

RISING STARS

What Is A Father?

by Anjum Hossain

A father is a man who always stays by your side, He supports you like the cushion under the fancy fabric.

With courage, he fights for you and never gives up the battle, He comforts you through fear and encourages you through happiness.

A father is a teacher who preaches the laws of nature, As well as the rules of life. He explains right from wrong, And encourages story and song.

But most importantly, a father teaches Caring, sharing, hugging, kissing, And, of course — Love.

A father is a warm hearted person full of hope. Someone you can always count on. He is fair, but firm; Strong, but soft. And above all, a father is one who loves and cares about you!

Rising Stars Survey

Now let's see how much you read 'Rising Stars'. Here's a survey, rush to get your pen, and let us know quickly. Ask your parents to fill in too!

Please send in your answers by December 4, '93, to The Daily Star office. Clearly print your name, school/college, registration number and age. Thank you for your cooperation. RS Editor

1. Are you a regular reader of the Rising Stars?
2. What attracts you most in the page? What is the most interesting thing?
3. What more could be done to make it more attractive? What can we add?
4. Is the page more interesting than boring?
5. Do you encourage others to read it?
6. What sort of articles do you want to read more often?
7. Do you want the Rising Stars page to expand?
8. Have you sent any articles to the Rising Stars so far?
9. Do you encourage others to write for this page?
10. Do you like serials or short stories?
11. Do you want more factual reports?
12. Do you want games to be introduced?
13. Would you like illustrations for each article?
14. Do you want more fun competitions?
15. Does it provide both knowledge and entertainment?
16. Do you want more sports articles?
17. Would you like interviews of our famous personalities, such as writers, singers, actors etc?
18. Who is your favourite Rising Stars writer?
19. Would you like games and puzzles or feature cartoons to be introduced?
20. In one word how would you evaluate your page?

Star Profile



Full Name: Edward Furlong. Born: August 2, 1977. Glendale, California, USA. Star Sing: Leo. EYES: Brown. Hair: Brown. Marital Status: Single.

Did you know that: He had never acted before in his life. For his role as John Connor in Terminator 2, he had to learn to ride a motorcycle, speak Spanish and fix guns. He is a big fan of Arnold Schwarzenegger. In his spare time he enjoys listening to music, especially Janet Jackson, watching scary movies, and making home videos.

A Dream And Reality

by Mahjabeen Hassan

It was a dark and gloomy street. Not a person was in sight. I was feeling a little scared. I was returning home after teaching two little kids, both the same age. I usually teach them from the afternoon till the evening but today their Aunt and cousins came and it got late.

Anyway, I was really frightened because I was carrying Tk 800/- my salary of the month, in my shoulder bag and thought that robbers may steal it. Every time I looked back I felt someone was following me. My nervousness got the better of me. I quickly slipped into a old and shattered temple. As I looked back I found no one there. I gathered courage, went out of the temple and continued my lonely journey. As I walked I reached for my shoulder bag and saw it

had vanished. I walked as fast as my legs could carry me, back to the temple. I began searching the floor of the temple. I looked and looked and suddenly hit something; it was a half-naked statue of a goddess. Just then I stepped into something; I looked down and saw my bag lying there, and a pile of leaves covering it. As I picked it up I felt strong hands grasping me — AAA! I screamed and woke up and saw my father telling me to wake up as it was time for school. I was relieved. So, it was all a dream!

In my dream I had been a hard-working woman but in reality I am just a teen-age school going girl.

I prayed to God that I don't ever have to experience such terrible adventures again — not even in a dream.

HISTORY classes are fun.

But not so long ago they weren't. Only Bunty brought them to life. He's nuts. He drove the teacher nuts. We were nuts about him.

It was he who renamed history class the Dating Period. Without Bunty, Mr Gupta would put the class to sleep. That's the history teacher who is so far backward in time that he still uses old-fashioned spectacles. I mean who uses spectacles today when a minor operation can give you biocenses?

Mr Gupta never showed any illustrations on the screen-board. He never accessed any documentaries about the Great Pyramid or the Red Fort or the Mayan temples or Stonehenge. Mr Shastri, who took the senior classes, did all that. And kids loved him and his classes.

Mr Gupta repeated himself every day without a variation. He entered class and lowered himself into his chair. He peered off his Huglite shoes—the only modern thing he had on him—and opened the book. The right hand played with the keyboard. Then he droned on and on.

Occasionally he punched in an important date. The number began as a dot in the centre of the screen and grew bigger until it occupied the whole board. Then with a 'pop' it disintegrated. Mr Gupta couldn't do anything else with a screen-board.

Just before the bell, he pulled on his shoes, walked up and down a few paces until the shoe uppers settled down and hugged the feet. And when the bell went, he went.

"How time flies," Bunty had said once with an exaggerated sigh. Mr Gupta didn't quite know how to take that.

Mr Gupta didn't know how to take on Bunty, though he knew that the boy was at the centre of ripples of sniggers and snorts and coughs.

In the Teacher's Shoes

by Dilip Raote

I suppose we saw early the potential in Bunty and encouraged him and he became more and more outrageous.

On one occasion Mr Gupta scolded Bunty because he couldn't remember Emperor Akbar's birthdate. The next history class, Bunty put on a funny skull cap made of computer microdisks strung together.

"Take off that cap," Mr Gupta said. "This is not the sports".

"This is not a cap, sir," Bunty said with all innocence. "These are two-megabyte disks. They will give me additional memory. I won't forget any dates now, sir."

Mr Gupta drowned our laughter with the loud thumping of his book hitting the desk. Bunty was ordered to take off the cap and do five hundred words on Tanya Tope as homework.

"What out?" Mr Gupta said. Naturally, the class helped Bunty out. We had to stretch it with the history of the 1857 struggle because there isn't much on Tope in the school's date book.

Then there was the time Bunty brought one of those musical marbles. You know, the ones that give off a sort of Jingle bells tune when they bounce and a continuous whine when they roll? They were new in the market then and cost the earth. But Bunty doesn't mind spending money on his practical jokes.

When Bunty flicked the marble along the aisle to the wall behind the teacher we were jolted awake by the music and

the whine. There was appreciative banging of desks and much laughter.

But that was nothing compared to what happened immediately afterwards. That was really something!

Mr Gupta was so startled by the music that he beat a frantic tattoo on the keyboard. The screen board behind him lit up and started flashing colours in

embarrassing. I felt sorry for him.

Later, I made the mistake of telling Bunty that it was a mean trick to play. And everyone jumped on me. It was smashing, they said. One of Bunty's best, they said.

"You girls are soft," Bunty turned up his nose at me. "He's been making our life miserable. Why don't you feel sorry for us."



sequence—red, blue, yellow and all their combinations. Everyone looked weird as faces were lit up by the changing colours.

And Mr Gupta, poor Mr Gupta, he struggled with the keyboard to switch off the screen. He pressed keys as if his life depended on hitting the right one.

Finally, I had to walk over and press escape. The look of gratitude he gave me! It was

ch? And don't lie, I saw you laughing just as much as the rest of us."

And then Bunty said something that surprised me.

"I read somewhere," he said, "that in the last moments before death a person sees his whole life in a flash. Mr Gupta reminded me of a dying man, with the entire history of mankind flashing in his eyes. Ha ha!"

That was clever. I didn't

looked up from his reading and banged his desk.

"War is not funny," he said. We didn't even know what he was talking about.

The shoe held our attention. It had taken on the shape of the vase, though the ankle portion hadn't closed up and had left a big hole in the side.

Bunty crawled again and put the shoe back under Mr Gupta's desk. We waited impatiently for the bell.

There was total silence in the class as Mr Gupta put on one shoe. He groped for the other shoe, and the head was jerked out of sight behind the desk.

Mr Gupta stood up slowly with the Huglite vase held up in front of him as if it were a slimy living thing.

We couldn't hold back then. We let go. Amidst our laughter Mr Gupta limped out of class, the offending shoe still held in one hand.

As the laughter was dying down, Bunty topped it. "One foot for a man, a vase of mankind," he said.

It was terrible. Neil Armstrong must have turned in his grave. But it was so apt, we rolled in the aisles.

After that day Mr Gupta wore leather chappals. He didn't even sit at his desk, but walked up and down the aisles. He's been walking ever since. Guess who sits at his desk now.

Me! Mr Gupta can't operate the screenboard, and I can. So he tells me to access appropriate illustrations and documentaries. And he listens when I suggest small digressions to other eras, other countries.

The kids love illustrated history now. They even try to remember dates.

And they make faces at me. But I have Bunty on my side. I help him with his homework. Courtesy—Young Times

Visitors from Outer Space?

by Tarannum Laila

THE Gorply family is really weird. They moved into the house next door to us. The day they moved in, I bought some roses and chocolates for them. In the evening, I went to their house to give the presents. Mrs Gorply started sneezing when she took the roses from me. After a while Mr Gorply and their daughter, Liz Gorply started sneezing too! I asked Mrs Gorply what was wrong and she replied that the Gorply's were allergic to roses. Imagine allergic to roses!

I never heard anything so silly before. Well, I thought I should leave them alone and so I said goodbye and left. After this incident, I did not feel very easy with them. Somehow, they seemed to be abnormal, weird and out of this world. The Gorply's never took part in any social activities. Most of the time, they would spend their time alone. They did not mix with other people. After few weeks I started feeling suspicious about them of being aliens from outer-space. Unfortunately my suspicious proved true.

One Friday evening I was sorting out my plants in the garden. I used to keep my plants near the Gorply's hedges which were next to our garden. Suddenly, I saw a green light flashing in the Gorply's garden. Out of curiosity I peeked into the Gorply's garden I saw Mr and Mrs Gorply standing in the middle of the garden like statues. From four corners of their garden green lines were shooting out and all the four green lines joined like a cross. Mr and Mrs Gorply were standing in the middle of the cross. I was awed! I could not believe what I had seen, but there was more to happen. After few seconds Mr and Mrs Gorply were turning into their original forms — aliens. They had grey and green coloured faces, pointed noses, and bald heads which were orange. They had such terrible faces that the dead would jump

into life seeing their faces. By now my hands were trembling and I was very scared. I realised that the aliens came to the earth for special reasons. If one of their reasons were to kidnap human beings and experiment with them, the aliens would certainly kidnap children. As I am a child they might even kidnap me. Out of fear, I ran inside our house and ran upstairs to my room. I locked my room, and sat in my bed. I felt as if someone was chasing me. I thought I should tell someone about the aliens. But what would happen if no one believes me? Would they think I am mad? I started to feel so depressed that I felt like sinking into the ground. Finally, I made a decision, that I should say all this alien business to my friend — Jessica who used to read a lot of science fiction movies.

Next day, I told Jessica about the Gorply family. She said that we should check the Gorply's household so that, we can find out more about them and their planet. We decided we would go into their house right after school.

After the final bell rang, we caught the bus for home. We ran for the Gorply's house and reached it. Every now and then, I was checking to see whether anyone was watching us or not.

The house looked empty. Feeling somewhat nervous I turned the door knob but it would not budge. Fortunately, Jessica brought a pick with her and we easily opened the door. The hallway was furnished normally and so was rest of the ground floor. But up stairs the rooms were furnished in a weird way. The furnitures were mostly geometrical. Jessica said that we should check out Mr Gorply's room first. There were three rooms in row. We checked the first two rooms and fortunately, nobody was there. The last room was Mr Gorply's. Jessica twisted the door knob and to our surprise the door opened easily. But inside the room, Mr and Mrs Gorply and their daughter were sitting on a divan facing the door. Jessica and I were so startled that we screamed at the top of our voice. Mr and Mrs Gorply left their seat and charged towards us. I faced Jessica and she faced me. Unable to bear the fear on Jessica's face and the triumphant face of Mr Gorply, I fainted. I don't know how long it was before I woke up but when I woke up, I saw my mum near my bed. She was saying, "Tarannum come and get your breakfast. Otherwise you will be late for school." Then only I realised it was only a dream.

Cricketers

by Shaker Choudhury

- Now....
- Count the money they mint.
- Are busy with their style of clothing, arm-bands, headbands and coloured shades.
- Would rather wear the sponsor's logo.
- Fast bowlers rely on a doctored ball.
- Spin bowlers rely upon a dead pitch and fast bowlers footmarks for spin.
- Television camera's found in the stumps.
- Cricketers love to play at night under the lights.
- White balls are frequently used.
- Love to wear coloured clothing, with coloured shoes to go with them.
- Blame their bad form on things like Venus and smog.
- Test matches are played to be drawn.



- and
- Then....
- Counted the run they scored.
- Spent hours in daily practice sessions.
- Loved to sport their country's colours.
- Used to rely on the ball's speed and swing.
- Relled on their ability to spin.
- Were rarely found in the field
- Never dreamt of playing at night.
- Only knew of the red cherry.
- Came in a clean white attire wearing their test cap with pride.
- Used to blame on things like lack of concentration.
- Were played to be won.

I Feel a Barrier

by Trishna

THEY say that the fresh-air smells heavenly. The fresh-air? Never had an opportunity to breathe that in this suffocating cage.

It feels wonderful to sit by the sea and watch the sun set. I do not have that experience as I stay behind these bars.

They do not want me to reach as far as the sea. There is nothing like getting wet in the rain, but I have only been drenched with sweat and tears in this cage. Lying down on the green, soft grass and watch the immense blue sky, is so soothing. But I am only able to feel the hard, rough surface under my back as I lie down.

I too, like all human beings, which they do not consider me to be, have hopes to fulfill, dreams to come true and wishes to make in front of my imaginary wishing-well. I long to walk along the street with the moon above me and without anyone thinking bad of me. I want to run about the beach, barefoot, bound by no rules, tied by no chains and guarded by no beasts. I would love to roam around in a park of greenery, on a cold winter morning, without dogs barking behind me. I shout, but it seems not loud enough to reach the ears of all the deaf ones. I shed seas of tears but my tears seem to be as worthless as the drain-water.

I look out of the window. I notice the blue sky is turning

gloomy. Grey clouds occupy it and make it look even depressed. Then that sea of sadness starts to roar, as if crying for help and requesting for help. It as if wanted to be rescued from its sadness. I see a similarity between us. After a while it breaks down, being no more able to endure the pain. It sheds its tears; not a few drops but a million. It lets the whole world know how deep the hurt is inside; I cannot. It continues, as if it has vowed to teach all a lesson and then stop. It slowly and finally retires. The golden sun once more shines on its heart and the sky looks cheerful again. I look as I wish for that sun to shine on me. I bring my eyes down. Now on the street. I look at the animals with envious eyes. How carefree they are! Walking about, singing aloud, laughing and enjoying — life. And hear I stay being discriminated for suffering from the sins that they commit. They whistle at a humble one, tease and embarrass. The others enjoy the scare, taking out all their thirty-two. How funny this world is, that it is being ruled by those who tease, discriminate and embarrass. They burn the helpless ones for the dowry, throw acid on the faces of the ones who would dare to reject them. They visit the prostitutes giving them a bad name. They rape a thousand and make the society call her rotten. The

creature in the huge, expensive chair returns home, drunk, and beats the wife. The rickshaw-puller has burnt his last wife for the sake of dowry. The present one is being tortured for her incapability for giving birth. He now intends to hide his mouth behind the handkerchief, once more. They discriminate, abuse, rape and till but all have still placed them in the throne of superiority. They believe — those are our life-savers, our guards, our lords. In spite of having the similar features I feel a wall in between us. I feel distant from those beasts; I feel a barrier.

Jokes

Compiled by Musaddek Ali

A drama critic's one word review of play titled 'The cupboard':

'Bare':

* * *

Opinion of a violin solo: 'It had that quality of seeming to last much longer than it actually did.'

* * *

An astronaut once made an authoress very happy at a reception in Houston. "Ma'am," he told her admiringly, "I was reading your novel while we were in orbit — and I couldn't put it down!"



My Dolls

by Asma Abbasi

O my friends Let us play Two of my dolls are made of clay. One is nice to look at. The other looks like a pussy cat. My dolls are my friends I call them as Grends They are my dolls they are my friends. And that is why I call them as Grends.

