

RISING STARS

Punished for Silence

by Trishna

The fights continued, and for us a storm blew almost every night. Sometimes we even slept separately. I was old enough to bear the pain, but my daughters were not. I knew how harmful these scenes would be for them. But there was no other way — it seemed. Finally, I accepted all this, thinking it to be my destiny. But as days passed by, Santi's hatred for her once beloved father became more and more visible. Sriti, my younger daughter, had been seeing all

which should not be pronounced in front of a child. The eight year old was too scared to take help from her father and so did everything herself. Same happened to Santi, but she got some help from her elder sister.

Each incident happened right in front of my eyes. I heard the cruel words of my husband which he threw at his daughters but I still did not open my mouth. I still expected him to change. Some day.

Having fought through the torments of life, I still exist. Since marriage I have been living where a two-faced snake. With the fear of getting bitten by him I lived, like a tiger in the forest, being afraid of the hunter.

I got married to this man abiding by my father's words. He was the one I loved most, so I obviously could not disobey him. As I think of what my father had thought of him and what he really is, I go sick. He is a good man,' he had said, as he tried to convince me for the marriage. Good he was, but only at that time. But later his face and character changed gradually.

My eldest daughter was four and the second still a new born, when he started spreading pain all over the house. He loved my eldest daughter, Santi; he would take her to the bazaar and even to his office. But I notice him neglecting her too and my suspicion of him as a cruel man, changed into belief. He one day shut a drawer on my daughter's hand when she was only six. I was shocked to see this on an innocent child. But I kept in silence.

My most embarrassing moment must be the day I saw my husband gambling at his own office with a dozen of his friends. It happened so, that he was being late and I got carried. It was night, and carrying my baby in one arm and holding Santi's hand with the other, I entered his office to see him performing something which pushed me into a pool of embarrassment in front of my daughters. Santi remembered the scene and said that it was an unforgettable one. I understood how much it must have hurt her, unforgettable to see her beloved father do such a thing. She was small but mentally, much matured, as is the common case for the eldest. Even since that day, I tried convincing him. I tried to bring him back on the right path. I tried to make him leave all those, at least for the sake of our daughters. But I failed.

this since birth, so for her, all this was natural.

Both my daughters were in English Medium schools while I had studied in Bengali Medium all through so little could I do to help them with their studies. Their father could, but only if he would be home. My daughters were excellent students but due to lack of guidance, their work at school gradually deteriorated.

During their exams he would come back late at night and sit with Santi.

The sleepy, tired child managed to answer the questions, but at her slightest mistake he would shout at her and sometimes call her names

Santi was now a teenager. She had changed. Her father was her greatest enemy and sister Sriti, her best friend. They would often complain to me about their father but I considered myself to be helpless.

One night Santi was beaten without the slightest sympathy by her father. She was picked up from her bed, where she was sleeping and tortured tremendously. I thought he would kill her. I could do the least to stop that wild beast Sriti woke up to see this horrible scene and the nine year old began to cry. What more could a terrified child do? In the morning instead of saying a

word or two to my husband, I made Santi apologize to him! But even after witnessing such a cruel doing, I did not dare say a word against my husband.

It is not that I did not speak for the others but I did not even speak for myself. One night as we quarrelled over gambling which he still continued he raised his hand in order to hit me and then instead pulled me out of the dressing room and pushed me on the floor of our bedroom. Hearing the noise, my daughters ran out from the other room, to save their crying mother that night and that following week I slept in my daughter's bedroom. Santi wanted to leave home but I wondered where to go? Even after this I did not protest.

I left home once, after a quarrel, but had told Santi that I would be in my mother in law's house. She was like a friend to me and that the only one. Santi and Sriti both requested my husband to look for me but he said without a doubt that he was sure that I was at his mother's house and would be back by night — time. He knew that I had nowhere else to go and that is probably why he acted so superior. He knew I was helpless and he took advantage of that.

Santi would often suffer from an emotional breakdown but we gave no heed. She sometimes mentioned of suicide in her writings but we thought, it was only to make us care for her more. She never kept quiet but always protested and it was because of this that she was mostly scolded by her father.

My daughters had often told me to speak up, they often laughed at me saying that I was scared of my husband. Maybe I was or maybe it was my helplessness that prevented me from speaking out.

Because of my husband, I had lost my happiness, peace and laughter long ago, but he even snatched away my daughter from me. One morning we were woken up by the screaming of Sriti. We entered the room to find my dead daughter hanging to the ceiling fan. She had been badly beaten the other night by her father and the hurt must have been too much for her to endure.

I was shaken up by the horrifying sight. A nightmare stood live in front of me and left me guilty for life. In her hand she had a note which said, 'mother, maybe now you'll speak up.'

analyzing my character to others.

Do you believe in immortality? I do. Both you and I came into being from time immemorial and we were meant to live forever.

Life was, and shall always be a perplexing debate among those concerned with its true meaning. Life's definition can never be deduced from mundane things because we are life itself. We represent life; life represents us. Life travels along time so do we. You are a unique part of this universe and your life is a unique part of time.

But this life is not confined to only the term on this planet. There was a life before this one, which our minds do not know, but our soul does. Then there shall be a life after this which both your soul and mine shall live through. Then another. This along with the passage of time both you and I shall be changing physically, as well as spiritually, but all the time immortal in our own special ways.

★ Dear Mr/Ms Disinterested. The fact that you have made a critical analysis of my article proves that you definitely were interested. By the way, I've always wanted to get a comment on one of my articles. You just made my day. Thanks.

Nishat

★ To the SSC candidates of St. Joseph.

I heard that you all gave an excellent exam and 20 of you are expecting to stand. If this happens then the sun is going to rise in the west.

From

A Known Person

★ Sergi Bruguera. Last year you amazed me and this year you did it to Bushra. Now you are in a place where you can be compared with sport stars like Jadeya, Lara or Agasi. We love you and admire you.



With best wishes
Nishat

★ Dear Nasrat (Nusi Baby) I was surprised that you wanted a poster of Jadeya instead of your beloved Antindya. Anyway we talk on the phone eight times a day so why did you have to send a message in the just for you column?

Bye
Love from your best friend
Bushra



* There are funny and love stories, in the 'Rising stars' page, but none, than you, think of this world's pathetic stage. To others, the earth seems brighter. Trishna — you're the only sensible one you're simply the best. Our favourite writer.

From a bunch of
Trishna crazy people.

M ADE a prisoner of his body by a devastating nerve disease, a young British physicist faced early death. But with courage, determination, and a high-tech talking wheel-chair, he became one of science's most brilliant theorists and popularizers.

A mind is truly a terrible thing to waste. Less than a generation ago the British physicist Stephen Hawking would have been such a mind, stunted and silent, locked inside the prison of a nerve-destruction disease called amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), better known as you Gehrin's disease.

Today, though almost totally paralyzed and unable to speak or write, he functions brilliantly as a theoretical physicist and mathematician. He holds the prestigious Lucasian professorship at Cambridge University, once held by Isaac Newton. Far from wasted, his mind is exploring the universe's origins and developing a 'unified' theory to explain all of reality. And he is communicating his ideas to people around the world.

Hawking's career is a story of intellectual achievement, but even more it is a drama of love and courage in the face of despair and death. In 1962, at age 20, Hawking had completed studies at Oxford as a brilliant but not very diligent student of physics. He had just moved to Cambridge to pursue a doctorate in theoretical physics and cosmology when he began to have difficulty walking. Doctors diagnosed ALS, which attacks the neurons in the brain and spinal cord that make the muscles work.

The muscles-in-speaking.

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I began work with a colleague on the concept of "singularities," also known as black holes. These are giant stars that have run out of fuel and collapsed. Gravity crushes each until it becomes infinitely dense and has no size at all. From such a singularity, Hawking argued, the universe was born in the "big bang." That idea, which he later amended, brought him fame.

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and breathing weaken and waste away. ALS usually kills within two to five years. Despairing, Hawking at first gave up most of his work and turned inward.

But two wonderful things happened. Two years passed and the disease inexplicably stabilized. Equally important, he found, as he said, "something to live for" in his love for Jane Wilde, a fellow student. Suddenly, in spite of ALS, he longed to finish his studies and get a job so that they could marry.

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reer soared. He married Jane, and they had had three children. In 1974 he was inducted into Britain's highly esteemed Royal Society and in 1980 assumed his present professorship at Cambridge. He travels and teaches around the world and, when home, works nearly every day. In all, Hawking leads a vigorous life for a man so frail.

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