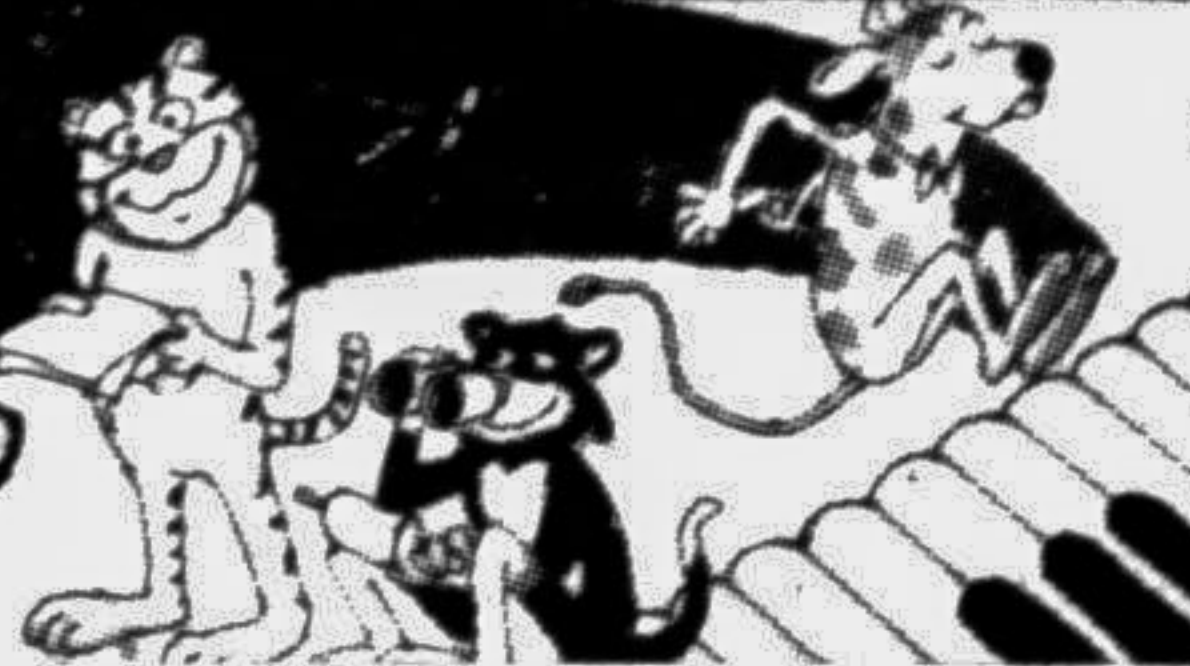


RISING STARS



Fragments of Childhood Horror

by Trishna

LIKE many victims of child abuse, Patricia Bissell survived the violence of her childhood, only to find herself abusing her own children, particularly her son Patrick. Mrs. Bissell bravely reveals the tragedy of child abuse that scarred her life.

"I was born in 1928 to an affluent family played by demons that must have lurked in dark crooks of the family tree for generations. By any measure, my childhood was a relentless horror. Before I was two years old, my mother died at the hands of an abortionist to whom she had been forced to go by my father."

"We went to live with my father's mother, a cruel and self-righteous woman who

as much as I battered their bodies — and in some ways those wounds probably were worse."

"My son Patrick, whom we nick-named Wally, became my chief target. I would furiously frail Wally's legs and back and hold one of his arms to keep him from running. He would stare directly into my eyes with a steady, composed look that instantly catapulted me to the dark sense of my childhood. So I would swing the belt harder. It would all end in a crescendo of humiliation when I finally conquered that look and his eyes clouded with pain and fear."

"A spark of hope for Wally came from his older sister.

Spare the rod and spoil the child

was viewed as a community and church leader. Every memory I have of my early childhood is gripped by overwhelming fear of my father. He struck me practically every day with his leather razor strap — a practice my grandmother endorsed. Sometimes he locked me in a closet.

"Fragments of horror from that time litter my mind. One of the most terrifying was a 'parlor trick' my father enjoyed. He would pick me up, hold me firmly atop his shoulders and with great laughter, dance about the room. Then he would saunter through a doorway and smash my head into

For years we knew he had extraordinary stamina and coordination, and she got Wally to join her ballet class, when he was ten. I have wondered whether she was trying to keep him safe from me."

"As Wally was making his way through dance schools with brilliant performances, he was also cementing lethal habits: he was drinking heavily and experimenting widely with drugs. He once told an interviewer — I do good performances and then I punish myself with drugs. I try to destroy myself. It's a weird kind of cycle. This sense of failure was the terrible legacy I

We Came Close to the Dream

by Shahed Latif

I was born in the year 1935. The month was July and the date was 11th. Lucky for me, I had the opportunity to see all the uprising of this century.

The freedom of the subcontinent from the British, the division of India & Pakistan. I have seen the Language Movement of 1952, the uprising of '69 and the Liberation War of '71.

But now looking back, I want to write something about my experience, because now to us our Liberation War has become a story. Our new generation is not actually aware of the truth. To them all I would like to say is without this country no one in the world would know you or me.

So just for our own need we must have some respect and love for our country. In the next three or four paragraphs below I am going to write about the historical 26th March which is now a story, a legend only.

Ever since the British left this subcontinent in 1947 dividing it into India & Pakistan in two separate countries, the subcontinent turned into a time bomb. Both India & Pakistan had fought three wars in this time. The father of India our beloved Mahatma Gandhi said that "there would be only one country known as Indo-Pakistan. But the leaders of Pakistan said 'as Pakistan is dominated by Muslims they have a right to have their own country. After much blood-bath India & Pakistan were divided into two different nations. Bangladesh at that time was known as East Pakistan & West Pakistan was known as what is now called Pakistan. The distance between East & West Pakistan was 1200 miles and in between this two parts laid the vast India. As we were so far away from each other our culture, language, style everything differed. But still we were called 'Pakistan'. We, the people of East Pakistan also had many great leaders who fought for our right who stood up for us and voiced for us.

Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was one of the prominent leaders of our time. He had a magnetism to attract the people and what he said was fully obeyed by the people of our country. During the Language Movement of '52 Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was the main leader to lead us. I

just wonder how much self-confidence and self-belief he had in himself that he led seven crore people of Bangladesh to voice for their own right. He was a leader who was uncompromising and for him and the hundreds of people who gave their time during the Language Movement we can speak in Bengali.

After winning the language war against Pakistan we were more confident. After their first political defeat our relationship with West Pakistan turned sour which was never good any way. And from that time onwards the great leaders

party wins there, they would have an assembly. The party from East Pakistan won a landslide victory and the leaders of West Pakistan sensed that they made another political blunder.

They dilly-dallied in the formation of an assembly by holding meetings after meetings with the leaders of East Pakistan without any progress. Actually this was just a show off, they had something else on this mind which the peo-

ple of Bengal came to know on the night of 25th March. The leaders of Bengal also sensed that they had no intention to hand over power they were just passing their time, they also began to warn the people that something was on the way.

Weeks before that horrifying night of 25th March armed Pakistani soldiers were marching to Dhaka from Pakistan, on the other hand the leaders were engaged in fake meetings.



The next day we heard that Sheikh Mujibur Rahman has been arrested and taken to Pakistan. In his absence Ziaur Rahman, an army captain of that time on behalf of Mujibur Rahman asked the people to take up arms and liberate our country. So, after nine long months of bloody war we came close to our dreams.

We had a land, a home which we could call our own. All this happened because of the leaders and the people stood together on those days to free the country from occupying force.

Lastly, I would like to say I love my country, I have my people, I have my soil. Long life the people of Bangladesh and God bless Bangladesh, but it is us and you the children who would actually save Bangladesh. We came close of our dream but standing still there. We forget, in the process of merry making and rejoicing that we did not fulfil our dream.

The village on the river bank

by Naina Ahmad

STEPPING down from the steamer onto the muddy water. I took in deep breath of the fresh air. It felt so cool and refreshing after the stuffy atmosphere on the steamer.

As I took a step forward the marvellous view of the river caught my eyes. It was four thirty in the late afternoon and the river glistened in the mild setting sun.

I stood awed at the magnificence of the mighty river. Two or three 'pansy' boats were floating on the river. The fishing boats were coming home for the day. Attracted by the beauty of such a scene, I began walking down the muddy river bank.

As the muddy soil slushed under my tread, I felt glad. I decided to come out of the steamer. Not only was the air hot and stuffy in the steamer but no such scenes were visible from inside. I was travelling to Barisal from Dhaka by a steamer which had stopped for the evening prayers. The quiet calm of the river, the fishing boats like tiny toys, on the river and the occasional shouts of the fishermen, quiet enchanted me.

As I advance I saw young women filling earthen pitchers with river water and carrying them away. Their swift motions and cheerful laughter seemed to be so contented... there was a touch of novelty in this scenery — a feeling of happiness, satisfaction and peace which I had never seen before.

I had always been brought up in the town and such a scene was new to me. As I proceeded I saw fishermen hauling in their boats and their catch of the day. One of them held up a glistening hilsha about three feet in length and shouted, challenging his fellow mates to say whether they had seen a larger hilsha.

As I left behind their laughter and shouts, I met

young girls carrying baskets of fish away from the boats. Looking up at the lazy sun, I saw that it was just about to set, the sky was of a blood red colour as the mild rays of the sun shone on the river.

Suddenly, it popped below and was gone... another day had ended in the village.

Already the aroma of cooking food had filled the air. As I turned around to walk back to my steamer, I heard the prayers being offered from the mosque on the river bank. The sweet smell of ripening crop, cooking food and of nature filled my lungs and refreshed my soul.

Here was a world of satisfaction and peace — quite a contrast to the intricate and complex life of the city where the people always wanted more... here the people were satisfied with whatever they could get and willingly shared it with each other.

As I boarded the steamer and left behind the fresh cool breeze, I could hear the noisy clatter and shouts of the people on board. It was fair fifteen and the steamer was about to leave. I stepped onto the corridor and stood by the rails. The river bank was hardly visible for it was quite dark outside. Slowly, one after another, lanterns were being lit in every house, illuminating the river bank.

Suddenly a shrill whistle pierced the quiet calm of the atmosphere and our steamer moved away from the bank. As I eyed the muddy wharf, the boats tied to poles on the river bank, I could hear the occasional tones of a flute being played from somewhere. Soon a chorus of songs could be heard. As our steamer moved further away the merry singing became fainter till it could be heard no more.

Hearing only the splashes of waves against the steamers' hull, I felt somewhat sad... sad at leaving the village on the river bank.

Why do we have April Fool's Day?

by Zinnia Ahmad



JUST JOIN THE DOTS USING YOUR WITS AND GET YOUR MESSAGE SMART ALECS.

SOME customs, holidays, and traditions are very hard to trace to their beginnings. We just do it and can't explain why. April Fools' Day, and how it originated, has been explained in several ways, but no one is quite sure.

First of all, there is a day like our April Fools' Day in nearly all parts of the world. It is a day when practical jokes are played on friends and neighbours, like sending them on foolish errands or tricking them into doing silly things.

It is believed that April Fools' Day started with the French. When the calendar was reformed, the first nation to adopt the reformed calendar was France. Charles IX ordered, in 1564, that the year should begin with the 1st of January. Until then, New Year's visits and the exchange of New Year's gifts has been associated with the 1st of April.

Now, after Charles issued his decree, all this became associated with the 1st of January. But there were many people who objected to the change and refused to go along with it. The other people made fun of them for this.

They did it this way: they sent them mock gifts, they pretended to be visiting them, they invited them to mock New Year's celebrations — all on the 1st of April. In other words, they were April Fools — people who still felt April 1st was the beginning of the new year. Also, the custom of fooling somebody on this day started with the mock gifts and celebrations they had with these people.

Source: Here's More Tell Me Why

Sharier's advice to parents



Do not kick your kid even if you have reasons to do so... Cause years of such practice may give you fractures and a grand chicken (your son)!

the wall above the door. I do not know how I physically survived. Even today, my father's stench stains my mind."

"When she was seven, her father died. For the next six years Patricia Bissell lived with her grandmother, who continued the brutal beatings. Patricia was certain that her grandmother had also violently beaten her father.

"Soon after high school I fell in love with a handsome navy veteran I had met at our church. He was a very shy and gentle man. These qualities were so rare to me that, when he asked me to marry him, I was swept away with joy."

"When we were wed in 1947, I was completely confident that our couple could overcome the shame of my childhood. I was eager to have children, for I assumed they would love me and I would be able to love them too. I did not know that I was infected with a monstrous violence as destructive as any genetic disease."

"Almost from the beginning, I battered my children — screaming at the younger ones and beating the older ones with a leather belt. I never used to beat them when my husband was around; but he was usually away on business. I battered the children's self-esteem

have my son." As Patrick Bissell's career as a dancer skyrocketed, he made heavy use of cocaine and alcohol. Just months after his release from a treatment programme, his fiancée found him dead from a drug overdose. He was 30 years old.

"When the terrible news of his death reached us, I was sick with remorse. It was agonizingly clear to me that I had led my child, to this tragic end. By this time extensive therapy had helped me understand what I had done to my children — and why. But it was too late to reverse what I had done. I had taken away everything Wally had needed to be able to handle life."

"For a normal person it is nearly impossible to understand how a mother can beat her child. I do not believe that any mortal alone has to strength to break this powerful cycle of horror. My hope is that never again will anyone have to face the kind of searing anguish of my life and the life I gave to my son."

This hope is not only Patricia's but also mine to all the readers. Punish your child, not with brutality, otherwise today you read Patricia's pathetic story and tomorrow people will read yours.

From ABC's of human mind.

Jokes

by Iftekhar Arman Rashid, Sajib

Medical teacher: "My students, you must all know that if you have a cold, it is not because you went out with wet hair or anything of the sort. It is simply because germs entered your body."

One of the student: "Could you please write that out and after signing off send it to my mom? I would be extremely grateful!"

The Deer and the Rabbit

by Buneka Jabeen Islam

The deer and the rabbit had the silliest habit of eating rubber. And playing on blubber.

They play in the meadows. Where it is pleasant like shadows.

They eat the grass. And swim in the pond called brass.

They have their home. Where anyone can roam. It is in the wood. And they call their home 'Hood'.

So they are very funny. The deer steals honey. They love their wood. And also their beautiful old Hood.

Top 10 Singles

Song	Artist	Album
1) Return to Innocence	Enigma	Enigmaz
2) Everyday	Phil Collins	Both Sides
3) The one thing	Michael Bolton	The one thing
4) Rock & Roll Dreams	Meatloaf	Bat out of Hell II
5) Please Forgive me	Bryan Adams	So Far So Good
6) Black Gold	Soul Asylum	Grave Dance Union
7) Lonely Nights	Scorpions	Face the heat
8) Amazing	Acrosmith	Get a grip
9) Wild World	Mr Big	Bump Head
10) Nothing But	Dr Dre	The chronic

Top 10 Albums

Artists	Albums
1) Dr Dre	The Chronic
2) M People	Elegant Slumming
3) 4 Non Blondes	Bigger, Better Faster More
4) Inxs	Full Moon Dirty Hearts
5) Enigma	The Cross Of Changes
6) John Cougar Mellencamp	Human Labeels
7) Richard Marx	Paid Vacation
8) Chisrea	Expresso Logic
9) U96	Replugged
10) Captain Hollywood Project	Love Is Not Sex

Courtesy — SPIN

New Videos

Compiled by Harvey

- THE AIR UP THERE:** (Comedy) — Starring Kevin Bacon. Basketball coach discovers African natural whose vertical leap is almost literally out of this world.
- THE GETAWAY:** (Action Thriller) — Starring Kim Basinger, Alec Baldwin. Remake of Steve McQueen/Al MacGraw movie about a getaway bankrobber.
- THE GOOD SON:** (Comedy) Starring — Macaulay Culkin, Elijah Wood. Big Mac as a malevolent visitor making life a misery for the young after Mum's dead.
- LAWNMOWER MAN-2:** (Horror/Sci Fic) — Starring Pierce Brosnan. Insultment of Brit — originated virtual reality. Brosnan's back.
- LOOK WHOSE TALKING NOW:** (Comedy) — Starring John Travolta, Kirstie Alley. Series literally goes to dogs with man's best friends making their thoughts heard. Denny DeVito and Candy Bergen are the doggies.
- ON DEADLY GROUND:** (Action) — Starring Steven Seagal. Alaskan oil-rig roughneck sides with Eskimoes against cavalry company.
- SCHINDLER'S LIST** (Drama) — Starring Liam Neeson, Ben Kingsley. Steven Spielberg's black and white epic about Oskar Schindler, Polish war profiteer and Nazi Party member who saves lives of more than 1300 Jews.

Wise words

Compiled by Ismat Haseen

- Delay not till tomorrow to be wise. Tomorrow's sun to thee may never arise. — Congreve.
- A person may not be as good as you tell him he is, but he'll try harder thereafter. — C.V.M.
- Reading maketh a full man. — Francis Bacon.
- Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered, die. — Young.
- Common sense is an uncommon degree what the world calls wisdom. — Coleridge.
- Revenge is an abject pleasure of an abject mind. — Juvenal.
- If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. — Lincoln.
- The art of conversation consists as much in listening politely, as in talking agreeably. — Atwell.
- Prejudice is the reason of pools. — Shakespeare.
- All true zeal for God is a zeal also for love, mercy and goodness. — R.E. Thompson.