

RISING STARS

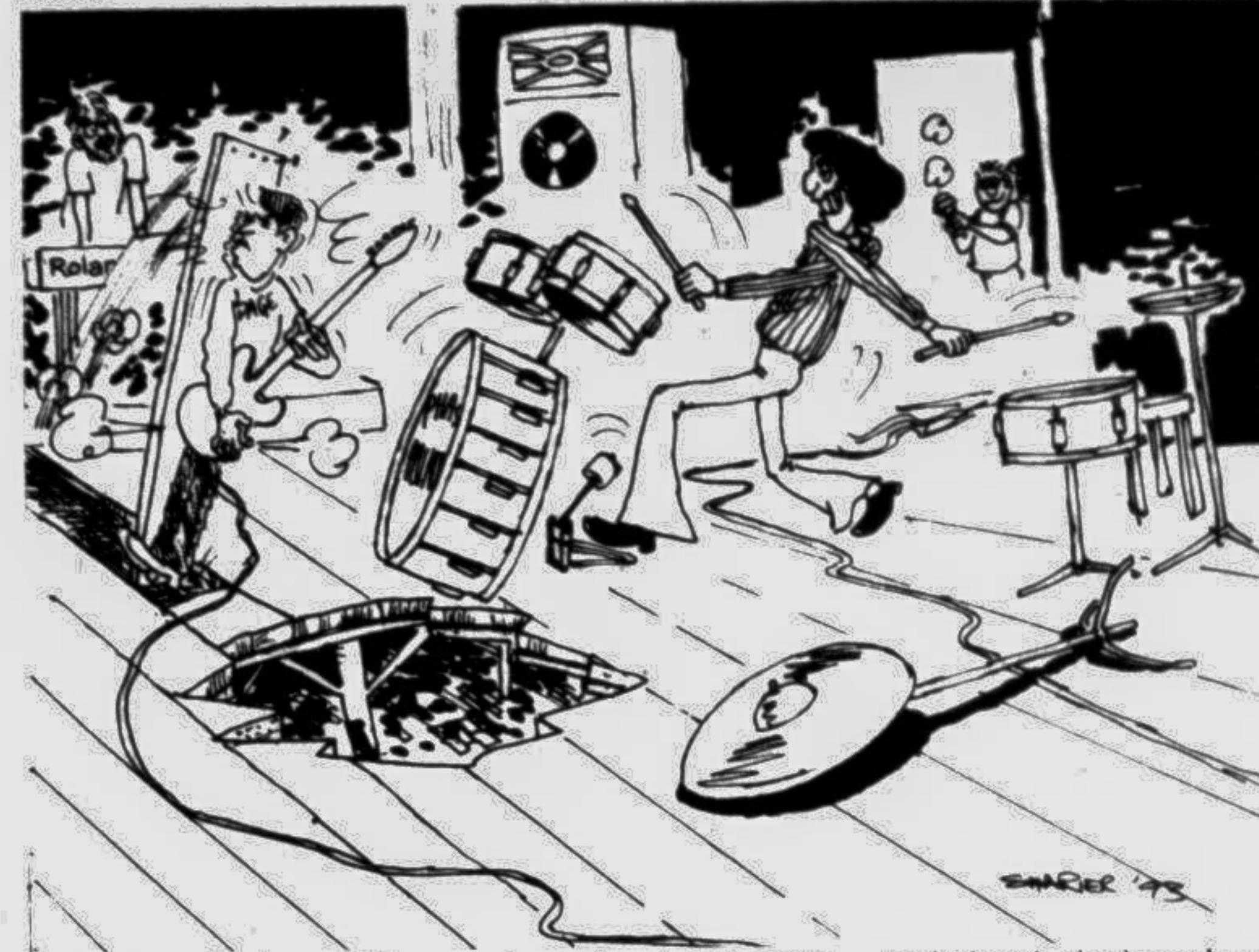
The Concert-II

THE distortion effect of Shubo's lead guitar roared and we went hysterical. They had started playing 'Walking in your shadow' by Uriah Heep. I hated the song but pretended to like the beginning reefs.

Miaz started howling, 'I'm walking in your shadow, ever since you went awayee!' The whole audience froze. Miaz's broken voice pierced our eardrums and before realising I found myself shouting with others, 'Boo ... Boo.' 'Of gell (go away)' etc etc. But Miaz was a valiant sort. He continued. Lucky for us that the concert sound system was not balanced. We did not have to hear much of Miaz's howling. Our ears were filled with Shubo's brilliant guitar. Wait a minute. The notes on the key board sounded more like 'July morning' instead of 'Walking in your shadow.' We saw Hamid angrily gesturing something to Dulu. Dulu shrugged and started his experiment with the chords like a minor, c major, f and g (most easy to remember chords). In this Gulistan like chaos, Shubo started playing a lead Uriah Heep never thought of before. The drummer and the key boards played the final sequence of the song but Shubo ignored and played along. We clapped thinking it was 'something.' The tumult ended. Miaz started the number 'Smoke on the water' by Deep Purple. Shubo played the basic riffs and Hamid started 'slap bass' in addition to dance. It was evident that Hamid loved the song very much.

We could not hear Miaz singing. But saw his lips moving. The drummer was playing a different beat. Dulu was not playing at all. He looked quite sane and was grinning. But Hamid really had the music in his blood. He was dancing. Suddenly we heard, 'dichhonggg!' The music continues, but without the thick sound of the bass guitar. Hamid was not playing. He was simply standing still and wanting to draw attention to Shubo and Miaz. Miaz

was singing with his eyes closed and Shubo was close to the edge of the stage showing off. We saw Hamid's lip saying something like 'do you have an extra bass guitar?' It was then that we noticed that Hamid's bass guitar was obsolete for the concert. Two of the thick bass strings, I don't know how, were broken.



Hamid wandered around the stage for a minute looking for an additional guitar although he knew quite well there was no extra anything. Finally he dropped the guitar on the floor and simply walked out without even looking at the audience. The song went on.

Before the third piece, the audiences was laughing hysterically. Shubo, however, improved the sound system so that the audience could hear Miaz.

This time they were playing a 'Man on the Silver Mountain.'

fourteen. You're a teenager so enjoy these years'. They were right, I thought, and thus began my game with girls. I picked them, made them fall madly in love and was assured of the fact. I simply dropped them like a hot kettle. It seemed easy and it felt good to see them cry. I could convince myself that I was not the only one who cried.

But I was too immature to understand what I was doing.

Once after bunking school, we were walking alongside the road. Everyone was quiet, until one of my friends broke the silence. He was bored of doing the same thing everyday, so he craved for something exciting and new; something that any of us had never done earlier. We stretched ourselves on the green grass and pondered, until someone came up with the brightest idea. So we called the lad nearby, with packets of different brands on a wooden tray. We did not know which one to choose so we just decided on the most common one. We all paid some money which we used to get anyhow from home, and a friend lit my first cigarette. The virtues in me were dying.

To be continued.

The World's Meanest Woman

by Gulshana Yasmin Hoque

nesses and homes.

When the wretched woman died, her crippled son, Ned, spent, spent and spent. He bought his mistress £50,000

chastity belt and installed 12

ellery, he even had a ruby-studded chamber-pot.

He had private railway coaches built and his steam yacht fitted at a cost £2,000,000. He always carried wads of \$10,000 bills to the value of a quarter of a million pounds. His weird sense of humour showed itself when he despatched two battered cardboard boxes tied up with string, by rail. He phoned the rail company and told them the boxes contained two million dollars in cash and jewels. After a frantic search the boxes were found on the back of an open lorry parked outside a cafe. The driver was inside, unaware of the treasure he was carrying.

When Ned Green died in 1936 aged 67, it took 200 lawyers, 385 witnesses and 4,000,000 words of evidence to sort out the estate over twenty-nine months. His sister Sylvia spent the last three years of her life dividing her share up with one of the most complicated wills of all time.

pretty young secretaries and a masseuse in a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at a rent of £600 a week. He spent £150,000 refurbishing the room and further £2,000,000 on jew-



by Sharier Khan

by Rainbow. From the beginning of the piece, Dulu forgot about the audience and the band and started composing a piece no one had heard before. May be that was his very first composition. Any way, his composition interfered quite a bit with the performing of 'silver mountain.' Miaz forgot several lines of the song and with a

help,' he shouted. We saw, two phasing point crews getting on the stage in a manner as if we the audience did not exist. They pushed back the bass drum towards the drummer.

Now the problem was that, they were not very careful. They had pushed back the drum a little bit more than necessary. The stoned drummer, being

when Miaz started coughing like

an eighty year old man with

consumption. And Shubo de-

cided to play a little piece on the

keyboard. The audience, laugh-

ing, was regretting why

they had not brought along

some accessories like eggs and

rotten vegetables for the con-

cert. I could not look at the

friends to whom I had sold 18

tickets forcibly.

At this point, Shubo walked

to the keyboard (the song was

going on) and asked the future

composer: to be Dulu to give

up and told him that it was not

a right time to create a new

composition but it is the right

time for Dulu to play 'Silver

Mountain' with the others.

But Dulu could not be both-

ered. He, for the first time had

had the chance to play a Roland

key board, and for the first time

he was comfortable creating an

original piece. The argument

between the guitarist and the

key boardist soon started re-

lecting on the 'Silver

Mountain.' As we could only

hear Miaz coughing and the

drummer 'making noise.'

The feud stopped when Dulu, being

descent, gave up for a minute

and let the stoned Bangladeshi

Jimi Hendrix play a few wrong

notes. Satisfied, Shubo,

started his guitar riffs again

and dancing was returning to

the edge of the stage to show-

off. Unfortunately however, as

he was jumping, a wooden slab

bounced from the floor and hit

his face. 'Uri Maal (Oh

Mother!') Meanwhile the drum

set, for the second time was

moving towards the black hole

of the stage. This time, the

drummer being smart, did not

call anybody but stood up and

walked along the moving drum.

He was playing it too.

Inevitably, we saw the drum

set to slip into the black hole of

the stage. The drummer fol-

lowed his instrument soon,

though it seemed, unwillingly.

The audience roared. What a

stunt! What courage! The

drummer might break his legs.

The audience cried, 'One more!

To Be Continued

Ruthless World

by Tasin Ahmed

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
some do it with a bitter look,
some with a flattering word.
The coward does it with a kiss.
The brave man with a sword.

— Wilde

women has been fully de-
stroyed. How would they react if
the same thing happens in their
country?

Even the United Nations has
also failed to give any solution.
They are participating in peace
talks, talking for hours and
hours but still can't get any
positive result. What's the

to take immediate action: All
they are doing is condoling for
the death of the Bosnian people.
But how will their condolences stop
the inhuman sufferings of
Bosnian people.

I hope the world's super
powers will come up with an
appropriate idea to solve this fa-
tal and complicated problem.

I

Is this world a ruthless wo-
rld? Has all the people of

this world gone crazy?

Where does civilization stand?

Has the people of the whole

world turned to be all cowards?

Where has the brave man gone?

Where does the word 'save'

stand in this world? Where has

all the promises gone? These

are the vital questions of this

world at present.

I am talking about Bosnia-

Herzegovina. Every single

species in this world has right

to exist. They have the right to

protect their rights. Their

sovereignty and their religion.

The people of Bosnia-

Herzegovina have the equal

rights too. But what do we see

there? Ethnic cleansing? People

are dying like the way

mosquitos does when insecti-

cide is sprayed. But that is not

civilization: is it?

What are the major powers

doing? United States, Great

Britain and France. Not even a

single major decision has been

taken by them to stop the flow

of death in Bosnia to hinder the

process of ongoing conflict.

Having maximum respect to

towards United States, I would

very much like to state that

they are really playing their

part as a silent spectator. They

are making big dialogues inflat-

ing big hopes showing great

concern but they haven't done

anything in reality. Their motive

in this matter is also not clear.

They said that it is the internal

problem of the country itself so

they are helpless. But even if

they think so, then what about

Iraq-Kuwait conflict? That is

also an internal problem. They

might contradict that statement

by saying that Saudi Arabia in-

vited them to stop Iraq. But

what about the recent bombing

in Iraq. Then what was the rea-

son behind this? The assassin-

attempt of Bush! Even if it is

so, then it seems that they

are more concern about an at-