

# RISING STARS

## Parents vs Children

### Accept, Your Baby has Grown up

by Trishna

I cannot be denied that a teen-aged child is a family's liability. At that age a person changes both physically and mentally. The person's way of thinking and curiosity to know all that is unknown bring the worst out of parents. However, their 'Do's and Don'ts' don't work then, but may be counter productive. As soon as parents put a seal of 'DON'T' on any item, the child gets anxious to find out 'why' it has been restricted, and there it goes.... Long hours of arguing, shouting and no talking (but this even continues for days). Being almost seventeen, I often get answers in silence when I ask my parents why certain things have been forbidden. But sometimes they simply answer that I can't do it because 'they don't want me to'. I often wonder whose life is it anyway? Being fed up, and out of frustrations I did ask the former question to my parents and they informed that when I get married and earn a living then I can consider it as my life and then it'll be my turn to lead my life the way I want to. But now it's mine, alright, but under their control. I only wish my husband to be different from the ones who dominate their wives, otherwise, I'll never get a life of my own.

This is a new world. Its people have changed and so has the life-style. A boy chatting with a girl or a girl calling up a guy should no more be considered to be a big deal. But parents always smell a rat in these things. When they were teenagers, meeting friends and throwing parties were a dream and nothing more. But since now it has become something normal, they can't believe or accept the fact that their children will do something that they themselves had once dreamt of. For them it's shameful. When told, everybody else is doing it, they boldly answer, 'why do what others follow?' — completely being unaware that it is them who a few weeks ago during another argument might have said that we should learn from others. They just can't accept that their 'BABIES' have grown-up.

God bless you if you're a daughter of your parents who discriminate you for your sex. The other day I overheard my sister begging my mother to go out for a walk in the evening. My mother's answer was obviously 'No' but she agreed on a condition, which was to take the little boy-servant along. My sister was stunned, thinking how that little lad, who was much younger to her, could protect her from any danger. I chuckled, saying to myself, 'sister, after all he's a MALE'. Next comes the parent's obsession for judging themselves to be right 'all' the time. I received this statement from my father the other day. Well I too feel that I'm not always 'WRONG' either. Yes, it's their duty to show as the two paths and it's our job to choose one. And this job is especially for their 'kids' who are no longer kids.

But nobody ever hear our voices. Our hopes are never given any importance and our thoughts go in vain. I beg for forgiveness, but God might have made a mistake; he should've given brains to human beings only after they became parents, so that they could decide everything for the child without having to confront arguments. Children have their own brains and mind and it's the parents who make the decisions. So, it's just a waste of brains.

#### SPORTING GIRL



#### ULTRA-MOD BOY



#### HEAVY METAL KID



#### THE REFEREE & THE PLAYERS



#### WRONG-BUZZ OF BULLY



#### THE NEO-FEMINIST



by Nusrat Sharmin Huq

COMING back from America was one of the hardest things I've ever done. The way of life here is so very different from the way life was in the States. At first, the impact of the change was not visible. Of course, I was excited about meeting my mother's and father's sides of the family after almost five years. But soon after settling down, restrictions became obvious. That probably jolted me from my natural behaviour to a more controlled one. 'Salawar Kameez' became a must. I realized talking to boys was frowned upon. The freedom that is given to the women here was not enough to accommodate me.

During most of my time in America, I enjoyed playing sports. I had been in a football team for three years and won 3 trophies. I also like to read books (and still do). I was about 12 or 13 years old then. My friend and I used to go to the library by ourselves by bus. Basically, I wanted to play games, so I did. I wanted to do well in my results, and I did, (that kept my parents happy). Thus, I pretty much lived an independent life. The few times my parents were involved in my life was when I was at home (which was seldom), when my results came out, and on special occasions. It may seem that my parents were not acting as proper parents, but that's not true. They provided necessary guidance and was present whenever I needed them. Almost all the time, I followed the invisible laws. The simple fact was that it was easy to follow them, because it did not take away my most valued possession — freedom.

Living in America also helped me to understand and appreciate the traditional Bangladeshi culture and its ways. There, I have seen what too much of freedom can do to a life. But there is always a limit to everything. In the case of women living the suppressed life, the limit is becoming increasingly clear as the days pass by. For the first couple of years, I submitted to most of my parents' wishes and stayed subdued. It was difficult, but soon, I realized that this way of life was not for me.

So my parents compromised in some cases. I was allowed to play tennis. My parents did not become mean-minded after coming back here. They adapted to the society here to some extent, but they also realized expecting complete agreement to the changes was asking too much. In their hearts, they knew it was not right either. I am given an amount of freedom I could adjust to. I, myself, learned that it's not all my parents' fault for the restriction, but society shared the blame. Understanding the situation made it possible for me not to contradict the new set of very visible laws. But that does not mean I will not strive for changes. I will try with my logic and my beliefs.

At the moment, I am happy with my life. It's not perfect but it's not totally unfair either. We know that life isn't fair, but I am a believer of the saying 'life is but what you make of it.' Thus I believe if I hang on there and strive to make a change, I think I can make a difference — hopefully for the better.

## A Minor Electrical Fault

by Tasneem Iqbal Ali

I was Thursday evening, I was in my office waiting eagerly for the clock to strike five. Wasim was waiting for me, he was supposed to take me to the concert. Whenever he wants to take me out, I am always half an hour late. So this time I didn't want to be late. As soon as the clock struck five I got up, and went towards the lift instead of going down the stairs.

At first it was amusing. Nissan Tools Ltd employed three thousand five hundred and seventy-five people but I was alone imprisoned by a minor electrical fault in one of their lifts. I was sure the electricians would soon free the circuit and I would descend the

sound proofing; they were entitled to do so. Thirty minutes of banging left me panting and with help no nearer.

I sat down and thought 'the longer I wait for aid, the more likely it is to come'.

If the national press should hear of my predicament, I should be faced with a barrage of questions. I was grateful that Wasim was not with me. I could imagine the headline 'Young lovers trapped in lift for twelve hours'.

It was eleven. I had lain on the floor. I had stood up. I had knelt down. I had read the contents of my hand bag over and over again and I realised that perhaps I would never get out.



## Friends

by a RS Member

WHO is your true friend? Your mother, father sister or brother — the answer is not so easy. In this hard world to find and have a true friend is a rare blessing that one may be blessed with.

But still we have or if we don't have, we know what a true friend is like. A true friend is one who stands by through good and through evil. She is always ready to share the happiness and joy of her own. She is always beside you

in your sorrows. She is not a summer bird who flies away in the frosty days. A true friend is always a sincere well-wisher, never a sweet mouthed sycophant.

I think we as teenagers realise the need of friends. Thanks to God I have few true friends. They always tell me what is good or bad for me.

Anyway I am lucky to have friends — true friends. I hope the readers also have friends and wish your friendship long lasting.

## Steps toward Success-II

by Zinnia Ahmad

I learned that he had a piece of land somewhere in Chittagong — a legacy from his only uncle.

In those early days, Shubhro had to make a lot of international tours. I took advantage of one of those trips and secretly arranged for the land to be drilled. When the head driller told me what he found there, I wrote him a blank cheque and told him to enjoy the rest of his life with his family in America. The discovery remained my own dark secret until the time finally arrived.

I was aware that it would take a long time to bring the country back to a decent position. But I believed that I had all the assets: patience, honesty and courage. The first thing I had to do was induce these to my ministers and secretaries. That was a tough job but they were too scared of their boss to disobey. We had to plan cautiously and take each step towards success one by one. We just had to make it this time and secretly, deep down, I knew we would.

The world received a shock when the headline news on the 31st August 2023 said: World's richest country buying gold from world's poorest country. But news is news — a plain, straight fact, the rest of the story was quite simple. Overnight, this country became the centre of attention. All the other nations started showing interest in us. Deals, contracts, offers — they were endless. But there was still too much to do at home. It was my money being circulated around and I had to make sure it was utilised efficiently. Other than keeping an eye on the rest of the staff, I had to make sure that the people knew what I was doing.

But they relied on me. They knew I wouldn't steal my own money. The whole project was solely mine and I never let

anything get out of my hand. No one was surprised when I refused to make tours around the country like the previous leaders offering fake sympathy and hope, or when I paid no attention to some trade unions which called a 96 hour countrywide strike — after which the era of strikes ended, or when my international tours in chiffon saris and diamond earrings increased.

We made plans and pro-



grammes, carried them out, made transactions, paid loans, took loans. We did exactly what was done during the previous periods. Only now, no one called the country 'the bottomless basket' because gradually we were heaping wealth. We improved the economy, utilising each penny thoughtfully. And, step by step, we made progress. The development of the country was actually a miracle. I, myself, never thought it would happen so quickly. This time, the newspapers, magazines and journals admired us, WB and IMF praised and encouraged us, while the rest of the world wondered whether the earth had reversed its direction of rotation.

## If I was Invisible

by a RS Member

ONE Friday morning I was awakened by a fearful scream. I thought we had some burglars in our house so I got out of my



bed, and walked towards the door. But before I could reach it the door swung open. My mum, dad and my sister rushed in. Mum started moaning and pointing towards my bed. She said, 'Look! Tarannum is not here! Then she started wailing again. But I could not understand why she could not find me while I was in the room? Then, I suddenly remembered that I had a test at school on Sunday about animals and I was wishing that I could be invisible and be able to pay a visit at the zoo. Then I rushed to my mirror, but I saw no reflection of myself. Hurrah! My wish had come true. Now I know why Mum was wailing about me. So, quickly I decided that, I must take action about my plan as my dream had come true.

I walked up the lane, and got into a car that was going for a picnic, or rather a visit to the zoo. So, I went through the entrance gate without even paying. (It was wrong but could not help as I was invisible). Then I looked in amazement at all the beautiful birds and beasts. The tame deer were running across, the birds in the cages were so colourful and bright. Then, I felt so hot, that I felt that I needed some ice-cream. So I went to the snack-shop and grabbed some ice-cream from the waitress. Then the waitress screamed and said, 'My ices, I must serve them, oh! no!' I felt sorry for that waitress but I couldn't help being hungry. Then I decided to go home so I got on an empty taxi and started towards home.

The taxi stopped at a whistle from a couple. As they were getting in I got out. Luckily it was just a 15 minutes walk from home. At home, I looked at myself in the mirror. Wow! I have regained my appearance. My mum came in the room and said, 'where on earth have you been? I did not reply but thought, would she believe me?

The End



Shahed Chowdhuri

## The Achievers

Name: Captain James Cook  
DOB — October 28, 1728.  
Died — January 1779.



Captain Cook, the explorer, by an unknown contemporary

Captain Cook made the world infinitely smaller, and the British Empire magnificently greater. It was he who sailed to the unknown South Seas in the eighteenth century and claimed Australia and New Zealand for the crown. It was he who charted the expanse of the Pacific, discovering, re-discovering, and exactly locating its scattered islands and archipelagos. As a navigator and map-maker he was supreme, as a commander he was admirable. On long voyages in tiny ships he kept his crew efficient and healthy; he was the conqueror of scurvy, that scourge of the seas. His courage and determination may be gauged by his work: he spent his days in unknown seas, finding unknown lands and confronting the strange races that inhabited them; in a ship of less than five hundred tons he sailed the length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean from South Australia to Tierra del Fuego, from the Antarctic Circle to the Bering Straits.

He was killed by a tribe in Kealakekua Bay. His body was burnt but his bones were recovered and buried.

## JOKES

There was a young lady called Knight  
Who was flying a very large kite,  
But the wind got too strong  
And she held on too long,  
And soon she was right out of sight!

Bill: Do buses run on Sundays here?  
Ben: No, they run on wheels.

Teacher: You're late again, Tom. Have you got an alarm clock?

Tom: Yes, but I'm always asleep when it rings.

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## A Train

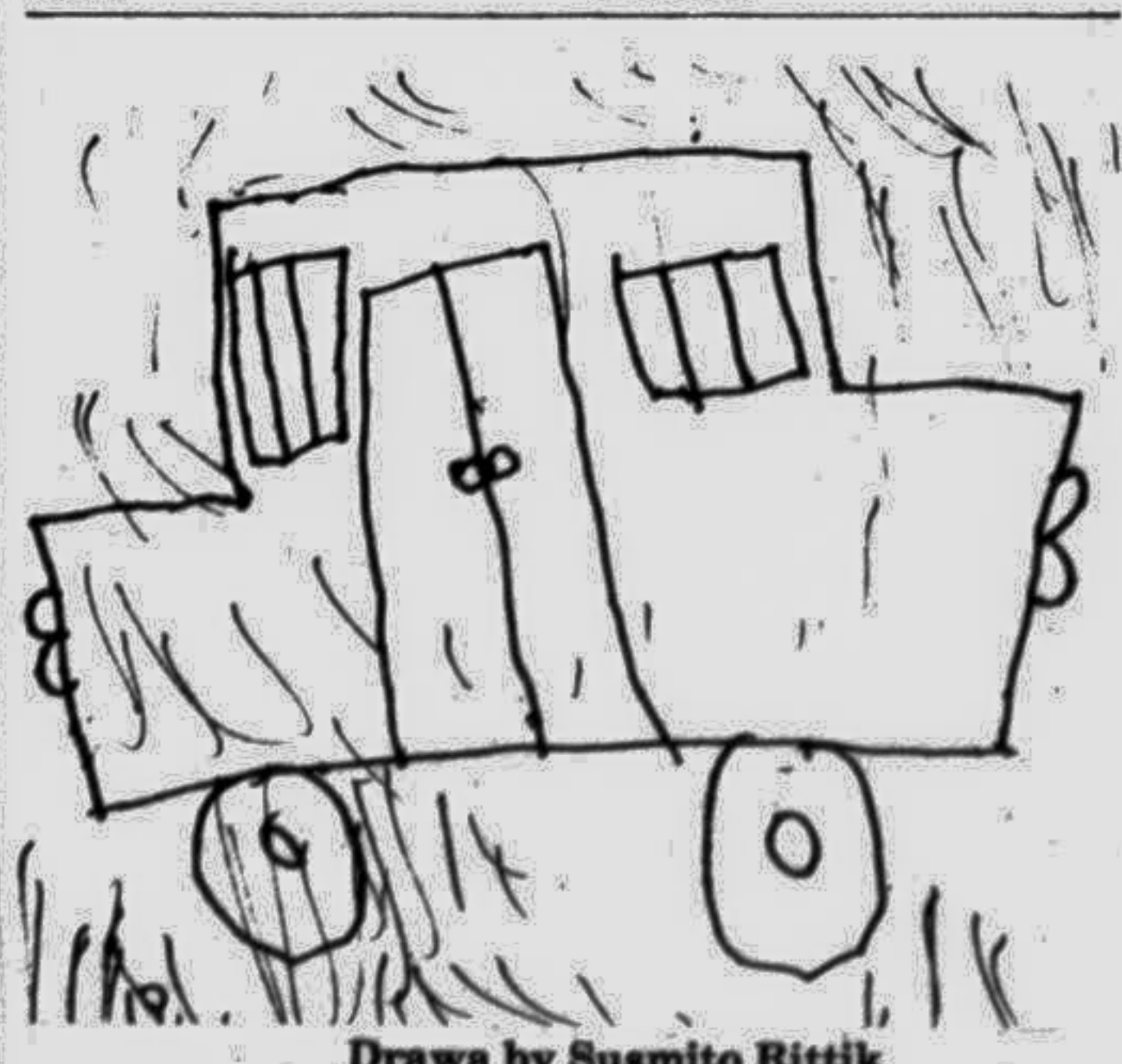
by Steve Jacob

A train is a dragon that roars through the dark.

He wriggles his tail and he sends up a spark.

He pierces the night with one yellow eye.

And the earth trembles when he rushes by



Drawn by Susmito Rittik