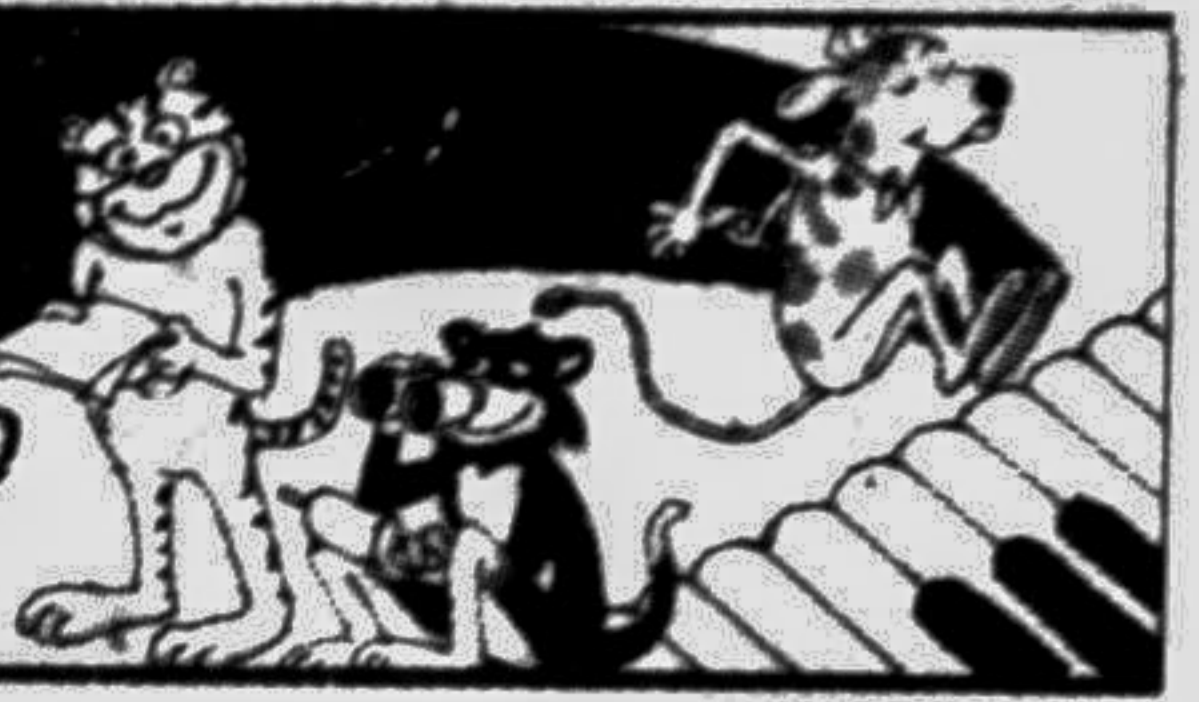


RIISING STARS



Golden Memories

by Rabeth Khan

DOWN he came to the earth from heaven. As a gift to the mankind from the Almighty. Mesmerized people with his ever-lasting smile. Provided encouragement to the young and the old.

He showed his might with the pen and the paper. Conquered the ends of journalism all the way from Europe to Asia. Strode on with big steps of success. And triumphed with the opening of The Daily Star.

The number of friends were abound. Always there to lend a hand. Pierced the hearts of the readers with his dexterous writing. And did not rest until last moments.

He retired from the world at the age of just sixty-five. None had the power to stop him from going to his eternal home. But were left to suffer the clouds of sorrow and pain. And he left his traces in black and white.

We can only hope that he rests in peace. With his memories amidst ourselves. To guide us to the path he took. Never can we forget you, until our death.



INSTANTLY he ordered that a group of plain clothed officers would stay in my bungalow to guard me. I just smiled and said security could not save any one not Kennedy nor Indira Gandhi how could it save me? Akash, how can you be sure that some top level people in the police have not sent me this letter and how do you know that I won't be killed by the security police? I asked. "Why would they kill you?" he asked. "Just imagine". I explained, they have orders from the high levels to kill me then they have to carry out their orders. Remember I told you that some top level police officers had tried to stop the case. They have other complicated jobs to do may be they wanted to drop it", said Akash. "No Akash I don't agree with you."

"Well you never did." I must go now cause I have to talk to Neela. "Who is Neela?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you she is the daughter of Mr. Khan and she came here to help me." "Why? Why her?" "I don't know yet. But let me tell you something. Top officers are trying to stop this case. So they are creating pressure upon Mr Khan's family not to say anything. Alright then I must go now. If you can come in the evening then I will introduce her to you."

When I came back from the DC office around noon I saw Neela walking in the balcony. She asked, "why are you so late. I was anxious about you." "Why, there is nothing to be anxious of. No one will want to harm me until your father's case is solved."

"No I received some phone calls threatening that if I tell the truth then I will find myself killed along with my family." Oh! come on how can you be afraid of some prank calls? Let's talk about your father. What kind of man was he?" "In the office he was very popular because of his good behaviour." Was he the same at home?"

"Can't we talk about it tomorrow." "Well tomorrow is tomorrow because the case is going now where. Neela said something which I couldn't hear, "what did you say?"

"Nothing", she said as she walked out of the room. To my greatest surprise I found Neela walking in the balcony. "What are you doing so late?" I asked her. at first she was frightened but at the very next moment she said "nothing, I was just thinking about my father. I have insomnia. I cannot sleep; you know my father also had insomnia too. Last month on this full moon night I sat with my father and we talked about many things."

I am very lonely too. I could feel a pain in my heart and decided that I must find out who killed Mr. Ferdous. It felt more like a personal job than an official duty to me. "Would you like to walk outside?" We walked in the open field for hours. There was stillness all around. Everybody was sleeping. Suddenly in my absent mind I felt that I was thinking about Neela. Am I falling in love with her? How can that be. She is the daughter of a top level police-officer and I am only a CID agent. I looked at my watch it was 3.49 am. I looked at Neela and felt like she was lost some where, somewhere reach.

"What are you thinking about?" "Nothing, just that I hope that this mystery would be solved and the killers would be brought to justice."

"Would you like to go back now or would you like to walk a little more?" "No, let's go back. I am tired."

While coming back she said "my father used to say that when you feel sad you must try

MYSTERY

by Shahed Latif

to ever come it' never give up. Try to find out why you feel sad and then you will see that you are feeling better."

"Neela there is something about you, something about you I don't know that makes me very curious."

"Hal Hal Hal Hal really I don't think there can be anything in me that is going to make you so curious."

When we returned back it was 4.45 am and my sentry was waiting for me. I asked Neela to go to her room because I was

address and no name from whom, only my name was written with red ink. Before opening the letter I tried to figure it out why would someone write to me without giving his name and that too with red ink? When I opened the letter there was only a piece of paper saying 'don't go where you are going, you are going to end up killing yourself or the girl.'

When I arrived at Muktagar only one thought came into my mind. Who came to know that I was going to

Why was she so eager to solve this mystery? Another thing is that she never talks about her mother or other brother or sisters. She always talks about her father. It was almost a month but no one from her family contacted us. Why won't a mother think about her child? What kind of mother was she? When I was thinking about all this suddenly I felt a pat in my shoulder. "Let's go. What has happened with you?" "Oh! sorry I was thinking about something else."

When we arrived at the river Neela's father loved to visit around at 1.00 pm, to my extreme surprise I saw that Neela got some lunch pack for each of us from where I don't know? "You know last year in the winter vacation when we came here my father said I don't know why but I have a feeling that I am going to die here. And that's just what happened. The day when my father was killed he asked us to go with him but we were all very tired and we did not feel like going. So he decided to go alone and he did not even take a body guard with him. After about five hours three or four fishermen came running towards our rest-house. They were stopped by the security guards standing near the gate. The fisherman told them what had happened and when we got the news from them at first we could not believe it. At the very next moment we tried to run out the rest house but it was locked by the guards. When we asked them to open it they said 'we cannot let you go out'. Because we have the orders to protect you.' From whom my mother asked?"

"From the DIG, we contacted him before giving the news to you." So we were locked inside our rest house until my father's dead body arrived. I just could not believe what had happened when I saw my father's face. It was all smashed. I could not take it anymore and I fainted. When I came back to sense I heard that the DIG had arrived here. And he ordered the whole area to be sealed off. The boat in which my father used to travel it was seized and when he owner of the boat was contacted, he said that my father wanted to be alone. A body guard said that my father wanted to go alone. So it was decided that the dead body would be taken to Dhaka as soon as possible.

When we arrived in Dhaka it was 4.00 am in the morning. My father was taken to hospital for postmortem. I begged them not to cut my father but they just did not listen to me they said it was their duty and they have to do it. When the report came it said there was no sign of a suicide attempt. So it was decided by the policy official's to bury him as early as possible. And they did not allow any photographer or reporter to enter our house and they even did not let our near ones enter without a pass. So many people could not come. So when we tried to contact the DIG he said that it was only for the security reasons.

I contacted my father friend. He thus said to lodge a case from our side and they would help to pass the case. So we lodged a case and from then on we were in intense pressure from top level personals to withdraw the case but I was not ready to do it. So, one day we received a letter that the case has been transpired to the CID and we have to contact them.

The CID director who was a friend of my father said that he would do everything that was possible from his part. He said there was a back door conspiracy to dump the case but I am going to stop this from happening. And I think for him the case is still continuing. When we returned back to Muktagar it was quite dark and it was decided that we are going to stay in the rest house and go to Akashpur the next morning.

(To be continued)

The Spy in Petticoats

by Zahid Anwar Haque (Shagor)



ONE of France's most successful 18th century spies had beautiful, flowing dark hair, a magnificent wardrobe of dresses and outfits, bracelets, necklaces and brooches. She charmed her way into the highest circles of Europe, where she extracted highly secret information from kings and emperors.

Yet — this entrancing spy was a man! The extraordinary ability to impersonate the opposite sex, brought the Chevalier D'eon, when he was a young man, into contact with the king of France, Louis.

His first spying assignment was to the court of Empress Elizabeth of Russia, his job was to talk her out of signing a treaty with Britain. Dressed as a woman he was introduced to the Russian court as the "niece" of a fur trader.

The empress was so delighted with the "charming French girl" that he became her close companion. It was then an easy task to persuade the ruler not to ally Russia to Britain.

Again, dressed as a woman, he arrived in London and managed to get hold of secret papers dealing England's coastal defences, he copied these and passed them to Paris.

Then suddenly D'eon changed sides and asked for asylum in England, and informed the British Government of France's military plans. After his defection he often travelled secretly between London and Paris, working for the British. Several times he narrowly escaped capture, but each time his feminine dress and manners pulled him through.

In those days it was unthinkable that a male spy would wear frocks. He died soon after his last assignment in a remote English village without a family to mourn.

going to take her to the places where her father visited with them last time he came here. I asked my sentry if everything was ready. "Yes sir everything is ready, and we have arranged security for you and this Neela just in case." I planned to take Neela there because she would talk about her father which might help me solve this mystery. We had our breakfast together and talked about nothing. "Are you feeling tired," I asked "no" I am all right. "Good you must not feel tired because we are going to take you to a place where you have been with your father". So after finishing our breakfast we decided to start at 9.00 o'clock. Just at the moment I was going to step into my Car my sentry came up to me with a letter, with out any

come here today. It was a very secret mission and only a few of us knew about it. Who could it be? Was there a spy among us? On the whole journey I tried to figure this out. How did the sentry get the letter? And how come that person came to know that Neela was here and she was the daughter of Mr. Ferdous? All this question began to spin round my mind. I could feel that Neela was very enthusiastic after she came here, and that was indeed a very good sign for me. One month has gone by but she did not say anything of importance about her father. One thing is not at all clear to me is why did she come here in the first place? She could have stayed back home like her brothers & sisters and let us do the job.

Earth Quakes

by Gazala Yasmin Hoque(Urmi)

A geophysist I know, who has been studying earthquakes on charts for years, finally experienced one in person. She says it felt as if the whole world had become a carpet that had been given a good strong double shake and then been dropped. The people, in the buildings, the mountains — we were no more than dust in the carpet", she said. It was all over in about 50 seconds.

My friend was about to leave her house when, without warning, a force equivalent to 100 atomic bombs of the Hiroshima model broke loose in the earth's subterranean rock and began racing towards her under the landscape. The pressure had been accumulating in the rocks for years. Then it had become more than they could contain and now it was loose, a power-

can hear earthquake waves coming — like a train roaring over a bridge, or with the snapping and cracklings of a fire. You can't escape it by running — just dive and duck. For the primary wave travels at eight kilometres a second, more than eight times faster than a high-velocity bullet. The secondary wave travels at about four kilometres a second.

My friend was in midstride, nearing her front door, when the jolt hit. Her front foot landed on the floor somewhere behind her. She toppled and clutched at the wall and was flung away, as if hit by a moving train. That was how she knew that it was an earthquake, and not something that she had stumbled over.

She remembered what various authorities on earthquakes



Courtesy — Time

ful, terrible bursting smothered by stupendous weight.

Along the split, or fault as it is called by scientists, there was slipping of the rock. As a result, riding out in all directions from the fracture were vibrations, elastic waves, such as a bomb blast would send out if it occurred in solid rock, not air.

The rocks shuddered, it's particles jarring back and forth like the trucks of a goods — train jolted from behind. The jolt travelled miles before dwindling down to a gentle shoving. That was the first effect, of the primary wave. Then came the secondary wave, which traveled about half as fast. It didn't jolt; it twisted. A subterranean mass of rock had been wrung out like a wet rock. When the secondary wave passed through, the rock untwisted itself and lay quivering, shaking itself back into place.

Sometimes, if it's quiet, you

had said: "Get under something that will protect you from falling debris and count to forty." She tried to get under the door lintel but the floor had begun to move like a small boat in a rough sea. Then there was a lull. The primary wave had passed. She lunged across the floor, threw herself down under the lintel and gripped the door jamb.

Above the thudding of her heart she could hear the door bell ringing, set in motion by the quake. She began to count. Suddenly, an incredibly long plank was being pulled out from under her at a terrific speed. The secondary wave had arrived. Just as suddenly it was gone, leaving a spattering of plaster on the floor and the big hall chandelier swinging like a pendulum. It was relatively a minor quake, though 52 people were killed. My friend's first reaction as a scientist was: "How much we have to learn?"

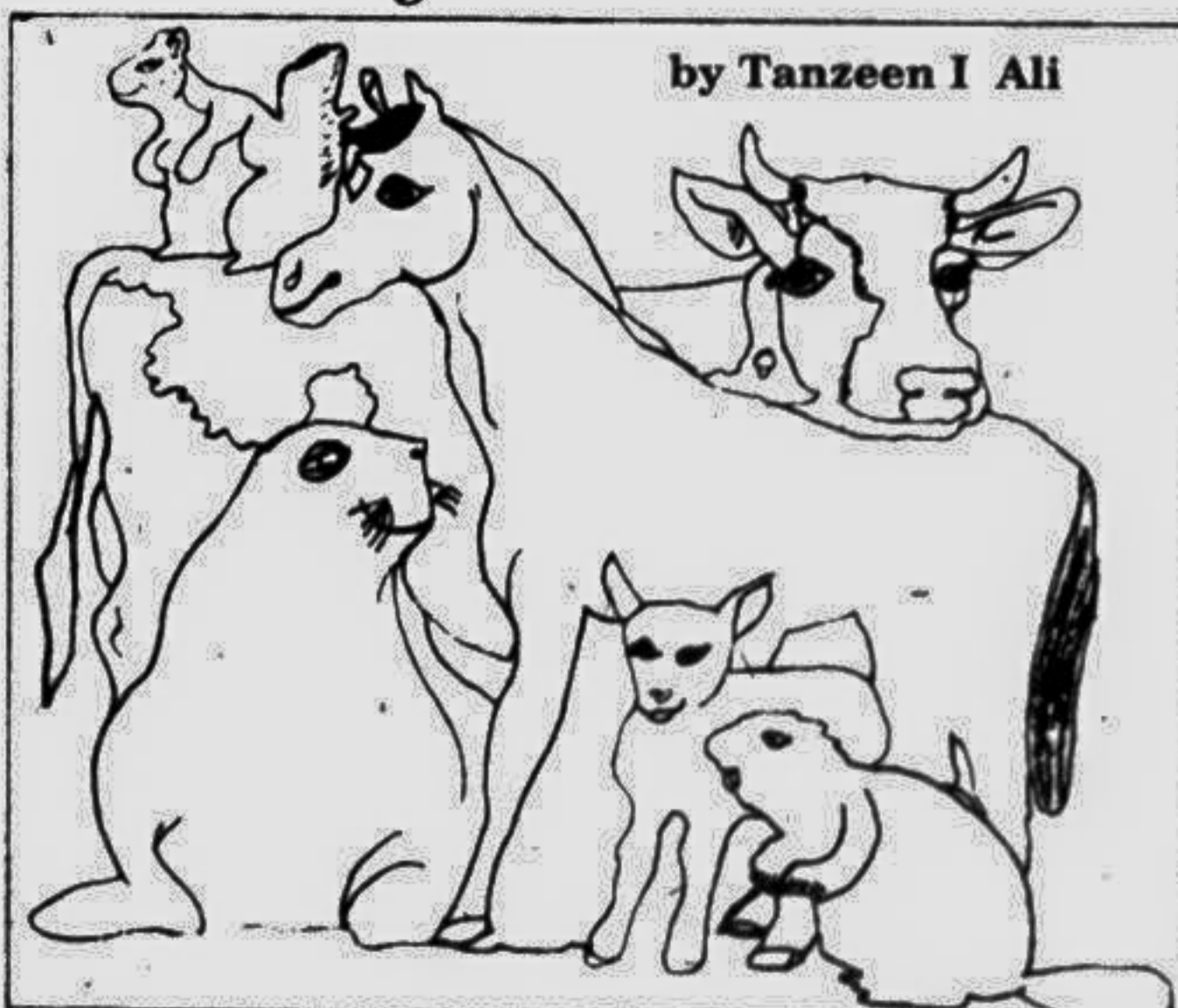


Eman Nazreen 7/3/93 age 6

A very Special Kind of Animals

ALL these animals have something in common. You have something in common with these animals, too. Do you know what it is? The horse, the seal, the cow, the lamb, the squirrel, and the beaver are all mammals. That's what all these animals have in common. You are a mammal, too. And that's what you have in common with these animals. There are many kinds of mammals in the world. Mammals are different from all other animals. Do you know how to tell which animals are mammals and which are not? Here are some answer for you. If an animal is a mammal it will have hair. Most animals, like the dog, have hair all over their bodies. A few mammals have just a little hair. But every mammal, from the very large to

the very small, has hair somewhere on its body. Look at your own hair. Now think about the soft wool of a baby lamb or the shiny coat of a horse. The wool of the lamb and the coat of the horse may look and feel different, but they are both hair. Have you ever seen a mother cat or dog feeding her babies? All mammals feed their young in this way. And all baby mammals can drink their mother's milk. Another thing all mammals have in common is that they need air. Because they need air, most mammals live on land. Some mammals, like the woodchuck, build their houses in the ground. Some mammals, like the beaver and the seal, can move about both on land and in the water.



by Tanzeen I Ali

My Rising Stars

by Julian D'Silva

I only wait for a Saturday Cause it's so sweet and gay. When will it come With all its fun?

On a Saturday morning I jump out of bed Without having my butter and bread. The next thing I do is run to the door And see my "Rising Stars" on the floor.



I pick it up with great care So that the pages won't tear. Then I turn to page eight Wow! the articles are great. I pick out a story and begin to read Cause reading I think is a very good deed. Reading the newspaper passes my time The pictures drawn in it are so fine. Again I wait for a Saturday to come With all its stories and much more fun. When shall I turn again to page eight All I have to do is wait, wait and wait.

House No: 13

— Tarannum Laila

TRACY stared at her neighbour's house. It was house no:13. Many people tried to live there but no one could ever live there more than a year. Words go around that the house was actually haunted. Spooky things used to happen in that house. Though the house was fabulous to look at. The owners gave the house for rent at a low price, because the house was haunted. A young couple with a baby was supposed to move over in that house. Tracy thought about the family which had been living in that house for six months. It was the Harrison family. Mr and Mrs Harrison had moved out for the safety of their daughter Katy. She was a 14



year old girl. She was cheerful and friendly. But she changed and became very different after staying in that house for about a month. Her bedroom window used to face Tracy's. She would hear Katy scream in the middle of the night. She did not know what was wrong. But something was wrong. Tracy came to know about all these things clearly after they left the wretched house.

In 1967 a girl was murdered by her stepmother in that house. The girl's name was Katy. When she died she was 14 and she had looked a lot like Tracy. Her father in his will had left all his property to her, she inherited it after his death and her stepmother became jealous.

scream when she would see those things. Her toiletries used to get finished quickly, as if someone was using them, too. It was very hard for her to sleep as she would hear someone yelling, 'Help!' around midnight. She used to see visions of Katy in the night. For these reasons the Harrisons left the house.

Tracy saw a car approaching the house No. 13's driveway. A pretty young woman, a cute little baby and a man stepped out of the car. Tracy wished that the couple and the cute little baby would be spared by the spirit of the murdered Katy. At the same time Tracy also wished for the peaceful salvation of Katy's spirit.

About Plants

by Julian D'Silva

A plant is a member of the vegetable kingdom. Plants are very useful to us. They take in carbon dioxide and turn it into oxygen with which we breathe. It produces vegetables which are very essential for us in life. Some plants also give us medicines. The roots grow into the soil to take in food which the plants need. If we shake off the soil and wash the roots with water we will see many fibres which are

called fibrous roots. Every plant has five basic features — root, stem, leaves, seed and flower. Every leaves contain a green colouring pigment called chlorophyll. It produces the plants food with the help of the sun. Plants also give us fruits, bamboo, rubber etc. It also has a lot of different types of flowers which make our garden beautiful. So we should recognise how important plants are to us. Plants save the world.