

RISING STARS

The Concert-II

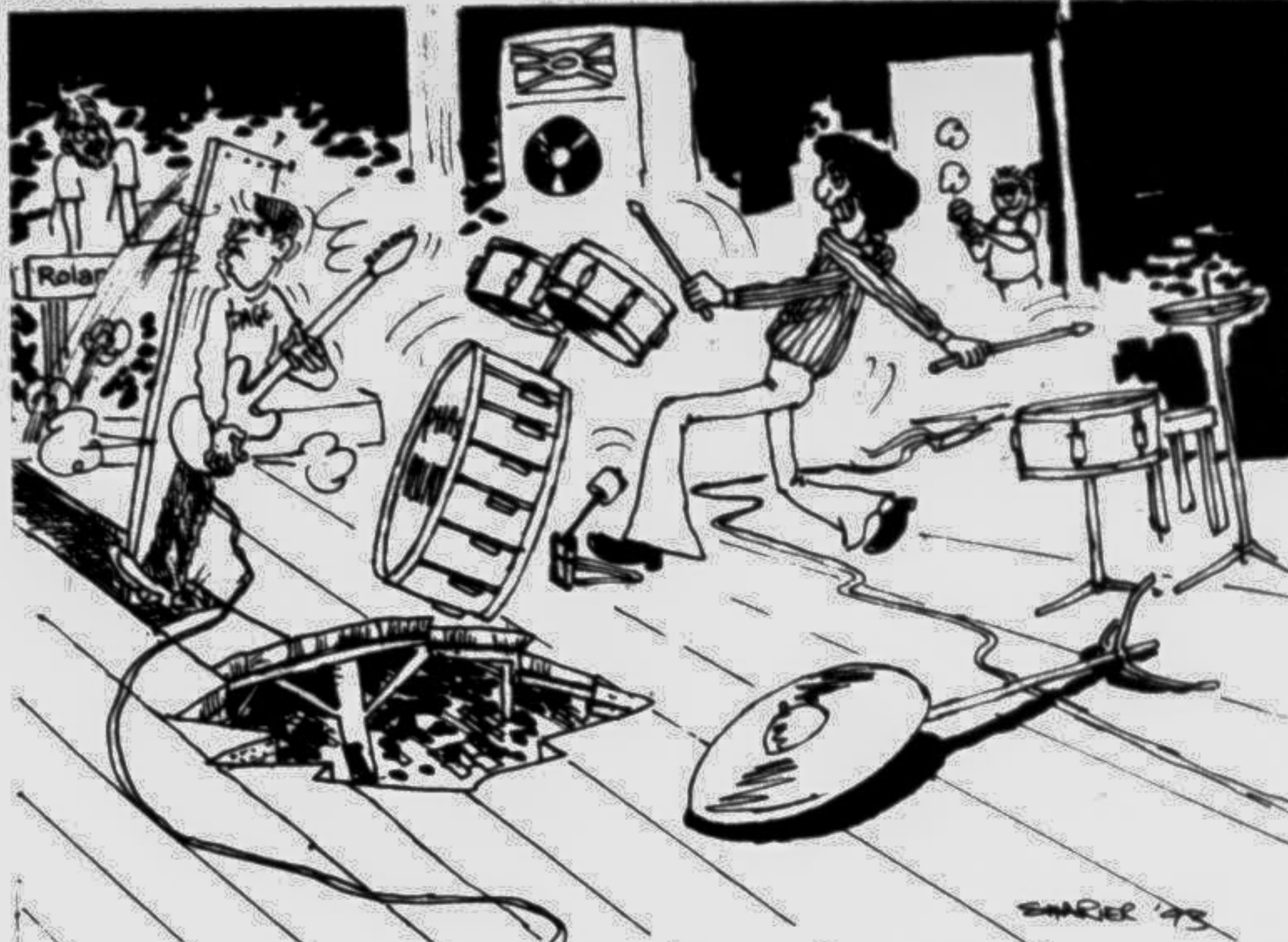
by Sharier Khan

THE distortion effect of Shubho'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 away!" The whole audience froze. Miaz's broken voice pierced our eardrums and before realising I found myself shouting with others, "Boo... Boo." "Of gel (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 Shubho'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 Gullistan like chaos, Shubho started playing a lead Uriah Heep never thought of before. The drummer and the key boards played the final sequence of the song but Shubho ignored and played along. We clapped thinking it was "something." The turmoil ended. Miaz started the number "Smoke on the water" by Deep Purple. Shubho 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, "dthjohingggg!" 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 Shubho and Miaz. Miaz

was singing with his eyes closed and Shubho 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. Shubho, however, improved the sound system so that the audience could hear Miaz.

This time they were playing a "Man on the Silver Mountain"

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 Shubho decided to play a little piece on the keyboard. The audience, laughing, was regretting why they had not brought along some accessories like eggs and rotten vegetables for the concert. I could not look at the friends to whom I had sold 18 tickets forcibly.

At this point, Shubho 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 bothered. 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 reflecting 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, Shubho, 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 followed 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! One more!"

To Be Continued

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

Is this world a ruthless world? 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 insecticide 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 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 inflating big hopes showing great concern but they haven't done anything in reality. Their motive in this matter is also not dear. 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 invited them to stop Iraq. But what about the recent bombing in Iraq. Then what was the reason behind this? The assassination attempt of Bush! Even if it is so, then it seems that they are more concerned about an attempt than a death, isn't it so?

Muslims are being slaughtered, hanged and beaten to death in Bosnia-Herzegovina. The honour and dignity of

by Tasin Ahmed

women has been fully destroyed. 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 fatal and complicated problem.



problem behind this? The Amnesty International, Unicef, OIC and any more organizations; what are they doing? American President Bill Clinton, during his presidential campaign speech said that he would take strong actions against criminal acts.

The silent attitude of the Muslim countries are even more pathetic. They are acting as a doll in this situation. They are neither making any strong decisions to stop the conflict, nor even pressing 'United Nations'

The time has come for them to act by the power of a sword. We hope and dream for the very moment—
There's a long, long trail a winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams,
There's a long long night of waiting.
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down that,
Long, long trail with you.

MY father gave me an astonished look as I asked him this question; as if I had asked him something that sounded impossible. I knew how madly he loved Mummy but my belief was defeated by my curiosity and my worries. He stared at me and finally with a sigh, he answered, "Dipesh, no one can take your mother's place. I can only marry again when I forget her, and that is something I'll never be able to do."

I felt lighter. He added a little spirit to my soul. But nothing inspired me. Everything was monotonous. Everybody was there but some thing seemed to be missing. I would feel the absence of my mother's touch, her voice, her scolding and her love, deep inside.

My grandmother and grandpa, my three uncles, aunts and my cousins, all of us together built up a big family. I felt especially for each one of them, but except for my youngest uncle. He did the thing that my parents never did — he used to beat me for no satisfactory cause. The only one available to protect me from harshness was my grandmother. She was the one who fed me and looked after. She

'Life'

by Trishna.

was old but still amazingly laborious. She supported me and helped me forget the presence of my parents. I saw my father once a day, when he came back from work late at night and that too if I stayed awake till then. Our relationship was not like the usual father and son's but different, and strange.

I could stay cheerful only when I was accompanied by my friends. They took me to another world. School, education, knowledge were things of least importance but it is not that I totally ignored them. Bunking school was something we never failed to do. My friends were my company to parks, lakes and fields, where we used to go and chat about ourselves and flirt with girls. All of my friends had girl-friends and they encouraged me to get one, no not one, but some for myself. I thought I was too young but they changed my idea by saying, "hey, you're

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 I 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.

An Appeal

by Tamanna Zaman Khan

One day at night alone in the street
I was walking and walking just like an ascetic
I had no aspiration neither any wish
Multitude of stars can never flourish.
It was twinkling but can never help anyone
A sluggish little girl can never be charmed,
By it at all.

She is in search of love and affection.
I asked the nature, I asked the universe
Why all systems are reversed?
Why do you discriminate me?
Can't you see me in your own eyes?

A love is all I ask of you, my heart bled
And I wonder if I ever did any wrong.
Spontaneously I had a song
Sorry, sorry, sorry to all
Forgive me if at random I made any wrong
Please restore my love
Which was my only resort.
Fleeting happiness will never remain
Everlasting love always gains.

JOKES

Timothy was on holiday in Ireland and staying at a small country inn.

One evening in the bar he was amazed by the following conversation:

"That's a beautiful hat you've got there" said an old man to a young fellow who was standing next to him at the bar. "Where did you buy it?"

"At O'Grady's," replied the young man.

"Why, I go there myself" commented the old man. "You must be from around these parts, then?"

"Aye, from Murphy Street." "Gracious!" exclaimed the old man. "I live there, too!"

"Quite amazing," commented Timothy to the barman "that those two folk over there live in the same street and have only just met."



A village scene by Shadman

The World's Meanest Woman

by Gulshana Yasmin Hoque

When the wretched woman died, her crippled son, Ned, spent, spent and spent. He bought his mistress \$250,000 chastity belt and installed 12



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-

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.

Living with Friends and Enemies

by Naheed Kamal

"CARPE Diem" — it is a Latin phrase meaning 'to seize the day'. Most people I know take a day or two out of a week and live it up. That's 'normal'. Others let the days go by and never seize upon anything. They claim to take life easy: in fact they are letting life pass them by. Then there are those who seize each and every day with a zealot's fervour.

I'm talking about living here, about life... and what makes up a life? The friends and enemies, the lovers and partners the winners and losers. Real people with real pride and honour—these things make up a life. I once fought with a friend over something totally insignificant but my pride got in the way of making amends. He wrote for me the following lines and my pride went out the window:

Don't walk before me
For I may not follow
Don't walk behind me
For I may not lead
Just walk beside me
And be my friend.

Some people go through life leading and others being led. And some neither lead nor follow. They simply march to their own beat and don't need to do either. Some are destined to come together and walk side by side. If seven, such 'I-march-to-my-own-beat' types happen to come together and connect than

being 'friends' is easy... now they are in tune and others can't keep up easily. Some might still try to lead the way or follow, and some joyfull soul may even dare to try and harm them. But this is about friendship, loyalty and connecting. If seven head strong people decide to join forces and walk, march, dance or stand together they can create a pretty strong chain, and sometimes the chain can even have 'studs' of steel.

In our society men bond, men and women interact, and girls hang out until a man

things I believe something rare... a friend for life who is moody and mean; a teddy bear who is a stud, a frog... (oops a toad) who can dance, a giant with a heart of gold, a brother to reggae with an 'all-round' friend and a partner-in-crime (especially in the middle of the night).

To them I have made a promise that I must keep. There are millions of ways to say thanks and express oneself. I express myself best with words. So I say 'Thank you' to a certain extraordinary group to seven EEE-mazing people (as a certain stud would put it) for all the fun and laughter, drives and wasted "TRESOR", dancing and jealousy, pool parties and diving off roof tops, photographs and rumours, dressing up and shocking them, sneaking in and out, boring snooker games, fights, flares, feuds and flying high and more and more and more.... Some people might call you sad, some might be shocked and outraged by your appearance, and others might lie, cheat and spread mind blowing rumours. So what?

Just remember friends may come and go but enemies accumulate. So some friends should always stand by each other. If its of any consolation this friend will always be there to dance with you, fly with you, do all the crazy things with you and stand by you.

