

RISING STARS

A Silent World

by Sadaf Mustafiz

BANG! I jumped up in my chair and nearly dropped my book. I turned and realized that someone had slammed the door close. I could hear shrieks and angry cries coming from my mother's room and felt as if World War III had started there.

Cars honked outside. Somewhere probably in the new teashop, someone was playing disco music loud enough to wake up the dead.

In closed my book and leaped into my bed, covering my ears with a pillow. All around there was noise, noise and more noise. Oh, how much I longed for a silent world! I felt like taking a microphone and standing on top of the world (if that was possible) and shouting out to everyone. "SHOT UP." Maybe I could stand on a globe and do that instead. A small giggle escaped by throat when I realized the weirdness of the thoughts.

I closed my eyes shut tightly and tried to relax. Slowly, I drifted into sleep. Only moments later, I was awake again. With wide eyes, I looked around myself.

All around me, I could see sand, the bluest water ever, and lush green trees. Was I in a dreamland? I rubbed my eyes and looked again. I was in a beach but this one was so different from any I'd ever seen. There was no deafening noise coming from radios, no fights going on about which game to play, no chattering between teenage girls, no one even uttered a single word. Everything was so quiet. I felt a smile spread on my face. This was the sort of world I longed to be in.

I walked towards a turning I could see at the end of the beach, and found a road leading away from it. It was filled with cars. But the amazing thing was that I could not hear any horns blaring, or any drivers sticking their head out of the window and shouting their head off. The cars seemed to move in a steady

flow. I followed the flow and soon saw a neon sign flashing above a door. It read: DISCO PLACE. My parched throat told me that I was badly in need of a drink, so, I entered the place. Everyone was drinking, playing, or dancing but there was complete silence in the room. I could hear no tape-recorder playing or any piano music. Dancing without music! I stared at the dancers and then realized that they were wearing headphones. This was the weirdest thing I'd ever seen.

I went towards the bar. Just as I was ordering, a woman came beside me and pointed at something written on a board. I could barely make it out to be "Red Wine." The board consisted of a whole list of drinks. The barman poured her the drink without getting any further request. I gathered that she could not speak since she had given no verbal order. But then I saw quite a few people following the same manner as that of that lady. Couldn't any of these people talk?

"Excuse me, could I have a ...?" I stopped in mid-sentence. Everyone stared at me through startled eyes. They were all advancing towards me with their eyes boring into me. I felt as if I was an alien. To say that I was feeling scared was an understatement. I ran outside as fast as I could and then stopped abruptly. I didn't know what to do or where to go.

This was a silent world. I did not belong over here. I wanted to go back to my home but didn't know how. I cried out loudly as tears squeezed out of my closed eyes. Next thing I knew, my eyes snapped open and I was back in my own room. I let out a relieved laugh. It had only been a dream; rather a nightmare. I could hear all types of noise now but these seemed to comfort me instead. I realized that I would not be able to live anywhere else; not even for the sake of my peace. I loved this world, not the silent world.

The 'Changed' BTV ADs

by Ferdous Hossain And Ahsan Latif

THERE was a time when mothers used to sing their small children to bed. Every small child would fervently wait for that moment, when would his mother come, lean beside him and sing him a lullaby. It seemed as if that was the child's only need for the moment. But now, along with time, everything has changed. Nowadays a child's major necessity seems to be watching the BTV advertisements. Just switch on the TV, he would watch it with profound enthusiasm even finish up his meal quite obediently. But is it true only for children? We have also become a lot interested in watching these ads. We have seen people in many occasions talking about the BTV ads — the majority criticizing them and the minority praising them. The main theme of their discussion is about the standard of the BTV ads, though.

The fact is acceptable that nowadays ads have improved and are more presentable than the ads which were made in the past. We have seen a lot of changes — good photography, good jingle, good editing, smart and pretty models with sophisticated technological backing. As ironical it may seem, but we should thank these ad-makers of today who have taken the pain to be creative or rather say pharissise. Some ads like the Azad Ball



local ads lack creativity. The ads have become stereotype. Spectators want to see some changes, a sense of humour on BTV ads to be precise. Most of us must have seen the "Phillips bulb" ads on Zee TV, where an astrologer tries to prophesize a man's future, and another, where an old man tries to watch his favourite cricket match on TV. Our people demand these type of humorous ads on "our" TV screen.

"I don't want to see the same faces jumping and hobbling without any specific reason in the idiot-box, playing a saxophone in the beach, the concept of the ad having no rational relationship with the product, whatsoever," says Fatima, a regular viewer of BTV. A teenager, Parvez, thinks here models are being mis-casted. "How can a renowned model like Nobel sign up for the new Olympic Gold ad. The whole ad was hilarious. I used to like him so much. Well, I am no longer his fan," concludes the much depressed guy.

Would you comply with the highly debatable statement — "you need good money for good ads"? Nowadays, who doesn't watch Zee TV? Everyone has gone crazy over the Phillips' ad — where the boy tries to act cool with a girl by playing guitar on her lawn — was that re-

ally expensive to shoot? Or why don't we look at the Polo ads which are being televised regularly. Some of their ads don't have any models. The ads

are highly creative. In fact, the Polo ads are now being considered to be the best ads. You don't need a huge budget to make ads like the ones mentioned above. Cheap to make but yet so cute and presentable to the onlookers. Yes, it is true that we do need celebrities. Suppose the whole script about an ad is solely concerned with a celebrity. In that case, it is obvious that a model should be of a very high calibre. For example, the new Coca-cola ad. The concept of the ad is about the Miss. Universe shooting for the cold drink. So, the product company has taken Susmita Sen. In this ad, if there were any other normal person, than the ad wouldn't be to the point.

We were just window shopping at Cat's Eye (the recognised gear's boutique) that day and casually asked Rusho — the person-in-charge of the boutique on this account. He says, that, "glamour is very essential to create a sensation. Here, people like what celebrities like to wear and use. Our market is of that kind. Looking for good-looking people (the fact that models must be good-looking, according to him) is very difficult. So why not use celebrities, even if

it is expensive to hire them," he quotes.

Many companies, unfortunately the renowned ones, go to the ad-makers with a script with them, bought from foreign ad-company and want a remake of that same ad; but this time using our local models. This is happening because they don't have any optimistic views about our ad-companies. They don't have faith in our local ad-makers' potential.

And there are some ads which are made for the lets say people without different taste. A teenager from Baridhara or Gulshan won't probably smear "Henolux Complexion Cream" on her face and go to a party. The standards of these ads are totally disgraceful. But, yet, unfortunately, we need these kinds to fulfil a definite class of people's satisfaction.

So, we can conclude with little emphasis, that our ad-makers and companies are dependent, though not wholly, on glamorous, popular, established models or celebrities, for their product to catch attention. And as for creativity, the word seems to be Greek or French to the Bangladeshi ad-makers they just can't think without help.

As he didn't show me the sums I worked hard and did well. He died thinking that I hated him. He will never know how much I love him. I will never forgive myself for what I have done.



About a Great Lady

by Susmita Roy

A great woman loved and respected all-over the world for her work for mankind had been rightly honoured with the Noble Peace prize in the year 1979. Her name is known to all as Mother Teresa.

A Yugoslavian by birth, she became a nun in a convent at Dublin from where she left for Darjeeling in India. Later she joined St Mary's High School in Calcutta where she finally became the principal. On a special day in 1946, God's message to her became clear she would leave the convent and devote her whole life for the welfare of the poor and needy. To understand the misery and sorrow of the deprived and helpless, Mother Teresa gave up all comfort and entered the slums of Calcutta.

Among her countless numbers of institutions and projects are included educational centres, homes for the parentless, the diseased and the elderly who are a neglected part of the Indian society. Nirmal Hriday Home for dying destitutes in one of the hundreds of notable projects and all the missionaries of charity that she has founded still play a very important role in society. The world-famous Roman Catholic missionary with everlasting diligence, courage and determination has worked for the needy people unselfishly throughout her life. She has given herself to the people and has asked nothing in return, neither power nor popularity.

Mother Teresa, an energetic woman with the greatest modesty and humour has won the hearts of millions of people all over the world and was awarded the Pope John XXII Peace Prize in 1971. No wonder, that we may agree with the Miss Universe, Susmita Sen, that the most beautiful woman on earth is none other than Mother Teresa herself. The deeds of this saint — like woman will be recorded on the pages of history in the years to come. Mother Teresa's debt can never be paid and she will always live in the hearts of women and men as a blessing from God. May she live forever and ever — we all wish only this.

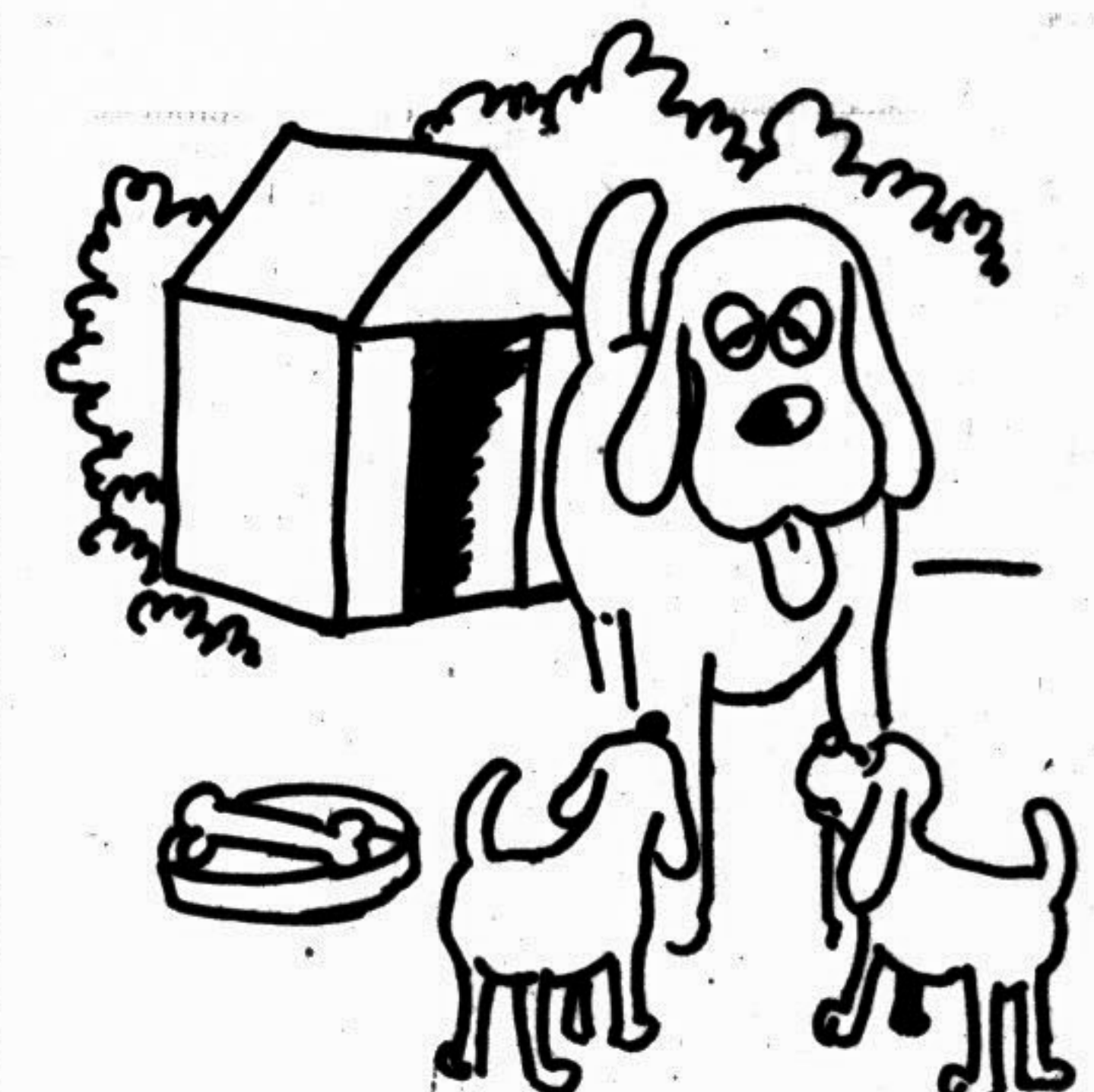
The Dog I Loved

by Jamal Ahmed

AS I was crossing the main road a voice from behind called out. I looked back there was a squeaking noise followed by a bang.

A little dog barked in agony. I rushed back and picked it up. It was badly hurt. I immediately took it to the vet. After a quick checkup the vet said to me that an x-ray was needed. He also added that the leg was probably fractured, but it was nothing serious.

den. She also agreed to build a kennel for Biky. Next day two person came and made a beautiful kennel for Biky beside my window. I was really getting proud of Biky because she was very intelligent. Whenever she saw me she would start wagging her tail, and play with me. Biky was also very alert. Whenever she saw any stranger in our house she would start barking and jump on him, no robbers or thieves could enter our house.



Probably my mother was also very happy. Biky was alone so I wanted to give her company with a dog.

One day I met my friend called Rahim, who had a dog, I talked about the idea of Biky's company and he agreed.

After the marriage I put both of them in my house because Rahim did not have a big place.

After eight months Biky gave birth to two puppies. Unfortunately the doctor could not save Biky.

Biky was gone forever. But she left behind two beautiful puppies. I now look at them and remember Biky.

I can find Biky's presence in her two naughty offsprings.

Illusionary Shelter

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

HELLO friend It's been ten years that we first met And yet, I still dream about you. As you've come, I'll ask you To take me, to where my memories hide. Do you remember, the days when we were young And didn't fear anyone? Do you remember, the times when we were bold And never did what we were told? I still have those memories Planted in my brain I don't know how to say this But I really feel strange. Oh, I need you now will you, listen to me now? Tell me, didn't you also lose? The photograph, in my heart says so. Tell me, who won and who lost? And the price everything cost. So, you want to go You didn't need me, anymore. I just wanted to tell you one thing So, please listen before you leave. I'm not rich enough, to buy back my past If I could, the memories would have been just So, go off for a wild ride And let my memories hide Oh, let my memories hide...

On The Streets

We asked some people on the streets about the notion they carry in their minds about the BTV ads, and to name their favourites and the most irritating ones. This is to what they have answered — Farah Diba Chowdhury (23): The ads are really cool. Her best is the Lux, one with Bipasha, and the worst being the Pocha Shaban and the Pocha Shiqe. Asif Rahman (An A-level student residing at Gulshan): BTV ads are disgraceful" he

replied without any sign of hesitation. Milton (30): "I like the health awareness ads. Lottery ads give me the creeps." Akhter Hossain (62): "I like BTV ads. Personal favourites is Shundari Print Sari. I watch it for Moushumi only." Anika (winter guard lip Gel model): "Bangladesh knows how to copy only. They lack creativity. I love the British Airways ad. Rocky print Saree (by Shabnoor) is very irritating."

Pen. Meril Fresh Gel. Peps Gel (come on everybody smile). Berger Paint are highly popular all over the city. But still the sophisticated crowd thinks our

ally expensive to shoot? Or why don't we look at the Polo ads which are being televised regularly. Some of their ads don't have any models. The ads

My Best Friend

by Mir Mushjin Ali (Tunon)

My best friend is — to say more correctly, was Sabbir Ahmed. I used the word was, because Sabbir is dead. I didn't realize how close he was to me when he was alive.

When I was in class-V he took admission in our school. He was a friendly boy. There was always a big smile on his face. I once gave the whole class a puzzle to solve. No one but Sabbir was able to solve it, and that was how we became friends. We didn't have much in common. There was a disagreement between us. But still he was my friend (not as close as he is now). He was very different from the rest of my friends. His style of talking, his views and ideas were all different.

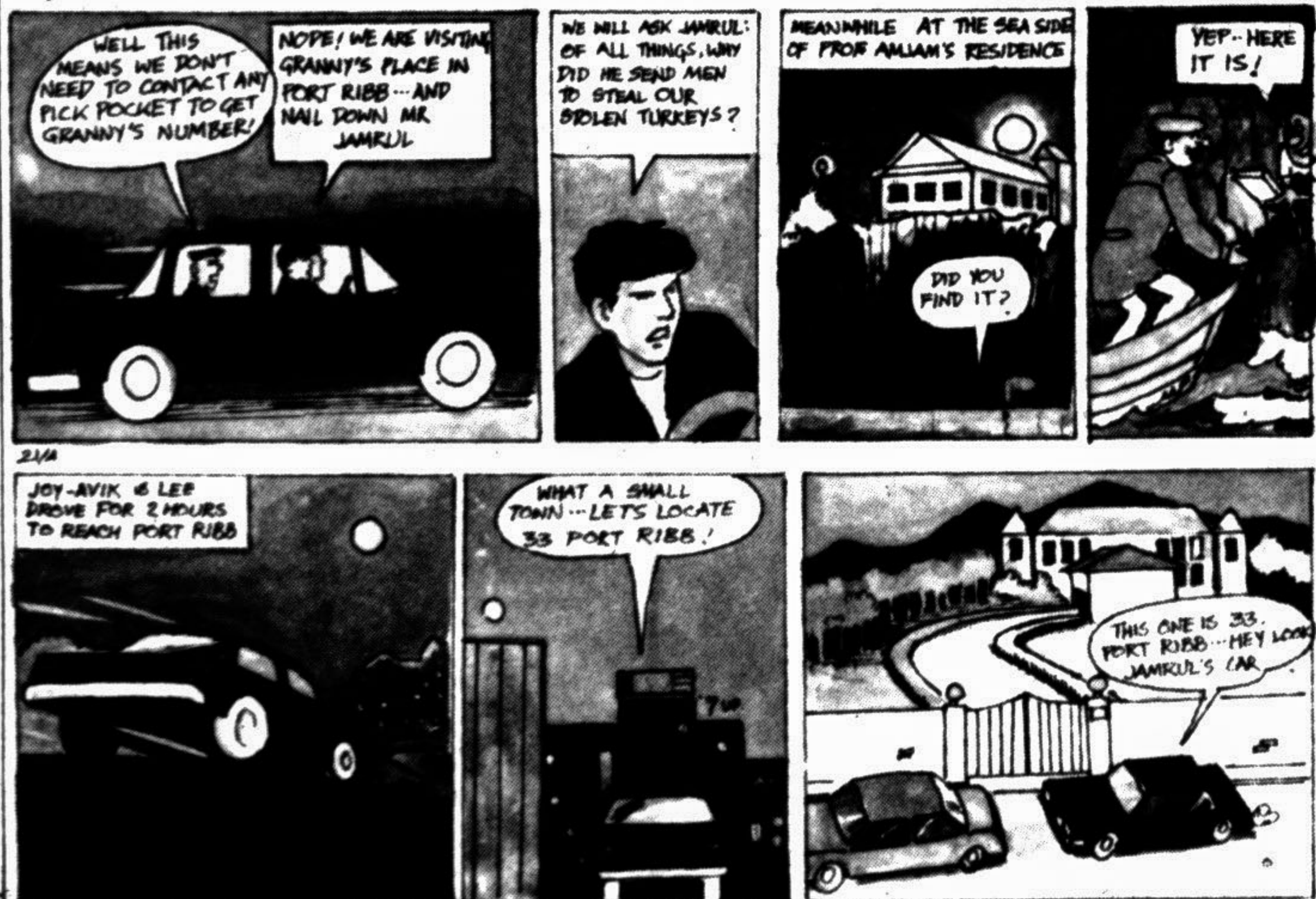
We take rose as a sign of love and affection. But he didn't, he took it as a sign of something artificial. He said that rose has to be grown in a garden, it has to be watered and taken proper care. If it is not taken care, it dies. Therefore rose is a sign of love, but of a temporary one. But a wild flower, whom we neglect and don't take care, grows. So the wild flower is the sign of true love.

It was the 7th of March 91, we were having an Arithmetic class test. The teacher told us that those who secure would below fourteen will be punished. I was unable to do some

sums, so I asked Sabbir to show them to me, but he didn't. As a result I got below fourteen and was punished. I was, so annoyed with Sabbir that I slapped him in front of everybody. Still my rage wasn't cooled off. So I studied hard for another test. I wanted to show him that I can do better without his help.

To my surprise Sabbir Didn't appear for the test. Afterwards I heard that he died. I was so sad at hearing this, that I couldn't control my emotion. And, at that time I realized how Sabbir has helped me, by not showing the sums.

AVIK & THE MISSING MACHINE by Sharier



Hallucination

by Kazi Khaled Arafat

Illusions skip gaily along; Shadows dance to unknown songs. This is the realm where I belong — In a world without a right or wrong — In a hallucination

When I dream — that's when I fly. All alone in the infinite sky; Billowy clouds rush slowly by. Be like me, believe my lie. My hallucination.

Reality's beaten black 'n' blue — Misery is coming after you. Come with me flee the true. Together all sorrow we shall shoo — with our hallucination.

I believe in my fantasy The factual world's too much for me. Retreat to my dreams, where I can be. A prettier picture of life I shall see — In a hallucination.

Wonders of Bird Migration

IN the Middle Ages the disappearance of the swallows and martins every autumn, and their reappearance in the spring, was attributed to hibernation. It was thought that they dived into lakes or ponds and buried themselves in the mud for six months. The cuckoo, it was thought, changed itself into a sparrowhawk and the goose into a barnacle. It was not until the movement of birds began to be studied scientifically that the truth about long-distance migrations became known, though even in classical times some migratory flights were recorded.

The swallows and martins go to Africa to winter, and the cuckoos travel even farther south. These birds do not breed in Africa, however, though there are exceptions to every rule. In the same way, the fieldfares and redwings winter in Britain but return to Norway and Russia to breed, while some species of skuas migrate between the Atlantic and Pacific basins.

The detailed movements of many birds are now thoroughly well known, since the practice of marking birds (usually by "ringing" them) has been systematically followed for at least fifty years. Nevertheless, two complete mysteries remain to be solved. First, why does any particular species of bird fly to a distant country at all? Second, how does it know the way?

The answer to the first question is possibly to be sought in the bird's ancestry. At some remote period a bird's

ancestors may have been native to, say Africa, but circumstances have since arisen which have caused the race to emigrate to, say, Europe. For some time the birds might still have an affection for two "homes," which they visit in turn. It is certainly true that some birds become strongly attached to their nesting sites, the swallows, for instance, often coming back from Africa to the same nesting-spot year after year, and perhaps using their old nest after a little patching. As to how the birds find their way, there is no doubt that in the neighbourhood of their journey's end they go by visible landmarks. For the rest of the journey, it is sometimes held that only a very general sense of direction would be needed, for so many birds die on the way that it may be pure chance that any particular bird will be among those to arrive safely. This, however, cannot explain all the facts. For example, it is hard to see how even the general direction can be known to the young cuckoos, which leave for Africa a full month before the older birds. They are neither shown the way nor can they be taught it by their parents, for they are reared in other birds' nests! Attempts have been made to find explanations in the earth's magnetism, the migrations of the sun north and south of the equator, and other such phenomena, but so far without even the hint of success. Courtesy — Wonder Book of Wonders