

# RISING STARS

## Waiting for rescue . . .

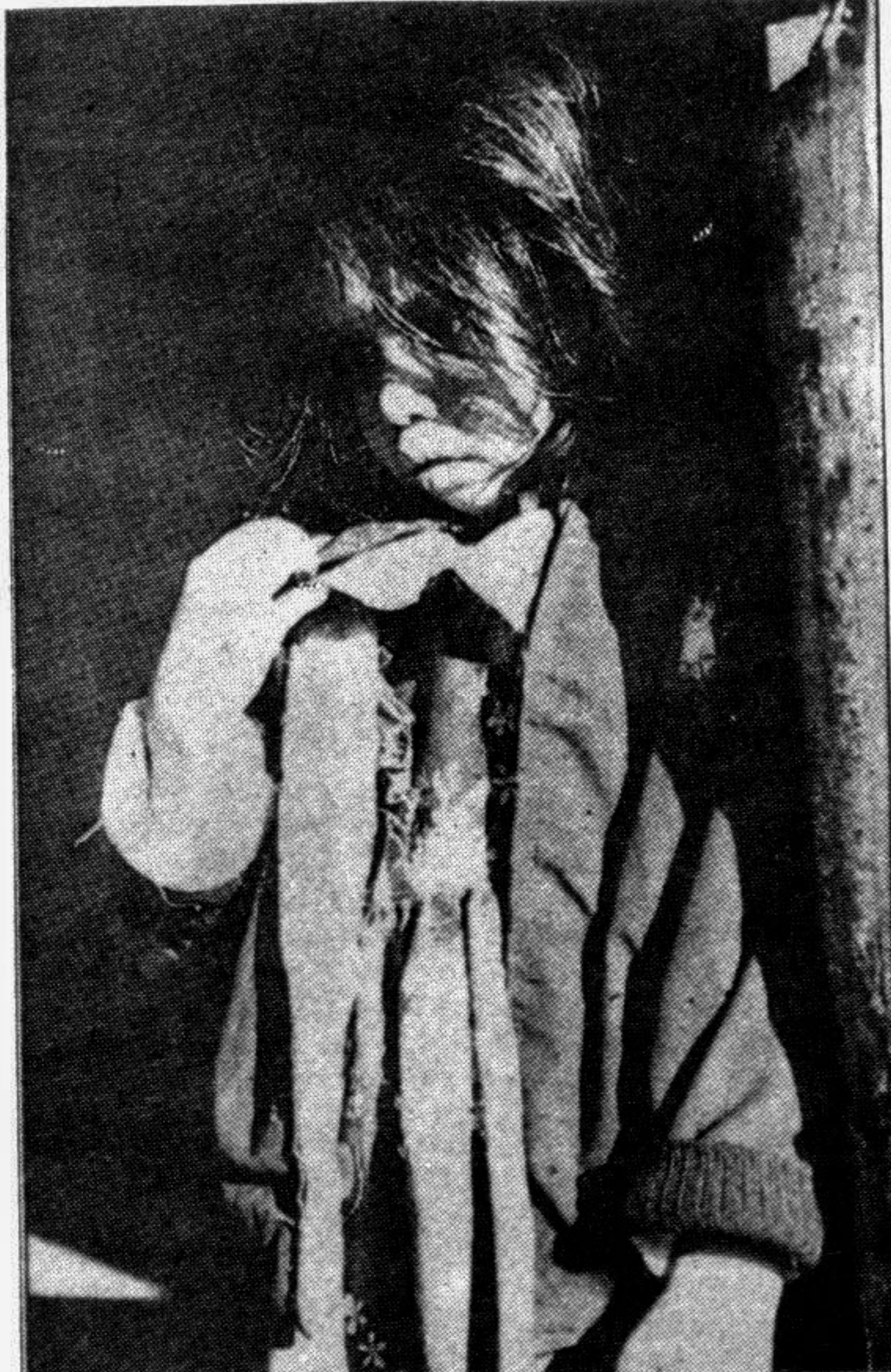
**I** Sit hunger, shelter, poverty or death, or is it just distasteful character? You may hate prostitutes but have you ever thought what reason lies behind a woman, a child taking up prostitution? No, Never!

It is a fact that families are never really satisfied with the birth of a baby girl. However, nowadays the situation is not the same in a family, where its members starve and slowly head towards death. The birth of a girl makes them rather lively, as they think about the bright and healthy days coming soon. The first idea to strike their minds is to sell the infant and earn a handful of money, and most of those unfortunate ones end up in becoming prostitutes, or exploit their labour.

Society is a wizard with hallucination. Its task is to exaggerate what others say and believe — what fools believe. It blabs around about things which it, never has experienced, itself. Prostitutes are a sign of shame in this flower-fresh (?) society. The utterance of that very word, the sight of them (and the little interest, displayed to know them) will cost them days and nights of begging for forgiveness to God; for totally being careless of the fact that prostitutes are one of his inventions too. What never seems to come to their mind is that they also fall into the category of humans.

Look at a busy street corner. An underaged girl waits impatiently for her customer; not because its her profession, but because she is hungry. I wonder if she, has matured enough to understand what she actually does and to distinguish between right and wrong? But she is in the hands of hungry beasts already. Give her some time and

**By Trishna**  
listen to her story. She had probably been sold or its her own poor family that is making her go through this purgatory. Many wise people would suggest to save her and bring her



Alone and unwanted, where will she go? Courtesy: Femina

out of the dark world. But then where to? Would one of us owning a school put her there to study? I doubt it. Or put her in the hands of the heartless people and watch her die? Before we start planning about putting her anywhere, lets just see how many there are who would really give her an opportunity to live a new life. The total will not exceed zero.

Everywhere we go, we are advised to help our family and isn't that what she is exactly doing? She deserves praise and not accusation, she has sacrificed her bright future for them. Willingly or unwillingly is not the most important factor. What counts is that she has given up her future her happiness, her self respect and her entire life.

I believe that not all prostitute suffer from the same incidents but MOST of them do. And the others force themselves for their own survival. But still, no matter what the background story is, hatred is all that we have stored in our hearts for them.

Are they the guilty ones and the culprits the gentlemen of our society got nothing to be blamed for? The so-called good men are never recognised in the crowd or even punished!

Prostitutes are ignored and they do not seem to exist among us as human beings. Their hands never extend for rescue. Their eyes do not dare expose tears. Their voice never seem to be loud enough to reach our deaf ears. Human hearts must be the hardest thing available, as they cannot be enervated even by hidden tears, which we know of. Stuck behind those invisible bars, there they will remain; dreaming to be rescued from imprisonment, torture and hatred... forever.



**★ Dear Auntie and Kiran, Welcome to your first visit to Dhaka and hope you will enjoy this trip.**  
Sana

**★ Dear Nitu, Many happy returns of the day and wishing a glorious happy birthday and please come to my house.**  
Sana

**★ Somebody with chicken (?) pox. Get well soon.**  
From Z M

**★ Someone very special. Hope you do great in your exams. Best wishes.**  
Adeeb

**A cigarette**  
by Nowara Munir  
Many I kill  
Many more will die  
Though many will never  
Admit it was I.  
I do not bite  
I can not hit.  
But I strike many down  
When I strike many down  
When I am lit.  
Guess what I am.  
Yes you are right  
I am a cigarette.

## The Stubborn Principal

by Jasim Gani

**I** bet a lot of you have experienced many things in life, even being taken to the principals office. Well, this is what happened to me.

My day began very nicely. There were no clouds in the sky after three days of rain. I ate my breakfast and was off to school.

Well, it seemed like that until break when, suddenly one of my friends jumped on my back and his sudden weight caused me to fall, with him falling of my back and smashing a glass. The sound of the crash gave me an incredible shock. In just a few seconds the whole class was filled with teachers and one came and told us to pack our bags and go with him to the principals office. The teacher seemed not at all concerned with what we had to say. We were kept in the principal's office for about one and a half hours.

The classes were over and the principal came. As soon as I saw her, I thought this is it, this is the end of my school life.

The principal was tougher than I thought, she would be not even listen to anything that I said.

She called in the teacher who had brought us to her office and asked him, what had happened. He told her that we broke a glass and that some ninety-eight per cent of the class were against us. She then called my parents and told them what happened. I was then told to go home and bring my parents the following day. When I got home, I told my parents the

whole story. During the night, I got very sick and had a temperature of a hundred and five degrees, and so I was unable to go to the principals office, next day.

My mother and my elder brother went to talk with the principal the following day. When they finally came home, they told me that I could go to school from the next day. The news relieved me greatly. This is an incident which I will never forget.

But I feel the principal was wrong, in some ways. She should have listened to my story, but she listened only to the teacher, who only knew that we broke a glass, nothing about, how it happened. The principal should have also taken a report on us from the other teachers whether we were attentive or not in class. She listened to only one teacher, who had no idea whether his ninety-eight per cent prediction was true or not.

I hope that, no one has to go through this experience. I know how it feels.

Actually it doesn't matter whether you are a good student or not or whether you are in the teacher's good book, if you disturb the teacher, she is bound to take action. But every student could appreciate some preference on the teachers part. She could have solved the problem in other simpler ways.



## When will I grow up?

by Partha Pratim

**T** EENAGERS, especially between thirteen to sixteen, sometimes face some very difficult situations. At that moment the world is the ugliest place for them and boring.

Hey, don't say it's boring so soon. Be patient. I am one of you, I am also a teenager. You know, we could figure out some ways to do of the problems that are created between our parents or guardians and us. Let's try a little. I bet you won't have to regret ahead.

Suppose, you have a very close friend named 'X' and today's his birthday. He had given a party at night and you 'HAVE' to go. But your mom's ideas about 'X' is not very good. She had seen him walk with boys having rough haircuts and does not want you to mix with them. And there is no way to change her decision, she won't let you go there. What would you do? If I were you, I'd ..... no, you have to sort out your own ways.

Let's get another example. One of your friends, that is a she called you at 8:00 pm, when you are studying for tomorrow's biology test and your mom knows that. So, she rushed to the telephone and told her that you're not at home. You think your mom didn't give you the phone because she did not want you to talk to her and she did not

trust you enough. And that drives you crazy and your anger would fry the whole world, tears fall from your eyes and you feel that none in the world (including your mom) loves you.

Now that is wrong. Think it from a different side. If she had a test tomorrow and you have called her now, would her mother let her get it? It does not matter that she was a boy or a girl, the thing is your mom did not want you to be disturbed. Whatever she does, she does for you. Don't act at the heat of the moment, think for sometime and you'll see the reasons. Try to see the bright side of the things, and if you do, I'm sure your friends will understand, and you'll face less problems.

It is becoming very boring. You know, the matter is so complicated that I can't even express what I have in my mind. After all, I'm a teenager too. And if I try to write down all the problems the elders create for us, it will have to be finished by my grandson and the book will be at least of 5000 pages. Enough for today, hope the olds are not cursing me right now. Maybe, some other time we'll discuss about more problems, right now I have my own problem with my Dad. Oh God! When will I grow up?

## JOKES

Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Lettuce.  
Lettuce who?  
Lettuce in and you'll soon find out!

\*\*\*  
Why couldn't the boy open the piano?  
Because all the keys were inside.  
How do we know the ocean is friendly?  
Because it waves.

## Registration

Here are our new members!

Names	R Numbers
Nur-E-Jannat Shamy	0324
Raihan Ali Bashir	0325
Naomi Ahmad	0326
Naveem M Mowiah	0327
Mushfiqu Rabmar Rex	0328
Sharmina Quasem	0329
Partha Pratim	0330
T V Miami Binte Rouf (Aura)	0331
Shahed Latif Bin Rashid	0332
Tipu Islam	0333
Iftekhar Arman Rashid	0334
Tasmiah Rahman	0335
Imtiaz Enayattullah (Raju)	0336
Mohammad Tanim Ibrahim	0337
Adit Amitav Rahman	0338
Rozina Mustareen Tustti (Sadul)	0339
Alam Bin Pasha	0340
Rajib Karim	0341
Nasim Akhter	0342
Noawara Muntir	0343
Shadnaan Haque Shudha	0344
Gulshana Yasmin	0345
Gazala Yasmin Hoque	0346

## NOTICE

We regret the late publication of the Rising Stars page last week, due to space constraints. Our sincerest apology for the inconvenience caused to its readers.

## QUIZ CLUB

1. What James Bond movie features a cameo appearance by a tarantula called Rosie?
2. How many times heavier than Explorer I was Sputnik 1?
3. What group took their name from a high school coach, Leonard Skinner, who repeatedly ripped them for their long hair?
4. What island were Aristotle and Jacky Onnasis married on?
5. Which of Snow White's dwarfs was mute?
6. Does Batman's mask cover his nose?
7. What teenage sleuth solved The Mystery of the Hidden Staircase?
8. How many of the original Beach Boys were related?
9. What British isle were The Bees Gees born on?
10. What lunar sea did man first walk on?

Answers for 15.5.93

1. Capulet
2. 600 million tons
3. Potomac river
4. Paris
5. Tudor
6. Blubber
7. Anwar Sadat
8. The Tulip
9. The Spanish naval expedition in 1588 against England
10. Zaire

## Football World XI

by a RS Friend

**A**fter reading Masud Sohal's article on the Cricket World XI team I was very pleased. But I was more disappointed because nobody volunteered to write about football, and so here I am, writing on it.

Obviously making a Football World XI team is much more difficult than that of cricket. Because almost the whole world plays football and there are only nine test playing countries.

First let me tell you the formation of the team. It would be 5-3-2. There would be of course a goal tender, two solid stopper backs, two overlapping defenders, one sweeper, three medios and twin strikers.

There are three candidates for the goal saving position. Smeichel, Goycochea and Rogliuca. Goycochea was rejected for he is only a penalty saver, not a great goalie. This left Smeichel and Rogliuca. The Dane was left behind for his inconsistency so the Italian was chosen. For the stopper back position there lay four contenders. Koeman, Dunga, Ruggeri and Buchwald. Koeman the stocky one was chosen for his toughness and Ruggeri for his huge experience. I had no doubt selecting Brehme as left-back and Branco as right-back.

The mid players gave me the headache. There are thousands of great medios. For instance: Maradona, Hagl, Valderama, Kitazawa, Limpar,

Matthaus, Gazza, Laudrup etc. But I needed only three, and I chose Limpar for his great pace, Matthaus for his power break through and Laudrup for his close ball control.

Now I have come to the last stage, to select the finishers. Definitely I chose 'you know who?' The European footballer of 1992. There were two more contenders for the second striker. Ropin and Battistuta. I chose Battistuta because he is great. I am not writing anything about the substitutes because I could not decide which player to choose. There are so many of them. So you make the subs yourself.

Matthaus and Ruggeri fought for the captaincy and Matthaus won it, for his better leadership while Ruggeri is the vice captain.

The Team  
Tabulated under name, country, jersey number

Pagluca (Italy) 1
Ronald Koeman (Holland) 4
Oscar Ruggeri (Argentina) 5
W/C 2
Branco (Brazil) 6
Andreas Brehme (Germany) 3
Frank Rijkaard (Holland) 8
Andreas Limpar (Sweden) 12
Lothar Matthaus (Germany) 10
C 10
Brian Laudrup (Denmark) 7
Van Basten (Holland) 9
Gabriel Battistuta (Argentina) 11

Note: Please let me know your name. — RS Editor

## REVOLT III

by Sagheer Bin Faiz

**T** HE charges went off at midday with a tremendous noise just as the labourers were sitting down to lunch in the 'Jahannum' canteen. There were shouts of alarm and screams of terror from those trapped inside the quarters and those guarding the labourers ran pelmel to the quarters. Majid and a band of 20, previously chosen, including Robin, Nobel and Farukh, immediately got to action. They ran through the acrid, smoke-filled corridors towards the guards' quarters. The guards were too busy running around in confusion to notice them, the ones that had been guarding them, and Majid's band of 20 leapt on them. Perhaps it was testament to their surprise that they were overpowered by 20 undernourished men. Majid's men had soon managed to disarm them all, but then things started to go horribly wrong. Some of the guards inside the quarters bumped into Majid's men in the corridors, immediately sized up the situation and were about to reach for their weapons when Majid and Farukh shot them down. Two of the guards fled back to the quarters to sound the alarm to the other survivors. Majid's band ran after them, shooting blindly, but Majid yelled.

"Don't waste the ammo! Fire when they come out!"

But even he realized that the explosion was minor and that there might be too many survivors to handle. They were greeted by 5 armed Sikhs as they entered the quarters, who didn't last long. Most of the men took off their weapons during the midday break and Majid

prayed that they hadn't had enough time to put them back on.

They were shelled by gunfire but the smoke was too dense for them to see their opponents. He heard screams behind as some of his men went down and an idea suddenly struck him. It was really so simple that he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. Had he included it in his plan, those men would not have had to die. But there was no time to regret what had happened. He yelled at his men to run back into the corridor.

"Seal the quarter doors from the outside!" he yelled to Robin, who leapt to action. A guard pounced on him, out of the smoke, but Majid shot him in the back as Robin managed to slam the door shut. There were gunshots behind him: some of the Sikhs had escaped and were in the corridor. They were quickly felled, but not without expense. Nobel had run up to him, his face a mixture of bewilderment and anguish.

"Farukh's dead", he yelled. "And so're six others!"

Stunned as he was, Majid had no time to grieve their deaths. He ran to the control room of 'Jahannum.' Robin and Nobel in tow.

The junkie was made of detachable units, so that if needed, sections of the ship could be separated to shed excess weight. That was exactly what Majid planned to do with the guard's quarters, cast it off into outer space. The control room was deserted, the pilots were in the guard's quarters, but they would have to do without.

There was still a problem. As soon as the junkie flew out far enough for the detonator to be out of range, it could be easily attacked. They had no further hold. But Majid was prepared for this contingency. The man in charge of things over here was none other than Sudhir Bose's brother Suresh. The second part of Majid's plan had been to get him into the junkie, so they'd made that part of their demands. Suresh Bose must come aboard.



### ROBERT the duck

JERRY! HOW BARE YOU EAT A BURGER DURING A TEST?

OKAY... HERE IT GOES!

HMPH! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

### Shahed Chowdhuri

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T FIND THE TEST ANSWERS HIDDEN IN THE BURGER!

HEY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE! THE METAL DETECTOR IS TICKING LIKE CRAZY!

TIK! TIK! TIK!

DIG! DIG! DIG!

THE METAL DETECTOR IS TICKING LIKE CRAZY!