

RISING STARS



Herge's Tintin & Co.

by Susmita Roy

eclipse of the sun to save themselves. Once Tintin had risked his own life in Tibet to save Chang who would have died otherwise, while on another occasion he had saved a cargo of slaves aboard a ship. Tintin, however, hardly ever goes unaided by his companion, Snowy — a lovable little



swearing and drinking ability — which probably had been handed down from his ancestor he is certainly one of his kind. Unfortunately the captain has upset plans on a number of occasions (for example when Tintin met him aboard the ship Karaboudjan) but more often, the whole story turns

of whisky, he's more often unwillingly but inevitably trailing behind Tintin around the globe so as to 'keep an eye on the young whipper snapper'. I must finally say by 'Billions of blue blistering barnacles and ten thousand the enolesing typhoons' that we readers could never get enough of Captain Haddock.

And if there over was a brilliant professor who got on the reader's nerves with hearing everything wrong but at the same time was lovable, it's certainly Cuthbert Calculus. This amazing fellow with his pendulum and inventions keeps to himself but all the same is an important part of the family. Oh yes, it would be very wrong to forget the two detective twins known as Thomson and Thompson. 'To be precise' — as they would say — 'Thompson with a 'p' as in psychology'.

They are constantly getting themselves into trouble, for instance when they started growing coloured hair after taking pills in Arabia and when they accidentally became unwanted crews in the moon rocket. (These 'heavenly' twins make fools of themselves so very often that are we may wonder why they never became professional comedians) villains like Rastapopolous and Allan and the great (intolerable) singer Bianca Castafiore are among the many more interesting characters created by Herge.

It must be emphasized that the 'Tintin' comic books are not just ordinary comic strips that you read and get tired of. Personally I have devoured each of the books in the series over 15-20 times and have yet since my tender age of six, not got bored of them. I suspect that I have acquired more knowledge through them than through many other books and I wouldn't be surprised if I found out that through the years they have helped me to expand my vocabulary to a great extent. The plots, the dialogues, the cartoons are all so extraordinarily perfect and detailed that it is no wonder millions of copies of 'Tintin' are sold all over the world each year.

I salute Herge on behalf of all 'Tintin' lovers but my complaint is that I'm searching for more new books from the 'Tintin' series and there aren't anymore! Sob!

BLISTERING Barnacles' I had sworn the other day. Shailla had looked at me with a gleam of enlightenment in her eyes and smiled knowingly to say, 'Tintin-right?'

Yes, I had quoted from the world famous and immortal comic book pages of 'The adventures of Tintin'. I bow down with reverence and respect and gratitude to Herge for presenting to the millions of young people of the world with twenty two fantastic adventures of Tintin. Already 'Tintin' has been published in over thirty two languages including Bengali and undoubtedly all have captured the hearts of young and old alike.

"The 'Party' I Dread So Much"

by Auditia Aura Aunima

THE very word party gives me the blues. The party I'm scared of is not the political one in position or opposition (cos politics is the last thing I'll ever care for). The party I dread so much is the kind that comes once in a while to drive me outta my brains (I do have 'some' brains) — they're the menacing wedding parties.

can chat about anything endlessly. But think 'bout poor of taciturn me! Those weddings have one advantage though, they help me discover a hidden fact about myself (and to know oneself is such a wise thing) — I'm quite xenophobic, when the occasion calls for it.

It's the endless rituals of a close relative's wedding that prove to be a pain in the neck. And it becomes a pain not only in the neck, but in the whole body when they insist that I being a member of the fair sex, must wear a saree. Saree is quite okay, I'm sure — but it's simply devastating if you don't know how to manage it! I h'p'n to be a first-class clumsy oaf, whenever I wear saree, sooner (rather than later) I end up moving bout in a tangled web. And imagine, all the guests, including the guys looking at you at the most unwanted moment!

Knowing the tarrying business of the hosts, I once decided to compel my folks to start late — the only way I could do that is finish dressing up late. I made all sorts of fuss, so instead of starting half an hour before the given time, we started half an hour later. I began to feel the jeeters when

all the vehicles stopped for what seemed eternity, I guess, a snail was crossing the road and so the vehicles stopped in mercy (Maybe I'm wrong, cos there're no snails in Dhaka streets — perhaps it was 'just' a traffic jam). When we arrived at the place, inevitably a community centre, we were so late that all the cars had left except one or two. As we entered, nevertheless, we were greeted cordially. Imagine, not even a single person asked us why we were late. Well, late as we were, we still had to do the traditional, conventional sitting around and chatting around bit before the more traditional, more conventional stuffing around (what else, but your tummy) bit. This is when I got a big surprise. Yet another late party joined us! What's more, the whole place began to be overcrowded with people! This is when I realised, instead of being late, we were extremely early. It was a Friday noon, so obviously the religious people didn't even think of attending a wedding party before *Jumma namaaz*. My pops being a non-namaazi (what a shame on him), caused us all the trouble and perplexed the hosts by arriving so, so early (forget that the



Wedding Horrors as Sharier Visualizes: pre wedding milad mahalfi. A reprint of one of his works.

Hello Wrong Number

by Sonia Hossain

"HELLO, is that you Russell?"
"Yeah, this is me, who are you?"
"Very, funny, this is Tania, who else stupid?"
Tania who...?
"No time for jokes, I really need your advice on something, a matter of life and death..."
"But..."
"No time for butts, I know you are busy with your guitar, but I need help..."
"Okay, so what's your problem?"
"Why does your voice sound so funny?"
"Is that your problem?"
"No please don't hang up okay I'll come straight to the point, but your voice still sounds funny!"
"Okay, I have a cold, satisfied?"
"Alright, okay, don't be so picky, I'm not being..."
"Do you know the new guy?"
"What?"
"The new guy, in my chemistry class?"
"Don't think I do, why?"
"The guy is something else, he takes my breath away..."
"Cool..."
"I don't know his name, but not long before I know it, anyway..."
"Tania..."
"Okay, to the point, have you by any chance read the book 'Never love a stranger' by Harold Robbins, I think..."
"Taaria..."
"Okay, this guy, he looks a lot like Huge Grant, you know, the guy in 'Four weddings and a funeral', Russell, are you there?"
"Don't scream, I'm not deaf!"
"Sorry, I thought you left, he was wearing demin jeans and an emerald coloured shirt, my favourite colour, emerald green!"
"mean, and then do you know what?"
"Am I supposed to?"
"No, he had Fahrenheit after save on, I think, you would love the smell too, in fact, I think you should buy one too, you know."

it attracts a lot of women!"
"Women like you, no thanks!"
"Get lost, okay where was I?"
"He puts on Fahrenheit to increase the room temperature..."
"If you make one more remark like that, I think I'll kill you!"
"In that case I better have my will ready..."
"Why do I waste my breath?, so then guess what?"
"Look just tell what happened?"
"Okay, I was reading that book and he comes up to me, imagine, that's how I figured out his after shave, and then he asks me if I could lend him the book! What do you think?"
"It's stupid to go to somebody you hardly know and ask for a book like that, you should have been reading 'Never talk to a stranger', instead!"
"Russell I swear if you were right in front of me you would have a broken nose to think about!"
"Can I?"
"Can I, what?"
"You can't make me think of I broken nose, because you are going to kill me first."
"Why do I even bother?, you know what I think I like him a lot, ever since I got home I have been listening to Micheal Bolton's 'Love is a wonderful thing', my cassette is becoming obsolete, and I'm feeling really hot, what do you think that I could do?"
"You want my advice?"
"Yes."
"Listen to the Counting Crows they are much better, and the weather is really hot, so why not take a cool bath or something? HELLO?"
"You pig, I asked for advice and you make fun out me, how dare you, Russell Alam?, I'm never going to speak to you in my life!"
"No."
"No, what?"
"I'm not Russell Alam, I'm Russell Rahaman!"
"What do you mean you're not Russell Alam, isn't this 400000?"
"Nope, this is not that number, next time..."
"WHAAAAAAT?????"
"I SAID WRONG NUMBER!"
7000000007 7000000007 7000000000000

"YOU selfish beast, I don't need your skirt, saying this I threw the skirt at her face. The old routine had started again — 'me wanting my elder sister's things and she not giving it'. My mother ran into our room when she heard my shrieks and then rolled her eyes. 'Sadaf, stop it, will you. When will you two grow up?' I stormed out of the room, almost tripping over a tool in the process. This was so unfair. Why should I be the one to stop when it wasn't my fault at all? I had, very politely, told that mean sister of mine, 'Eram, I'm taking your skirt. And you can't say no since you wore mine last week.' And that's where it had begun. I went to the veranda and sat down on the floor, tears of

The Horrors of Having an Elder Sister

by Sadaf Mustafiz

frustration filling my eyes. What would it have been like if I hadn't had an elder sister? (The elder sister is the problem not just any sister because I almost never fight with my younger sisters.) Oh, the peaceful life, the wonders of not sharing, I would've had a room of my own where I could have done anything that pleased me. I wouldn't have to switch off the music because it disturbed her studies, nor would I've to wake up early in the morning because of her Sa Re Ga Ma. What a pain!

I remember the time before my O'level exams when I'd had to study till late in the night. She used to refuse to keep the lights on in our room because she had trouble sleeping otherwise. (Well, I've to admit that I did the same thing during her O'levels, but still she should be nice to her sweet little sister. Even though she is almost an adult, she never ceases to behave like a spoiled brat.) Then our rows would start again. Imagine at one o'clock at night, shouting our heads off and we didn't give a damn about others asleep.

Of course, there are some advantages of having an elder sister. I can talk to her about the activities in school, my opinions about movies, gossip, and have fun. But the time we spend arguing and fighting by far outweighs the time that we spend talking to each other like friends. And the other advantages... Oops, I must be suffering from temporary memory loss. I can't remember the other advantages!

Maybe, I am not realizing the importance of having an elder sister but she isn't helping me do that either. Maybe, I'll miss her when we are apart, but I'll have to wait till then to know if I really will. Oh, I just can't (kidding sister, don't think I'm giving hints!).

AVIK & THE MISSING MACHINE by Sharier

