

# RISING STARS

## Drugs — The Deadly killer

by Trishna and Joy Alamgir

There are numerous things that people intend to prevent without knowing how successful they are going to be. The spread of drugs, among the young generation of this society, is one of them. Turn through the pages of magazines and you will come across quite a number of articles on drugs and its effects and also on the ways to prevent people from using them. Switch on the television and you will see faces, lecturing on how to stay away from drugs. But poor fellows do not even know that hardly anybody is giving heed to what they blab. I wonder if those people are really concerned about the drug addicts or is it just their job to show their faces on television and write never-ending articles to be printed. Actually anybody whose child is not involved with drugs is the least bothered. I would just like to meet one person who is really trying one's best to prevent the young people from the hands of drugs. It's not the police, or the government or even us. These true incidents have made me believe that drugs are being used widely in this country and still neglected.

A few days ago, when I went out for a ride along with my family, this adolescent came right in front of our car and kept on walking carelessly. Even after continuous honking, he walked carelessly. But he finally seemed to have got back to his sense and looked back as he moved aside. I noticed his eyes, red and looking as if they would burst. He seemed droopy and an expression of loneliness in his face as if he was in some other, unknown world. I could guess what he has been going through.

The people in a slum near one of my aunt's house have been selling the all-time favourite of the addicts, 'ganja', for years. The slum is no secret or hidden place, it lies openly at a busy street corner. Everybody seemed to know about it, except the police, I guess. So many things are going on right in front of the public's eyes but they still act blind. I wonder, the reason, behind this silence.

Pain, sorrow, separation or lack of love, whatever the reason behind people, becoming addicts, no one bothers to help them no one tries to stop the person from getting, so seriously hurt, he chooses

death to be his only destiny. The reasons that should be found and stopped. Unity is needed. Love is to be shared. Its not their fault but ours. We should first change our ways and then look forward to the solution of this major problem.

Although nowadays, drugs seem to be a source of having fun, a pleasure, an entertainment. Parties, picnics and anything fun arranged by young people, drugs are at the top of their menu besides smoking and drinking. No drugs, no fun.

he would know how his beloved child is using his hard earned money.

Every path, every street corner and in any little tea-shops, drugs are available. To any sort of customers they would sell this illegal product shamelessly.

Drugs are no jokes; its not a child's play. Its death and that is where it finally takes a person.

These few hundred words

menace. You have been sleeping through the years, now wake up.

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THE principle affect of drugs is the addiction to it. Severe sideeffects occur when the user stops taking in drugs, thus finds it difficult to stop. Drugs make a person's senses dull, he experiences hallucinations, withstand pain, induce sleep and stupor, it often leads to severe health problems and ultimately to death.

As the user starts to lose his/her appetite his/her health starts to fall leading to a collapse of the bodily systems. Drug users tend to share needles. They hypodermic needles they share may be unsterilized and contaminated, resulting in the transmission of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, Hepatitis B or other venereal diseases.

As users try to keep up with the increasing bodily demand of drugs he/she tends to commit crimes to maintain the necessary cash flow.

An addict is not bad nor mad, he is sick and he needs help. We should remember that it is the society which persuade the users to take drugs. Depression, schizophrenia, failure, mental unhappiness, unemployment, unsatisfactory results, curiosity are the common reasons why a man chooses the way of drugs. They find the "DRUG WAY" to say goodbye to the cruel world. But what they really need is help. They need to be rehabilitated, they need to be given a second chance in life, not to be isolated.

Drug sessions should be introduced in schools, colleges and universities to discourage students from taking this sedative element as part of an awareness programme, documentaries on addiction should be on the national broadcasting agenda. Tougher security measures are needed to block the smuggling of drugs.

Prevention is better than cure — the proverb reflects its truth in the case of drugs. If the awareness of drugs are within every people, man will understand, that taking drugs is the coward's way out of life. It will not resolve his crises, it will deepen them. He will understand that no matter what he does or goes through, he will not need drugs.



Courtesy — Shananda

Today people are rather curious than determined. They are anxious to know what really is so great and extraordinary about drugs. And thus begins their way of committing slow suicide. Curiosity does really kill the cat in this case. Bad influence plays an important part here. It is often seen, that friends encourage one to take drugs. "Payment" leave that on me. What are rich fathers for — pathetic. If only

can do the least to stop addicts advancing towards drugs but this is my request to all the guardians — its high time to explain it to your child and see to it that your beloved children do not fall under the same category of the dying ones. You are the only one who can stop the country's future from getting destroyed. Readers, its time to help the people of tomorrow, to come forward and prevent the country from this

Majid Ahmed sat in his bunker in the late night hours, going over the events of the last twelve months. Twelve months ago, he had been a destitute air-rickshaw puller who'd come to Dhaka with dreams that were cruelly shattered. He had no close family to speak of in Dhaka, other than his friend Farukh Miah; and when they'd heard of the government recruiting labour for an outer space project, he and Farukh had signed up. What the heck, they had nothing to live for in Dhaka and this job promised a hefty salary, hefty enough for an air-rickshaw puller, so that even if they didn't like it there, they could return after a year with enough money to live out the rest of their lives comfortably. Farukh had dreams of opening a shrimp farm in his village and Majid had every intention of joining him. It wasn't that they were uneducated buffoons; fate had just destined for them their life of poverty and they were determined to live to see a better day. One day, they would settle down with a wife and children, they would no longer have to live this life of despair.

So naturally, the job was a golden opportunity for them. There had been promises of comfortable living quarters and leave every six months to come back to Dhaka. But now, thought Majid ironically, those promises resounded with their hollowness. "Jahannum", as his colleagues had not-so-affectionately called their space junkie, was indeed a living hell. It became a standing joke among the men that if one got irritated and told the other to go to hell, he'd respond with "I'm already there." Even the flood refugees back home lived in better conditions. The corridors and bathrooms stunk of urine and vomit, the food was not worthy of a beggar in Dhaka, and that, Majid thought, was what they basically were — beggars, because beggars couldn't be choosers. If they'd had a choice, most of them would have left this cesspool. So much for the leave, every two months. They wouldn't be going home in two years, those inhuman Indotech foremen were going to make sure of that. There were no medical facilities, they were treated like sewer rats. 200 had died off in the past year. They were promptly replaced. He had learned a lot, talking with the guards and keeping his ears open, and he'd grown to hate Sudhir Bose and his infernal Indotech, he'd grown to despise his own government for selling them out like this. If

## Revolt II

by Sagheer Bin Faiz

only the people back home knew what was going on. He wondered how many of them would live to tell, but who'd listen to a band of air rickshaw pullers, tea-shop owners and farmers? Bangladesh had, if anything, in the past two decades, become more and more socially divided. The middle and upper-middle classes and the rich lived in relative comfort oblivious to the desolate masses. Dhaka had become a symbol of the affluent and a target of the ha-

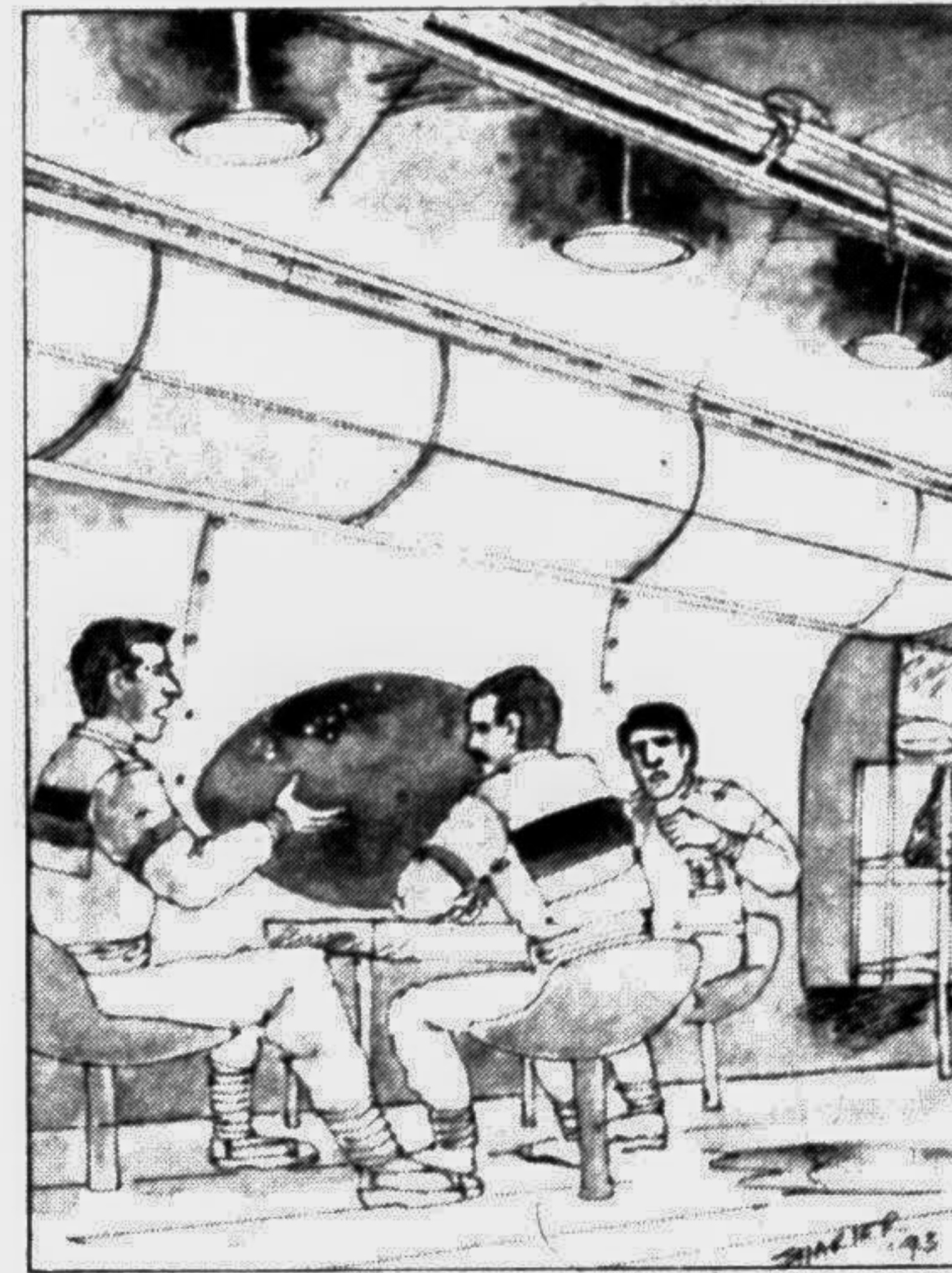
"Jahannum" and a secret uprising was in the making. The men had chosen Majid as their leader, not by any election, but automatically. Perhaps it was his charisma, he had always been cast in the leader mold. He had headed the Air-Rickshaw Pullers' Union back in Dhaka, had organized strikes and pay demands successfully, but now he was leading something far greater. Some of the men had tried sabotaging the project but none were discreet enough.

desperate lunges and had ended up dead. It was amazing how many of the 200 deaths were due to "unnatural causes." But the guards were complacent. They were swarthy Sikhs for the most part, and they looked upon the Bangladeshi workers with contempt. They regarded most of them as stupid and illiterate, and were aware of their power over the men. Majid knew that it would be this condescension that could possibly bring about their downfall.

Within their group of 8000, they even had a bunch of students from Dhaka University. Freshly arrived from the villages, they had been immediately consumed by the maelstrom of violence that engulfed the DU campus, and this job had been a way out for them, and like most of the others, they had come for the easy money. But now they too could not bear the prospect of another year in this horrific hell-hole. In other circumstances, they might have, with their education, resented being led by an air-rickshaw puller, but over here on "Jahannum", they had no complaints. Majid wanted to create a diversion and for this he chose Robin and Nobel, two young physics students. They had already discussed with him the possibility of making a miniature bomb that could act as a diversion. The idea was by no means original; others had attempted it before them, but there had been no organization, there had been no unity among the men, only too many factions. Now one year of desolation had brought them together, all 8000 of them, under Majid.

Robin and Nobel were bright, inventive young boys. Perhaps if their society had given them a chance, they could have gone on to greater things. But fate had put them in the wrong social class. To get back to the original point, it didn't take them long to make a handbomb with the simplest of ingredients for a minor explosion. The charges had been set in the guard's quarters two labourers whom the guards had appointed their personal servants. This had been a stroke of genius on Majid's part, the placing of the charges, because they were set to go off at midday, when most of the guards would be taking a break, and those on duty would obviously rush to their quarters when the bomb went off to save their possessions.

Timing was everything, the whole plan would have to be executed to perfection. There was no dress rehearsal and no second chance.



tred of millions of Bangladeshis in the '68,000 villages' which, incidentally, were dying while Bangladesh lived on, contrary to that famous sentence. Back here, anyone who revolted against this imprisonment in space, for that was what it basically was, had been quickly and effectively silenced.

But the seeds of rebellion could not be so easily repressed. There were 800 mutinous labourers aboard

They were rarely successful and invariably caught. No that would never work, Majid thought to himself. He had, however, an inkling of a plan. Outnumber they did, the 800 workers over the 200 guards, but they were impotent against the heavy weaponry of the guards. That was the only reason that the guards had such a heavy stranglehold over them. Somehow, the weapons had got to be got at. Many men had attempted

## The White Cat

by Naina Ahmed

I am a white cat. Ah yes! I am old, very old. I am one of the oldest cats in town. My children and grandchildren are just like me — excellent mice-catchers!

You know the saying 'A dog loves its owner and a cat loves its home' well, I've been in this house all my nine lives and I've been with three families.

Mrs Bean was my first mistress. She was plump and jolly but had a bad habit of bathing me too often. I was well fed during her stay.

Miss Anny and Master Fred were my next owners. As young children often do they used to forget to feed or bathe me regularly. I gave birth to thirteen children during their stay, though.

Master Don was my last master. A bachelor, he had only me as his companion. So, once again I was well-fed. Don

died in a car accident. Now the cat across the road sends me fish bones and maybe some left-overs. Instead I catch mice for them.

Well this is not a nice profession for a cat like me. (or is



it?) So if anyone of you would like to adopt me please move in to my house (mind you I own it!) Address: 46 Guishan Avenue Mirpur, Chittagong (Now was that my address?)

## "Hi, dreamboat!" — The solution

by 'Rex'

Joy finished his "absurd" story, closed his eyes and was on the verge of being absorbed in his dreams again. Fahim gave him a nudge on the ribs.

"Wake up, you liar! You had no way to figure out the number," he said.

"Yeah, you're just pulling our legs. You made the story yourself," said Imtiaz.

Joy opened his eyes. He looked astonished at their "imbecility". "You mean, you didn't get the clue yet?" he said. "But it's obvious...."

She knew that I'm a genius, therefore, she tried to test my mental ability by that "nonsense rhyme." When she disappeared in the crowd, I thought over the rhyme again and again. I understood that the number is hidden in the word "ace."

Now guys 'A' is the 1st, 'C' is the 3rd and 'E' is 5th letter of the English alphabet. So, the letters of the word form an Arithmetic progression which is:

1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, ..... and so on. I figured this as I am a "wizard" in maths we can ignore the 1st digit '1'. Because ordinary house phone numbers do not start with '1'. So the number will be : 357911

She asked me to call the "ace" before seven in the evening so that she can hear the ring.

I called her in the evening before 7'o clock. She heard her telephone set ring and it was a happy ending.

Readers don't be a fool, therefore stay cool! If you dial the number, You'll prove yourself dum-bet.

## QUIZ CLUB

1. Name the family of Juliet in Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet'.
2. What is the weight of the earth?
3. Which river flows by Washington DC?
4. Which European city had the ancient name 'Lutetia'?
5. To which dynasty did King Henry VIII belong?
6. What is the layer of fat beneath the skin of whales and porpoises called?
7. Who succeeded Colonel Nasser as President of Egypt?
8. What is the national flower of Holland?
9. What was the Spanish Armada?
10. After the Nile, what is the major river in Africa?

For 8.5.93

- (1) The Eroica Symphony
- (2) El Paso
- (3) Buffalo
- (4) Stravinsky
- (5) Charles Atlas
- (6) Sao Paulo
- (7) The Great Train Robbery
- (8) They were killed in a plane crash.



Help Others: Everything that I have is a loan given to me to be passed on to those whose need is greater than mine!

T. L. Vaswani

Courtesy: Tips for Teen agers

## Selecting a future career

by Sanjida Shaheed

Choosing your future career is probably the most consequential resolution you'll ever have to make. You should start thinking about it prospectively, as your own entire life will be conditioned by your preferred job.

To make up your decision the strategy won't be easy. It'll demand a lot of serious thoughts and sincere work on your part. It'll be well-worth regarding the whole exercise as a special project. Your parents and other people may hang around you and talk you into the hopes and expectations of a particular job. But you need not let them ruin or effect your ideas. This life is yours, the future is yours. Ignoring your own opinion will not enable you to reach the peak of success.

On the eve of making the big decision, you'll have to consider some facts and factors. Remembering, the present employment situation, is a must. There are a wide variety of opportunities available. You can be a surgeon, an architect, a model, pilot, engineer, soldier, eye specialist — the list is infinite.

However, all jobs are not agreeable for everyone. The first step in choosing a career is to distinguish the things of your interest. Also mark your school subjects in which you do very well and those at which you are not-so-good. Now be scrupulously honest and make a list of the good and bad points of your personality. Suppose, you're interested in photography and journalism.

Then you could take up photo journalism. If you're imaginative and creative in your thinking, you could consider being an actor or artist or a dress designer. There should be some job which would fit with your interests and abilities. Try to visualize the lifestyle you hope to enjoy, wages you

would like to earn, job satisfaction, prospects of advancement. The job you'll be engaged in will also be effected by your education, the area you live in and the over all employment situation. It's not fun, to spend many years studying and training for some particular job and at the end come across "NO VACANCY" signs.

Some jobs always seem to run short of new entrants. These facts should be considered.

You should not think that there are some jobs which are simply perfect in every way — 'cos there 're none. Every job has its boring aspects and even the dulllest jobs have some recompense. Again, many jobs won't seem very inviting after finding out there is years of studying and training ahead. Some jobs would sound uncomfortable if you are not the type to work 16 hrs per day.

Nobody ever hopes to be out of work a short period after joining. But we live in an age of rapid change, where technical development may become the cause of the end of a job. Try to foresee the future technology and look for a job which won't be out-dated in a few years of time.

So before making the final decision, try to gather as much information on your chosen career, as you can. You can even consult with people engaged in different jobs or read about them in journals.

It's never too soon to start thinking and choosing your career. You can't expect a good job — any job at all — to fall into your lap unless you work for it. Joining a job before making careful consideration may cause frustration in your future life. So to avoid any disappointment, the decision should be made as soon as possible. Remember, "THE EARLIER, THE BETTER."

## Birds

by Najrana Imaan Poonam

Birds are beautiful creatures. And they have nice feathers. Eyes, beaks, tails, wings. And some other things.

They always fly. Up in the sky. And only come down for shelter and food.



I would be surprised For one moment, On the ground, if still they stood.

Birds are very beautiful things, And they fly in the sky on their wings.

## Trees—Ultimate Resource

by Mahmud Abdullah Zahid

Living things need oxygen to stay alive on this earth, and where do we get this oxygen from?

Is it the birds, is it the animals?

No! It is the trees. Most of us don't give any importance to the trees. We just chop them down. By cutting a tree, we are killing one of our intimate friend who never harmed us.

Trees help us in various ways. It prevents soil erosion, desertification and of course floods. The greenhouse effect which is mainly caused by the carbon dioxide dense layer on the outer surface of the earth, it lets the ultra red rays come into the earth and while it reflects back from the earth's surface, the dense layer does not let it go wholly. It goes partially and stays partially. This causes the global warming of the earth. If there were more trees then, they could absorb the carbon dioxide in more quantities so that the dense layer would slowly become thin. Carbon dioxide is also affecting the ozone layer

and breaking the ozone shield, which is saving us from ultra violet rays. Side by side carbon monoxide which is formed from the exhausts of cars, buses, trucks, etc; should be reduced.

Some trees also provide us with food e.g. mango-tree, coconut-tree, plum tree, cherry tree, etc; we are not only getting oxygen from the trees we are also getting food from them. Trees are our major resource of oxygen.

This earth belongs to us. We don't want to destroy this beautiful earth of ours. We should plant trees where we find a little bit of space.

## Trees

by Naina Ahmed

Let us plant tree One, two or three. It is neither tough, Nor very rough. But one little tree Can save you and me!