Who was John Napier?
- Which is the world's largest museum?
- Name the Greek goddess war, identified with the Roman Bellona.
- Where is Beaufort Sea?

Answers for 20.3.93

Ans 1. The French architect L'Enfant Pierre Charles.  
Ans 2. The science of maintaining and cataloging public documents.  
Ans 3. King Farouk.  
Ans 4. Param Ulr Chakra.  
Ans 5. Thailand.  
Ans 6. Actium.  
Ans 7. Neptune.  
Ans 8. Capybara.  
Ans 9. North coast of Victoria Land, Antarctica.  
Ans 10. Wise beyond one's years.

## Compromise

by Tabib Muqtada

"LET'S go to the park today" said my friend. "No, let's go to Wimpy's. We haven't been there for a long time; it's also about lunch time, and my stomach's starting to grumble", I said. "But I really want to go to the park today, and we haven't been there for a long time" replied my friend. "No, No, No, I don't want to go to the park for the last times, now let's not get in to a big argument, and let's go to Wimpy's" I shouted back.

I just seemed to affect him somehow because now his face was turning red. His black-ascual eyes stared at me with uncertainty of what to say next. His dark black hair started to sway from the wind which was

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Father's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

School: \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

Full Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No. \_\_\_\_\_

