

RISING STARS

The Real Do's and Don'ts for Examinees

by Ahsan S Kabir

YOU undoubtedly read Sumaiya Andaleeb's article on tackling examinations. Now though Miss Andaleeb is a *jaan* — to quote on off-quote — she is also sadly, unfortunately, seriously, but truly and without doubt, wrong. I'm sorry, Sumaiya, but I must side with the truth.

For one thing, if you can convince your parents to allow you to not take the exams, please do so immediately. They're just a waste of time and energy. Did you know that recent studies show that, properly harnessed, the brainpower spent by a student on an exam is enough to fuel a car for five hundred miles? Reason with your parents that not doing the exams (and perhaps dropping out of school altogether — what a pleasant dream) is an ecologically sound practice, and that Greenpeace will shower you with accolades on hearing of it.

Falling that, resort to more desperate measures. I understand that consuming a pot of biryani, a gallon of Coke, sev-

eral blocks of rare-grilled beef, and four tubs of ice cream will indispose any mortal for at least one week, if not permanently.

Of course, it may be that however you try, there is no escaping the exams. Indubitably, you neglected to devote yourself to your texts rather than to that cute boy/girl sitting next to you in class or percolating through your sweet little day-dreams. Don't worry. Break into your class's best student's study room and replace his prize-winning notes and texts with your own, less-acclaimed (or perhaps much-acclaimed for what they do not contain) but nevertheless serviceable notes and texts. He/She is probably so smart, he/she won't notice the difference until flunking the exam anyway. Having done so, skim through them, memorising the first word of every page. Usually that word tends to be a 'the', 'a' or 'an', thus calling this practice into question, so it may be advisable to memorise the first two words instead. Try to understand

what you're reading, even if it makes no sense to you.

Finally, it will dawn upon you that today is the day of the exam. Yippee! Bid a fond farewell to your parents, siblings and other loved/hated ones; they may never see your face — crumpled though it is at this time — again. Take your time in making your way to the examination hall. Remember, God created traffic jams for a purpose which had never been divined until now. If you're lucky, you just might be run over by a truck, or scrunched between two cars, or abused by a rickshaw puller about what a cheap-skate you are. Pray to God — never mind if you're not religious, there's always a first time — that His creations will come to fulfill their purpose; and that by a lucky mischance you will be hospitalised or buried.

However, it is a possibility that despite your efforts to aid providence, you somehow managed to reach the examination centre without so much as a scratch on your head — self-inflicted at that from all your fretting and worrying. Do not despair. Having been prepared for all emergencies, you definitely remembered to bring a stick or two of dynamite to blow up the place with (I seem to be in a rather obnoxiously criminal frame of mind this morning). If you do decide to reduce the centre to rubble, please remember to be a safe distance away.

On the other hand, you may end up at a table with your number on it. On the other hand, it may turn out that you forgot to register for the examinations, and so you have no exam to take. Count your lucky stars, babe, and go home.

Yet, most are not so fortunate. Once handed the questions make it your duty to tell the invigilator what you really, really think of him. Spare no effort.

Down we come to most trivial part of this entire sequence: solving the paper. If you can, copy word for word from the person who seems to know what he or she is doing. If it's not Greek to you, then it's

Autobiography of a Watch

by Tazeen Mahtab

Hill I'm a watch! I was born in China, in the best hospital in Beijing. The name of the hospital is 'Li Chings Watch Factory'. It is very well-known, and people from all over the world come to Beijing to adopt us.

One day, as I was chatting to my friends, a British gentleman entered the room where I and a good many other watches were sitting. He chose me up, after looking at many other watches, and after handing something to our caretaker, he put me in a small box and took me away.

The inside of the box was lined with velvet, and just as I had dropped asleep, I was awakened by cries of pleasure. I opened my eyes to see a girl bending over me. She picked me up and wore me on her wrist.

"Thank you so much, Dad," she said to the British gentleman, who was standing beside her. This watch is lovely. I shall wear it everyday.

Thus began my new life: I was worn to school everyday by the girl, whose name, I learned, was Sharon. I hate to boast but I must admit that I am a very handsome watch. The first day I went to school, Sharon's friends exclaimed over me with such delight that I blushed with embarrassment.

One day, a most unfortunate incident occurred. I can do many other things besides keeping the time. One of these is that I can be adjusted to ring like an alarm clock. Sharon delighted in doing this, but after repeated interruptions in class, I was confiscated by a teacher. For weeks, I lay in a dusty old cupboard full of cobwebs. A few flashes and lunchboxes were my only companions. At last, one day I was taken out of the cupboard along with the other things. We were put on a table.

Soon after, I heard voices coming nearer. As they became more clear, I was sure that I heard Sharon's voice. She was saying, "Are you sure, Miss?"

Another voice answered in return to the question.

"Of course I'm sure. I put it on the table myself. It was gathering dust in a corner of the cupboard."

Soon, Sharon and a teacher appeared down a corridor. The teacher rummaged about until she found me then handed me to the girl. As Sharon ran down the corridor, she called after her to behave in the future.

When I got back home, I was given a good rub and polish, for I had got very dirty. However, after being neglected for so long, my insides had got rusty. I could not work as well as before. This was soon discovered, and I learnt to my fright that I was to have an operation.

The next morning, I was taken to the local watch doctor. When I was taken inside the operation-room, which the doctor called his workshop, I saw many other half opened clocks and watches. The doctor set to work, and soon I could see all the tiny cogs and wheels which make up my insides. The operation was over after half an hour, and by next morning I was as good as new.

I am presently very excited, for I am going on a cruise with Sharon's family. My pal pen is writing this for me. He is a very good friend, and I shall tell you about him some other time. That is all I can tell you now, for I have to go to school now with Sharon.

A Man of Hope

by Tasin Ahd

I am a man of hope and desire. When everyone says that the world is broken. When everyone cries thinking of their dull future. When everyone trembles thinking of the rotten society, I hope that these things will change.

Days pass, people learn, choices change. All the broken and wrecken people. People with plans of 1200 ad. People with hopes of 1600 bd. Will and shall disappear one day. There will only be the humming songs of joy. There will only be the loud voices of change.

I am a man of hope and desire. I believe what I think. I keep faith whom I love. I keep hope what I do. This world is now changing. All the thoughts of dull future. All the misfortunes and dismay. Will and shall fade under the light of this new change.

The choice is yours. You can also be a man of hope and desire. The world never regrets anyone's wish.

When Failing is Inevitable, Foil Other's Exam

TAKE A NOSE POLYTHENE BAG TO HIDE TEST CENTRE. WHENEVER THERE IS A PIN DIRT SILENCE - THE BAG WOULD SOUND LIKE A THUNDER.

R-R-RIP! HISSES! KOTCH! KOTCH!

AH CHOOOO

WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHUMAIYA? YOU SHOULD NOT COPY MY ANSWER'S PAPER!

MAKE FALSE ALLEGATIONS

NO-HOPERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! BEFORE AN EXAM, DESIGN YOUR SHIRTS WITH COPIES (i.e. MATH, OR HISTORY), USE COLOURFUL PENS SO THAT THE DESIGN LOOKS LIKE PROFESSIONAL (i.e. GUCCI, YSL), ALONG WITH YOUR PORPOISE SERVED YOU MIGHT ATTRACT BOTH GIRLS AND INVIGILATORS.

YOU GOTTA CUTE TOOTH!

CONFUSE OTHERS BY TELLING THEM, "NO, NO THE ANSWER IS NOT B, BUT C", IN CASE YOUR EXAM MATE IS TOO NERD, TRY FLATTERING!

DISCOVER SILLY MISTAKES IN QUESTION PAPER. WHEN EVERYBODY RUSHES TO YOU, YOU WASTE THEIR TIME BY ARGUING AND APOLOGISE. REPEAT WHENEVER U FEEL LIKE.

Cats

by Raashed Uddin Ahmed

The gentlemen's cat is an amiable cat. The lady's cat is a beautiful cat. The detective's cat is a curious cat. The vagabond's cat is a dirty cat. The dancer's cat is an elegant cat. The Fall Guy's cat is a fabulous cat. The heroine's cat is a gorgeous cat. The witch's cat is a hideous cat. The scholar's cat is an intelligent cat. The mean lady's cat is a jealous cat. The Prophet's cat is a kind cat. The burglar's cat is a lousy cat. The jealous man's cat is a mean cat. The disobedient boy's cat is a naughty cat. The profession's cat is an obedient cat. The thief's cat is a prowling cat. The old man's cat is a quiet cat. The rugby player's cat is a rough cat. The foolish man's cat is a silly cat. The naughty boy's cat is a troublesome cat. The vampire's cat is an ugly cat. The football player's cat is a violent cat. The magician's cat is a wonderful cat. The Arabian's cat is a xeric cat. The child's cat is a young cat. The patriot's cat is a zealous cat.



STAR PROFILE

Name — Gordon Somner
Marital status — Married
Did you know that ...
 • He was 3rd of the police punk group of the early 80's and 70's.
 • His most notable film success was probably in "Brimstone and Treacle", the most useless one, the tragic "Dune".
 • His first solo LP "Dream of the Blue Turtles" was followed by "Nothing Like the Son" which was followed by "The Soul Cages".
 • "Ten Summer's Tales" was his new album, its named after him, and it was recorded in his mansion.

QUIZ CLUB

- Oh, East is East, and West is West and never the twain shall meet. Which poet wrote this line?
 - When was the Berlin Wall erected?
 - Who was called "The Black Prince" in England?
 - Who is the creator of "Snoopy"?
 - What is the scientific name for wolf?
 - Who were the rival factions in the War of Roses?
 - Where is the Gobi desert situated?
 - In Greek and Roman mythology, what is Acheron?
 - In which play did Shakespeare write "Frailty, thy name is woman"?
 - What is the currency of Italy?
- Answers: 17.4.93
- Ans 1. Camelia Sinensis
 - Ans 2. Sumatra.
 - Ans 3. Sweden.
 - Ans 4. Study of human beauty.
 - Ans 5. Macedonian.
 - Ans 6. Kevlin
 - Ans 7. Lhasa in Tibet.
 - Ans 8. Hawaii
 - Ans 9. Hungary
 - Ans 10. One.

Bet You Didn't Know

Paper can be made from anything from bamboo to old rags Most paper is made from wood fibres, but it is also made from the fibres of bamboo, straw, esparto grass, hemp and jute. Some of the best paper is made from linen rags and cotton. Paper used to be made from papyrus, a reed found along the Nile in Egypt. The reeds were laid criss-cross until they formed a sheet thick enough to write on. Later, parchment and vellum were used. These were made from the skins of sheep, goats and calves. The Chinese were the first to use real paper, as we know it, in about 100 B.C., but paper wasn't used in Europe until at least the 12th century AD.

The original Pygmalion was a King of Cyprus The story of Pygmalion is best known through Shaw's play of the same name, and the musical "My Fair Lady". The original tale, however, comes from a classic myth. Pygmalion was King of Cyprus and a brilliant sculptor. He made a statue of his ideal woman and fell in love with it. He called it Galatea and begged the gods to give it life so that he might marry it. They granted his wish. In Shaw's play, and in "My Fair Lady" the theme is presented in a more realistic way. Galatea is a poor, uneducated girl who is suddenly given an education and money, as well as a place in society by a rich man who takes a bet that he can improve her and then falls in love with her, having won his bet and infuriating the girl in the process.

A FRIEND INDEED

by Mahruha Sameen Hussain

I knew my Mum would agree. After all I am fifteen and old enough to look after myself (or so I think). Besides, it would be a new experience. An aunt of mine had invited me to visit her at Chittagong. It took a lot of persuasion to convince my parents to let me go alone who thought that I might get lost or even kidnapped.

Nevertheless, I set off, somewhat nervous but excited as well. My father got me a ticket for the five o'clock intercity train. I found a good seat by the window and there was a vacant seat opposite me. I wondered who the occupant would be. Hopefully not a shifty eyed moron. A girl of my age came and sat in that seat, throwing a nervous glance in my direction. The whistle blew. The train started rolling. I waved to my Dad standing on the platform until he was out of sight. The fields, people, houses went by. Gradually the sun set, clothing the horizon in a rosy hue. I closed the window with a sigh and yawned. The journey was definitely going to be boring.

It was getting pretty hot inside the train so I ventured to keep the window open. A pleasant breeze issued and I was contented to sit back and listen to November Rain in my Walkman. I took out my ticket and put it on the table in front of me so that I could give it when the ticket collector came. The girl opposite me sat staring out of the window. It was getting windy outside and a sudden gust of wind blew away my ticket on the table in front of the open window. I was stunned. That's it I am in for a BIG BIG trouble. Nothing can save me now. Heck! Me and my stupid smart Alec friend I was full of self-reproach. Fate was definitely against me for the ticket collector chose that particular moment to demand my ticket.

As I racked my brains for a plausible excuse the girl spoke up: "The ticket flew away." It grew wings, didn't it? Enquired the collector sarcastically. "No, actually the wind blew away the ticket. Believe me, I DID have one." I added mournfully. He looked from me to her and back at me suspiciously, then added grudgingly, "Alright, I believe you. Whew! What a stroke of good luck! I threw a grateful glance in the girl's direction. She smiled. "Thanks a lot, I said flashing her a brilliant smile. "Don't mention it," she answered, by the way what's your name....."

The flower of friendship was beginning to bloom.

Clouds of Black Smoke

by Adee Z Mahmud

YEAH! I'm back with one of my environmental hazards again. The other day, I was going to the New Market from my house in Dhanmondi. As I approached the Elephant Road Crossing, guess what? Of course, a traffic jam, the inevitable part of travelling in Dhaka.

I sat in my car watching the endless buses, trucks and scooters as they shot out clouds of black smoke in the air. A city like our Dhaka, suffering from just a few air-pollutants. Some chemicals are emitted directly from identifiable sources. Others from indirectly through chemical reactions in the air. We have all seen announcements on TV warning these vehicle owners. But giving warnings seem to be the only thing the authorities can do.

During the past two centuries carbon dioxide (CO₂) in the atmosphere has increased dramatically. The probable cause: burning of fossil fuels and the clearing and burning of forests. Some of the major sources of CO₂ are cars, factories and power plants of the industrial nations. Scientists worry that the growing burden of CO₂ and other gases may change earth's climate. If emissions of CO₂ and other greenhouse gases are not curtailed severely, their heat-trapping properties could raise the atmosphere's mean temperature as much as 80°F during the next 60 years.

There's no place like home — or the office — for contaminated air. Toxic fumes enter the home or workplace in many ways. Newly installed carpets, furniture, ply wood give off an acid, causing headaches, impairing breathing and irritating eyes. Poorly vented kerosene heaters, gas ranges and wood stoves put out unhealthy amounts of carbon monoxide. Even copying machines, dry cleaning fluids, paints and pesticides leak chemical vapours. Hazardous particles fill the air from cigarettes and asbestos insulation. Bacteria may be drawn into the air-conditioning system from rooftop puddles or breed in kitchens. Pets give off allergy — inducing dander.

What can be done: ventilate when cooking with gas, never use unvented kerosene lamps, and get rid of pets? I don't think so. You see, I've an Alsatian who is generally good natured. But I'm sure there won't be much left of me if I try to throw him out of the house. So let's drop the subject.

So what is this ozone

enigma? What's causing a hole over the South Pole in the atmosphere's ozone layer? Some scientists believe that the ozone was attacked by chlorofluorocarbons (such a short name), widely used in industrial chemicals. Others theorize that it was destroyed by the rays of the sun itself. Whatever the cause, the potential effects can be very serious.

Technology for burning fuel more clearly and efficiently is already available. At the Frankfurt Auto Show in the fall of '91, BMW unveiled its vision of future driving. Called the E1, it is a four seater car which might not be very swift but will certainly be a clean machine. Within fifteen to twenty years more new technologies and ideas will emerge, many existing power plants will close down. The question is, can the environment wait twenty years for better technology?

That reminds me, I haven't caused any pollution for a long time. So now I'll go for a ride with Newton, my dog, emitting whatever can be emitted and of course listening to the stereo at full volume. (Noise pollution? Nonsense.) It won't be easy but if you think that these should be changed then there's still hope for the planet.