

RIISING STARS

I was a little house, filled with dreams, surrounded by the fragrance of peace and laughter, mixed with happiness. But all these lasted for two years only, when everything ended in the disastrous accident of Drishti's husband.

Beloved Child-1

by Trishna

Dureen should be kept in the orphanage — yes, and Drishti was adamant about her decision. She was hardly Her heart broke into pieces when the manager of the orphanage stretched forward her arms to take Dureen.



one month old and she thought this was the right time. But whenever she looked at her baby's face, her heart overflowed with pain; she considered herself to be stone-hearted but there another way? Who would feed her? Who would put her to sleep? Drishti carried the infant in her arms and entered the orphanage. She talked to the people in charge and made a deal that she should be allowed to call them and receive all the information about Dureen. They were requested never to tell her that her mother was alive.

She was only three and a half months pregnant, when he left her never to return again. Drishti was left all alone, with no one to support her and no one to care. She hardly had enough to feed herself and then again she would have to bear the burden of raising her child. Although shattered and ill, Drishti took a temporary job as a sales person. She worked laboriously and spent her night sleeplessly, thinking of the future — the baby. Oh! it was another nightmare. Time passed by and Drishti knew that the most difficult phase of her life was not too far away. Her only friend, Esha, was the one who helped her during the time of these hardships, and before long Drishti, blessed with a beautiful baby girl, she looked at the new born with tears, rolling down her eyes; she did not know if they were of joy or sorrow. There, in her arms, was another unfortunate child, like herself, who had no one to be loved by. Her parents had disowned her, since she had eloped and got married. She felt a kind of affection filling up her heart, as she stared at the baby. Drishti remembered her husband — he always wanted a girl and her name to be, Dureen. New the baby was there and he, so far away. Drishti went back home and there she had to face a distressful life. Many days passed when she had to live solely on water, but never did she fall to feed Dureen. She knew that this would not continue for long. But if their life style was to persist the same way, then one of them would definitely, starve to death. There had to be a decision taken and she did not take long in doing so.

laboriously. Her mornings passed by bargaining with customers at the shop where she again started to work and her nights, she spent with threads and needles, making dresses to be supplied. In spite of this busy life, she never failed to make clothes for Dureen or call at the orphanage from the cobbler, every week. She used to turn numb, simultaneously delighted as each week she heard about the new things that her baby did. Dureen had eaten her first egg, then her first tooth was coming out but before that she had uttered her first word — Ma. Drishti longed desperately to hear it herself but again, she was frightened. She visited the orphanage monthly, to give clothes and toys for her daughter. But she never wanted to see her as she felt, she could never face Dureen with the remorse in her heart. Four years passed in the torments of life. Drishti was now earning quite more than she did previously, but at the same time she was being attacked by the poison of loneliness. She wanted Dureen back. She wanted to live like a mother; she dreamed to sing lullabies and put her child to sleep, she wanted to be rewarded with the love of a daughter. Drishti made up her mind — she will face Dureen and beg for forgiveness. Drishti did not wait. She bought loads of toys, lovely clothes and cooked the best she could. She started for the orphanage, with a heart filled with joy. It was after a long time that she was having such a feeling. With a glowing face and a smile, worth a million, the delighted mother entered the manager's office. But to her surprise she saw the lady manager's face red with worry. Drishti was too excited to ask her the problem and so she simply asked for her daughter, when the lady answered in a low voice, 'Dureen has been missing since yesterday'. To be continued.

Murder on "Queen Elizabeth"

by Rabeth Khan

A beautiful lady probably in her mid-twenties stood in front of John. John breathed a sigh of relief on seeing a her and not a henchman of Galib Al Nasser. He asked the lady politely, that if he can get a drink for her. The lady refused promptly and asked John to leave. He started to walk away but turned back at the last moment and decided to trust the young lady. "Ahem, excuse me Madam, I need your assistance and will be grateful if you do help me." The lady studied John for a moment, and then ushered him into her room. On closing the door, she introduced herself as Joana the only daughter of a millionaire industrialist J Ekeus. After introductions ended, the smile on John's lips faded away and was replaced with a grave concern. He briefly related the events to Joana and requested her to help him. Joana could not say 'no' directly but at the same time heitated to say 'yes' considering the ifs and buts of what will happen if she says yes. While John became disgusted with himself thinking that, how could he trust an unknown girl with the most secret information of being a CIA agent. But instincts told him she was one person he could trust. Gratefulness reigned John's mind, after Joana informed him that she was willing to help him. They shook hands to make an everlasting friendship. And the first thing John wanted from his new friend was food. Joana laughed and went out to get some food. While on the other side of the ship, the midnight disco was at its full swing, in the bar, Mr James was sleeping on an arm-chair at the corner proba-

ly because he drank too much: Bob Dyles was dancing with the ladies and having his way of entertainment. The Twits and Mrs Clavit was not present at the bar and were fast asleep in their cabins. At the captain's room, Galib Al Nasser was discussing new strategies with his lieutenant. Joana came back from the dining section and knocked at the door. There was no response, she tried to open the door and in the process spilled some of the pop-corn. When she entered in her room, she saw John fast asleep in her bed. To make him comfortable she put off the light and went

Joana answered promptly. "Yes mister, you are stepping on the thing which I was looking for and I will be very happy if you leave me in peace." But no matter what she said, Galib did not move away and picked up the paper. Galib's cold smiles changed into a vicious, evil one and he whistled. Immediately two henchmen came out from the shadows and stood near Joana. "Miss, you will pay for aiding a CIA agent," spoke Galib angrily. "Sorry, Mr Galib, you are making a mistake. I do not know anything about CIA," replied Joana.

"But this card is owned by



outside to get something to drink. Just as she stepped a few paces from her room, her eyes caught a rectangular piece of paper falling on the floor. She went near it and bent down to pick it up but a military boot stepped on it first. She looked up and saw it was Galib Al Nasser himself. "Greetings madam, I suppose you have lost something," uttered Galib in a cold, steely voice.

Joana was screaming in pain as torture on her grew, as Galib Al Nasser could not bring out anything out of her mouth. Joana had only one thing in mind, she could not betray her friend. When she was nearing her end, her last wish was to see John, her new friend for whom she was ready to give her life. While Joana was fighting for her life, John was looking all over the ship inconspicuously. On the other hand, Galib Al Nasser took Joana to her room and left her to die. John searched for Joana as best as he could but became tired and went back to room no-17. But as he entered the room, he was greeted by a ghastly scene. Joana was lying in a pool of blood, with cuts and bruises all over the body. He ran over to her and tears fell from his eyes, the tears of friendship.

John Clifford completed his task of finding the whereabouts of the other CIA agent, but he got the news that the other CIA agent had died to a massive heart-attack. And in between an innocent girl Joana had to sacrifice her life for the sake of trust, loyalty and friendship. The "Queen Elizabeth" sailed through the heart of Nile with golden soul of Joana in it. The sun rose the next day with a mourning feeling, John Clifford carried on with his work as a CIA agent, but his mind always went back to the day when he lost a friend like Joana. One thing, the readers must be anxious to know how John fled to safety, but my earnest request to all readers is that you all imagine the way of safety for John as you wish.

The End

He shoved her behind himself so that he stood in the way of any bullets that might have been directed at her. He punched the light bulb above his head to smother them with his left fist while he waved his right hand about spraying the area in front with bullets from the machine gun he had, clutched tightly in it. His adversaries were driven back momentarily under the massive offensive launched by the heroic young man. But they would soon return.

As soon as the firing had stopped, and hence the flashing sparks from the guns, the chamber was plunged into total blackness. Till then the unsteady flickering luminescence with all the noise had made the small luggage compartment of the plane seem like a wild and frantic disco party. Now the only sound was the heavy tortured panting of the exhausted youth, losing, precious blood from two bullet wounds — one in the sides and the other in the arm, even as he gasped 'you gotta get outta here.' No. The girls protested but in vain. She was plucked off the floor by her arm like a light ray doll might have been and roughly thrown against the hatch. The youth kicked it open with one powerful strike, then without further ado pushed the girl off into the runway moving below. He knew the impact might even break a few bones, but at least she would live. Simultaneously as he pushed her off the edge, the door to the compartment was blown down by a fresh group of miscreants who charged in with guns and chains.

The youth glanced over his shoulder, his eyes meeting those of his enemy. He would have followed the girl out had a chain not been thrown about his neck by which he was yanked back into the plane. He struggled back to his feet under the severe battering imparted to him loosened the strangling loop about his throat and retaliated with all the savagery that he could muster. The plane was still rolling along smoothly, just beginning to accelerate for the 'run'. And then the world seemed to turn about. All of a sudden, amid a thousand explosions and a million rounds of gunfire, like a tornado from hell the valiant youth had come and liberated him from his prison in the densely forested hill tracts — a task which he had agreed to undertake in spite of the danger involved by seeing the emotional turmoil in the father's heart which was turn between love and duty. The youth was cold as steel. He had made the girl walk 30 miles of jungle in one night with only an occasional gruff 'get moving'. Insulted and infuriated She was the daughter of a

The Lone Saviour

by Quaseed Bin-Husayne

top intelligence officer and she had been abducted by foreign forces to be ransomed with information of national security... it was as simple as that. A lot of attempts had been made by the military and the CID to retrieve her in safety — but in vain. A whole week had gone by, and her father had given no indications of submission. Her captors were not reacting too pleasantly to such a state of affairs. They were becoming increasingly menacing in their behaviour towards her: the bloodthirsty glares that seemed to slice through her, the wicked sneers... the threats in the hoarse grating voices. She had

the girl had scampered away and fallen into captivity again. She was being taken off to a different country when again the colossal youth, towering like an iceberg had again saved her — and was man on the edge of death himself because of her. She felt guilt ridden and the anguish was extreme for to him she was a stranger. He had only known her father. She was deeply moved by proof of the profoundness of his sense of responsibility and honour of word hidden so well beneath the crude and cold facade. She could now see him grappling with two others upon the right wing. He cast one off and

400 feet ... the bazooka found itself positioned on the shoulder. 200 feet ... the foremost wheel of the plane had just lifted off the ground: it was taking off. Just then the trigger was pressed — not once but, again and again. The small explosive projectiles slammed repeatedly into the ammunition loaded aircraft. Blast followed flats as every shard of metal was ripped off; as the plane was reduced to a mass of burning debris, as the scarlet flames mushroomed into the sky blending with the crimson of the last solar rays and the onset of twilight.



given up the hope of survival, more so, terror kept her from batting an eyelid even for once, hunted by a constant fear of imminent personal danger. And then the world seemed to turn about. All of a sudden, amid a thousand explosions and a million rounds of gunfire, like a tornado from hell the valiant youth had come and liberated him from his prison in the densely forested hill tracts — a task which he had agreed to undertake in spite of the danger involved by seeing the emotional turmoil in the father's heart which was turn between love and duty. The youth was cold as steel. He had made the girl walk 30 miles of jungle in one night with only an occasional gruff 'get moving'. Insulted and infuriated She was the daughter of a

snatching away a bazooka from around the shoulder off another the heroic lad leapt off the wing onto the tarmac. The fall was terrible. He rolled back for a long distance across the runway into the grassy patches on the sides — his entire mind and body engulfed in agony. The pain was excruciating as he raised himself slowly to find the plane having turned and approaching him at a darting speed ready to take off. He knelt on the ground him forehead dripping perspiration and blood, his body steaming with fatigue. The plane was a thousand feet away. 700 feet ... he grit his teeth — his fingers coiled about the bazooka. 500 feet ... trembling with the strain of the effort the giant stood up.

The inertia carried the conflagration across the youth who stood and watched the wreck slide by and disintegrate with a final explosion in the grassy patches. The dancing flames were mirrored in his eyes. His lips parted in a smile of triumph. The girl and her friends who had arrived upon the scene had all begun to rush toward him to flood him with gratitude, but they stopped for they found that the giant had already turned to leave. A towering silhouette marked out against the setting sun casting a long flickering shadow due to the dancing flames of the plane he had destroyed. The lone saviour — cold and sombre — he needed neither praise nor glory — his success was his only joy — his only satisfaction.

Just For You



★ Dear Fahim, Hope you have prayed for your broken soul in the Bishwa Ijtima? Stop drinking cold Mirinda or you will catch a cold. Love "Noutas"

★ Dear Shezan, Why have you changed your hairstyle? Stop playing cricket with three bats ... (two of them pads) or you will surely be the victim of LBW. Love "Noutas"

★ Dear Bushi, Bush, Bushra, Enjoying life! Well we all know so. How did Mush change to Ash? Anyway go on — but not for long. Don't get serious with Ash. After all you have your college life coming. Study Physics and Chemistry! Wish you good luck. Love You know who!

Dearest Borda, Wishing you the best on this auspicious day. Love Ludmila

Wise Words:

- 1. Pain is the outcome of sin — Buddha.
 - 2. Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing — Benjamin Franklin.
 - 3. Worry often gives a small thing a big shadow — Swedish proverb.
 - 4. Non but a fool is always right — Hare.
 - 5. Genius is infinite painstaking — Longfellow.
 - 6. Haste is of devil — Koran.
 - 7. In business three things are necessary, knowledge, temper and time — Feltham.
 - 8. Selfishness is the roof and source of all natural and moral evils — Emerson.
 - 9. Advise is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least — Johnson.
 - 10. I regard the man as lost, who has lost his sense of shame — Plautus.
- Courtesy The Wonder Book of Wonders.

"If only I could fly!"

by Mushfiqur Rahman

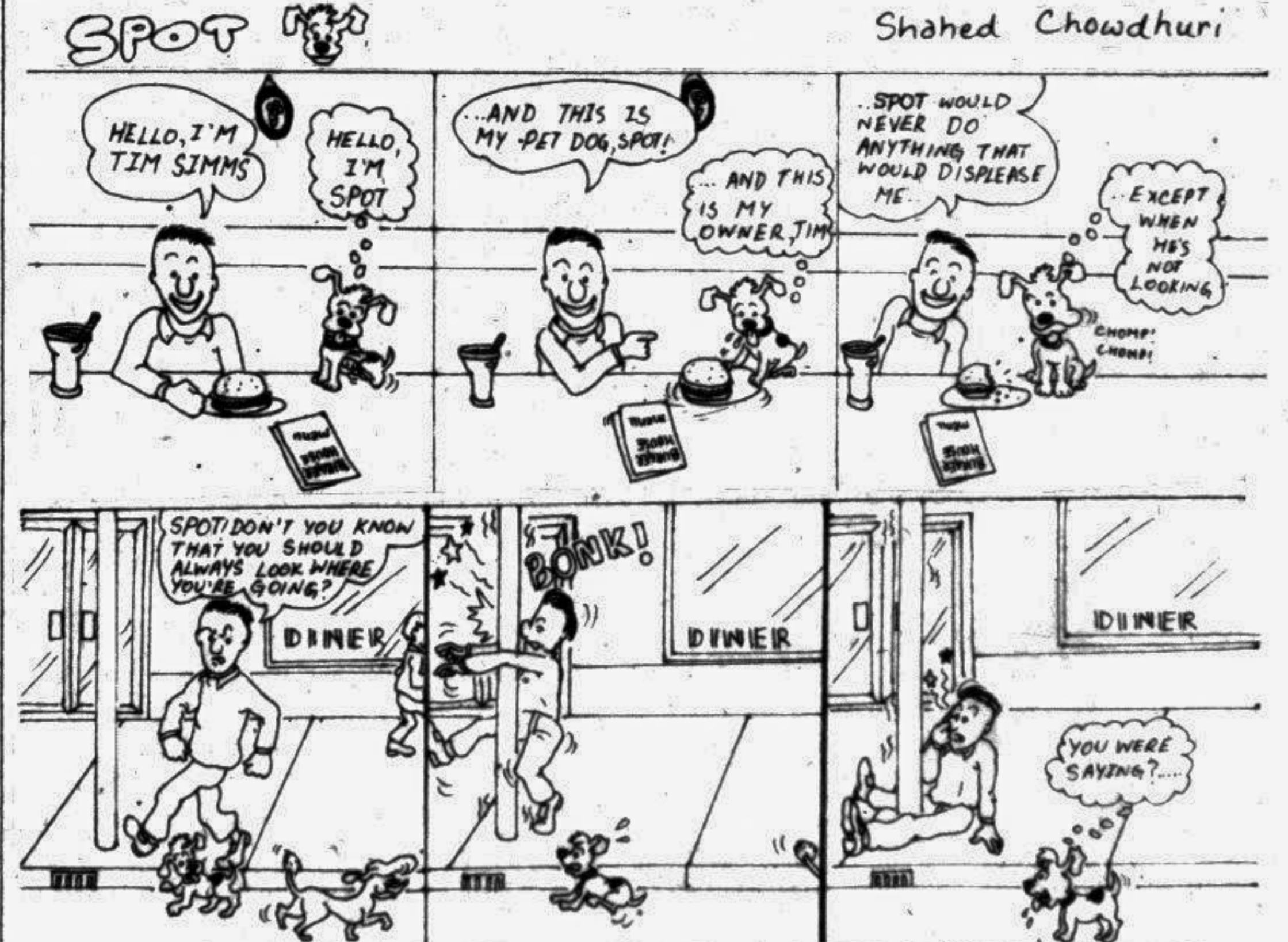
I wish I had the wings of bird. Like an eagle I wish I could fly upward. Up and away from the world downward.

Blowing breeze would make me quiver Up in the blue sky. Rivers would look like threads of silver And the sun would smile shy. Grazing sheep would look like boats in a river to me when I'd fly.

All these thoughts make me sigh. "If only I could fly!"

QUIZ CLUB

- 1. What Pacific country's highest peak is Mount Cook?
 - 2. What colour of leather do members of Britain's House of Lords sit on?
 - 3. How many different numbers appear on a dart-board?
 - 4. What Middle Eastern capital is the world's oldest inhabited city?
 - 5. Is Uranus bigger than Neptune?
 - 6. What's the smooth, hard coating of the teeth called?
 - 7. What Eastern language is the source of the English words "Algebra" and "Zero"?
 - 8. What Buddhist leader fled to India in 1959?
 - 9. What do the letters "UHF" stand for in TV jargon?
 - 10. What colour are the stars on China's flag?
- Answers for 29-1-94
- 1. Sheep.
 - 2. Sound.
 - 3. Mars.
 - 4. Submarines or U-boats.
 - 5. Hens.
 - 6. Romeo.
 - 7. War and Peace.
 - 8. Sherlock Holmes.
 - 9. Black Beauty's.
 - 10. Fifteen.
 - 11. Janet and Michael Jackson.
 - 12. Back to the Future.
 - 13. B A Baracus.
 - 14. One.
 - 15. Boney M.
 - 16. A stamp collector.
 - 17. Pakistan.
 - 18. Fifty.
 - 19. Match point.
 - 20. Thirteen.



Friends

by Shumon Momen

There won't be absolutely no fun. Unless of course there's more than one. Yes they're the ones to rely on. The ones you can cry on. Friends are there. For the pain to bare. With real friends there won't be a catch. So you won't be dispatched. Friends are to play. Today and everyday. When you're in a fight they'll stand by tight. You can share. With groups with pads. No curves with friends. No bends no ends.

Jokes

- Dad : Ask your mother, son, she takes care of recycling the money in this house.
- Where can you always find money? In a dictionary.
- What can't be used until you break it? An egg.
- Why did Mickey Mouse go into space? To find Pluto.
- Where do fish keep their money? In a river bank.