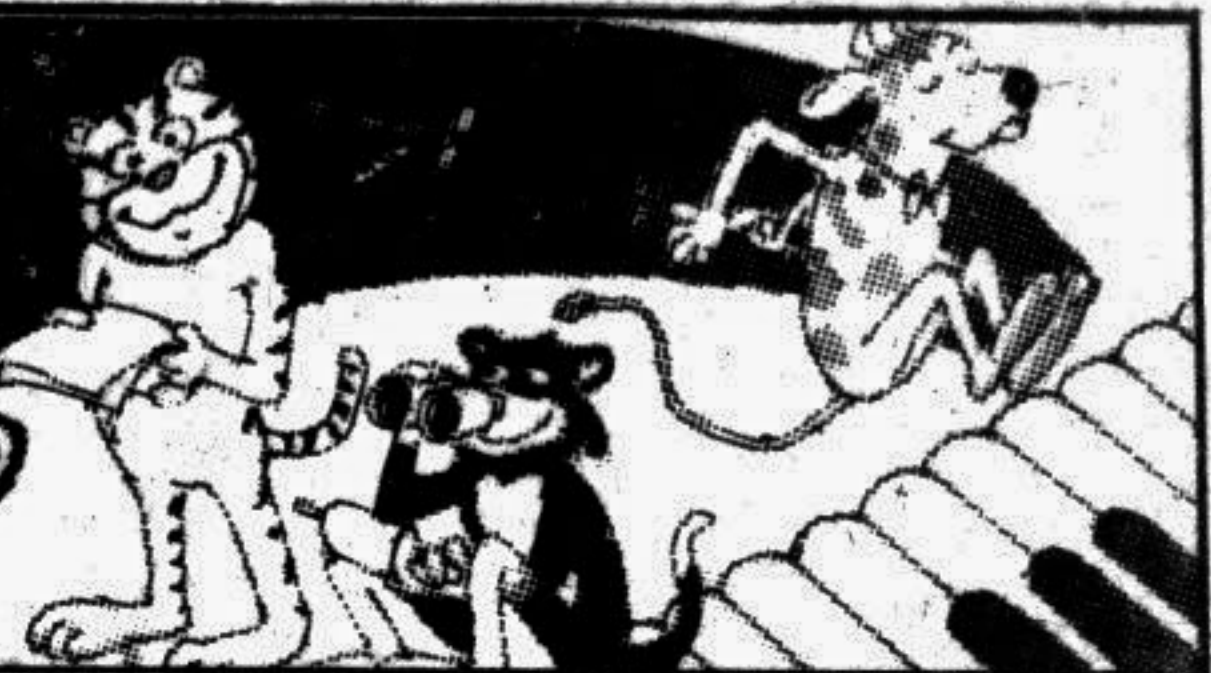


RISING STARS



JOANNE yelled, "Rachel! Over here." Rachel Richardson moved from the queue to a table where Joanne Hamilton was sitting. Joanne and Rachel were senior in a county high school. Both of them were reasonably pretty and intelligent as well. But Joanne was the troublesome one. She sold drugs to others. She was fooling an innocent Rachel.

"Joanne, you are coming over to my place. Aren't you?" "You bet I am," replied Rachel.

Joanne was planning to introduce drugs like cocaine to Rachel. After school that day, Rachel inhaled a substance which gave her thrilling sensations. She liked it a lot. Joanne had succeeded in selling cocaine to Rachel. Rachel who was a rich girl could easily afford to buy cocaine. She hardly knew what it was. She only used it as it gave her a great feeling.

Helen, who was also a student of the high school, was a good friend of Rachel's. She was a Bengali girl who was born and brought up in England. She was able to study and work at the same time, with efficiency. She began to notice that Rachel was changing day by day. Rachel who was once a bright student, was deteriorating not only in studies but also in health. Day by day she was becoming rude and arrogant even violent.

Rachel was taking overdoses as she could not live without cocaine. In this way, Rachel was killing herself. She did not blame Joanne one single bit. She blamed it all on herself. Joanne did not let anyone know that she was a drug seller. She could fool ev-

erybody. Everybody but Helen. Helen suspected her a bit. So, after a few weeks, when the whole community found out that Rachel Richardson was dead, they were thoroughly shocked.

No one could mark Joanne. There was not enough evidence to put her in jail. She was also a juvenile. Rachel's death was not avenged.

All the buzz about drugs had alerted Helen's parents. They wanted to send their 17-year old daughter to a better college. They wanted her to build a successful future. Helen was mentally devastated. She had read about drug rings, in newspapers and books, but she could not believe the reality. It had actually occurred in the school. Helen made up her mind, that her suspect (Joanne) would never go unpunished, if she had any power or authority.

Six years later, in a renowned law university, Helen was admitted. Throughout the very first year Helen was enthusiastic about her studies and projects. She got very high grades at the end of her first series of examinations. All this was possible with the help and guidance of Professor Adam Richardson. He was an intelligent, young professor who was popular with his students. Helen was one of his students. She also knew that Professor Adam was Rachel's only brother, who had finished his education, with high grades and had left home, after getting a job.

Pretty soon, Helen was one of Adam's best students. At the end of the year, Adam and Helen could be seen laughing and joking together. They were very good friends. All this time

Helen did not let Adam know that she was Rachel's friend. But one day during lunch she told him who she was. His jaws had dropped. He was surprised and shocked at the same time. He seemed upset, terribly upset about Rachel's death.

So, when Helen told him about her suspicions regarding Joanne, he was furious. They agreed to accuse and punish. Joanne because of what she had done. At last Helen had found someone faithful. Faithful enough to keep Rachel's issue a secret. From that day on, Helen began to admire Adam even more.

staffs were needed in the law university where Helen was studying. Joanne didn't hesitate. She applied for the post of a caretaker. Obviously, most of her bio-data was false. But she was so good at fooling people, that she passed out. Eventually, she was interviewed. Somehow, she managed to get the job. The wage was sufficient to fill her necessities. After she received her first payment, she decided to contact her old drug boss. She got a fresh supply of cocaine. She started to hunt customers.

Helen hardly noticed Joanne. Joanne had bleached

back to herself. Using her charm and beauty she succeeded in selling an amount of cocaine to Adam.

Adam was dizzy. He couldn't think straight as he was on the cocaine which Joanne had given to him. To Adam Joanne was charming and beautiful. Joanne thus succeeded, in changing Adam completely. Helen was suspicious. Helen was supposed to have a private discussion about a case with Adam. When Adam didn't turn up, she was disappointed. He never was late, nor did he keep her waiting in the cold. Helen knew something was wrong. She did not know what exactly was wrong.

Next day, when she asked Adam about their discussion, he answered her hastily and left. His class (lectures) were also awful. Everybody was surprised. They did not expect their teacher to be so impossible. He was rush on with facts without letting them understand anything. Shapon was amazed. At the end of the day Shapon comforted Helen. He told her that the professor was either having a private problem or he was involved with drugs. Helen could not believe her ears.

Later that evening Helen was sobbing in her bedroom while Adam was taking drugs. Everyone from then on, noticed Adam's transformation. Helen was comforted by Shapon who was trying to solve the mystery. Shapon was being a great help to Helen. He was also being a great friend to her. Helen was studying hard to forget about the strange incidents going on in the campus. This was the way in which life in the university continued till something serious happened.

Adam had finished his own supply of cocaine. He was an addict by then. He needed more cocaine. Slowly he began to shiver. After some time he fell to the floor, in an unconscious state.

One of his neighbours had found Adam. The neighbour wanted to have a little chat with him about law. He rang the bell constantly. Nothing had happened. He found out that the door was not actually locked, so he broke in. He phoned the police when he found Adam.

Next day all the fans, admirers and colleagues were shocked to find the truth. Adam, luckily was alive thanks to the paramedics. Helen and Shapon were then bent on finding the culprit. They hunted down the university. They questioned Adam with permission from the police. From Adam, Helen found out about Joanne.

Shapon and Helen tried to find Joanne. But Joanne was already on the road. They called the police for help. After a few hours Joanne was arrested from another drug dealer's house. There was enough evidence against Joanne. She was tried in court. She was found guilty and so ended up in prison. Adam Richardson was sent to a rehabilitation centre for drug addicts. Adam was grateful to both Shapon and Helen. Thanks to them, a drug ring was smashed and brought to justice. Shapon and Helen were very proud of them.

So, remember, how deadly and dangerous, drug is. It breaks up families, it ruins societies and worst of all it kills.

The World of Disillusionment

by Nabila Ali

IT was a cold and crispy night. Bells were ringing and choirs were singing in a corner house. The air was silent too but in a room there was a dying mother giving birth to a baby. It was Christmas Eve and the Baxter family's pet dog Darling was giving birth to her first puppy.

That's how I was born on a rainy and cold Christmas eve. Some dogs say Christmas is special filled with joy, but to me it is filled with grief I lost my mother. At one time I was a respectable aristocratic dog of England but one day a boy happened to throw stones at me I was so angry, I scratched him. They told that I was a menace and sold me at the dog's fair. I was very handsome and good looking with prickly

not for us street dogs, we lead a dirty life and we were well known in the streets as a mad group of young street dogs.

One day I came across the most sweetest dalmatian I ever saw, with big black eyes. It happened when I was eating with my gang she suddenly came and picked up my bone and said in a gaily voice "Hi handsome".

Every one was amazed that I didn't bark. They knew girls were not my weakness. But I just could not hurt her.

She winked and went away. I realized that night I was in love, so I went to her house, but she looked at me and said that even goofies are better than a skunk. I was hurt and amazed. Actually she didn't live in the trashes as I did. She was



SHARIER '95

ears, sensitive nose, flashy sharp green eyes, brawn hair and quite tall and had a good strength and pace as a for-terrier.

An old man bought me to pull carts. He was a Scottish man. After a week or so I became sick. Then I managed to escape and never went back. I was about one and half months old when I was known well as a street dog. All lady dogs called me handsome. I as a street dog made a gang of my own and I was their fearless leader - Jody, the handsome. As a puppy I liked making gangs. We travelled, ate, slept together. They were street dogs of course. The respectable aristocratic dogs always held their nose high when they saw us.

Every morning I woke and took my gang, we searched the garbage cans for bones. We went to the drain or stole meat. We ate meat on special occasions because it was tough for us to find meat. People are not kind enough to give us food, you know. The are so greedy selfish, they only have enough to feed themselves. But

an aristocratic dog. That night I went to the trashes and thought of my home. The time I was an aristocratic rich and respectable dog. I remembered the cozy soft bed, the rich marbles, the embodied bed and expensive perfumes and articles. But that was the past now I am a street dog leading a desperate life of hopeless passion for a dalmatian.

I slept that night. I dreamt that human were wearing muzzles, I saw that we made them do the dirty work, made them pull carts and when they were bad we sold them to the human fair. But the sweet part was I married the dalmatian and had the four most cutest puppy anybody ever say.

Suddenly I heard a voice "Jody, we are waiting, otherwise the bones would be taken away by other dogs and we would starve". So I woke up again leading the gang to the street and sighing - a hopeless passion of disillusionment. I gave a deep sigh and lead the gang towards the hopeless future.

Addicted

Tarannum Laila

Shapon was a Bangladeshi boy who was born and brought up in England like Helen. He was studying in the same group as Helen. Shapon was Helen's rival (in studies only). There was always tough competition between them. But they were good friends outside the lecture halls. They usually worked together in projects. Shapon used to comfort Helen if she had bad days and used to advise her when necessary. They were a great team. But, what Helen did not know was, that Shapon was very fond of her. So, he was obviously quite puzzled when he saw Helen's admiration for Adam.

Meanwhile, Joanne who had been a drug distributor was in need of money. Six years later, she was jobless and penniless. She once saw an ad for cooks and caretakers. (The

her hair blonde. She had changed her appearance completely. Joanne looked like a pretty, innocent, working young woman. Although Helen did not recognize Joanne, Joanne did recognize Helen. It did not take a long time for Joanne to find out that Helen was professor Adam Richardson's best student. Joanne knew that Adam was Rachel's brother. So, she began to look for ways of selling cocaine to him.

One day when Adam was about to leave his office, Joanne walked in. Adam was mildly surprised as caretakers' work didn't begin until another hour or so. She asked for some advice from him, regarding law. She continued to talk to him. At the end of the hour, they were laughing their heads off. Joanne then switched

AVIK & JOY IN THE MISSING MACHINE by Sharier



A Fool's Feeling

by Atimsus

All this time I've waited, waited to tell you, to tell you with the right words, with the right words and emotion, but I pity myself for I am still incapable.

I am not a person of romance and imagination. Why is it that your eyes, your lips, your hair fail to remind me of oceans, roses and clouds? Why is it that your laughter sounds not like tinkering bells? Yet, your eyes, lips, hair, laughter, everything you possess are so precious, so sacred and so very dear to my soul. Is it the way you think, the way you talk or walk or simply is it the way you look at me that makes me have a feeling that I never felt before?

Is it because I know you so well that I long to know you more? Or is it merely because you and your kind still remain a mystery to our world? I still can't and won't try to understand why you are so very special. But I just know that what I feel inside is tremendous. The feeling is simply foolishness, it's unnecessary, I know - but my whole world revolves round it. And though I cannot explain why, the only truth is that you are and will be, for eternity, the centre of my foolish feeling.

Telephone Trouble

by Safiya Tashneem Omar

This poem is dedicated, to all parents who are frustrated, by the large sum on the telephone bill. Enough to give anyone a nasty thrill.

If you are wondering what your teenage sweet thing is gossiping endlessly about, read this poem and find out.

The daily gossips are usually beginners - who's gained weight, who's gotten thinner. What's the latest talk of the town; which gossip is going around?

Hours pass along the phone. Talking and talking in that restless tone. "No more money, I'm expecting a call." "Five minutes more, Mom," answers your doll. Those five minutes go on and on. It's one piece of trouble - this telephone.

Shattered Illusion

by Kazi Khaled Arafat

I thought maybe if you saw the way I really was maybe you wouldn't love me maybe you wouldn't like me for my faults I wanted to live in bliss I never wanted to pinch myself But how was I to know that you'd find the desert to be better than the mirage? I was trapped in a cage of my own lies But I really didn't want to get out Hey I didn't tell you what wasn't I just told you what should have been Instead of what was

Now you've raped my feelings but I wouldn't disagree Even if you tied me to a tree You've lynched my beliefs but I can't say so cuz as you see I've nowhere else to go But whenever else I wander Next time be it near or far I'll go as I am.

Who's Nuts?

by Nishat Hussain

"I'd say you were nuts", Zahid leaned against the tree and combed his fingers through his hair. Wait a minute! What was that? He looked in his hand. Nut shells? Where did they come from? Saif was as surprised as he was.

"Something's fishy," Zahid whispered. "Or nutty," complied his friend.

Zahid got up to his feet and peered through the leaves. To his surprise he saw two legs dangling.

"Ah-ha! I found him!" He whispered excitedly to Saif. "Found who?" Saif asked scratching his head.

"The culprit you ninny," Zahid hissed. "What do I do now?"

"Pull him down and demand an explanation, what else?" "Will I?"

"Pull? Yeah!" Zahid did so. With a scream the person fell to the ground. Fortunately the person was unhurt, but unfortunately the person turned out to be a girl.

"Oh no!" Zahid you didn't tell me that the culprit is a girl!" Saif exclaimed.

"Hey! why are you looking at me like that? It isn't my fault that I, I mean, I mistook her for a guy. I mean... will you just look at her clothes!" He stammered.

The girl was wearing a T-shirt, well-worn jeans, sneakers and a cap that complimented her attire. She removed the ear plugs out of her ears. A walkman was clipped to her belt. Her eyes radiated

completely as he looked into her eyes.

"You have such beautiful eyes," the words escaped from his lips. The girl was taken aback by the sudden turn of events.

"What's your name beautiful?" "Sherry," she answered, her hands on her hips, "what has gotten into you?"

"That question brought him back to reality."

"How dare you behave in such a way! My friend isn't to blame but you. You were at fault!"

"ME! Look here mister, it was that friend of yours who yanked me down from that tree!"

A thousand apologies for his drastic actions. If I had known what he was about to do I would have stopped him. Zahid is an ex-madman who has just come out of Pabna mental hospital a few days back. He hasn't adjusted to our way of living yet.

Sherry couldn't help but believe Saif.

"Oh! The poor guy. I am so sorry I had known..."

"Don't worry. He isn't in any situation to understand what has been going on around him," Saif said reassuringly.

"I am too!" Zahid said indignantly. "Nonsense!" Saif turned his attention to Sherry who was

more interested in Zahid by the minute. Saif must have noticed because he started to make excuses so that he and Zahid could leave. That was when Sherry looked at her watch and exclaimed, "Oh no! It's way past five. I'd better run. It handed him a small pink card, "call me if you have the time and you," she turned to Saif "here have this." She handed him the packet of nuts.

"Bye!" She left with a wave of her hand. Looking back she gave Zahid a flying kiss.

Saif dumbfounded looked back at Zahid and was in time to catch his friend who almost fainted.

"Zahid are you alright?" Saif shook his friend by shoulders.

"Am I alright? I've died and gone to heaven. He had a dreamy look in his half-closed eyes."

"What a nutty character," said Saif biting into a nut.

The End

