

RISING STARS

"Hair Trouble"

by Muneera

GETTING a satisfactory haircut is not an easy thing. Every one has had at least one bad experience at the hairdressers. But none had my luck. I've tried for years and failed miserably.

It all started when I stepped into my teens and realised that girls don't need Rampunzel type of hair anymore to get their "knights in shining armour". What I needed was something very much in vogue. It took months of persuasion before my mum could be coaxed into letting me "chop" off my long tresses. And so began my misfortune.

My sis just wanted to shorten her curls and I wanted a layered cut. Much to the annoyance of my mum. Once, inside the parlour, my mum and the hairdresser joined hands and when I finally walked out, my sister was sporting a layered cut (courtesy to the hairdresser) and my hair was chopped to the shoulders with two fringes hanging on my forehead.

I decided to lay low until those hanging gardens grew back again. As I neared the end of senior high school and was burning with my new-found grown-up confidence, my mum allowed me to go and have a haircut all by myself. I was jubilant and went to a posh looking place — the only drawback was that the lady spoke but broken English.

But then who needs to speak. I opened her book, found the shoulder length layer cut that I wanted and she looked happy as she nodded her head. She wet my hair and went chop-chop. I never knew I had so much hair until I noticed the growing pile on the floor. When she finally stopped and started to blowdry my hair, I had the eerie feeling that something was not quite right. As she stopped and... eek! There was nothing but a pile of spikes on the top of my head, nothing at all at the sides and a small tail at the nape of my neck.

"What have you done?" I screamed and her English failed her totally. She muttered something in Arabic as she took out the very book I had used earlier, and turned to ANOTHER page and pointed to ANOTHER picture and ah yeah — that one did resemble the bird-nest on my head.

The next day when I walked into my class (I had Chemistry practicals and so couldn't afford to skip school), boy, was there ever such a reception again. Even now, my friends don't let me offer any advice on hairstyles saying... "What do you know about hairstyles...?"

But I had to get a new cut once my forlorn hair grew back again. I went to another place suggested by my friends and this time I utterly begged them not to cut my hair too short. They didn't — they left it hanging all over my face and I got into trouble at school. Even my vice-principal offered to buy me bobby-pins. I was so fed up that I locked myself into the bathroom along with a pair of scissors and tried to amend the mistakes. I ended up shunning people for the rest of the term, and claiming that I was keeping my hair back with a scarf to discourage pimples (!) on my forehead.

As soon as my hair was long again, off I was to a new parlour — this time to a posh place so as not to repeat my past experiences.

"You have a different kind of face," said the beautician

"Not the conventional type but the more unusual ones. (boy was I feeling good) all you need is to cut your hair like this, pluck your eyebrows you should be modelling you know and a facial and message Have you ever tried for commercials? You should you know. I know what you need, an infra-Red Ray treatment is just the thing for you and a

soft-perm in your hair. What do you say?"

"I say yes", I replied as I beamed with pleasure. At last I had found the right kind of beautician, someone who could appreciate my assets. That day I walked out with a bill of over Rs 2000, promising to go back every alternate day for two weeks. I did, and though my father only raised an eyebrow before handing over the money to me, I looked no different at the end. Than I had ever before, and no commercial-maker did approach me!!

Everytime I visit the parlour, they leave my hair either too short or too long, but never the way that I want. I am so fed up that sometimes I feel like going back to the pig-tailed and oiled look of all the "bhola-bhali laddis" that I see around.

I have been to so many places, in so many countries for that matter, but never one to my satisfaction (perhaps there is no contentment in me!!). But this is an acute problem which needs a permanent solution. I want revenge, my mind screams BLOOD oops sorry, but I am dying for vengeance! Everyone who can hold a pair of scissors straight, seems to have opened up a parlour and they go about destroying the lives of the likes of me. What to do?

Hey, wait a minute, I have just got a brilliant idea! I, too can handle a pair of scissors, so many times did I have to resort to that to amend the mess created by these parlours. Now, isn't this a terribly good idea. I can just coax my mum to let me use our spare garage and renovate that to a parlour. My sister can be my assistant (or partner).

Oh, Boy, I can even earn some "dough" as I take my with such a huge population in this city, some are bound to come to my parlour! Am I going to have fun now ooh my sweet revenge After all they do say, "if you can't beat them, join them and then BEAT them"!!

Competition : Dialogue-writing

AN opportunity across the board again! Fun to share your humour with us! As usual, if you are rated among the five best humorous writers, there is a prize for you plus a section of the Rising Stars for your essay to be printed in. So why not have a go?

Here is an account of how you should start : (Murphy Brown and her colleague, Miles, are in Bangladesh on a special mission. The scene starts with Miles entering the hotel lounge where Murphy has been waiting.)

Murphy : Oh my Lord! Miles, is that you?
Miles : (Pointing to his dress) You mean the dress? They call it Lungi! traditional dress of the local people.

Murphy : People! ... Such as the tri-cycle driver?
Miles : Correction — Rickshawala.

Murphy : What Ala! Say it again.
Miles : Rick-sha-wa-la.

Murphy : Ha. Ha. Ha. Funny isn't it?
Miles : Not really! You know what, Murphy; they say, 'While in Rome, do as the Romans do'. So, from now on I'll dress like a Dhakayia, speak like a Dhakayia I mean Dhakayia Kutti.

Murphy : The devil take you! Miles, you can't forget our appointment with Gandu Baba. He is the only person to help us in our mission. Which is setting up FYI station in Gulistan, and not dressing as you like.

You may not write more than 700 words and your essay should reach The Daily Star not later than 17th October. So hurry up. And Good Luck!

Quiz Club

Crack the following 10 quizzes, send the answers right away, and win the quiz club prize.

1. In which year the president of the former Soviet Union, Mr Gorbachev won the Noble Peace prize?
2. Which comedy series won the 47th Emmy Awards?
3. What is the approximate height of the mount Everest?
4. What is the capital of Brunei?
5. When was the Great Wall of China built?
6. In which State the Pentagon, US department of defence is situated?
7. Who is the writer of the book The Hunchback of Notre-dame?
8. What is the full form of UNIC?
9. What is the scientific meaning of catalyst?
10. When did the campaign 'Save Dhaka, Clean Dhaka' start?

NOTE : Dear Quiz Crackers! Please be informed that prizes are awarded to persons sending us all the correct answers and that your answers to quizzes of a particular week should reach The Daily Star office the following Wednesday. Please, also, do not forget to mention the post-mark date. Thank You and Good Luck!

- Answers : (22.09.95)
1. John Milton
 2. Aral Sea
 3. Common Business Oriented Language
 4. Mamun Abdul Gayuum
 5. Sudan
 6. Switzerland
 7. Boutros Boutros Ghali
 8. Synthesize protein
 9. Candice Bergen
 10. Kaptai

Hartal Mania : Rhono's Call

by Tanveer Abbas

RHONO was in a foul mood. His pile of home work just refused to diminish, and school was starting in two days. He had just lost the election for class president as well.

While he was considering bunking school, the servant entered and informed him that his 'dostho' had phoned. Rhono chatted with him. They soon realized that they

other gang (for schools) of course do not. The class prefect was one of them. He protests: "Are you nuts! Seventeen year olds are not allowed to call hartals!"

"Of course we are!" Rhono replies hotly. "Have you seen it written anywhere that we can't?" He slams down the phone.

Rhono and his friends advertise in the papers the next

join the rally they would each have to be paid Tk 1 for their services. The whole year had been quiet, and a lot of people saw this as a chance to make a buck. Thus quite a few turned out. Rhono was amazed that his call had reached so many. Since it was customary to make speeches and break things,

Rhono stood on an inverted bucket, and delivered a passionate speech, which of course nobody understood not even his buddies. The crowd cheered at the end — that's what they got paid for, didn't they? His buddies follow suit and to show their collective strength they broke the bucket on which



they were facing the same dilemma. Suddenly Rhono has a brainwave. "Let's invoke Article 5001" he said. Hearing the "duh?" at the other end of the line, he explains: "Article 5001 gives any body the right to call a hartal if he has more than five supporters." Very excited, he phones up all his other friends.

"How many hours will it be?" One friend asks. "Uh..... let's see....." he ponders over it. "Twenty four hours, forty eight hours, seventy two hour hartals have been called so lets call a five day hartal! That is uh..... 120 hours! Yes, yes! 120 hours!" Rhono is enormously pleased with himself. Others are phoned up and they all agree. The

day, informing the nation that he, yes he, was calling a hartal to protest the load of home work schools were dishing out. He also demanded that the school prefect resign and stand trial for beating up one of his cronies.

He also demanded that the expulsion order against five of his dosthos be lifted. He vowed to make the average student fight for him and his cause, even if they liked it or not. He urged the nation to join in this just struggle to remove imbeciles who were putting strains on the mind of budding geniuses like him.

Sunday came and Rhono and his friends went off to demonstrate. Article 5001, clause 1, stated that if any common citizen decided to

they were standing.

Day 2, 3, and 4 passed the same way. But Rhono was not satisfied. He wanted to end with a bang. Then he had another brainwave. He phoned one of his 'dosthos' and says, "You know the pet chicken the class prefect has..... yeah..... shave off its feathers." Rhono received quite a few photos of stripped chickens that day. He published them all the following day, under the big headline: "WE MEAN BUSINESS!"

The next morning he woke up and saw thousands of angry people outside carrying lathis wearing lungis, and pajamas. They held up a huge banner that read: "AND SO DO WE!"

Just friends — World War-III

by Azhar Selim

TRISHNA seems to have become Ms Salman Rushdie of Bangladesh according to Ms Gulnaz Alam. I do hold Trishna responsible for being so offensive and insulting in her controversial article. She should've instead used fantastic words like 'blatant' in order to make it sound as decent and pleasing as Ms Alam's writings.

Just look how dealing with friends, she has created enmity (battles are fought between enemies only in case if I'm sounding ridiculous to Ms

Alam) between Ms Alam and Mr Chowdhury! Its a delight knowing that there are still honest people among us who admit being much more thick-skulled uh..... I mean thick-skinned than the rhino and having the friendly habit of talking to strangers just for the sake of gaining supporters.

In a town of snobs, where do we find such friendly creatures? Ms Alam's ability of exaggerating definitely is appreciable. After all, exaggeration is not really lying. So there's nothing wrong with it. Its only the line dividing

honesty and 'chhapajal!' Had there been 57 people who found Trishna's article abusive then there would've been more Ms Alams writing to the editor. But of course, I'm not sure if it hadn't happened. But had it? If Ms Rushdie could be accused of interviewing only those whose opinions supported her article then Ms Alam should be treated equally. (No partiality like Zaki please.)

Ms Alam will make an excellent mother as far as I can predict. She has the qualities in her — may it be caging up her children for safety pur-

poses, snooping their personal things or even screening telephone calls, in which she finds nothing wrong. She'll do it all in style. When she believes prevention is better than cure — I'm afraid its too late for curing such habits. Anyway, no ones perfect — so why pick on her?

The raged writer informed that no one 'she knows' found Trishna's article humorous, instead, it was sarcastic and melodramatic. Very much possible, don't frown like that, how can you forget that, birds of the same feather flock together?

Stuck in Today

(Haiku)

Tomorrow can't come
It's already today now
That tomorrow came.

Sci-Facts

Playful Communication

While sitting in the class you may want to say something to your classmate who is sitting a bit far from you. But that very moment the teacher is in the class and giving you lessons. To get rid of such a problem will be quite easy especially if both of you have 'toy communication'. You can send messages quietly to your class mates even if your teacher is there.

This looks a bit like 'Remote Control set' or 'Electronic calculator'. In this machine messages are transmitted in the form of radio waves, but the problem is it can be only transmitted within a small range. Some of the toy companies in America have already released this in the market, like the Ohio Arts 'gender', who claim that they are able to make the computer transmit for nearly 500 feet distance. Its price is 47 dollars. It can even penetrate the walls and pass messages to the other end, 'super data blaster' made by Tiger Electronics moves through reflected rays, which cannot pass through human beings or things. This one has a price of 60 dollars. It can be worn on the wrist like Cassio's toy communicator watch. Based on the reflected rays its name is 'Intraseptre Watch'. Its price is 100 dollars. 'Secret Sender-6000' which looks like Cassio's remote control is 100 dollars. Some of them can be used as calculators such as 'gender'.

Think Pad

THIS pad really thinks! This is not a pad made of paper, its a mini computer note book. This new notebook by IBM is called 'Think Pad-701C'. Its weight is only 4 pounds. On opening the cover, you will find two dismantled parts of a key board. When these two parts are combined they form a keyboard and can be placed on desks or anywhere we want to. There is large and bright coloured CD screen measuring upto 10.4 inches in the note book. Its price is 3600-5600 dollars!

Courtesy-Anandamela. Translated by Aliya.

Top Ten Singles

1. Childhood — Micheal Jackson
2. I Live My Life for You — Fire House
3. Always — Air Supply
4. Peace and Love — Neil Young
5. You are the Star — Rod Stewart
6. Back for Good — Take That
7. Kiss from a Rose — Seal
8. Somebody's Crying — Criss Isaak
9. High & Dry — Radio Head
10. I Can Love You Like That — All 4 One

Hot Hit Albums

1. Yanni — Live at the Acropolis
2. Micheal Jackson — History
3. Bon Jovi — These Days
4. Sound Track — Batman Forever
5. Soul Asylum — Let your dim Light Shine

Teaching Kids!

by SMS Joya

LAST year, after my exams when I had not much to do and boredom was literally engulfing me, I woke up one lovely day and realized that I did not want to stay home and shut up. I needed to do something productive. Something that would keep me busy. So, I wondered about getting a job and did not have to 'search' for one because I knew where to find what I was looking for, since I had limited my ambitions and was not reaching for the sky.

So, I went to a Nursery school which is only a few minutes' walk from where I live and fortunately, I did not have to wait too long to talk to the principal.

After having a talk or rather a chat with this wonderful Lady — one of the most dignified, I must say — I had the impression that I had won her heart. She asked me to wait outside a bit and after going back all I had to do was write an application and start working from the very next day (CRIPES!). It all happened so fast that I did not have much time to think if I could really do the job.

So, I went back the next day and found my heart pounding intermittently. I was appointed to class one and had twenty-five students to teach. They gave me a warm welcome. And I felt a load of responsibility looking at those gleaming and pondering eyes. Once again, I wondered if I could really do it.

It was not the syllabus, obviously not of class one, that I was worried about but the communication with the children and my extent of ability to teach them well. It may or may not be easy to get a job like this but it definitely is hard to accomplish. And teaching a bunch of children

with not knowing how to handle them can be a tough one!

As time went by, I did not have much problem to communicate with the children. On the contrary, I became close to them and they were fond of me.

I always loved children. But then again, there is always *kebab-me-haddi!* And in my case they were Faij and Faiyaz. When the rest were improving day by day, these two seemed not at all serious in their studies, rather loved to play 'Home Alone' tricks at school.

One day, the music teacher taught the class a song which went as, 'Oh Moina! Oh, Moina! Oh, Moina! Re...' while these two, Faij and Faiyaz, were singing, 'Oh, Monkey! Oh, Monkey! Oh, Monkey! Oh, Monkey! Re...' — at the top of their voice. They ended up standing in the middle of the playground holding their ears. But that was not enough I guess. At the next music class, Faiyaz was going *dal dal dal!* instead of *bah! bah! bah!* but he was lucky that time and escaped by the skin of his teeth.

They were making no progress until the half yearly exams were over. After that they started to improve. We live and learn. Actually, it was the communication, the closeness and understanding not just with Faij and Faiyaz but the entire class, that made them understand and grow up within their limits.

At the end of the year I was amazed to find how great they all performed and I felt triumph! Such a wonderful experience. The good part is my experience truly encouraged a friend of mine to take up a similar job. And the message is: teaching is a game of give and take.

