

RISING STARS

The Concert—III

by Sharier Khan

B EING applauded, Shubho thought his guitar performance (the guitar became distorted by then) should be played again. As soon as he started playing his guitar furiously, the audience cried, "No more! No more!"

Meanwhile on the semi-darkened stage, we saw a couple of hands coming out of the floor. Shubho by then realised what had happened and stopped playing to help his comrade. The drummer came out of the hole with a new make up. He looked like a blood thirsty commando. Actually, thick dust and cobweb had changed his appearance. It had also increased our interest to see him perform in such 'dire straits.' "Shtair way to heaven..." Miaz declared the title of the next song. But it seemed Shubho did not like the idea. He grabbed the microphone and declared, "Beatles 'Get back!' A stunned Miaz did not move for a second. The drum rolled. He tried to snatch back his microphone. But Shubho had planned a successful coup-de-tante. Miaz did not know the lyrics of "Get back." As the music had begun, Miaz departed.

So there were only three men left on the stage now. The drummer desperate, the key boardist valiant and the mighty guitarist although the music was not coordinated, Shubho was sky high. He was playing the guitar like lightning. The spot light was focussed on him. As he started singing, we saw his lips move but did not hear a thing. Shubho realised that too. He stopped playing guitar and followed the microphone cable in the dark and finally discovered somebody. Before leaving the stage, he had disconnected the jack from the sound mixer. He made the connection and came back to the spot light. He started singing. As he was singing the verse "Get Back" his

hands were, in sign language, also saying "Get Back." So the audience decided, yes, it was high time for them to get back home. They were tired. Some had, had enough dope. Others

that the rare Genesis cassettes which he had taken from me a few days ago, would be burned. Why, I asked. "You forced me to spend 100 Taka to come here," he coldly replied. Meanwhile,



realised that dope made awful music. Some felt dope stank. Many member of the audience stood up and rushed to the exit door. The door was crammed with the crowd. Some of my friends before leaving, gave me deadly looks. One, even said

Shubho seeing that the audiences was, much too obedient and was getting back home, changed his gestures in favour of his side. His hands in sign language, were now calling them back towards himself. Nobody listened.

Being overdosed with drugs, Shubho had no control over his emotions. He started crying. We sat frozen.

Many years passed us by. The Phasing Point had disbanded a long time ago. It had brought Shubho shame. But, believe me, Shubho really was a genius guitarist who had no control over his emotions. Nobody in this world can control his emotions if he or she is on drugs.

A talented person is likely to have strong emotional outbursts like Shubho. Such persons are easily carried away by dope sessions. Some take drugs saying that drugs will make them forget pain, some take it to discover the fun. It also give them a sense of superiority. I often heard them say, "I can take 20 pills, 10 pots etc etc... and those feel nothing to me... man, I need snake bite."

Shame. But drug addicts are shame proof. Shubho did not give up drugs. He was sent to England for a better life. Miaz and Hamid left for USA in the mid-eighties. Hamid is a professor at an American university now, while Miaz runs a shop in New York. Miaz is closely observed by his brother-in-law who beats him up often if Miaz touches any sedative. He gave up drugs under tight pressure two years ago.

I do not know anything about the drummer as he was always off-track. Dulu had, as I said earlier, become a leading composer because, he was consistent, I guess.

A few months ago, I came to know that Shubho had been taken to a hospital in London. He had caught pneumonia. As his immune system became very weak from excessive use of drugs, he could not make it. God bless his soul. (A dramatised true story)

Life

by Trishna

heart. I was confirmed that she loved me. My friends laughed and I joined them too but I knew that my laugh was fake.

My mind overflowed with questions. Why should I cry and hurt the others as well? Who had granted me the right? Why



I stayed sleepless the night before when I was supposed to dump her. I suffered from confusion. My eyes saw the picture of innocent Reesha.

should I aggrive someone I love? Love? Was the way I fell for Reesha called love? I did not want to bother about the name of my feelings but all I knew

then was that I needed her. I confessed all my sins and committed how I felt for her then. She seemed to have received pain and was afflicted but she rewarded me her forgiveness soon.

Reesha gave me joy. My worthless life seemed meaningful and she brought back the virtues in me. I had become my mother's son again — the old Dipesh. She had forbidden smoking, drinking and any other bad habits for me. It took time but I was able to overcome them eventually. She encouraged me to study hard and become established. It seemed that new Dipesh was born. I was tasting true love for the first time in my life. We had spent two years in happiness already.

Conditions at home remained unchanged. Nobody had the time to take a glance at this new person. Why was I ignored so much? Was it because of the death of my mother? Was I the one to be blamed? I only received care from my grand mother. But it was difficult for her to stop my youngest uncle from treating me cruelly. He used a cane to punish me and my body endured severe pain through several days. I never complained to my father because I did not want the relationship of the two brothers to be broken.

My family adored Reesha. I could do anything to marry her but I was then only twenty. Reesha refused to believe in dreams. She always said, "don't plan all this, Dipesh. Dreams near come true." I always ignored this saying of hers.

It was a stormy night. The sky was roaring and lightning sparked now and then. I watched the beauty in front of me with deep concentration until interrupted by a sudden knock on the door. I was pretty surprised to see my eldest aunt, as she seldom visited my room. I noticed a shadow of depression in her face. I welcomed her. "What is it, aunt?" I questioned. To be continued

Registration

Names	Registration	Gazala Yasmin	0346
Nur-e-Jannat Shammay	0324	Mizanur Rahman	0347
Raihan Ali Bashir	0325	Mushfeg A Khan	0348
Naomir Ahmed	0326	A M M Aced	0349
Naveem M Mowiah	0327	Zahid Anwar Haque	0350
Mushfegur Rahman "Rex"	0328	Raina A Rupsha	0351
Sharmina Quasem	0329	Mary Ann Rozario	0352
Partha Pratim	0330	Zintia Ahmed	0353
Miami Binthe Rouf (Aura)	0331	Mahsoun Choudhury	0354
Shahed Latif	0332	A K M Ieas	0355
Tipu Islam	0333	Faizul A Khan	0356
Iftekar Arman Rashid	0334	Samira Tanzeen Jihan	0357
Tasmiah Rahman	0335	Mukit Ahmad	0358
Imtiaz Enayetullah	0336	Yasir Karim	0359
Mohammed Tarim		Anami Karim	0360
Ibrahim	0337	Tarannum Laila	0361
Adit Amitav Rahman	0338	Razec-ul-Ameen	0362
Rozina Mustareen Tushl	0339	Sabigh Bin Masood	0363
Badrul Alam Bin Pasha	0340	Qazi Munirul Alam	0364
Rajib Karim	0341	Khaled Mahafuz	0365
Nasim Akhter	0342	Ashraf Kumar Saha	0366
Nowara Munir	0343	Ashraf Ferdous Hossain	0367
Shadmaan Haque Shudha	0344	Nowaz S Mohiuddin	0368
Gulshana Yasmin	0345	Shah Chowdhury	0369



The Lost house

by Ahmad Shahraab

O NCE upon a time (yes, it's one of those stories) there lived a contractor you know what I mean, those people we pay to build our homes. But he was slightly different from the rest of his profession. He was honest and had been so throughout his entire 39 years old career. And now he was going to retire. Yes, even contractors retire. But he agreed to take on one last project before he settled down to await his transfer to the next world.

It was a house that was to be built for the boss of Sona Ltd., his biggest client. It was for them that he had done some of his best work.

He set about completing the project with great zeal, as he

normally did. This time though, things were a little different. He had decided to go crooked. Don't ask me why, I'm just the narrator.

So, with the boundless enthusiasm, that someone on his first try demonstrates, he set about corrupting the cement mixture, thinning the window panes and using inferior tiles. Generally, he was using every trick in the contractor's books (unwritten, of course) to make an extra, illicit buck.

Finally, the house was finished. Most stories would have had a house that the characters were proud of. But our story differs a little here. This was a house of shame. The paint was a touch light (too much dilution), the walls a little thin

(saves cement), the doors made of unseasoned wood (much cheaper).

Our contractor looked on with pride at his latest creation. A glorious testimony to his devious brains! Oh! how proud he was.

A week later he was invited to a function at Sona Ltd. when he arrived, the auditorium was already full. As he was about to sit down, someone politely told him to follow. He followed the man to the stage. There the chairman of Sona Ltd. came up to him and gave him a small box. The chairman said, "It's a little gift to show you our gratitude for a lifetime of hard, honest work". Our contractor opened the box. In it lay the key to the house he had just built.

STAR PROFILE



Name — Bipasha Hayat
Date — 23rd March, 1971
Did you know that
Her acting career started at the age of 12 years.
The role she played in her debut was as a daughter of a village school master. (Incidentally the school-master was her father, Abul Hayat who is also a renowned actor.)
She was the cover designer of a book "Jibon Khatar Footnote" written by her father.
Apart from acting and printing, she practices and is an avid lover of Rabindira Sangket.
She played the role of Romeo in the parody of the famous Shakespeare play "Romeo and Juliet" at a function when she was at college.
She is a blind fan of the famous detective "Sherlock Holmes" created by Arthur Conan Doyle.

One Summer Afternoon

by Mahruha Sameen Hussain

A pleasant sense of slumber engulfed me. It was a peaceful summer afternoon. The road in front of our house bore a deserted look. A peaceful atmosphere prevailed. I was upstairs in my room, dozing away.

Help! It was a desperate cry of appeal. My sleep evaporated instantly. Hastily I got up, my heart hammering in my ears. I was stone-cold with fear and apprehension. I ran down the stairs and went straight into the room where my four-year-old niece Karina was playing. Mum and Dad were out. Even the servants had taken a day off. I was home all alone, baby sitting Karina.

A step at a time I stealthily advanced towards the room. Cautiously I opened the door. It opened with a creak. The room was empty. Wha...? Where in the world was Karina? I was shocked with worry. "Auntie Sums!" Someone called me. But from where? Outside, the closet

or... and from under the bed out came Miss Karina herself. She was shaking all over. "What's wrong Karina?" I enquired. "Look, behind the curtain," she said in a quivering voice. I looked. Yikes! It was a dark menacing shadow — a ghost! Crouching behind the curtain ready to attack its victim. As these dangerous thoughts passed through my mind I decided to brave for once and investigate and negotiate with the ghost if necessary. (I don't believe I am saying this). Mustering up enough courage, I advanced towards the window. "I have undertaken the responsibility to babysit and I have to protect her with my life", I solemnly proclaimed with a slight suspicion about the extent to which I was known to be responsible. Nevertheless, I proceeded. With one push I moved the curtain away and — Meow! Oh la la! It's our pet black cat Raven basking in the sunlight on the window sill. And to think

A Book

by Tanzeem Iqbal Ali

A Book, I think, is very like
A little golden door
That takes me to places
Where I've never been before.
It leads me into fairy land
Or a country strange and far.
And, best of all, the golden door
Always stands ajar.

I was afraid of a mere cat Karina and I nearly exploded with laughter. Nevertheless I could not help marvelling at the extraordinary courage I had shown in the face of death. Isn't it wonderfully brave of me? (Self-praise is no praise, a pity.) I was virtually swelling with pride.
Bang! The door slammed. Phut! The light went out. As quick as lightning Karina and I went... Straight under the bed

Unfinished transaction

by Rabeth Khan

T HE agonizing wait, excitement, rapid heartbeat, the rush of adrenalin... I know its a strange beginning, but this is the real picture inside me. Incidentally, I am working in the Bluffing Moon as an assistant to the editor and this, is my first part-time job.

I never thought of working after my exams and regarded working as an exhausting and a boring job. Initially my plan was to sleep fifteen hours a day and watch television the rest of the time. But after few days of sleeping, eating and watching television life became monotonous again. So I wondered around for a change. But then it didn't come of much of a help. Then something miraculous happened: the moment I thought that my three months vacation would go down the drain, I was thankfully rescued by my beloved mother. She gave me the idea of joining Bluffing

Moon a young peoples page of the newspaper daily clowns advised me to continue my French language course and to join the 'O' Level Computer Course. I said to myself, "Before, I had nothing to do but now I have my hands full."

On the day of my journey to Daily Clowns, I couldn't stay normal. There were signs of excitement and nervousness all over. Anyway, when I reached my destination, I went straight to the room of the Executive Editor after not finding the Bluffing Moon Editor. I told the amiable Executive Editor the reason of my coming, expecting a negative answer. But to my amazement, he invited my idea and told me to bring my CV (bio-data) the very next day.

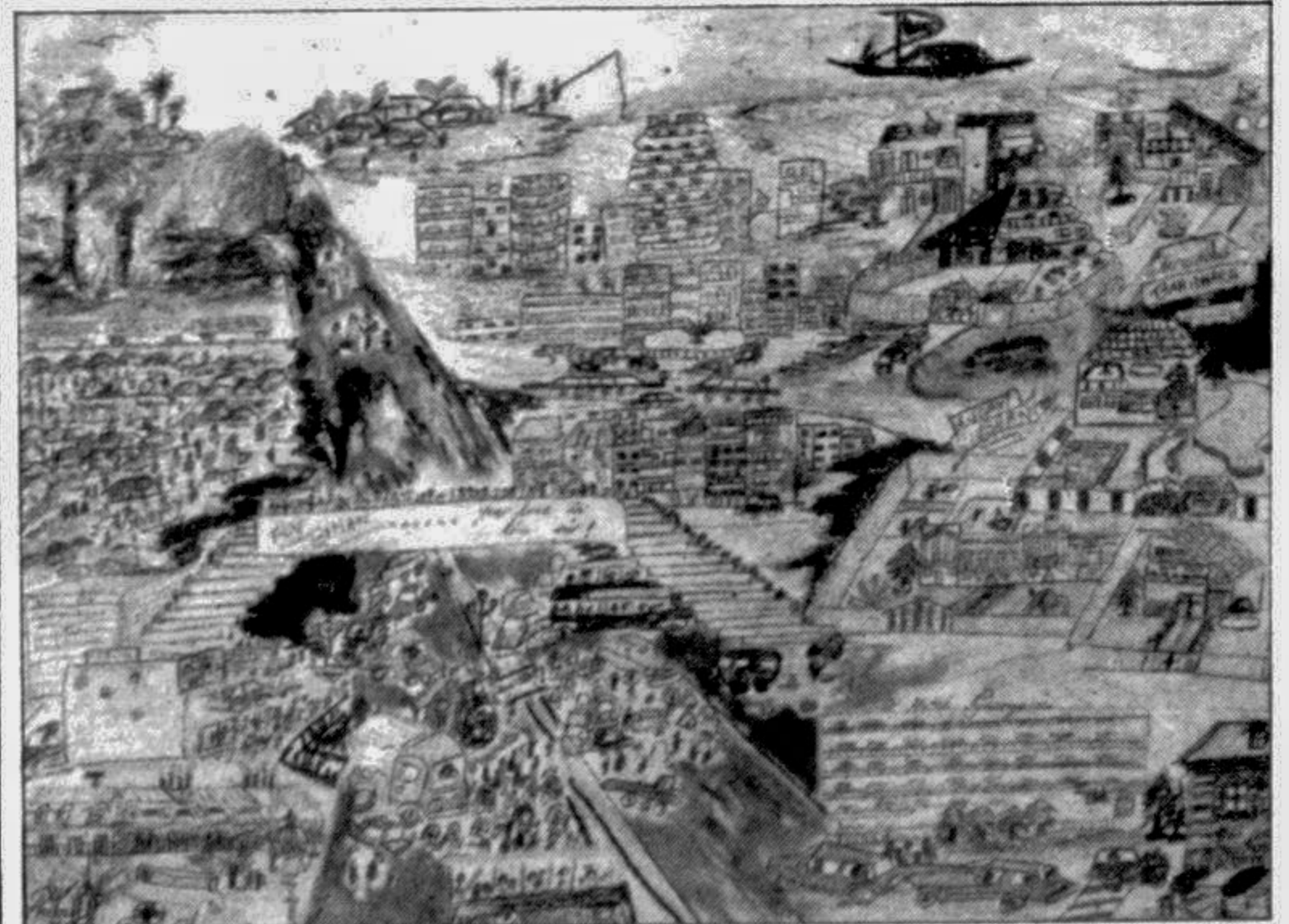
Next morning, I went to The Daily Clowns office for the second time with a hope of joining Bluffing Moon. There is a say that you can't get all you want. And unfortunately my to be boss was yet to arrive. I waited

for ages. Then finally after waiting more than two and half hours, the jovial and confident Editor of the Bluffing Moon Chatterbox Ahmed, a lady in her early 20's, in walked. Following a conversation of a duration of ten minutes, she announced with a smile, "Okay Rabeth you can join from tomorrow." At that moment, I felt like giving a dance of joy but of course I had to restrain for my boss would think, she made a mistake.

Days passed, weeks flew by and finally a month bade farewell and I have successfully completed a month. Lately something is popping in my mind. "Hey won't I get any salary for my hard work," ok I know, "Rabeth, you are working for experience." But that doesn't mean is what everybody will say, I am ruling out the idea of getting paid. I am hoping for the day, on which I will receive my first pay from my beaming boss.

Dhaka ... As I See It

by Prima Chowdury



A dream for the villagers, a disappointment when they arrive, a bitter contrast between the rich and the poor.

Congratulations Prima! Prima is our winner for the Painting Competition this time. Please come and collect your prize from The Daily Star office on 19.8.93. Thank You! RS Editor.