

RISING STARS

Teenager Severn Takes Up Environment Cause

THE youngest participant of the Global Forum and the Media seminar held at a picturesque Japanese city, Okayama — an hour's journey by the bullet train from Kyoto — was 13-year old Severn Cullis-Suzuki. She has probably in her young life done considerably more than many adults to help preserve the environment. When she was a fifth grader in Vancouver, Canada, Severn and four friends, Vanessa Suttie, Morgan Geisler, Tove Fenger and Michelle Quigg, founded the Environmental Children's Organization; at the age of ten.

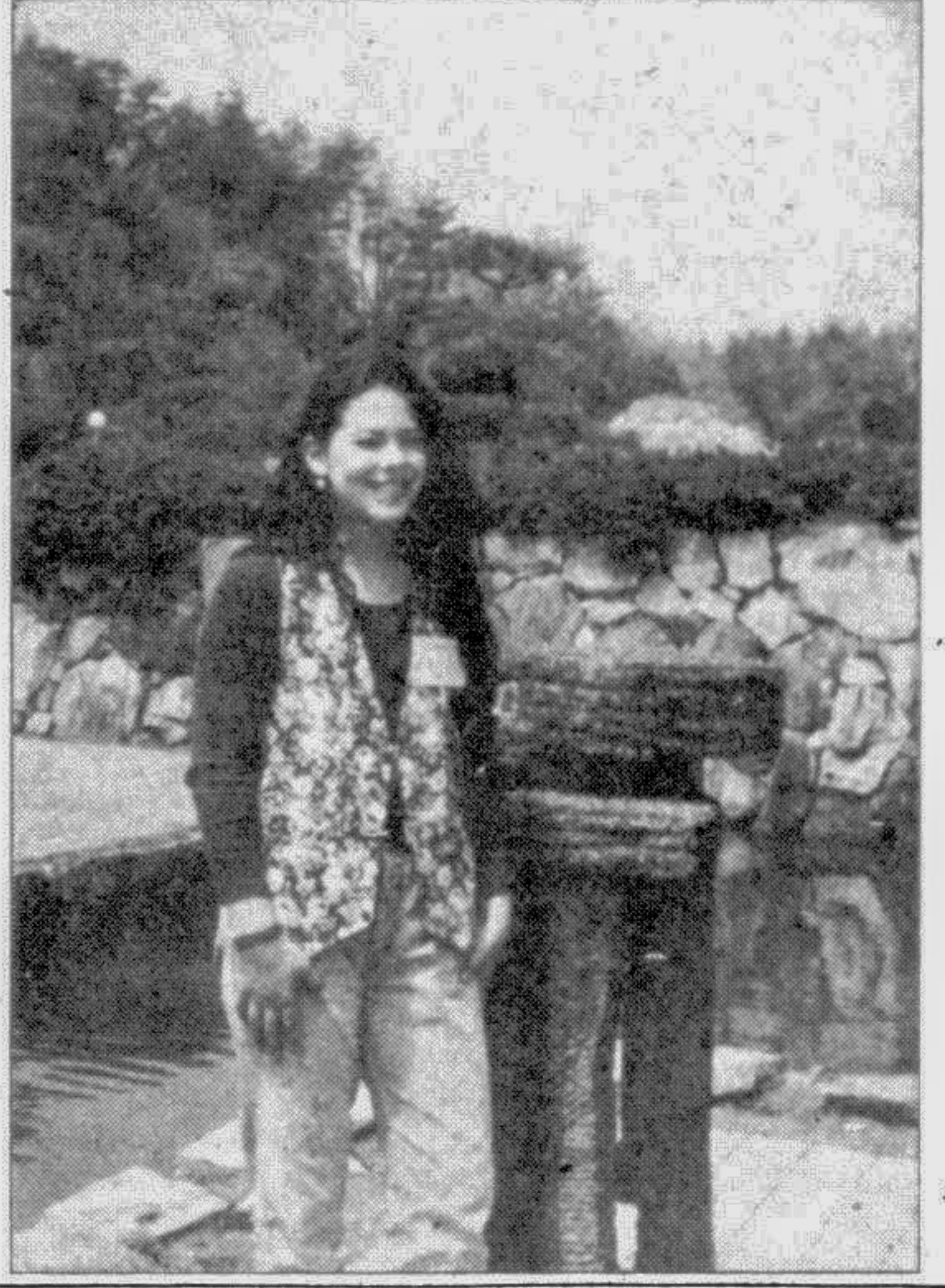
In the short span of ECO's existence, Severn and her friends have managed to place the organization on the international scene. For starters, they raised a large part of the funds needed to attend the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro last year where Severn presented such a moving speech about ECO's vision on behalf of the children of the world, that the most hardened and jaded burst into heart-felt applause while some came close to tears. The same speech in video presented at Okayama boired journalists who have seen a lot in their years of covering all kinds of events across the globe, moved them to spontaneous cheers.

What was the magic which evoked such deeply felt reactions? It was rooted in the utter sincerity of the message and the punches only a child can deliver to have the

strongest impact. Thus Severn began: "Coming up here today, I have no hidden agenda. I am fighting for my future. Losing my future is not like losing an election or a few points on the stock market. I am here to speak on behalf of the starving children around the world whose cries go unheard. I am here to speak for the countless animals dying across this planet because they have nowhere left to go. We can't afford not to be heard".

Coming from a privileged background (her father a geneticist as well as a TV producer and her mother a former professor in English Literature at Harvard), Severn is far from being complacent about the hardships and real dangers suffered by her counterparts in Brazil (where street children face threats of being killed by merciless adults) or kids in developing countries who die of malnutrition and childhood diseases. In fact so touched is she by their plight that she and her friends have raised funds to buy medicines for the street children of Brazil whom they had met on their trip to the Earth Summit at Rio de Janeiro.

Frankly, I was quite curious as to how a group of kids that age managed to raise quite large sums of cash. "It was a lot of hard work", Severn recounted; "we rented an auditorium for \$200 (quite a gamble on our part) and put on a slide-show with members of ECO going to Brazil giving



speeches on the environment and how we can preserve it. We made gecko brochures out of special clay, painted posters, sold tickets for the event and invited everybody we knew — our parents, friends, grand parents, friends and neighbours". Their effort paid off for they raised \$4,700.00 for their trip. The rest was met by donations from friends and well wishers. Similar efforts resulted in sufficient cash to buy a water filter for one of the Penan villages in Sarawak, whose inhabitants were getting sick from the poisoned river water due to excessive logging.

Severn's concern for indigenous people makes a fascinating story. Her father, Professor David Suzuki had befriended a chief of an Indian tribe, the Kaiapos, in the course of a study of the Amazon. One day in '89, he received information that the Indian chief's life was threatened. So he invited him to stay with them in Vancouver until the danger passed. He did and subsequently reciprocated their hospitality with an invitation to spend some time in his village right in the heart of the Amazon forest. This was certainly an unforgettable experience for a ten-year old girl. Severn recalls: "My mother, father, sister and I flew in a small aircraft which landed in the middle of the Amazon forest. Their lifestyle is completely different from ours. They wore paint on their bodies instead of clothes, women shaved their heads in the centre and had huge ear-holes. They lived in huts made of processed mud with leaves for roofs and we slept on hammocks in the open. For food, they hunted and fished and my sister and I made friends with

the Indian chief's two little girls". They spent one week with them, during which Severn's eyes were opened to the pollution of rivers due to mercury dumping as well as mineral mining, and the plundering of the forest land by ruthless ranchers who cleared them for cattle grazing.

"What was so harmful to the ecology" Severn continued, "was that after one year the nutrients of the land would be depleted and they would move to another area and start all over again. In this way the forest slowly but surely disappears". Upon her return to Vancouver, she related her experiences to her friends and they decided to do something about this destruction of the environment and formed ECO. It started with the urge to help the indigenous tribal friends she had come to know.

With more and more children becoming aware that they too must shoulder their share of responsibility in the greening of this planet, ECO publishes a four-page newsletter which is bright, breezy and full of illustrations, information and tips on how each kid can do her/his part — as they stand to "inherit the earth" in time.

As for Severn, whose compassionate values and love of nature struck a powerful chord in all who heard her, she would like to pursue a career which has "something to do with nature" — such as marine biology.

Happy Birthday—The Legend

RABINDRANATH, a man, a history, a legend. This legendary man was born in a time, when people didn't actually understand what culture and literature really meant. But to their relief, to show them the path of glory, came the magic of Rabindranath.

Rabindranath is a man who is beyond description. A simple sentence, a compound dialogue will not hold him to fame. This legendary writer, poet, painter, and overall artist showed the entire world the path of freedom. His songs will never die, nor will his poems and verses. He was a lamp of literature, a noble novelist and the only South East Asian Nobel prize winner in literature.

Rabindranath is not only a man of literature, he is also a path finder and a guide of showing the world the people, how they can talk and act against any inhumanity and injustice. Rabindranath's poems were and are a piece of diamond to every single literature lover of the world. People respect our culture and literature only for this jewel.

Rabindranath wrote for people, he wrote for the freedom of human beings, both mental and physical. He wrote about nature, he wrote against war and for peace, he wrote, as a matter of fact for the whole world.

Some elements never die. Rabindranath's songs are included in these immortal things. If all the birds of the world stop singing, the nature will be dull and gloomy. Similarly, if anyone stops lis-

tening to the songs of Rabindranath, he will be dead before he actually dies. The songs of Rabindranath are the songs of human beings desires and hopes, their loves and expectations.

Rabindranath Tagore is all in all in our Bengali literature. There is not a single thing in our literature that has not been practised by Rabindranath—Rabindranath drew a sculpture which is the sculpture of immortality.

When Baishakh comes, there is Rabindranath in the "Ramna Batamul", when monsoon comes, Rabindranath is there with his excellent pieces of writing. From Baishakh-Chaitra, from Jan to Dec, Rabindranath has been the chief guest of all occasions and changes.

The present world is changing rapidly. The choices of the people, desire of human beings is also expanding. They want 'new' changes, new worlds. But even today they remember the deeds of Rabindranath Tagore, they remember him with honour, they remember him with love. Whenever the national anthem is played, we stand in respect.

The birthday of Rabindranath has arrived, a birthday is a symbol of birth. To me, Rabindranath's birthday is everyday. Everyday, he shows something new to us. We greet Rabindranath from the deepest part of our rising souls, on behalf of all the 'Rising Star' members, I salute you — Rabindranath. May your birthday give birth to humanity among the people of this beautiful world.

QUIZ CLUB

- Quiz Qs.**
- What was the name of Beethoven's Third Symphony?
 - What US city is across from Juarez, Mexico?
 - What "wild west" animal is part of the stage name of William Cody?
 - What Russian-born composer wrote his own version of the "Star Spangled Banner"?
 - What strong man's name is Argelo Siciliano?
 - What city is sometimes called "The Detroit of Brazil"?
 - What was the first western movie ever made?
 - What happened to the group Lynyrd Skynyrd to make them stop recording?
- Answers for 24. 4. 93**
- Rudyard Kipling
 - 1961.
 - Edward
 - Charles Schultz.
 - Canis lupus.
 - The Lancastrians and the Yorkists.
 - In Mongolia.
 - The river of woe
 - Hamlet.
 - Lina.

NOW YOU ARE A MAGICIAN

JUMPING PENCIL

If you need to use a pencil for an effect, this is a neat little trick to make your performance more amusing. Place a thin elastic band over the third finger of your right hand.

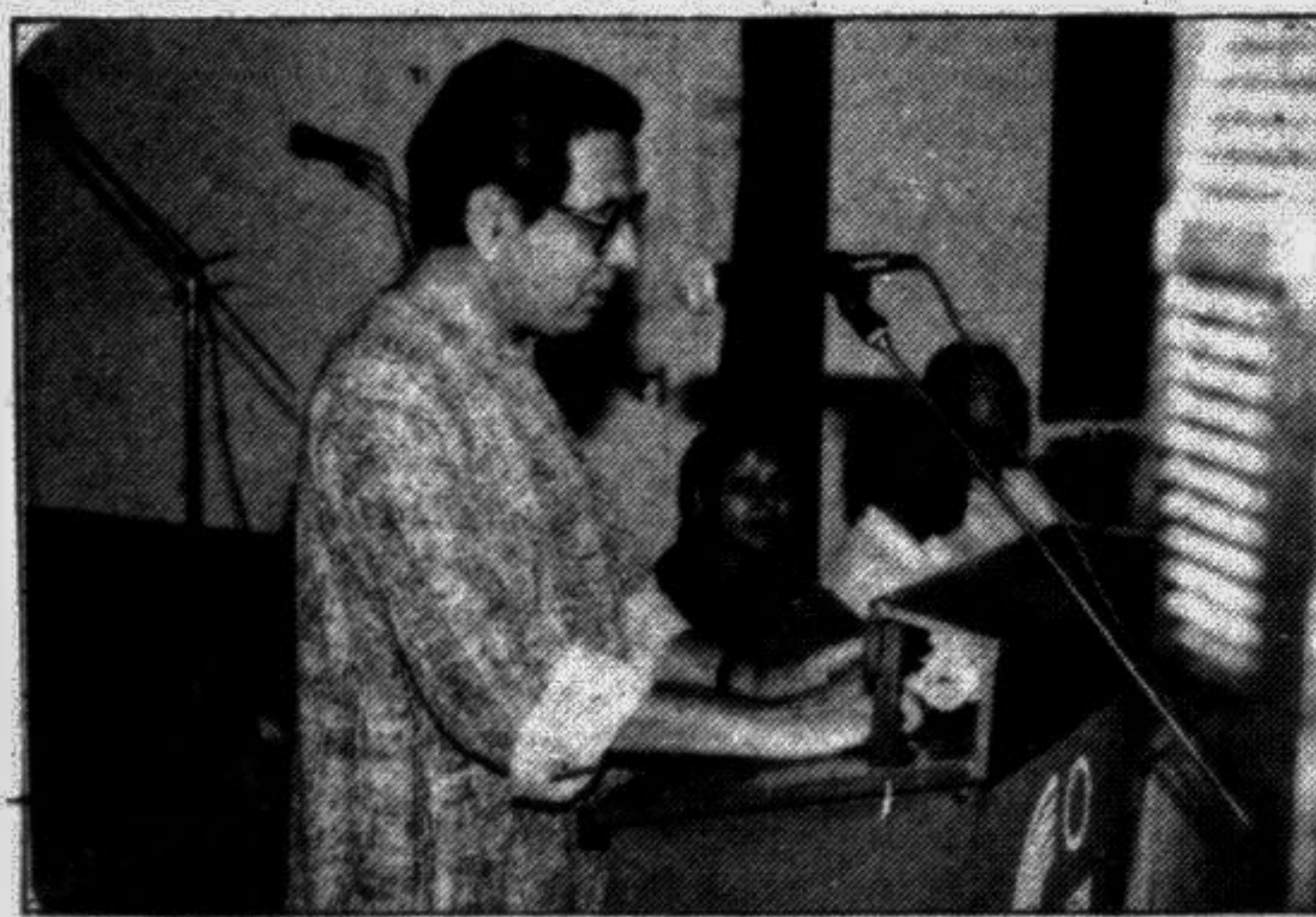
Form your hand into a loose fist with the elastic hanging inside.

Take a long pencil and push it down inside your fist. As you do so make sure that the end of the pencil pushes against the elastic band.

Tighten your fist to stop the pencil from jumping out before you are ready.

As soon as you release your grip the pencil will fly up into the air, like an arrow leaving a bow.

Be sure to hold your fist so that the back of your thumb faces the audience and prevents them from seeing the elastic band.



Mahbub Jamil, a pioneer in film movement in Bangladesh, is seen here speaking at a recent certificate giving ceremony of 'Sushan Tirtha', a children's forum for learning pronunciation. Rhea Mahmood, Director of the forum, Prof Kabir Chowdhury and Writer Ahmed Rafiq are also seen.

What a Mess!

by Mahruba Sameen Husain

HELP! Help! I yelled. I'm fall-- (oops)-- falling! I was at the edge of a tall building, clinging to my friend Oskar's hand, and yelling at the top of my voice, "Do something you idiot!"

"I'm trying," he answered.

Meow! My pet cat Mayonnaise had joined Oskar and was scratching his ear. "Get off, you imbecile cat," said Oskar. "How dare you insult my cat." I chastised him, he added. "Can't you see I'm trying to save her?!" Meow! yelped Mayonnaise, as if to contradict the former's statement. Eek! I slipped an inch more. I bade a mental goodbye to my Mom, Dad, brother and all my friends, and even wrote a will.

To Oskar, I leave Mayonnaise and three books entitled, "Learn How to be a Cat's Best Friend", "The Secrets of My Success as a Cat", and "The Cat King and I".

To Canashi, I leave all my posters and tapes. Lastly, a request to my family: Please whack Oskar on the head for not saving me...

Oskar was pulling my hand still. With some effort, he managed to pull me up and... fell! No!

I groaned. Now look what you've done. How in the world am I supposed to pull you up? You are such a turnip! Right at that moment Mayonnaise had the nerve to meow and I jumped so high that I fell as well. Down went Oskar and I. I fell through the roof of a cottage and landed on Canashi, who was peering at an anthill. She got so mad that she punched Oskar, and I, in just retribution on his behalf, kicked her. She fell through the window and into a muddy vegetable patch, where her cousin Diaz was unsuccessfully trying to teach their dog Peanut Butter how to make sandwiches. What a mess! I muttered. Canashi had landed



JOKES

- Farmer Giles:** That was a terrible storm we had last night, wasn't it?
- Farmer Brown:** It certainly was. Did it damage your barn?
- Farmer Giles:** I don't know — I haven't found it yet.
- What pets do we tread on?**
- Carpets.**
- Why is it useless to send a telegram to Isaac Newton?**
- Because he's dead.**
- What goes into the sea pink and comes out blue?**
- A swimmer on a cold day.**
- Daft definition:**
- What is a skeleton?** A man with his outsides off and his insides out.
- Sally:** Will you join me in a glass of orange juice?
- Sam:** Don't be silly, Sally — we wouldn't fit in the glass.
- What would happen if all the cars were white?**
- You'd have a white carnation.**

Lost Days

by Trishna

MY childhood was filled with your affection and care. I was cheerful and there was no pain I had to bear. Your never got tired of patting me and making me go to sleep.

The love and respect I had in my heart was so deep. Stories and lullabies that you had gifted me.

Made me jolly, but I'll never be as happy as I used to be.

Your greatness was incomparable; never touched the floor.

But good things don't last long, so sorrow knocked on the door.

You changed suddenly and cruelly became your best friend.

All the harmony in your heart had reached its end.

What sin had I committed to deserve this-God?

I cried every night and begged for mercy to the Lord.

But good days had left me forever.

They promised not to come back ever.

My heart filled with happiness, was now overflowing with sorrow.

The future seemed dark and there was no hope of a bright tomorrow.

I finally discovered that hatred is all I saved for you, Your sight was irritating and made me so blue.

I never had dreamt of hating you so much in my life.

Your mean behaviour cut my heart like a knife.

But one day you'll miss those days and regret.

It'll be too late then and nothing can be newly set.

"But Love is Blind"

by Salman A Khan

IF someone asks you what is the most dangerous disease in the whole world, what will you say? Perhaps you will speak of Cancer, AIDS, etc. But if you ask me, I will name no other disease but LOVE!

Why? Because it is very complicated and there are more bumps and turns than a cross-country car race. But the most dangerous point is that if you are in love, you have to deal with a girl! The heart of a girl is like a bee. A bee flies from flower to flower to gather honey. Likewise, the heart of a girl frequently searches for different male-hearts for her own pleasure; without considering the poor man who had unfortunately fallen in love with her. Bob Dylan said in his "Just Like a Woman" —

"She takes just like a woman, yes, she does
She makes love just like a woman, yes, she does
And she is just like a woman
But she breaks like a little girl."

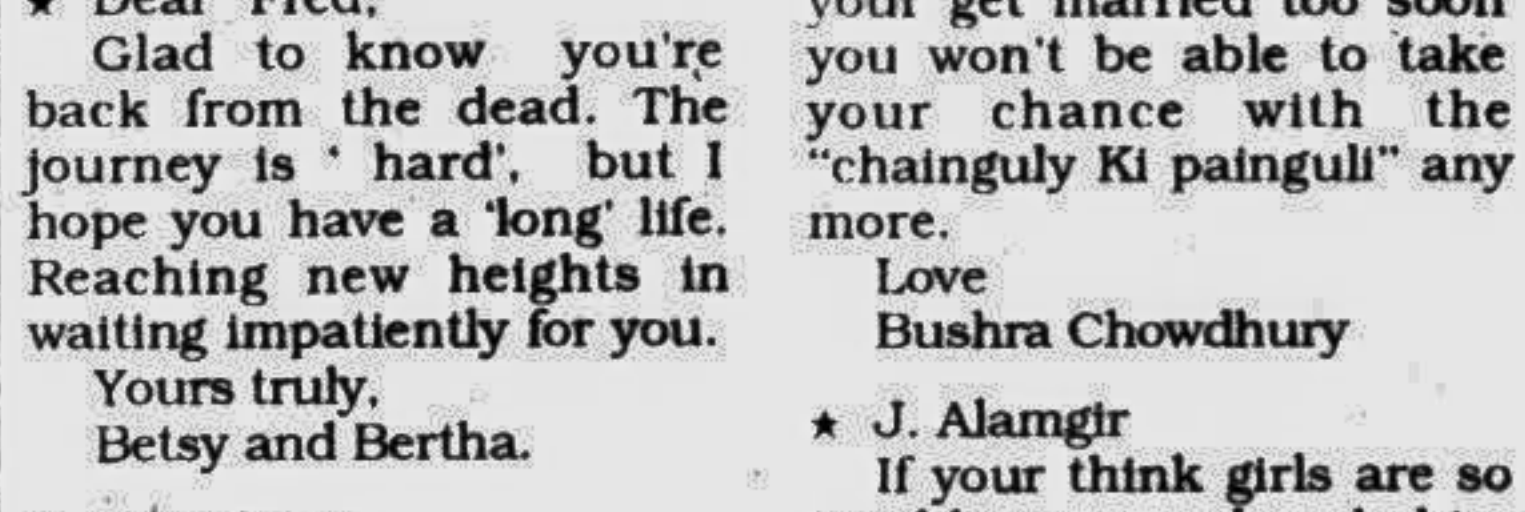
This quotation shows the flexibility of girls. Still boys run after girls. But this damned thing is not the only spice of life.

Now lets see the pros and cons of love. Yes, it is true that love can stir up a person and be his fountain of energy. Very well. But how will that idea occur to you when you see the girl you love walking hand in hand with another man or sitting close to him in a coffee shop? You will then realise that loving a girl is like playing with fire. Some boys' love lives are in the limited boundary of their own heart, that is, he doesn't have the guts to express it to the girl though he wants to. As an example, I can tell you of a friend of mine called Rajib. He loves a girl but can't say it to her. They have known each other for about three months and he doesn't even know her name! So is this what your so-called love is? A boy loves a girl with many hopes and ends up with frustrations Isn't it disgraceful?

A King

by Tamzeed

**A king should be wise,
Who would not be late to rise
He should be a ruler who is just.
Honesty for him is a must.
He should always eat vegetable,
On an oval-shaped table.
He should have many wives,
All as beautiful as sharp knives.
He should have a pet lion,
Who would sit with him to dine.
A king should be bright,
But most of all, he should never take fright.**



- * Dear Fred,**
Glad to know you're back from the dead. The journey is 'hard', but I hope you have a 'long' life. Reaching new heights in waiting impatiently for you.
- Yours truly,**
Betsy and Bertha.
- * Dear Demi,**
I don't know where I'm g(r)o(w)ing, but I'm on my way!
- Running Nose.**
- * To a certain over-worked person reading this column:**
Confucius no say "when man works like horse, everybody ride him" but it no mean this no true.
- Relaxed.**
- * Dear Raffaella Siddiqui,**
Ever thought of dieting, from your not-so-secret admirer Ripon.
- * To Shayan Haque,**
How's that leg, you cripple
yours sincerely
Karisma.
- * To Kalim Khan,**
What do you think of yourself, you ego maniac? From your not so secret NOT S.A.
- * To Nida Karim,**
Slim down! You badly need it, from??
- * Dearest Nusu Baby (NeDs)**
Just because we call you Mrs. Pappu doesn't mean you're actually going to marry him. So don't get too excited. Anyway why do you want to get married so soon? You're only 14. If
- your get married too soon you won't be able to take your chance with the "chainguly Ki painguly" any more.**
- Love**
Bushra Chowdhury
- * J. Alamgir**
If you think girls are so troublesome and crybabies I suggest you try to live without them and see how you survive. And if some nice guy has a NACI girlfriend for which he writes nice things about girls, I would advice you to get a NACI girlfriend (from Fakiirunessa) for your self.
- From,**
A known person.
Mr. Joy Alamgir.
- Zn wants to find out how much ink you have in your PEN. So, stop using your PEN for a few days or you will run out of ink again.**
- The Spy**
- * Mr. Adeeb. Z. Mahmud.**
Adeeba wants to see your younger brother. So, give him a good health.
- The Spy**
- * Dear Bogeess: Boo (Bushra),**
I have seen that you have weakness for "Javed" but I also have a crush on him, so, I advice I warn you—back off. I mean that.
- Ehmerin**
- * Dear Brian Lara,**
I wish you can score brilliant triple century in the coming test against Pakistan.
- With love**
Nusrat"
(Fat chance! RS friends)
Go Wagar Go!

