

RISING STARS

Special Issue

Happy New Year!

Dreaming About New Year's Eve Let Your Imaginations go Wild

by Trishna

TODAY is the happiest day of my life. Its the 31st of December and tonight I'll be going out with my friends after a delicious dinner with my family. Its the first time that my parents have allowed me to go out on a new year's eve.

I woke up at quarter past six this morning, and I spent the night almost sleeplessly. I was very excited all night through and kept on imagining new I'd look in the new blue dress that I was going to wear to the party. I'll be doing so many things and almost all of them — for the first time. Its going to be the first time when I won't be feeling depressed, seeing my brother, younger to me, get dressed up elegantly while I sit idle with willing eyes.

It'll be the first new year when I won't be angry at my parents for giving so much independence to my brother and not even letting me throw a party in my own house. Its going to be the first time I'll be staying out alone with my friends after sunset, having fun. Last night was the first night before the new year, which I spent almost sleeplessly, not out of hurt and distress but out of excitement.

This is the first time when my parents have taken out the word 'yes' out of their mouth without me begging endlessly and ceding seas of tears. Its going to be the first time when I will not only listen to the blabbing of my brother about what he did all night but this time I'll also be able to blame out, myself. This new year will really give me 'new' things. Fun, happiness, enjoyment and laughter. I'll be receiving all of this in just one night.

Today's sun seems so bright, new and happy. Just like me the day seems wonderful, the weather — perfect. The day passed by quite reluctantly while I kept myself busy matching make-ups with my dress and trying them on my face. Every time a hideous face appeared in the mirror, and so the whole thing had to be rubbed-off with tissues.

I had lunch in a rush. I had yet not decided what sort of costume jewellery would I wear with that dress. Without rest, I took out all that I had, as well as some of my mother's I powered out all the imitations on my bed and tried almost all of them. But nothing seemed to match some looked good but not till the end, that is when I wore them along with my dress and make-up some made me look no less beautiful than a ghost and some just irritate the eyes. After almost an hour or two I could make up my mind. I felt a lot lighter. But no, this wasn't the end.

So I realized that I had to decide upon a pair of shoes. But what sort? I wondered. High-heels, flats, reds, sandals or should I just go bare-foot? My mind was totally jammed

should I match it with my dress or my trinkets? My sister helped me get rid of that burden, but I was still left with the hair problem. After making hundreds of tangles by trying the it into different styles, I decided to just let it go.

The clock struck seven and just after two hours friends will come to pick me up. My mother prepared a delicious dinner. We ate earlier than we usually do and laws still worried about how'd I look, finally. It was almost eight when I started

dressing up. First I started with the make-up. This took me quite long than I had expected but the result was worse than before. The dress made me look hilarious. I don't know how?

It was the same dress that I had adored when it was displayed in the window, and finally got it after being successful in convincing my mother. But now that same dress made me wonder how I had ever liked it. It was almost nine and ignoring my appearance I waited impatiently for my friends to arrive.

They were quite punctual and then finally, it was time for me to go. I said good bye to my parents and off we went. I was overjoyed, but my mind was never tension-free. I wondered now the parties would be like, what I'd do and if I was really going to enjoy all this. These things are typical when a person is going somewhere for the first time. But it's true that I have never had so much fun before in my life. The whole night only seemed too good to be true it was laughter and pleasure all the way.



'Who will be the King?'

by a RS member

WHEN Brian Lara broke Sir Gary Sobers' colossal record of 365 at Recreation ground, Antigua, the Caribbean was ecstatic, the world stupefied. Lara was dubbed the World Champion of batting.

At that time, India was participating in a one-day tournament in Sarjah. The Indians applauded Lara's effort, but were quite adamant that the champ is here at Sarjah and not in Antigua. You guessed it! They were talking about Sachin Tendulkar. The debate was on. Who's the best? Lara the flamboyant Trinidadian or Tendulkar the Indian master.

After that a silent but intriguing battle of supremacy has evolved between Tendulkar vs Lara. Judging who's better can be very difficult because of both of them have hefty batting records and enormous popularity.

Tendulkar made his debut at the tender age of sixteen. But the maturity he shows at the crease is quite amazing. In 32 test matches he has scored

over 2000 runs with 7 centuries. He gave a new dimension in one-day cricket opening the batting for India. Using field restrictions shrewdly he tore apart the bowling. Tendulkar's sound judgement, flawless technique and classy strokes are a delight to cricket lovers around the world.

Brian Lara came into prominence in the World Cup in Australia. He has the astonishing distinction of scoring highest test (375) and first class (501) runs. This is an achievement quite rare. Lara's thirst for runs makes him a nightmare for any bowling attack. When he gets going it's like a music. He has the ability to destroy any bowler with stupendous strokes. Even a good ball becomes ordinary when Lara is on the mood.

Sachin Tendulkar and Brian Lara are geniuses at work while batting. These two 'crown princes' of cricket are fighting for the mantle of world's best batsman. It's Lara vs Tendulkar. This is a game worth waiting to see.

There was smile on every face. Some danced madly, while others chatted and some laid drunk and out of their senses. Although the latter is not acceptable for an enjoyment but it the person intends to have fun that way then why should others bother?

The next morning I came back exhausted and sleepy. But I was too excited to tell everything. My brother, who had also just arrived. So I managed to say the most interesting ones before falling asleep.

Suddenly my mother snatched away the pen and commanded me to sleep. After almost an hour I now come back from that world of fantasy. It was fun going to a party and see how new tear is celebrated in dream.

Now don't tell me that you guys believed all that? Those things can't (to) be true for a girl, can it? So those of you are depressed right now, for not being able to have fun last night, take a visit in the world of dreams, make yourself cheerful and a happy new year!

Happy New Year!
to all our readers.
— RS Editor

IT was just another year for Sharek. The cracking of the crackers, the fireworks lighting the sky were all there except that Sharek wasn't least interested in joining the new years fun. With Ruma, his ever sweet girlfriend at his side, he was playing the guitar and wavered over the thoughts of the year that just passed by.

The year 1994 was one of the most eventful year in his life. In that year, his family life was in complete ruins with the constant family quarrels between his mum and dad. One of main reasons was the guitar. It sounds obnoxious to everyone, that a wooden guitar with metal strings can make a family a complete mess.

From the early age of nine, Sharek was very interested in music, specially playing the guitar. In the early stages his parents thought that, maybe it is his hobby. So to encourage his hobby, they bought him a toy guitar. The happiness of the moment he got the guitar was unexplainable. The dreams of becoming a big guitarist was dancing in his eyes. He grasped the guitar and clasped it to his heart. From then on, he practised his little guitar whenever he found time. He treasured the musical instrument more than his life.

Gradually he began to grow up and his passion for guitar began to heat up more. But as he was distancing himself more from studies, his parents especially his father scowled him every now and then. They wanted him to be either a doctor or an engineer, but never a

The Tunes of Tomorrow

by Rabeth Khan

guitarist. But that is what Sharek wanted to be. After passing his O'Level exams he began to devote himself completely in becoming a guitarist. He bought a real guitar by taking a loan from one of his friends. Then he went to Niloy Das, one of the most eminent guitarist of the country and told him of his burning determination. Niloy seeing the sincerity and confidence in his eyes, decided to guide without taking any money. That was the beginning of a new dawn.

As time went by, Sharek began to be more and more efficient in playing the guitar. But at the same time, his family life started to crumble. His mum and dad couldn't sort out their differences. Moreover, his father couldn't accept the fact that, his son Sharek would

be a guitarist. Sharek's mother supported his decision and so, she also clashed with his father on this issue. Within a few days, with Sharek's 17th birthday coming, his parents separated. This affected him very much. He was completely heart-broken. He couldn't concentrate on anything not even playing guitar. The darkness was gradually appearing in Sharek's life, with the addition of him smoking and taking alcohol.

Just then, a light in form of Ruma appeared at the end of the tunnel. Sharek met Ruma on 15th February, 1994 at a friend's birthday party. Their association with one another took place not in a very normal way. He sat at one corner of the room staring at his friends,

who were having a great time. After sometime a beautiful girl came to Sharek and introduced herself as Ruma. The fairy tale of Romeo-Juliet took shape excepting the fact that this was reality. Another happy fact was that in between February and December Sharek performed in eight stage programmes and released a cassette. Thanks to Ruma and his master Niloy Das.

'Sharek', a sweet high-pitched feminine voice called out and Sharek's quick flashback froze in its track. His mother, took Sharek and Ruma by their hands and brought them to the dining room.

The couple were amazed to see the arrangement, made to celebrate the New Years Party. Tears ran down the cheeks of all the three and Sharek's mother hugged them. Sharek cut the beautiful decorated cake and put a piece of cake into the mouth of his mother and Ruma with the guitar in his hand he thought, that now he had to care for two more treasures — his mother and his lonely girlfriend apart from music. After the new years celebration, Ruma and Mrs Shammi (Sharek's mother) sat down together to listen to the lonely guitar playing of Sharek. He was playing a different tune — happy tunes of tomorrow. What could be more happier than the smiles on their lips!



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15th December 1994: Its Rummy and Dora's party tonight! They are old friends. I have always admired their resilience. I know for a fact that Dora was seventeen when she married Rummy, and theirs is a classic case of compatibility! They moved to Canada where their two lovely daughters were born, and lived their part better part of their lives, deciding to come back some-times in the late seventies.

Once home, they started out with an eating and recording joint at Green Super Market. Soon word spread, that other than the brie a brac and curries he sold Rummy had a huge collection of 'records' to tape, and Dora made the best hamburgers in town. Importantly the couple always waited on their client. They has no employee — they believed in the personalized service, the existence of which Bangladesh did not know in those days.

The two have a penchant for partying; which usually means 'adda' that can go on until morning. Sometime we would gang up and go party hopping — but that is not all the time. Today was to be an annual party as Rummy assured me. He has assembled his friends from 25 years back, the ones that matriculated together. All night there were wild hooting and revelry, as these 'hippie from the sixties' recalled old times. They were there as well as their wives,

A View Across Generation

and children which made up a crowd of over 100 strong.

16th December 1994: By the time I am on my way home from Rummy's it is past midnight. The old part of the city has erupted in explosive celebration. I meet an old friend who was an 'armed cadre' of some political party till his 'retirement' to more useful thing in life, like business! He tells me they are exploding 'cocktails, kata rifle (sawed of shotgun), pistols. I think for a moment. There is a huge civilian population with illegal weapons. Are we sitting on a tinder box?

A lesson on the 'Spirit of 1971': I am on the phone with Ishtiaque (the singer) first thing in the morning. 'Joi Bangla' I greet him. He is a bit surprised, but I tell him, if I can greet him 'Eid Mubarak' on the morning of Eid or 'Shubho Nababarsha' on the Bengalee New Year Eve, and most certainly a loud 'Happy New Year' on the 1st January every year — how should I be greeting him on the glorious 16th December? Ishtiaque tells me his eyes are suddenly misty, and that it indeed should be 'Joi Bangla'.

There is a lot of unnecessary confusion about this 'greeting', (I deliberately avoid the world 'slogan') as some political parties have robbed this away from us, in his selfish

quest for power. So if you say 'Joi Bangla' you are immediately expected to be a member or aligned mentally with 'so and so' party.

Let me be very clear on this one. 'Joi Bangla' belongs to the people of Bangladesh, and it definitely never, ever, was coined to favour any political party. Prior to our War of Liberation it was an apolitical slogan, later on a greeting. So atleast once a year, let us keep our arguments and our failures behind, and remember that hundreds of thousands embraced martyrdom for our day of salvation with this greeting on their lips.

Also isn't there a nice ring to the world 'Joi' which sounds like 'joy' in English, meaning 'happy'!

I read the newspapers at night. They have the usual eulogies, remembrance and emotional rhetoric. I search for 'Bangladesh '94', a poem I had written for a daily. They have not printed it. I am upset for half a minute: I know my friends in the newspaper share the same sentiment. I was warned, it was a bit too radical. Perhaps in some book later, with a courageous publisher — who knows, I console myself!

20th December 1994: I manage to piece together a story that I have been following for weeks. It has been disturbing me profoundly, despite all

the gaieties of December. I quote, extensively here from various world magazines and newspapers.

Nazmiye Ilkpinar, 15 years old daughter of Turkish immigrants of Colmar, France, has been rebelling against her family's traditional values and insisting on leading the life of an ordinary French teen-ager. Nazmiye went on a date with a French youth against her family's wishes, and returned late on night. She had previously rejected her parents plans for an 'arranged marriage', fought off their attempt to have her virginity verified, and as far as her family was concerned had caused ultimate 'dishonour', by seeking foster care with the French authorities. Five days later Nazmiye returned home in the hope of a reconciliation with her family. Instead, Nazmiye was driven to the countryside. While her parents looked on and a cousin held her down, her brother Abdullah, strangled her to DEATH!

Post mortem conducted on Nazmiye's body revealed that she was a VIRGIN!

I dedicate 1994 to Nazmiye Ilkpinar, the greatest virgin that ever lived, the greatest teen-ager that ever lived, the greatest human that has touched my life in many years, who made her ultimate sacrifice for TRUTH! I once again reaffirm my conviction about the honesty of the young. Long live the young.

The End

She Took Them Away — Forever and Ever

by Zinnia Ahmad

She was the sunshine in my life
That kept me glowing,
She was the lamp in my dark street
That brightened my path.
For a while.

She was the windfall
That landed on the doorstep of my life.
I picked her up
And sheltered her in my heart.
For a while.

She laughed at what I did,
She smiled at what I said,
She rode on my hopes
And lured me away to the dreamlands.
For a while.

Little did I know
That she'd rob me of my riches,
So I clothed her with my love,
And fed her with my thoughts.
For a while.

Silently, secretly one day,
She left me all alone,
I looked around my life
To see what she had taken with her.
For a while.

She stole the smile on my lips,
She stole the laughter in my eyes,
She stole the light in my life,
And she stole my belief in love,
Forever and ever.

Motive

Arafat Quasem Chowdhury

Of the cliff.

Alas,
For reality is
But a step behind
That one step behind
Which forms the first step —

And,
Which you decidedly
did not see
Because you were
too out of touch with
— reality.



The Rose

by Laboni Huda

Bleeding crimson,
red, refined,
Delicate composure.
Formed with such
Simplicity,
Yet beauty is
Foretold.

I hold here
nature's treasure chest,
Revealing such enchantment,
gender of emotion,
You speak of love so bold.

Mysteriously innocent,
passion is your language.
Fragrance so bewitching,
fragility yet calm.

Now with the wind
you whither.
Your radiance has passed
Bleeding crimson,
Die away, die in my
bare palm.

Just For You

Dear Lavina
Happy New Year!
You were 94's best gift.
RBR

*Safiya — Let the end of 1994 also bring about a major cessation of all our hostilities — KKA
*Samara — Happy New Year to be! How's it goin'? (Still don't believe me?) — KKA

New Year for Girls

by Shahreer Munir

HURRAY! It's New Year's eve! The 31st of December at last! So what's the big deal! It's no big deal for girls. You'll have fun? Go to parties? No Way! You're a female. If you really want to go to parties and enjoy, you better go to sleep and dream about it. Nothing is special about the 31st. To me its just another ordinary day. Well, you will see someone also have fun. Yeah! You guessed it right. The person will probably be your brother or your cousin (a male of course!)

Why don't you tell me how you feel when on the 31st night when your father irons your brother's clothes, lets him borrow some of his own! Your mother teases your brothers about his dance partner! Well, what should you do? Get jealous and feel hurt, of course! Your brother will go to the party at ten o'clock, stay over-night and come home in the morning. When the clock strikes nine ask your parents if you can go out for dinner or for a drive. You know what the answers will be? NO! They'll say its too late and give all that common lecture about being a girl and going out alone! What about your brother? Oops! Sorry he's a MALE. Even though I know you won't have a happy year especially when you start it with such a bad mood but still try your best to have a Happy New Year!

Wish you ALL a Happy New Year!