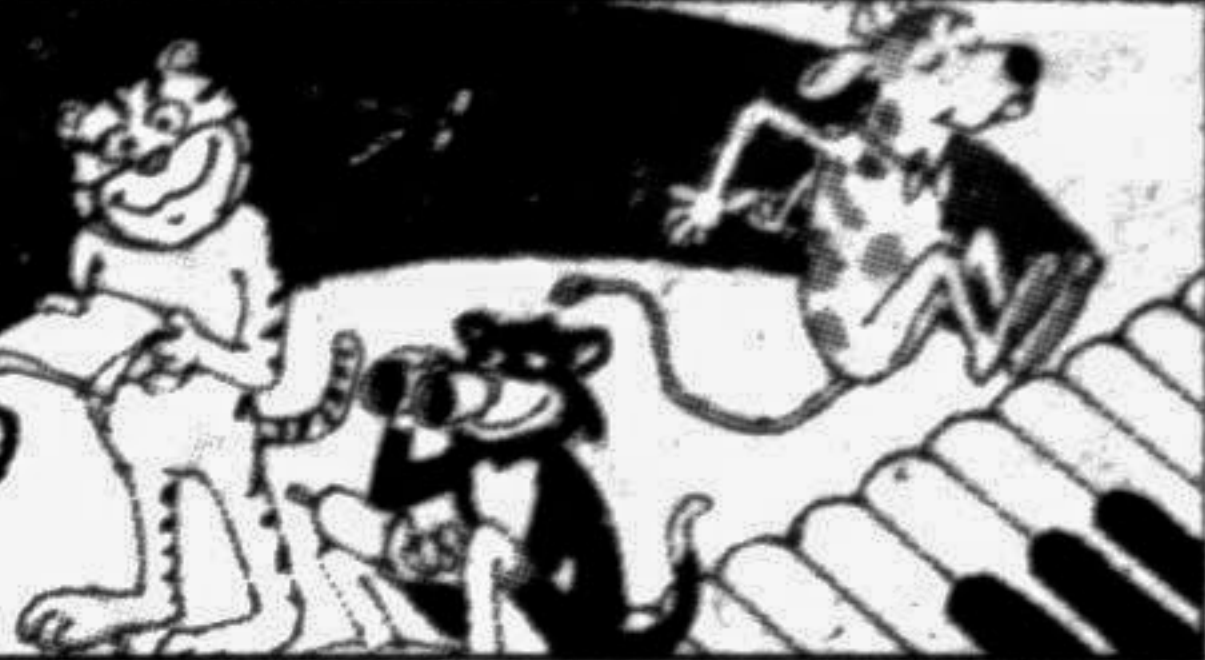


# RISING STARS



CYRUS eased the car into the speeding traffic, a accelerating fiercely to match their pace. Once he had settled into the flow, he relaxed and glanced at Shahed.

"I don't know why you want to see this spiritualist... do you believe in all these stuffs about spirits and ghosts?" Shahed asked, pushing his glasses more firmly on the bridge of his nose.

"Well" Cyrus began, "few days ago I received a letter from a guy named Patrick. He wrote that he is a spiritualist and asked me to contact him immediately. He smiled apologetically at Shahed seeing the frown of disbelief on his face. 'I know it's pretty weird, but I want to make sure that everything is okay'."

Shahed looked at him attentively for a while, understood he was serious and had a stupid intention of replying that he would go with him.

Cyrus found a gap in the middle lane of cars, indicated and moved into it. The car began to pick up speed.

When they had covered a few miles the road forked, and they ran on through a series of narrow, winding lanes. Twice they took wrong turnings and had to ask their way. Half an hour later they had reached their destination. Shahed looked about him and scowled slightly. There was a dense forest ahead of them, the road ended there.

Tattered trees and branches swung at them as they walked. Grass clutched at their legs, curling round their ankles, wanting to bring them down. Shahed kicked at it angrily. Finally they stopped near a small and inconspicuous cottage. The brown paint on the door was cracked and peeling, revealing speckles of dark green. Cyrus knocked on the door. Footsteps sounded on the stairs and the door was opened by a fat-faced, rather sour-looking middle-aged man.

"Are you Mr Patrick?" Cyrus asked.

"That's right" replied the spiritualist, looking nervously around. Dusk was changing into night. He stood aside, and with a short gesture of his fleshy hand, indicated them to enter.

"Why did you ask me to come here?" Cyrus asked once they were inside the room.

"First of all you must believe that I am not a crank." The spiritualist began, "I have been

## The Spiritualist

by Md Kabiruddin

practising spiritualism for the past ten years. Spirits approach me and speak through me. However two weeks ago, a new voice began to communicate with me. It was confused and angry voice. It was calling your name.

"What are you talking about?" snapped Cyrus.

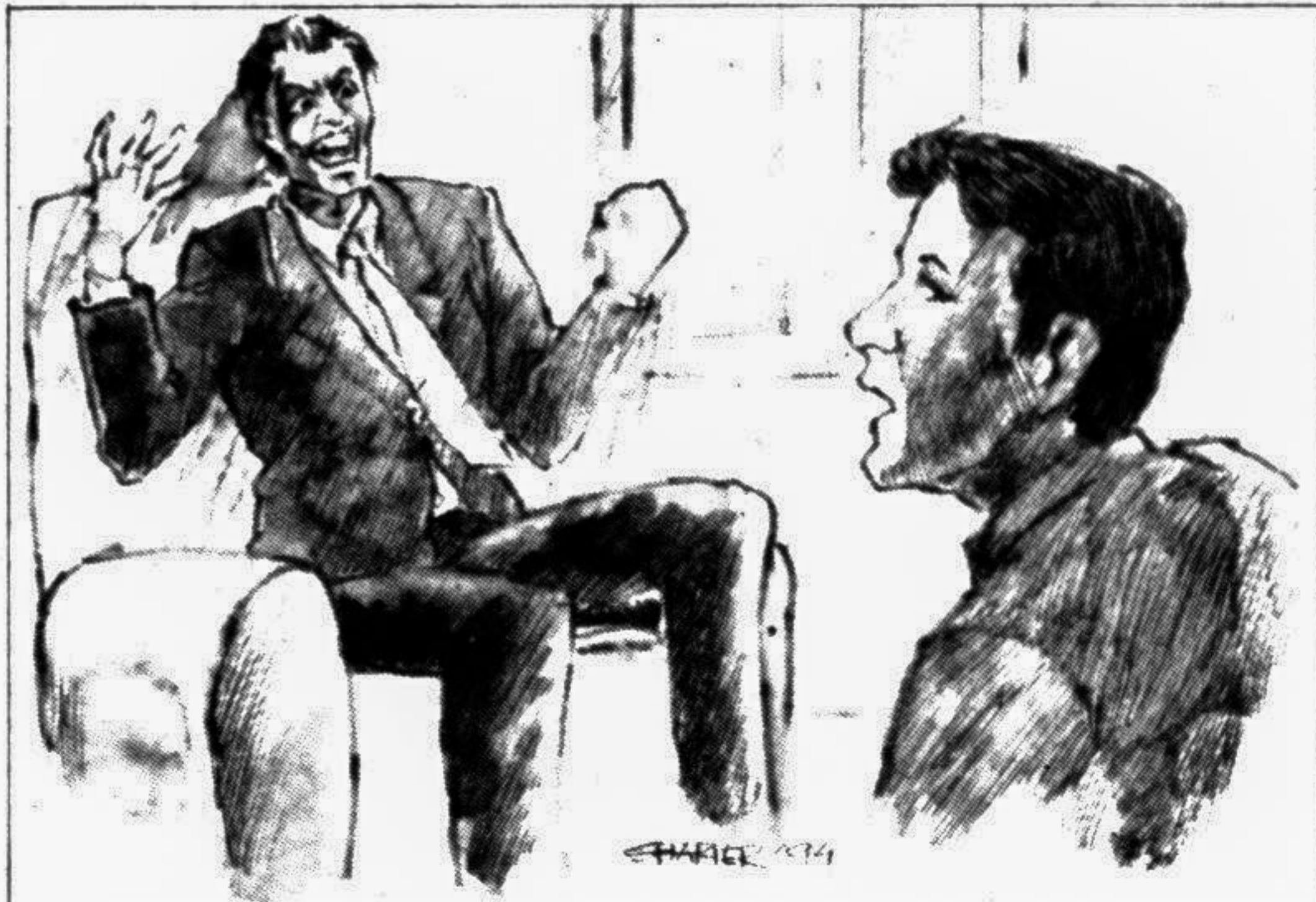
"I assure you it's not a lie," the spiritualist replied. The voice was totally confused at first. Then over the days it became more distinct. This be-

came more distinct. This be-

came more distinct. This be-

came more distinct. This be-

came more distinct. This be-



came more distinct. This be-

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## A Message to Damsels in Distress

by Nishat Hussain

HAVE you given yourself a second glance? Obviously the answer is 'yes'. Do you like what you see? Though some of you out there are perfectly formed, yet you can not help criticizing yourselves. You, who don't like what you see in yourself, try in many ways to change for a better attractive 'U', but ultimately you end up with futile results.

Look at yourself. What do you see? A hunk of fat and calories or a pile of bones? Are you as chubby as Roseanne or our very own 'queen of fat-sos', Aruna Biswas? OR are you the very opposite: i.e. the skeletal, skinny withered type like late Nuttin.

It's tough for girls like you. Not only do you try to look beautiful but also you try to get the opposite sex attracted to you (in our society it is better to do the very opposite). You are likely to be talked about behind your back and to top it off guys will throw sarcastic remarks at you.

What to wear? The fatsoes don't like wearing loose outfits. In order to look less beefy they wear tight clothes. The lanky ones wear attires that are twice their size. Ugh! It's totally outrageous and vulgar.

What you all really need is a fitness programme. You need to work out, burn some calories and stop going on a diet. This is not recommended for my tenuous friends. It is never too late for a girl to watch over her figure.

Why do women find it hard to lose weight than men? Are they weaker willed? No. Women are neither greedy nor

weak-willed, according to the American dietitian Debra Waterhouse, author of --- The Female Fat Cell.

She explains in her book that fat cells stores fat, and enzymes facilitates the movement of fat in and out of the cell. Unfortunately, women have more enzymes to help store fat and fewer to help them release it. Fat cells are made to conserve fat more efficiently than men's on the off-chance women might face starvation and be pregnant at the same time. In other words, fat cells in women might need to fuel bodies for nine months. A man doesn't have this requirement.

"Everytime women diet -- and they diet more than men -- the cells have a refresher course in fat storage, and become even more efficient -- which is why dieting makes one fatter", says Waterhouse. The storage enzymes double in number when on diet."

"My main aim is to transform your fat storing body into a fat-burning one. My plan is the only programme geared specifically to a woman's biology. It will change the way your fat cells functions," she says.

"New research shows a woman must exercise aerobically for atleast 45 minutes, 3 times a week for it to burn up fat effectively."

And she states: "What you eat is of secondary importance. What matter is when and how much you eat. You can throw away your scales and forget calorie counting."

The rules are: Eat when only hungry -- and less, but

more often (5 or 6 times a day rather than 3 times if it suits you); eat most of your daily requirements early in the day and little in the evening; when you feel full and satisfied stop but don't go on stuffing yourself; for every high-fat food you eat, eat three low-fat foods, so your overall eating conforms to this 1:3 proportion.

Waterhouse confesses to "a fairly crazy history with body weight" and says: "I started the dieting way of life at 16 and lived on 400-500 calories a day."

"When I went to college and had freedom, I went to the other extreme -- I became a compulsive overeater and gained 50 pounds in my first term," she says.

"At graduate school I joined a support group and gave myself permission to eat what I wanted. I can now eat pizzas and crisps when I want. I can take a handful of crisps and walk away from the bag."

Her weight has now been stable for over nine years. Waterhouse, 33, is married, lectures, and runs a successful private nutrition consultancy.

### Six Ways to Get Your Body in Shape

- Burn your fat cells, by taking regular aerobic exercises.
- Stop dieting and start eating as normally as possible.
- Feed your body, not your cells, by only eating as much as your body needs, and stopping the moment you feel satisfied.
- Shrink and multiply your meals -- a little and often, is

best.

• Become a day time eater; it gives your metabolism a better chance.

• Cut down on fatty foods, in your diet.

Most teenage girls and young women suffer from



Courtesy -- Joy of Life

anorexia nervosa, an obsessive desire to become slim. They go to all lengths to avoid eating, and so endanger their health. Some have died due to this. It is important that you should not become obsessed by slimming.

I hope that this programme will be effective and help you damsels in distress turn into slender, slim, gorgers and attractive ladies and you'll probably have guys drooling all over you. But above all, do it for yourself.

Courtesy: Outlook -- BKK Post.

## No longer at the Window

by Susmita Roy

ARE you today looking at me, or only at the image of me that you've created in that grey matter of yours? Today, do you have a different look in your eyes because you know, I am no longer?

But you know I can't die, stranger. How wrong of me to call you stranger, when both you and I know that we understood and knew each other perfectly, from the moment your vision crossed our windows and met mine. We never talked or wrote messages but I know we read each other's mind.

In this world we know too many people too well and maybe that is the reason why I found satisfaction in not knowing you as you really are. All the time when I watched you watching me, I was relieved to feel that you possessed the same desire as myself. I know you were too engrossed in dreaming up my name, character and all the rest just as I was about yours.

## Tips for Reducing Solid Waste

by-Green Crescent

### Reduce

- 1) Reduce the amount of unnecessary packaging
- 2) Adopt practices that reduce waste toxicity

### Re-use

3. Consider reusable products.
4. Maintain and repair durable products.
5. Reuse bags, containers and other items.
6. Borrow, rent or share items used infrequently

7. Sell or donate goods instead of throwing them away.

### Recycle

8. Choose recyclable products and containers and recycle them.
9. Select products made from recycled materials
10. Compost yard trimmings and some food scraps

Just remember the three

It's

Reduce, Reuse and Recycle.

## An Exciting and Enjoyable Party

by Samia R Islam

"O

H no! It's four-thirty and I haven't got into my dress yet."

I rushed to get ready and at that moment telephone rang "Samia? Don't tell me you haven't started yet. When will you come to pick me up."

Rumana shouted from the other line. I told her I'd be there right away and started to get ready. I stuffed the food basket into my black spaceship and flew to Rumana's house. It picked her up and started for the party.

The party was being held at the glass-house, in Jupiter, by Sanadina. As we reached there, delayed by the heavy traffic, we saw that nearly everyone was there. They were Riffat, Antara, Noosba, Nabeeela, Tanla, Sandra, & Susanna, and all the boys. They were wearing really nice dresses but my attention was mostly drawn towards, Antara's and Sanadina's dresses. The former wore a red-grass skirt and orange coloured polka dotted turtle neck shirt. The dress Sanadina was wearing consisted of

golden tight with hot-pik jumper. We decided to look around the place first.

We started by entering the 'Dancing Chamber', one of the three chambers of the glasshouse. All the latest musical instruments were there. There was the latest laser disc player and electronic auto partner chooser. There were also electronic dancing stages. Then we went to the Dining Chamber. It had an electro-revolving table. There were laser beams all over the place, which would start beaming when there was a shortage in any food item. We continued by going to the 'Gossiping Chamber'. There were glass booths, each one with a different number of seats, depending on the number of people who wanted to gossip together. Each glass booth was bullet proof, so it would serve as a 'Shelter Chamber' also.

We came back and were all led by Sanadina to the 'Dancing Chamber'. The latest album of the latest group 'The Aliens' was played. The music was really wonderful and we danced a great deal. The 'partner chooser' also helped us a lot. We used it very frequently. After about 30,000 megabeams (the time unit in Jupiter). We stopped and went to the Dining Chamber. Venus, the place where I lived, wasn't developed as Jupiter.

In the Dining Chamber, we saw that the table was already laid. There were blue cheese, green macaroni, red lemonade and white cocoa coca (the biggest soft drink factory of the universe) The food was delicious. We were just about to enter the 'Gossiping Chamber' when the clock struck 120,000 megabeams (This was the ideal time for everyone to go home or leave the glass-house). We wished everyone goodbye and after dropping Rumana off at Mars, I returned to Venus.

Sometimes, I would like my planet to be as developed as Jupiter. I'm waiting for that very day.

Did you Know?

Compiled by Iftekhar

Rashid

-Michael Jackson's marriage lipstick was reportedly brighter than Lisa's

-Michael Jackson was in Budapest last week, doing a video for his new redeeming Eastern Europe.

-Michael Jackson had rented an apartment at trump tower, NYC

Just for you

★ Dear Ripa,

Welcome to Dhaka! Have fun with love Sajib Rashid

★ To Rimi Miss,

You should come and visit us regularly. We miss you

Greetings

Iftekhar Rashid or behalf of class (VI)

## "Matthaeus Could Also Not Do It!"

by Gazala Yasmin Hoque (Urmi)

I

T has been over a month since the World Cup has finished and each and every one of the team have gone to their respective countries. In this World Cup, we saw a lot of strange things happening, e.g. the killing of Escobar, suspension of Maradona, a defeat the hands of Bulgaria for Germany, Roberto Baggio's missed penalty kick and lots more.

Bulgaria was a big surprise. I mean the way they defeated the Germans in the quarter-finals and with that ending a particular person's record breaking jinx. Yes, you guessed alright, I am talking about Lothar Matthaeus, Germany's Captain and also the holder of jersey no. 10. Triple champi-

ons Germany could scarcely believe that they were out after appearing to have the match won. In the 49th minute Matthaeus planted the penalty kick confidently wide of Mihalov with the goalie moving in the wrong direction; but after sometime the Bulgarians did not waste any time to equalise. So, at the end the score was 2-1.

Matthaeus's goal against

Bulgaria was his fifth one in a World Cup. After having played against Bulgaria, he is now tied down to his 21st World Cup appearances with fellow German Uwe Seeler, Poland's Wladsylaw Zmuda and Argentina's Diego Maradona. All of them played 21 matches. In this World Cup Matthaeus and Maradona were supposed to be the ones to break the record of most World Cup appearances but each of them were thrown out of the World Cup against their will. For both of them this was their fourth World Cup, on one hand Maradona was expelled for testing positive for ephedrine, a stimulant banned by FIFA and on the other hand Matthaeus needed his team to advance to the semi-finals to break the record but unfortunately, he was unlucky this time. You can say that his goal scoring was a bit more brighter than the other three because in his 21st match, he could score the only goal in his team. He is third in position of the goal standings his fellow German, Seeler scored nine, Maradona scored eight and he himself scored five goals in a World Cup.

He started his career with football at the beginning of 1980 when he was a mere boy of 19 years. At that time he used to play for Borussia Dortmund. He was quite famous for talltelling. In 1983, he had an accident in which he had to lose his driving licence.

In the 1982 World Cup held in Spain, he got a place in the national team of West Germany. In the first match against Algeria, he had to sit and wait on the substitute's bench. In the second match against Chile, the coach was a bit sympathetic towards him and gave him a chance.

Against Austria he played instead of starplayer Karl-Heinz Rummenigge. That was all he could do so far in the '82 World Cup. In Mexico '86, he did not have to sit anymore on the substitute's Bench but took a vital role in it. In the final

against Argentina, he was given the job of marking Maradona down but as well all know, Maradona is and will be Maradona, so Matthaeus could not stop him from winning the World Cup, in which Argentina won by 3-2. In Italia '90, he was appointed the captain. In the first match against Yugoslavia, he alone scored two goals. Against Czechoslovakia, he scored the only goal from a penalty. His performance in the rest of the matches was much better than of '86 which helped Germany to be champions for the third time after losing in '82 and '86.

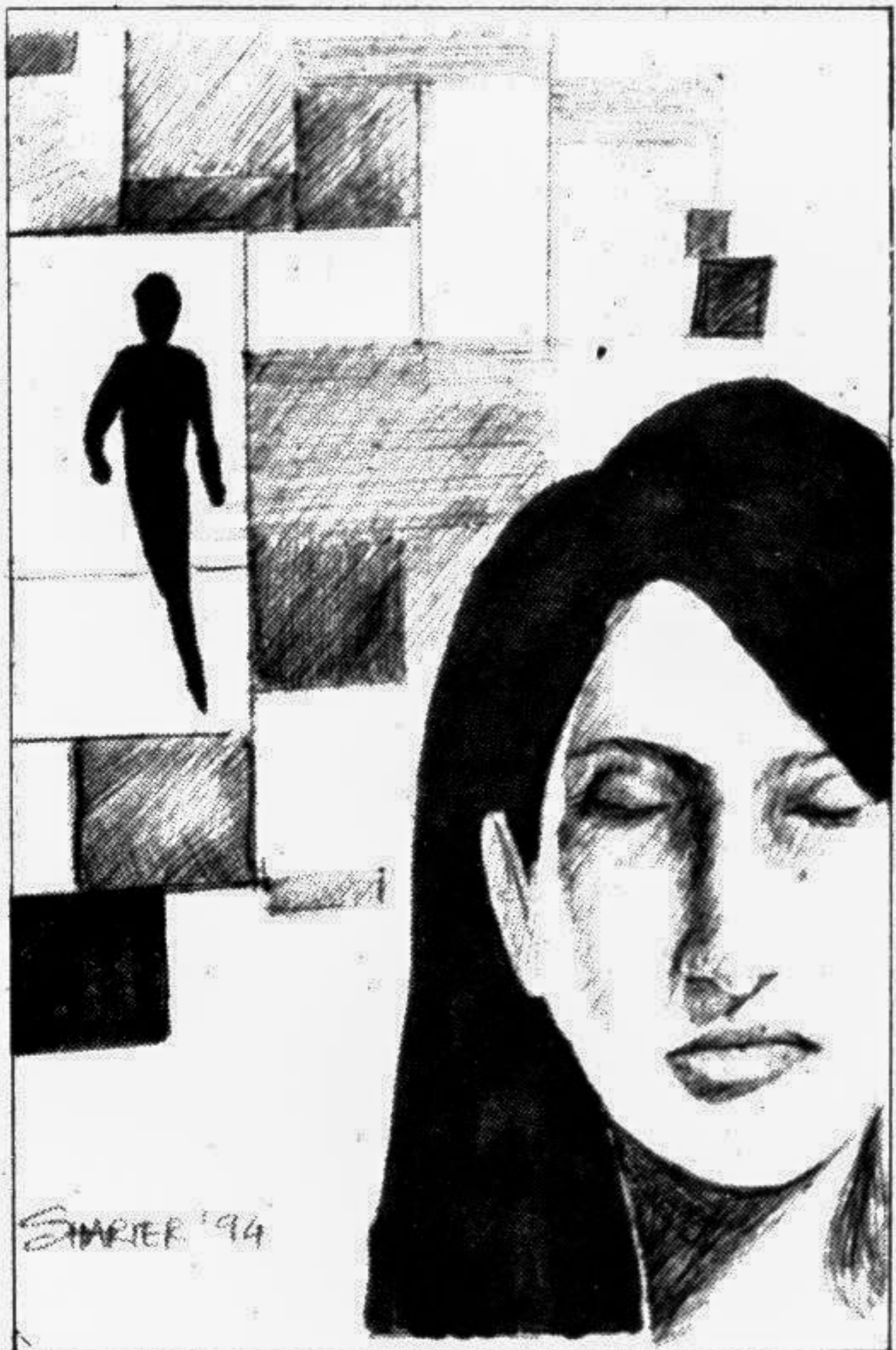
Both Argentina and Germany and Brazil and Italy have met each other twice in the finals. Most of us I am sure saw him go to the platform to receive the FIFA World Cup and on the other hand there was poor Maradona crying his head-off which made millions of his fans around the world Cry too, at one point Matthaeus had even gone to con sole him (Maradona) too.

In this World Cup USA '94, they were flying a bit too high for their taste and scoring goals but Bulgaria as I earlier said had to do something extraordinary by stopping them from reaching the semis. It was a sad ending for a German team that had won the trophy in 1954, '74 and '90 and had been runners-up three times.

Everybody thought that it would again be a rematch like four years ago between Germany and Argentina. To be honest both these teams were playing very well but you know how it feels like to be thrown out of the competition, which it is just the case for Germany and Argentina.

Lothar Matthaeus was born on the 21st March, 1961 in Arlangen. He studied Arts and Designing. From 1979 to 1984 he played for Borussia Dortmund and after he joined Bayern Munich. He joined Inter Milan in 1988. At the moment, he is with Bayern Munich. He is the father of one child, Matthaeus 33, may never get the chance to better the World Cup appearance record as he is thinking about his retirement from international soccer after some time, so I think there is no chance that he will play again in 1998, in France. Ciao folks!!

After having played against Bulgaria, he is now tied down to his 21st World Cup appearances with fellow German Uwe Seeler, Poland's Wladsylaw Zmuda and Argentina's Diego Maradona."



Life had disappointed me; but whenever I saw my forlorn face reflecting in yours, I knew I had no right to crumble your gay speculations about myself and so I smiled to temporarily wipe away my misery.

If you noticed, I hardly ventured out of doors, the reason behind it being that such occasions inevitably reminded me of a precious thing in life that I would miss -- freedom.

Whenever I stepped onto the alley before my house, I felt an urgent and insuppressible longing to look up at the vast blue infinite space above, yell out loud 'I want to live' and start to run -- run madly in search of life, the most taken for granted thing on Earth. I feared to turn insane.

My little room, its window, You and my imagination gave me some sort of ethereal peace. I remember when once I had unconsciously danced along with some soothing music right up into the balcony late at night and I, as if I'd known you to be my only audience, had without surprise accepted your generous compliment.

During those ghastly hours of the night when I felt my limited minutes passing by, I sought and found comfort in your obscure, shadowed presence on your window sill although perhaps the heat and not Death kept you awake. In what manner your fears, wishes and thoughts were different from mine, I know not; but for sure we knew each other with unworlly familiarity and understanding.

It's a pity I never got to know your name, nor your true self but the eternal bond between us shall hold fast even though I shall no longer be at my window.

(An unauthorized sequel to 'windows')