



# 'Yak, Yak, Yakity Yak' . . . .

by Susmita Roy

ONE of Auden's quatrains goes: Louis is telling Anne what Molly Said to Mark behind her back. Jack likes Jill who worships George. Who has the hots for Jack. Thankfully our daily dose of gossip is usually a little less confusing than the kind above. Confusing or not, a few of us may nod approval to the fact that gossip is almost as vital for our well being as nutrition, clothing or shelter. At least the average teenager will find it difficult to deny that gossiping is a part of their daily routine.

In fact, almost everyone starting from the very young to the very old of every nationality and race find gossiping an amusing past-time. Gossip may unfortunately not be recognised as a form of art but those who practice it display a talent which many of us do not possess.

There are a wide variety of gossip in the world of gossipology and we are the ones to choose our type according to our own taste and mood. And the choice may range from idle gossip to intellectual gossip and the intermediates may include juicy, boring, tasteful, sick or made up gossips.

Gossip naturally vary according to the class of people involved. For instance, we don't usually expect businessmen criticizing their new neighbours which seems to be the topic for nosy housewives. It is often noticeable that mothers of kindergarten and nursery children stay over at school during school-hours making themselves at home on pavements or stairs so that little groups of gossipers are neatly formed.

They engross themselves in the most amusing discussions of the latest fashions in sarees and jewellery and often there is the 'competition' and bragging gossip about their husbands' salaries, husbands' bosses, husbands' colleagues' wives and soon. These all-caring groups of parents, being conscious of the rapid degeneration of the society, often go into gossiping about how their next door neighbour's girl cousin ran off with a mere clerk.

Now, to talk about the real gossipers of all times... the rising gossipers... us! Yes seniors and senioritas, we, who are associated with the 'great system' i.e. education, excel in the skill of gossip. There exists in the students' world a form of news and information which cannot be delivered by the newspaper, radio or television and that is told, heard and digested only by a gossip and a gossip listener (while the gossiper suffers due to natural processes). Unbelievable it may seem but there are to be found in this world some gossip-addicts who actually go about in search of little-tattle with the pathetic 'por-favor, uno-bit-of-gossip'-look on their faces.

One may naturally ask the reason for this insuppressible craving for gossip. The core of the answer is probably related to the fact that man possess this inborn desire to poke his nose into his fellow creature's

affairs. Since the same kind of characteristics are inevitably found in most school or college-going individuals, (often in the absence of those ever-condemning eyes of teachers), orderly groups of young people are formed and gossip commences.

Once you find yourself as a part of a distinguished gossip group, you might gradually learn to ignore the fact that somehow yours losing the willpower to abandon your new life of laughter and fun and return to the real life of books and homework. In the more unfortunate cases, the gossiper looks for new approaches of

privacy only to our bosom buddy (ignoring the cross connections of course).

Unless there's a catastrophic, unexplainable and sudden fall of gossip topics, there's usually always a good supply. Although it's more interesting to hear the latest hot rumors and scandals of one's own locality, one never tires of reading about the celebrities at the top such as film stars, pop singers, politicians and so forth. Since celebrities are public figures, we get the notion that we ought to know them and their affairs like the back of our hands.

We thus, casually make

siper. Most of the times the gossip, being a gossip finds it very difficult to retain info of vital importance from his colleague.

Many a time some unspecific symptoms (probably those of a strained face and jaw) of the gossip induces gossip seekers to plead, coax or threaten him to enlighten them with his knowledge. But more frequently it is the gossip himself who rouses the interest of the ever-ready gossip crowd which gathers around him in a fraction of a second. After the gossip has been assured of a satisfactory group of listeners with half-dangling tongues and perked up ears, she preens herself, looks goggle eyed at the gaping audience and begins —

Anyone who dares to interrupt by an accidental cough or sneeze is instantly disintegrated by the burning glares of his mates until he feels like a peanut which has just been trampled on and crushed by a herd of wild elephants. As the story resumes with the series of 'you knows', 'guess what's' and 'would you believes', the peanut thanks his guardian angels now that the crowd's attention is diverted. Meanwhile, to meet demands, the gossip is embellished and exaggerated automatically by the gossip while it is enlivened by the gossip listeners' interjections of enlightenment such as: 'Oh! 'Ah! No wonder', 'really?' etc etc.

During the whole episode when the familiar sound of 'buz-buz' and 'yak yak yakity yak' is in full swing, facial expressions are most varied and include frowning, smiling, giggling and what not. Gossips are found to be more juicy when in whispers and when complemented with confidential looks. Promises not to be told are begged by comrades to be written out in scrap paper which are promised to be burnt or swallowed afterwards. As the gossip makes its way through from ear to ear, mole hills turn into the Himalayas and Eiffel towers transform into Sears towers while the gossip victim (usually the last to hear it) wonders about the great similarity with the colourful gossip and her deep personal secret.

However, gossips do not always mean rumours and scandals and in no way can any gossip be condemned since if we wonder a while, some of us are all gossipers in our own ways. It should not be overlooked that gossip necessarily does not involve stereotyped talks about other people because topics of conversation may include any eccentric news of interest, the latest albums, fashion, books, sports, films and even life and its diversities. Gossiping means sharing experiences, discussing problems and touching on issues that affect the world and our daily lives.

Being social creatures, we cannot be blamed for gossiping which is in fact a way of communicating for many of us. Gossip makes us aware of ourselves and of the way we lead our lives and so we have learnt to accept gossip into our picture.

## DEPTT OF GOSSPIOLOGY

ACCORDING TO ORIGIN OF GOSSIPS BY CHARLES CHAPMAN, GOSSIPS ORIGINATED FROM HISTORY CLASSES!



SHARICE '94

bunking classes and joining the gossip-team.

It is not impossible for the member to return home and spend the day lolling about on his comfy bed researching the day's gossip, scribbling away useless gossip in a diary and then ending the day with a 2 1/4 hours of buzzing on the extension in his room. The daily minimum dose of one hour of tele-talk is, as every living should know, a must for the average modern teenager. And there's no need for us to be familiarized with the fact that this great instrument is the telephone is a life saver when we want to transmit secrets and scandals in the utmost

their business our business. It's fun and besides since we love them, we love talking about their affairs too — whether they be true or not (who cares?). Everyone knows that half the "true" gossips that travel in the forms of chains of alphabets in the air above school and college buildings are lies. However one has to acknowledge that since there's no smoke without fire, there is great probability for a widely talked about topic to have a ring of truth in it.

The process of initialing and circulating gossip is most interesting. The birth of a piece of gossip is by tradition inside the stomach of a gos-

## Return to Reality

### The end of a dream

by Kazi K Arafat

THE sun has set in the land of dreams — Everything's back to what it seems; Farewell to Fantasy; greetings to pity — Everything's back to reality.

No more dales where flowers bloom— Fantasy has reached it's doom. No more roaming in Paradise City Everything's back to reality.

Goodbye, joined sunny sky! Clouds have gathered — awakening is nigh; Cheery spirits no more be high — Sad truth appears, so that the dream may die. An revoir, Happiness! And welcome, Pity! For everything has returned — To reality.

A UMI was the kind of boy who would sit still on the window sill and stare on and on at the trees beside his window, regardless of the huge amount of time slipping by.

He would stay awake all night long only to listen to the first bird chirp and greet yet another new morning, and see how the utterly black night sky slowly, so slowly, and evenly, fill with the glory of the first morn'g rays.

He was the kind of boy whom the nearby lame crow easily confided in, actually called him consistently and took the offered food very politely from his very hand. He knew how the colours of leaves change in hue and moods, all throughout the day — in the placid morning, in the beating noon; in the lazy, mellow afternoon and when at the end of day, the sky was once again drenched with that peaceful, soft, nostalgic red.

He read books, plenty of them. And when he did, he could imagine the scenario so vividly, as if things were happening not in the pages of the books, but before his very eyes. He imagined people's visages, their voices, the kind of tone they used at different times, the arrangement of things in the room — he imagined it all, even if the descriptions themselves were vague, or absent from the books. And when he

# Aumi in His World of Fantasies and Realities

by Sanjida Shaheed

knew nobody was about, he would talk aloud with his favourite characters from the books, converse with them avidly, share with them his deepest hopes and fears.

They were all his best friends. All these people, of course, didn't exist in reality, everything happened only in his imagination. But what did that matter?

He played the piano. Everyday, whenever he could — sitting upright, eyes on the stare, fingers on the keyboard, he would play the piano. But nobody heard his playings, nobody could, ever, even if they were in his room, for the piano existed only in his mind.

Only he knew how it felt, when the notes on his piano ran higher and higher up the keyboard, never ceasing to touch yet deeper and deeper still down his heart. The notes ran and ran on the stave, so speedily, yet they could never catch up with one another — a new note always rapidly replaced the previous one and thus it went on and on without reprieve.

He didn't play Mozart, he didn't play Beethoven, but he played the truest tunes of all — he played rhythms that danced hand in hand in his own soul. He was not Mozart, he was not

the great Beethoven, in his mind he was even a far greater composer — because he was him.

But things like this do not have any meaning in the conventional world, in the world of reality. Reality for a boy of his age is, school, schoolbooks and stooping laboriously over those stupid textbooks. But these are the rules of reality set upon in this world by other people, whoever they are, certainly they don't reflect on things from the same point of view as Aumi's. And they do not point leave school to be a choice. It's simply a must.

Nobody asks a kid if he would like to go to school. There's just no room for it. Some kids however are only too eager (and foolish) to insist on going to school even before their time has come. And, as it happens, Aumi too, was one of those kids.

The once straight A student now has a hard time merely pulling passing grades. But why? That is what Aumi does not know. It's all been only too easy, slipping down and down all the way to where he is now. But maybe he does know why things weren't just happy anymore. Isn't it all due to his beliefs?

But still, things can't go on

like this forever. Not when you're a high school senior, not when you're about to finish school. After all, these days, you can't get admitted anywhere without good grades. Grades — what a way to judge a person's worth. Not beliefs, not values, not ideals, not attitudes, not demeanor, in fact nothing. Nothing but grades — nothing but grades really counts. That's how things go in the real world. What utter nonsense, that the false world gets to be honoured as the 'real world'.

It's not that he doesn't get good grades any more. He does, in English, only in English literature. This seems to be the only thing that he really likes at school. And he got best grades in English. Probably that is why the English teacher liked him.

Yeah, must be the grades. And she is a funny teacher, fine she admired his ability, but surely that's no reason to tell him privately that she liked him and that she is telling him so now because it's the fag-end of the session and might not get the chance later. He didn't understand teachers, ever, now you see them raged uncontrol-

R ATUL'S backside could be seen only She is weeping. A photo of Ratul and her Mum is on the floor. It is her favourite photo. Yes, there must be something wrong and nine years old Ratul is very, very angry with her mum. But, why? Let's go through Ratul's past four day's short history.

Four days ago, Ratul was back home from school with a beaming face. She stood first in the exams. Her mum had promised that if Ratul could do very well in the Annual Exams, she would let Ratul go the local children's fair all by herself. So, according to this contract, today Ratul did go to the fair, all by herself and guess what.

## Any Comments?

by Syeda Mushreq Shabbir

The USSR covers 15 per cent of the land surface of the world.

A tortoise takes four hours to travel one mile (1.5 km). Only one athlete has ever run a mile in exactly four minutes. He is Yorkshireman Werek Ibbatson in 1958.

All snow flakes, though markedly different in appearance, are constructed on a hexagon.

The seven deadly sins are: pride, avarice, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth.

Light travels the equivalent distance to seven times round the world in just one second.

The ancient city of Troy was rebuilt nine (9) times.

The ninth most intelligent animal is the pig. Air consists of ten invariable gases: nitrogen, oxygen, argon, neon, helium, methane, rypion, hydrogen nitrous oxide and xenon.

(All these facts are true)

## The Colours of Balloons

by Samia Israt Ronnee

Miss Ratul had Taka 50 with her to buy whatever she pleases, except open food-stuffs.

Ratul went along the shops. Gazed at the dolls, music boxes, toys, book stalls full of colour books, story books, etc, etc and balloons many, many balloons, colourful balloons of various sizes. There, in the fair, were children of different ages and were from different parts of the locality. Among them about twenty children had come to the fair from the local orphanage.

The orphanage was just opposite Ratul's house. Ratul knew some of them. She asked one of the children, Hi, Uma! How do you do? Do you like the fair? I bet you do, I just love it! Ratul was puzzled to see Uma a little sad and to hear surprise the other children were with sad eyes too. Ratul said, very softly, "Uma, please don't mind; don't you have money? Are you hungry?" Another orphan, Lily, now spoke. "We are orphans, Ratul and we live in an orphanage. Where can we get money to buy toys or dolls or balloons or to eat chocolates and ice creams? We just came to see the colours and lights; come on girls' and boys', let's go."

Ratul remembered, her father died in an motor accident and she was an orphan too! Only because, she had her mum, she wasn't left in an orphanage; unless she would also had to look at the colours and at the laughing souls of other children. Lily and Uma and the others had gone away and Ratul thought for a minute and two and ran towards them. She stopped them, she

said, "I'm also an orphan. But I don't want to see you sad. You don't have a papa or mum, but you have so many brothers and sisters and also me, your friend. Come with me, we will share my money. We will share our happiness and we will all together look at the colours of the balloons."

And, that was what they did. They walked, ran, gazed, watched, last of all Ratul bought many balloons with all her money. She gave those to her friends. They were happy, really happy. And Ratul was too! But, when she returned home with her eyes glowing with the light of the joy of sharing and a heart filled with a new kind of happiness, there was a surprise waiting for Ratul.

Ratul eagerly told her mum about the fair, what she did and lastly about spending the money on fifty balloons, which she gave away; then her mum looked at her and slapped her! Ratul was puzzled, she never was ever beaten by mum. What had she done, that was not to be done by her? Ratul didn't ask neither did her mum say anything.

Ratul didn't eat dinner, her mum didn't call her to the table from the evening till now, 10:00 pm she is weeping, slow and softly. There was a little sound, mum had come to her daughter's room. She gently touched Ratul's shoulder.

"Mum, I'm an orphan, I don't have a father I only wanted to make them happy, just like you make me happy when I am sad. I'm sorry, mum; I won't do this again."

Ratul said all these very calmly with tears in her pink cheeks.

"No, dear, do it again and again, I won't tell you anything, Ratul, what I did was wrong, I didn't realise it. But, I went over your thoughts. The balloons you gave them, they are not adequate enough to make them happy for the rest of their lives, but they need care and love and a constant flow of colours. Sorry, Ratul, to hurt you. I hope, I'll try to do something for the orphanage. My office, it's an NGO it will help. And I pray, that my daughter may grow up to be a great lady who will bring oceans of colours for the dry and gray world; but she will have to take dinner with mum first!"

## Help!

Kazi Khaled Arafat

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Hi! Anybody who's reading this out there — You may be far or you may be near

I study in Class VII, and I'm crazy about musics sports, books.

What I don't like is school and the hours which it took. I'm looking for myself a pen pal

He may be a guy or she may be a gal

If you're interested, you won't be a loser

(Unless you happen to be a very fussy chooser).

Write to me at — House no-2 Road no-7

(I guarantee it's on Earth — not on Hell or on Heaven)

I live in Dhanmendi R/A, and you can also give me a call

At 505767. I'll be seeing you all!



To be continued