

RISING STARS

Men's Hair-do Gaining Importance

Incident I
ANIK, a sixteen years old, walks into a saloon with three pictures of Sanjay Dutt in three different poses. "I want my hair exactly like this!" The astonished and to some extent frightened barber stares at the pictures, horrified. He has trimmed long hair, experimented with new cuts, chemically treated many heads of hair, but never in his life has made short hair grow long in just a few minutes time....

Incident II
Simon, a class X student with moderate good looks, is his (l)ki (locks) and that too in front of everybody. He went to the saloon to cut it off — no, not in the regular school boy cut, the latest style of course. Quite sad about the change this time he says "I have kept my pigtail, it was so cute, it grew 3 inches, it was soft and silky," he hands out his treasure to show his sister on her next visit. The pigtail was decorated with coloured rubber bands through out the three inches length.

Incident III
Romtu an O'level candidate always had hair falling out. The young, fashion conscious boy could never actually go for any

Incident IV
Sabiq, an extremely cute looking boy and a student of class X had his entire face hidden behind the jungle that he grew on his head. Parted in the middle, his black hair looked gorgeous from behind. One day at a function he was wearing *salwar* and *kurta* with a beautiful shawl covering his shoulders and kept his hair loose. Boys from behind went head over heels seeing the beauty in front of them, then ran for their lives when she, no, he turned around.

Incident V
Russel among the young boys of his age is the most de-

Sharing the Joys of Eid

by Tarannum Laila

LOOKING around at the wealthy people of Dhaka, splurging their money, might make one guilty at times. This certain guilt pops up especially during Ramadan, when expensive pastry and bakery (snack) shops overflow with overweight customers, when only a few yards away hungry, sad children can be seen in the slums. The wheel of fortune was not on their side. It gave them an unfortunate life. I'll just describe how some rays of sunshine, can reach those poor hungry children.

At the beginning of Ramadan, our school prefects announced that the school would distribute gifts to unfortunate children in a city hospital. Those wanting to send gifts to the children were most welcomed. The letter announcement had caused a buzz of activity in the school. Throughout Ramadan students bought and packed gifts for the children. I felt good about the fact that, children were thinking and caring enough, to bring in loads of gifts for all those poor, unhappy children. We were definitely not changing their life completely but it was comforting to know, that those contributions could, bring smiles on their faces for an hour at least. Day by day, gifts poured in. Pretty soon, people were being selected from classes to distribute the gifts. Finally, on 22nd February, a group of students left the school to make some unhappy children smile.

I was! one of the lucky ones to go to the hospital. But my friend Jahan was lucky enough to distribute the gifts for Eid among the children. According to her, around 200 sick children received gifts. She also said that unless and until one goes to the hospitals, one can hardly guess how malnourished and sad they are.

Cries of the children were very disturbing and thought provoking. But once they received the shining, brand new gifts, they would calm down and smile. They were happy at least, for one single day. They do not know what the future holds for them. We can light up their future if we want to. We can share the spirit of Eid with them if we want to.

Instead of getting dozens of outfits for Eid, we can buy them a blanket or a dress. That would be sharing and celebrating Eid in the right way.

Eid is a very happy event or it is supposed to be a great event for people (Muslims) around the world, only we can spread the true feeling of Eid among others. If we can make some sad children smile we would be doing a great job. So, for Eid and the spirit of Eid, do try to do something when you see an unhappy child. The smile on a child's face will only make you full better. You can make a difference. You can share the joys of Eid with less fortunate children.

A Journey to the Past

by Siraj-us-Saleheen Lovell

Don't you ever imagine (that you're in a court of some great Moghul king, the king seated on the throne beside his beloved queen, surrounded by his courtiers and ministers, a golden goblet full of scented wine in his majesty's hand? Don't you ever wish to see what a king's castle looked like in reality, shaped and tapes-ried with beautifully painted carpets and decorated with gold allover; the king himself wearing a robe and crown decorated with enviable gems; his personal room full of prizes (gold, ruby, gem and many more); his dazzling dancers and teachers, this department is trying its best to save these tokens of the past by frequently arranging excursions to various archaeological areas where there is a hint of priceless artifacts. This year on the 8th of February, under the guidance of Dr Kamrul Ahsan, ten students conducted such an excursion to the place named Motlob.

They visited and studied three villages of Motlob which are 'Ashwinpur', 'Bargaon' and 'Lak', locations where the kings of Shri-Chandra Patweshwar lived and reigned. Dr Ahsan and this team of young archaeologists



The findings

at first journeyed from Daudkandi by launch (named 'Tik-Tik') to Kalibazaar, from Kalibazaar to Shahpur by launch, and again from Shahpur to Ashwinpur on foot covering nearly five kilometers; a fairly tedious journey. Though the localities at first helped them in their study but in some situations they backed off.

Reaching Ashwinpur at first they saw many brick-piles, which were known to be parts of various old palaces of the then Patweshwar kings, now used, or shall I say misused as house-building equipments. Beside the Ashwinpur bazaar there is a big pond which is known to possess wooden decks, forty feet under water. Pots, earthen rigs and many broken potteries were recovered from the area

circling the pond. Once upon a time merchants from various places would crowd Ashwinpur for trading they arrived by ships. Thus a string of communication with Moinamoty can be traced. The old name Ashwinpur is known as 'Dharmeshpur'. After investigating Ashwinpur, the team set off for the village Bargaon, where, after studying the place they ploughed out various priceless artifacts from twenty feet below a pond. Among these artifacts there are storaged jars, crafted bricks, bones, dolls (made of, earth), potteries and even an earthen chillum (a hookah).

Many fantastic tales of the past can be heard from the local peoples most of which have no true base. Abul Hasem, a retired postal employee informed the group that between Bargaon and Lak you may find gold coins if you're lucky, at a place called Dinghy in the rainy season. Well, any tale about legendary kings is interesting to listen to, isn't it?

In the village Lak the team found a brick structure ten feet below two ponds, where they also discovered five feet long stone-pillars. The group was informed about many other artifacts that were collected and stored by some local people who declined to show them. The group returned with the artifacts found, these are now being preserved at the Department of Archaeology, JU. It is hinted that all these mementos and findings belong to the year 900-1300 AD and the surveyed archaeological area covers nearly 2200 acres.

The group finally commented that these small amount of keep-sake findings can be a start to bind ourselves with the past or at least help us imagine and feel indirectly the great imperial reign of the Padishahs. They finally included that the Government should be more prompt in preserving such mementos which are the only trace of the glorious past and should encourage such groups in more excursions.

INNOVATIONS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN HAIR CUTTING

OR THE INNOVATIONS THAT CAN SAVE US TIME AND ENERGY FROM THE BORING AND DELAYING SCISSORS AND COMBS METHOD OF HAIR CUTTING

extremely fashion conscious. He changes his hair style almost every month. Sometimes he dresses it in cuts like Rahul, sometimes he goes for the skin-head cut. People round him get to know the latest in men's hair-cuts just by looking at him.

His sister whenever she comes from Narayanganj to visit him simply faints over his looks, but what really took out her nuts and screws was that tiny tadpole tail that was growing on Simon's head. "This, I like and will keep," says the care-free Simon not really listening to anybody's rebuke or plea. Finally one of his relatives simply threatened to cut off style except following his father's Kennedy cut. One day simply out of boredom visited his barber and insisted (like Anik) on the the Salman Khan look.

The barber didn't do much with his length but shaved off his forehead and sides, and chemically treated the place so that hair never grows. He is very happy and to the utter shock of his parents Romtu is going bald. Though the fact simply doesn't bother him. "I am so happy I finally have a style to follow, this time I can go for the Andre Agassi style without any problem," he says showing off (at the most) ten beard hairs on his chins.

prived but the handsomest of them all. He is deprived because he is just out of the BMA and a new commissioned officer, and so he has to have an army cut. Moreover he always had this skin head cut from his cadet college days and misses these new styles and has no scope for complaints though.

But whenever boys like Anik, Simon, Romtu and Sabiq see him, they turn green inside — because he is the one who steals the shows. Girls go crazy over his "Top Gun Tom Cruise looks; neat, good looking and extremely fashionable.

— by Rafat Binte Rashid

The Dreamer's World

I'll keep dreaming, and traverse the Universe without having to wake from the sleep of the conscious subconscious. You can gauge my eyes but I'll see the rainbow still the seven colours clearer to mine than to your eyes.

'Cuz your true vision comes from your imagination; And that's the only place where I can be.

Eternity can slip by in a moment just let me begin to dream; But when I'm awake I'm as vulnerable as you; I only see the horrid naked reality — nothing but the brutal truth, more treacherous than a lie.

So everytime the sun shines, and I'm awake I'm blind And everytime the bird sings, and I'm awake I'm deaf And everytime the flowers bloom, and I'm awake I can't smell And everytime the wind blows, and I'm awake I can't fly And everytime your eyes open — I'm invisible

But I never wake I see through my sleep And even when I'm not in slumber, the mirages are my reality.

by Kazi K Arafat

Acknowledgement — this poem has been inspired by "I could have been a dreamer," of the group Dio, and some lines have been taken from that song.

AVIK & THE MISSING MACHINE by Sharier

How Vain Are You?

- How Vain Are You?
 How much is your life influenced by personal vanity?
1. Do you often stop and look at your reflection in shop windows?
 2. Have you ever had cosmetic surgery?
 3. Have you ever contemplated cosmetic surgery?
 4. Do you regularly spend time or money looking after your nails?
 5. Do you like looking at photographs of yourself?
 6. Do you work hard to improve your figure and complexion before going on a holiday trip?
 7. Do you try to wear clothes that enhance your looks?
 8. Do you brush or comb your hair more than three times a day?
 9. Do you have a swanky foreign car which is the only one of its make in town?
 10. Would you pay more for your luggage that carried a designer label?
 11. Would you pay more for clothes with a designer label?
 12. Would you be embarrassed by scruffy friends?
 13. Would you like to have a title of some sort?
 14. Do you spend more than you can really afford on maintaining your looks and appearance?
- Answers next week

I Should Love All Mankind!

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

The city is lively now, decorated with a festive look. After a month's fasting people are waiting anxiously to 'break (their) fast' on the morning of Eid, wear beautiful clothes visit friends and relatives, but these are just a fraction of the fun and merry-making that Eid is supposed to be.

help our less fortunate neighbours? Again, this is another teaching of Islam, to help the less fortunate. No wonder, this religion did not take too long to flourish from the Middle East to China in the East and Europe in the West.

At the end of the road, Islam reaches more magnificent heights. I was talking with a person once during my university days on religion and philosophy in front of 'The Coffee House' at Jahangirnagar University. He told me a wonderful thing about Islam that