

# ARISING STARS

I am really surprised with you! What is so important that I had to be called in the middle of the night, asked Hassan as Tanvir led him to his garage.

## A Camping Met with Adventure

by Nahid Hussain

Tanvir was a genius and would often come up with weird ideas. He was known as the Einstein of their class. They studied at Froebel's International School in the quiet city of Islamabad. Tanvir was dying to tell Hassan about his creation, and so he called him at his place that night. He began:

'I have invented a device by which we could track down anyone, provided that this piece was placed on him.'

'Hah. That's nothing. Anyone could make such a device.'

'If that was possible then anyone could make these devices at the snap of their fingers and not go through such trouble like me,' replied Tanvir defending himself.

'I was in the middle of a beautiful dream. I was a charming, gallant knight charging on a horse in search of a flower which could ... protested Hassan.

'Never mind that,' interrupted Einstein. 'What do you think about this? It might come in handy when we go camping with the others day after tomorrow.'

'Yes. May be. Aagwh ... Hassan replied trying to suppress a yawn. Why not make sleeping gas for me so that I could go to sleep.'

'You just took the words out of my mouth. I invented that as well. But I find the former more impressive,' replied Tanvir as he took out the bottle with his latest creation.

'How would you be sure that it is sleeping gas. You've not tried it on anyone,' Hassan said hoping Tanvir would try it on him.

'Hassan how would you like to be part of my science project and ...'

'No way. Calling me up is bad enough.'

'Come on. A couple of sprays would not hurt.'

'Says you. If I made ... Tanvir hit it hard.

Hassan collapsed to the floor with a thud, sleeping like

a baby. Tanvir tried it on himself. You can guess what happened.

'Ow. What a headache,' Hassan said as he rubbed his forehead when dawn set in.

'That must be a side-effect. What chemical was it? chloroform?'

'No I used different chemicals - absolutely nothing to do with chloroform,' Tanvir replied.

'Well whatever, I better get home quickly or I'll miss my exercise session with body-shaping.'

'I wish I had a great physique like yours Hassan.'

'Stay then. You will need it to signify how brainy you are. With that Hassan left.'

At school, Tanvir wasted no time explaining about his creation - especially the new all time sleeping gas. Yousaf, Masud and Atiq enjoyed every detail of the events. Just when he was finished Hassan joined them. Yousaf spoke up:

'Who was the person who kept you searching for the flower - was it Shahida?'

'Man you hit the jackpot alright,' Hassan brightened. Isn't she beautiful?'

'That you won't remain when she gives you 'em black and blues,' put in Atiq.

'Look, there she goes,' informed Masud. 'Hassan could I play Cupid?'

'What for? She doesn't know about my feelings as yet. Besides I don't want my sweet dreams shattered.' Little did he know that Shahida kind of liked him.

'Leave that aside now,' Hassan said. 'All preparations must be complete I presume. What's wrong Masud? Why the dark face?'

'Man, I was just having second thoughts,' Masud replied.

'Oh no, you don't,' Yousaf said. 'You can't back out now. I have had enough of that before. Besides where is your sense of adventure. Who knows? We might never return in one piece!'

'That's what worries me. Think about the poison ivy, rattle-snakes and ...'

'How can you make such allegations. You never went there before,' Atiq replied.

'Hassan saw that they might get into a fight and blow the whole programme. Besides he was hoping to run into crooks

and splashed water on his face from the stream.

'You can be real boring at times Masud. I was just about to collect notes on it.'

The others sighed and carried on with them not far behind. They came to a clearing in the afternoon near the stream.

'Let's camp here,' decided Hassan. 'It is near the stream.'

The others agreed. After everything was set up and a fire was lit, Yousaf spoke up:

'Hassan, don't you think that the stream is broader here than what we left behind?'

'Definitely. It may start from a waterfall upstream and ultimately empty into a lake. Let's have our supper now. It's been quite a long time we ate.'

It was a good one; there were no mixed feelings then. Tanvir then took his compass and checked out their location and where they would venture. He took Hassan's new device and checked it out.

'Hassan, I will keep this piece and you all keep the other. This way I will be able to locate you guys, if you get lost. And each of you be careful with your compasses.'

'Hah, me get lost,' Hassan spoke out pompously. 'That will be the talk of the camp.'

'Don't boast so much. You never know what can happen. These woodlands may be filled with wild animals,' Atiq advised. 'I heard that they found a poisonous viper in these woods.'

Masud was pretty alarmed by this news.

'I was thinking, why not cut this adventure short. I am homesick already.'

'If anything is sick here, it's your head. You know very well Atiq has played such tricks and succeeded everything. Yousaf said, besides with strong hands as Tanvir's and mine, hopefully nothing will happen. You are pretty strong yourself. Why are you so scared?'

'I am not,' Masud replied indignantly. 'I was just pulling your leg.'

Atiq threw his plastic shake on Masud when he was caught off-guard.

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## SAARC Cricket Tournament Reliving the Dreams

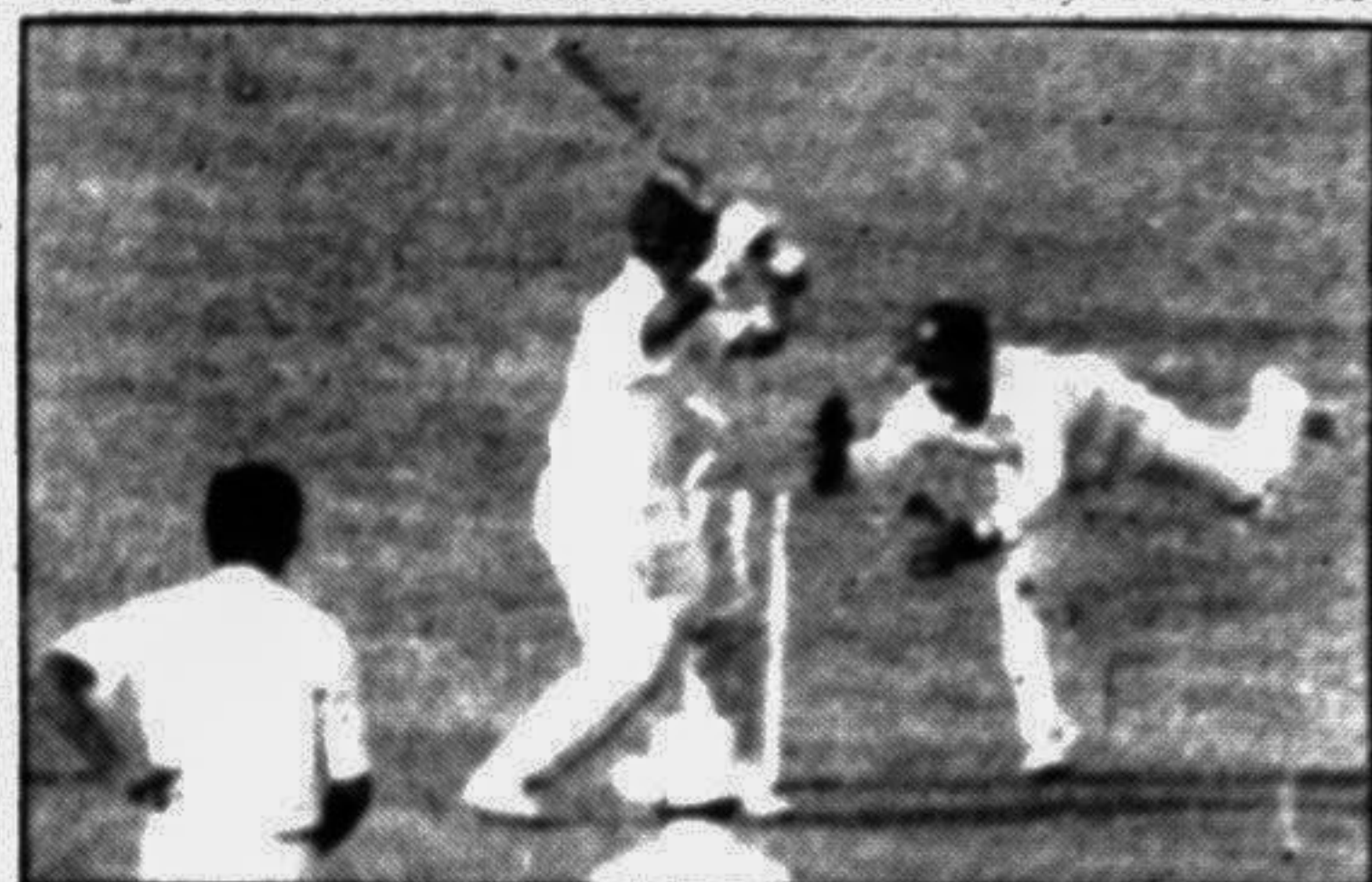
by Rabeth Khan

JUST a few days back, a new dimension of cricketing hopes have been created in the lovely green field of Dhaka Stadium. Yes, I am talking about the SAARC Cricket Tournament which concluded last month. Before the tournament started, the local aspirations were very limited. But as the games progressed, the hopes became higher.

In the very first match, Bangladesh lost to the second

team of Pakistan, the World Cup representatives by the narrowest of margins - by one run. The most important fact of the match was the fighting qualities of the Bangladeshi boys which was aided by high quality sportsmanship. From a seemingly hopeless position, they brought their team on the brink of a memorable win. But nerves took the toll and out brave boys.

After the internal, the Bangladeshi boys entered the



field with one thing in mind - victory. And they stuck to this hard near impossible task until the end. The match which had dramatic fluctuations of fortune throughout rose to climax in the last over. The Indians needed three runs of the last six balls with the last pair in the crease. Fantastic spin bowling by Rafique got the wicket of V Prasad with two balls and a run remaining and history was made. That was the first Bangladeshi win over India. The whole stadium waved the national flag and euphoric celebrations began. Though Bangladesh couldn't keep up the momentum in the finals losing to India by a wide margin of 52 runs, what they did was superb itself.

There were lots of reasons of the Bangladeshi success. The first thing was the appropriate selection of players. It is hard to believe that a fine bowler like Anis couldn't find himself a place in the national team which competed in the last ICC trophy.

If the current national team

had been sent to Kenya, we now would have been gearing up for the 1996 World Cup. The current team is an extremely balanced side mixed with youth and experience. The six batsmen in the team are all capable of delivering the goods. M A Nannu, Akram Khan, Al Bulbul and Atahar A have proved themselves. In the bowling department, the three pace bowlers and the two spinners have bowled superbly all through the tournament. The two players who expressed themselves admirably at the first chance were Anisur R Anis and Rafique. These two players have literally become heroes. Young Sajal is coming up fast as a pace bowler. The potentials are all there. What we need is a trainer of high class and dignity unlike Mohinder Amarnath.

Our cricket has come up a long way and the door to the highest level is quite near us. Recently, Mohinder Amarnath in an interview with Doordarshan blamed that the Bangladeshi players aren't hard working and lacks in spirit as well as determination. Mr Amarnath, we hope that you have seen our lads in action against India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka. They have proved every accusation of yours false and baseless. Try to accept your own fault and not dumping them on other's shoulders. In a recent interview, the visiting Indian team manager and famous ex-cricketer Sandeep Patil praised the local cricketers, which they richly deserved. Zohrer Abbas, another famous Pakistani cricketer of the yesteryears was full of admiration for the Bangladeshi team.

Our lads have made us proud. But we have to continue this trend of improvement for more inflow of success. The standard of our wickets will have to be more enhanced. And a complete cricket stadium is a must. What Bangladesh did in the SAARC Cricket was a warning to other cricketing nations. We hope to meet the fragrance of success riding on the wide, dependable shoulders of Akram Khan. Beware others, Bangladesh is coming up fast - real fast.



## Some Things Never Change

by Liya

WHEN I turned 18, I'm not sure how I felt, it was a mixture of happiness and sadness. Happiness because I was entering a new era, a time of maturity and freedom. At the same time, I felt sad because I was leaving behind all that was safe, easy and innocent. In some ways, I admit I felt very grown up. I would fight with my mother to let me travel alone and do everything on my own. Like most teenagers I felt like I didn't need the cocoon which my parents were trying to keep me in. I guess I felt invincible. I could do all the things that I had dreamed of, but couldn't do when I was small.

Then came my big disappointment. My mother refused to let me go out alone, to stay out late; basically, she did not allow me to do the things that I always wanted to do. You can, I think, imagine my position. Here I was, trying to show the

world how grown up I was, and there she was trying to stop me from doing so. At that moment, I think that I forgot what it was like to be small. I forgot about all the things she had done for me, all the love and attention she had showered on me. Everything was forgotten. I still don't know why. I think it's probably because as teenagers, we start thinking more about ourselves and the changes that we go through, without thinking about the adjustments our parents have to go through as well. I was lucky. I realized my mistakes. The funny part was the way I realized it.

I had been sick for some time and I would suffer from sleepless nights. At those times, I would feel scared and frightened. I tried not to tell

anyone about it, after all, as an 18 year old girl, being scared wasn't exactly something you told others about. Well, it was one of those nights when I couldn't sleep. So I got up and joined my mother who was watching TV. Funny, isn't it, how parents, especially mothers, understand whether there is anything wrong with you or not? My mother, like all mothers, understood that something was wrong and so she asked me if I would like to sleep with her. I naturally said no. Imagine, after trying so hard to convince her that I was all grown up, I couldn't just go and sleep with her like a little child. But she insisted and kept on insisting, so finally, with much reluctance I gave in and I lay down beside her. She had squeezed her-

self and tried to give me as much space as possible. Then, as I lay awake and thought how shameful it was that I was sleeping with my mother, she started patting me, just the way she used to when I was small. After all, there are certain memories you can't erase even if you want to. As she continued to pat me, I started feeling sleepy and for the first time in weeks I fell asleep. I woke up several times at night, but throughout I could unconsciously feel someone patting me, soothing me and comforting me. When I woke up the next morning I recalled what had happened and how my mother had stayed up all night with me.

It made me realize something very important, that you never really grow up. You

might grow up in body and mind but a little part of you will always long to be a child. No matter how much we would like to think that we don't need anyone, the truth of the matter is, we do, we always will. We need someone who can give us an unquestionable amount of love and that can only be achieved from one person - mother. So, my fellow teenagers, you might be cool and independent now, but when you look back you will realize that the safe and comfortable feeling that you got can be obtained from nowhere else, and no one can give you the kind of love a mother can. True? All my memories had come flooding back after that one night. I remembered how much my mother used to go through and still goes through for me. I never do the same for her, and I guess I never will. All I have to say to her and give to her is my love, so ammo 'thanks for everything.'

not consume too much of this vitamin, as it gets stored in the body, and too much is not needed. If you understand how pimples come about, then perhaps treating them would be easier and would result in your pursuing skin care methods in the correct manner. Pimples or acne start off from a very oily skin, and perhaps the inadequate cleaning of such a skin. An oily skin picks up more atmospheric impurities than a dry or normal skin.

## Teenage Special

by Gulshana Yasmin Hoque (Shukti)

**Care During the Week:** Once a week, use a face pack. You could make your face pack and follow the instructions mentioned. It is desirable to use very little cosmetics, for they cover the skin and prevent the grease secreted by the oil glands to come up to the surface. This results in blocked pores, and you may soon get blackheads. Then, pimples may start appearing. Since a teenager skin is little more oily, you have to be careful in using an oily foundation, pressed powder, and liquid foundation. Otherwise, it may prove to be too heavy on a tender young skin. It is better to

concentrate on eye make-up and lipstick if you must apply make-up. Use only a moisturizer for the face.

**Some Problems**  
During the period of puberty, certain beauty problems might crop up. They are a natural phenomenon, and only a passing phase. So with a bit of care you can easily overcome them. Do not be unduly concerned or emotionally upset, as they could aggravate a prevailing condition as your emotional state has a direct bearing on your skin. One of the main problems is that the skin on the face gets very oily, which results in blocked

## An Unforgettable Incident

Gazala Yasmin Hoque

MY elderly cousin came from London to Dhaka just before my birthday. We were a little apprehensive whether we ought to arrange the usual picnic or not, because my cousin loathes meals in the open air. However she was determined not to spoil our plans and said she did not mind being left at home as she had some important telephone calls to make.

On the day itself, seized by some sudden impulse, she decided to come with us, much to our surprise. It was certainly a day to tempt any one out, especially in the Bengali month of 'Falgoon' - a clear blue sky, glorious sunshine and a gentle breeze.

We duly arrived at our favourite picnic spot in Savar by our car. Everybody, except my cousin was in a jovial mood. We settled ourselves for our lunch under some big fir trees. While we were eating, a herd of cows from nowhere began to walk slowly to our direction, unnoticed by my cousin. We like

cows, but hoped that they would go quietly back to where they had come from. But one by one they gradually advanced nearer and nearer. When my cousin chanced to look up, their eyes met hers.

With one shriek of horror she leapt into the air and ran, not to the car, where she might have taken refuge but towards a gap in the hedge, so small that she could not possibly have crawled through it. The cows full of curiosity, gave chase. We were convulsed with laughter, but my brother, managed to pull himself together, rounded up the cows with the help of another man who was also there for a picnic and drove them back. We thought that disaster had been averted, but our shaken guest, walking unsteadily back to us did not watch step, lost her balance and fell on her face in the ditch. When we went back to home, a hot cup of tea did nothing to restore her composure. She vowed bitterly, never to go out on a picnic!!

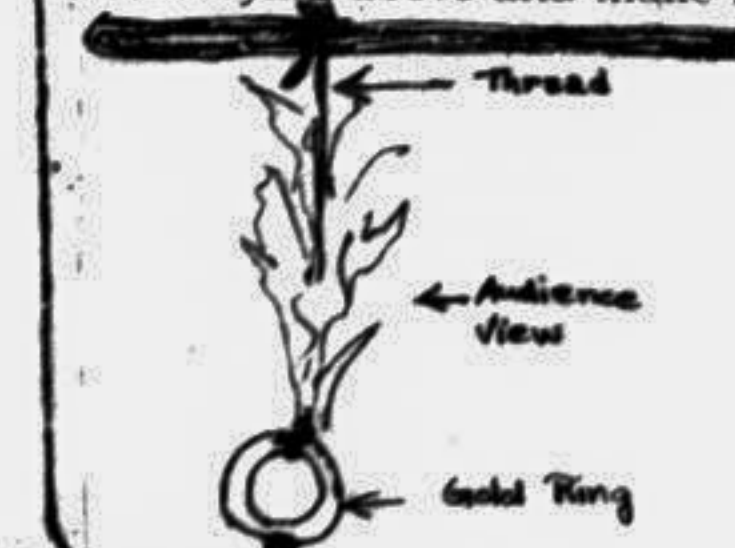
## Abacadabra HANGING RING

by Magician Subrata Biswas

BORROW a gold ring from any lady spectator. Take an ordinary sewing thread of two feet length and show it to them. The one end of the thread to the ring and other end to any article lying above and make it

hang. Now light a match-stick and burn the thread. The thread will be burnt to ashes immediately, but magic! The ring is still hanging in the air with the help of the burnt ashes of the thread. How come

Secret or preparation: Though this appears to be a miracle, the secret is very simple. You have to do a little preparation. Soak the thread in salt water for three hours and let it dry. That's all. Though the thread burns, the ashes remain, like a thread, and the ring will not fall down. OK! Good-bye.



## THE MISSING MACHINE

