

# Eid Special

# Rising Stars

I was just about to take a bite into a delicious piece of German chocolate cake when I felt my body shake fiercely. Was I in the middle of an earthquake — was the first thing I could think of when in a few seconds I realized it was my kid brother waking me rudely from my heavenly dream. Well shaken and feeling quite murderous I was just about to hurl a string of abuses when my eye caught sight of those two obnoxious things called dials in our wall clock. It was 7.30 am! Goodness Gracious School started at 8 am. The principal would just kill me if I was late again. I sprang out of my bed like a crazed Jack in the Box, yelling loudly as I banged my toe on my desk and proceeded to the bathroom. Miraculously I was washed and dressed in my uniform by 7:40AM. I barely had 15 minutes to get to Math class. My mother, however, had other ideas. Her main objective was to make me eat breakfast something that I hated to do, especially when I was late for school. There was, however, no escaping her so there I was gulping down a ton of porridge (yuk!) while at the same time showing an omelet into my month. A mound of omelet stayed in my month till I reached the school gates when the sight of our grim faced geography teacher cured its stubbornness and forced it down my throat.

I was five minutes late and Mr Huq our Math teacher looked at me under his specs and smiled. I imagined, a rather cruel smile. 'Oh no! I just remembered — I had forgotten my math homework. Now I was really in a soup. Sure enough, the dreaded question was thrown at me 'Shahnaz, where is your homework?' Then my brain started to work in a frenzy. I had already used up my standard

excuses 'my grandma died,' 'my Dog ate my homework,' 'my dog ran away with it.' I thought it was Tuesday. For once I was at a total loss of words. It was as if my brain had frozen and just refused to make up any more feeble lies.

'I haven't done it,' was my weak confession.

'And why not your Highness?' asked Mr Huq with slythery sweetness.

'Umm no particular reason' I



dared to reply.

As my dear classmates giggled away, our Math teacher's mouth had opened wide in utter disbelief showing all his fillings. To my own disbelief, all he did was mutter something quite inaudible and tell me to bring it the next day.

Triumphant I sat back and smiled at Miss Perfect, Goody Two Shoes (the first girl) who had until then, been grinning like a Cheshire cat waiting for the kill.

As Mr Huq's voice droned on about Logarithms and differential equations I dreamed about the Summer holidays when I would be going to Darjeeling with my best friend.

Geography and History class went by unevenly, partly

## Another Day in School

by Ansha Mehreen Amin

because the teachers were real terrors and partly because 'tiffin time' was around the corner and nobody wanted to sacrifice this longed for break. So Shirmeen (my best friend) and I spent the time playing knots and crosses with me of course, always losing.

teacher almost caught us in our highly intellectual game. We opened our tiffin boxes only to close them with disgust. Somehow when you are a teenager stuff like cucumber sandwiches or egg sandwiches just does not appeal. So we were going to go for the real thing. This constituted of two plates of mouth watering chatpati and one plate of phuchka that we were strictly forbidden to eat according to the school rules; this along with sweet icy, Rim Jhim mango ice-cream bars. Because of the prohibition, we would wait till tiffin time was over and just as the last bell would ring, we would sneak behind the little school shop, that stood near the gate, and gobble at bionic speed.

Even after such a sumptuous meal, we were not satisfied so we stuffed two kabab rolls bought from the little shop, into our skirt pockets. Luckily for us it was

Chemistry class next and the teacher was a mild mannered, timid young man who always seemed a little scared of his over boisterous students.

Ten minutes into the class I raised my hand and said in the sweetest of voices, 'Excuse me sir, can I please go to the bathroom?' A minute after I had left the class room, Shirmeen pulled the same trick and although the teacher saw through it he was much too embarrassed to say anything. So there we were in the girls' bathroom munching happily on our kabab and parath. Bangla class was next and we always looked forward to it. This was not due to a special interest in Bangla grammar but in our Bangla teacher who was a highly strung, easily baffled, man with a straggly beard and a white cap on his head. For some reason we took it upon ourselves to be as obnoxious and noisy as possi-

ble. The result was the little man going quite red in the face and muttering violently 'no tok, no tok!' somehow this would result in fits of hysterical laughter especially

would make our poor Bangla teacher extremely nervous so much that his mouth would start to twitch violently causing further hysterics. I admit now that we were rather a ruthless bunch, the only consolation being that he wasn't a very good teacher.

The next class happened to be



from the back bench (where we devils sat). This

the piece of paper had managed to disorder her usually immaculate hairdo. Mrs Karim opened the letter and her eyes seemed to fluge out of their sockets in disbelief. 'What is the meaning of this? Who wrote this?' The note said 'Dear, don't you think you should use hair oil? Your hair is becoming red.' Although I was equally outraged by the clown since I knew it was meant for me, I couldn't help seeing the funny side of things and it took a great deal of self control not to burst out with laughter.

After repeated questioning and threats to suspend the entire class, the culprit decided to own up and had the stupidity to say: 'But miss it wasn't for you, it was for Shahnaz.' I mentally stabbed and lynched the idiot a hundred times but even that could not help the extreme embarrassment I felt. The punishment was the clown being turned out of class which gave me some sense of satisfaction.

Biology class was thankfully cancelled because someone (I suspected the class clown) had considerably placed two stink bombs under the teachers desk. Just as he had finished explaining the digestive system he stepped on one which started to emit the most awful of odors — rotten eggs. The smell was terrible but we were quite grateful to be out in the sun, free to play Rescue, Tillo Express and Cops and Robbers.

As the last bell went off to announce the end of the school day, we trudged into our various modes of transport, tired, hungry yet flushed with the fun of youth. School wasn't such a had thing after all, were my thoughts as I dozed off in the car dreaming again of German chocolate cake.

## Points to Remember on Eid Day

by Rabeth Khan

- ★ Start collecting new clothes as much as possible before Eid. Speak sweet words to your dear ones until Eid and refrain from irritating them. You might have your gifts doubled. Don't eat anything before the Eid day or you will miss all the mouth-watering lavishes.
- ★ Make a loom dash for the legs of your dear ones for 'Salami,' rich only before your cousins could avail their chances. Release the strong grip on the legs only when you are satisfied with the amount of many you received.
- ★ Make the best use of other's 'Salami' for your entertainment. Stay out of sight of your younger cousins or you might have your legs surrounded for 'Salami.'
- ★ The final and the most important thing on the Eid day is that, you should make a solemn promise to write for the 'Rising Stars' regularly. You will see that you will have never-ending fun through-out the year.

### AND

- ★ Be beware of people who will try to stuff you with food. So that they can get rid of their useless food.
- ★ People who might overload you with clothes. You never know, those clothes might be of the worst materials available in the market.
- ★ People who has a tendency to embrace too much. You might land in the hospital with dislocated shoulders.
- ★ People who might ruin your happy Eid day, by discouraging you to write for Rising Stars.

## Gone are the Days

by Tahmina Ahsan

Gone are the days when I was young,  
Gone are the days when my heart was felicitous,  
Gone are all the moments of happiness;  
Gone are the days when I was young.

My friends, they seem not near me anymore,  
Now, my life is prevailed upon sadness  
Gone are the days when life was free from anxiety;  
Gone are the days when I was young.

The days are long gone,  
When there were no duties to perform,  
No reason to shed tears,  
Gone are the days when I was young.

I've lost my youth,  
Lost all my playmates,  
Gone are the days when I was innocent,  
Gone are the days of my childhood.

WHENEVER Eid comes, we see that people, especially ladies get very much worried. Going in the markets and buying several things (such as earrings, bracelets, dresses and shoes) never seems to end. The teenagers are even more troublesome. There are the types who like everything they see, and most of time what they like surpass the budget of their parents. This is a very unfortunate. When the teenager fails to get her dress she becomes distressed. To solve this one particular shop arranged a beauty contest on the eve of Eid. The lady who will come out as the winner will get a beautiful dress free from the shop of her choice. Lots of girls, from all over the country participated in the contest.

## Beauty Contest

by Tasin Ahmed

Five girls finished as finalists. A renowned newspaper reporter, who was covering the event, related the results to his editor. In the process of printing the 'story', the facts got all mixed up. Now here, I am giving the Rising Star readers some clues and some questions.

Can you, by unscrambling the clues give answers to the following questions?

(A) Who won first prize?  
(B) What color hair did the 19 years-old girl have?  
(C) How old was the girl who is 5.6'?

Clues

1. Marina and Shoma do not have red hair and did not come second or third. They are not 19 years old, nor are they 5' 3"; one of them has auburn hair.
  2. The 22-year old girl is not a blonde and did not come fourth or fifth. She is shorter than 5' 5" but taller than 5' 1". The girl who is 5' 4" is her best friend.
  3. Rubaba and Sharmin did not come third or fifth. They are not 20 or 21 years old. Sharmin is older than Rubaba. One of them has black hair.
  4. The brunette is taller than 5' 4", and did not become second, fourth or fifth. The winner is two inches taller than the girl with the red hair.
  5. Zareen is 5' 3" and is one year older than Marina, who is 21 years old.
  6. The 18 years old girl, who is taller than Zareen, did not come first.
  7. Sharmin is one year younger than the girl who placed first and is 2" shorter than the 22 years old girl.
  8. The blonde came second and is not 5' 4".
  9. The 18 year old scored more votes from the judges than Sharmin.
- Readers, please help the reporter to have the solutions of his questions. He is really puzzled, out. The winner of this quiz will be selected by lottery

## A Hug

by Anjum Hossain

When you're alone in the dark  
And you get scared by a dog's bark,  
You feel like you're in danger,  
And you think you're near a stranger?

But it's all okay  
'Cause a hug will mend it away,  
All you need is a hug  
From a loved one!

When you see shadows on the wall,  
And you think about a hole in which you will fall,  
You hear noises in the night,  
And you're full of horrid fright;

But it's all okay  
'Cause a hug will mend it away,  
All you need is a hug  
From a loved one!



## Word Game

by Rx Rhinn

1. 'Approximate' means —  
(a) almost correct.  
(b) 100% correct.  
(c) incorrect.
2. A 'charlatan' —  
(a) is a witch — doctor  
(b) is a buffoon.  
(c) is a fake doctor.
3. 'Firmament' is —  
(a) the state of being firm and permanent.  
(b) the sky.  
(c) a tacky firm.
4. A 'misogynist' —  
(a) hates women  
(b) loves women  
(c) chases women
5. A 'docile' child is —  
(a) easy to control.  
(b) a toddler  
(c) mentally retorted.
6. To 'insinuate' is to —  
(a) hate someone  
(b) felicitate someone  
(c) accuse someone indirectly.
7. To 'abduct' is to —  
(a) kidnap  
(b) insult  
(c) insinuate.
8. A 'senile' man is a —  
(a) muscle man  
(b) psychic  
(c) weakling.

Answers:  
1 (a)  
2 (c)  
3 (b)  
4 (a)  
5 (a)  
6 (c)  
7 (a)  
8 (c)

## Pay day

by Sharier



## This Eid

An Islamic Song

Translated by Zinnia Ahmad

THIS Eid I might have to celebrate  
Without new clothes and jewellery,  
But Mother dear,  
I do not mind.  
The Almighty Allah shall be my crown of jewels,  
And his Messenger the necklace around my neck.  
Prayers and fastings—  
Will be my 'ooraa' and 'sarf'  
I shall surely look great in those.  
The 'Kalmaas' the bindi design  
On my forehead;  
And my attire shall indeed be  
unique among its kind.  
The followers of Muhammed  
In meditation at the care of Hira  
Shall be my diamond charm.  
And the Koran the locket resting on my heart.  
Islamic preachings will be  
Amulets on my arm—  
Oh! My pleasure with these ornaments  
knows no end.  
Hasan, Hossain and Mother Fatema—  
I think of them as  
The gold bracelets on my hand,  
And the four companions of our Prophet  
shall be  
The precious rings on my fingers.

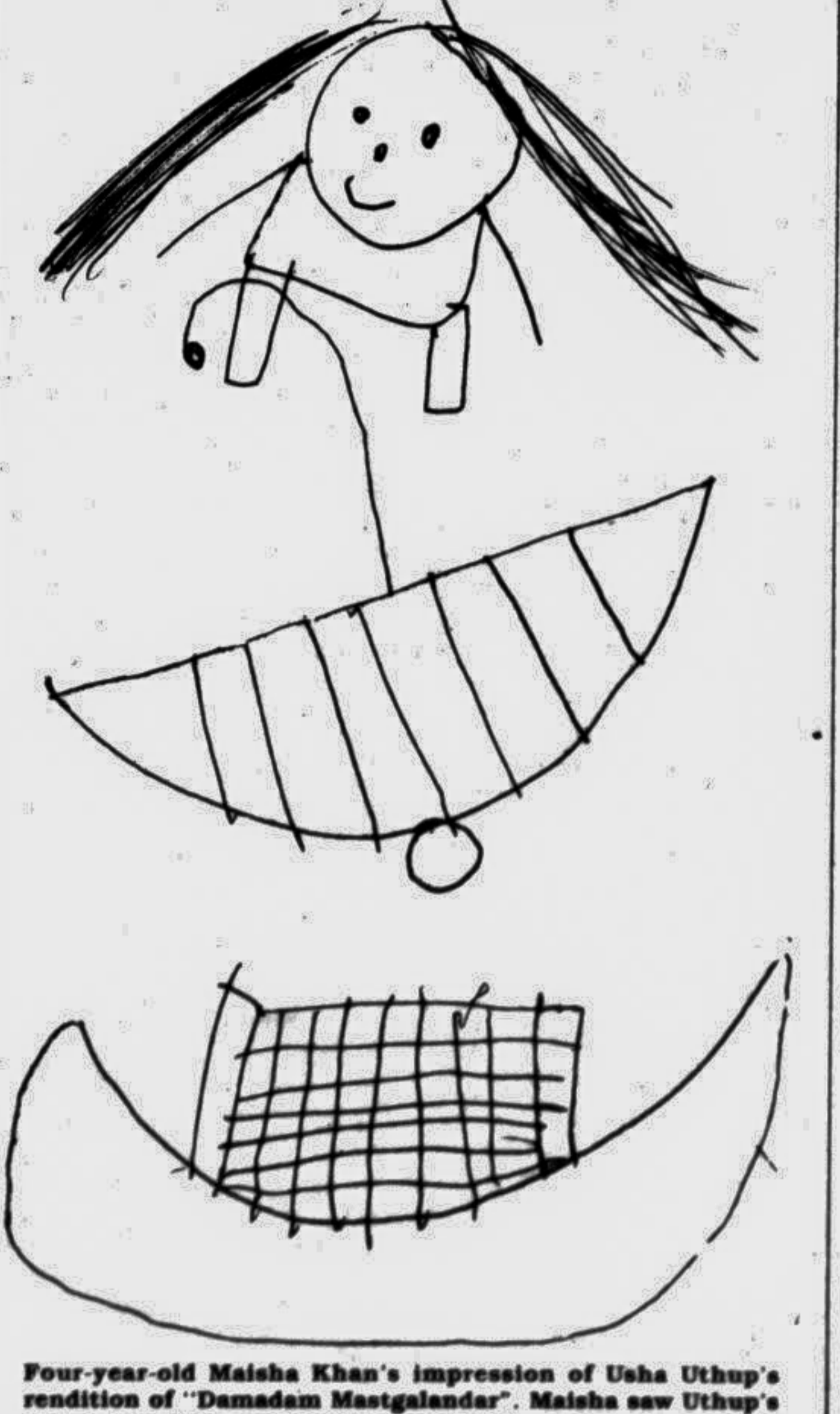
## Wise Words

Compiled by Ismat Hasen

1. Genius must be born, it never can be taught — Dryden.
2. Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds - Socrates.
3. Oh, Beware of Jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on — Shakespeare.
4. It is not death, it is dying that alarms us — Montaigne.
5. Eat of please thyself, but dress to please others — Franklin.
6. No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue — Sir P. Sidney.
7. Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy — Pollok.
8. While you live, tell truth and shame the devil — Shakespeare.
9. Abuse is often of service — Johnson.
10. Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul — Pope.

## Why?

by Md. Ziaul Haque



Why I have a heart to feel?  
Why I got eyes to see?  
Why a mind to mind?  
Why she to love?  
Why tears to cry?  
Don't know the answers.  
Why?  
And..... why?

## Just For You

Dear RS readers,  
Wishing the best for you on the happy occasion of Eid and hoping that all of you reach the ace of your dreams during this lifetime.  
Eid Mubarak.  
With love,  
Zinnia.

Dear Friends,  
If you are interested in helping your country and working in a group then you are welcome to our Club. Just send your full name, address, telephone number and one recent photo. But you should be between 12-14 year old please send your letter.

To  
Lipika Hayat  
C/o. Mini Hayat  
2, Lake Circus Kalabagan  
Dhaka.

Eid Mubarak  
Rising Stars wishes its members and readers a Happy Eid  
RS Editor

Four-year-old Maisha Khan's impression of Usha Uthup's rendition of 'Damadam Mastgalander'. Maisha saw Uthup's show when she was only three years old.