

# RIISING STARS

## "Leave it to Us" Children's Conference on Environment

by Kofi Akumanyi

**E**NVIRONMENTAL problems chosen by children from round the world will be discussed at the first International Children's Conference on the Environment from 23 to 25 October in Eastbourne, Southeast England.

About 800 young boys and girls, aged from ten to 12, will discuss over three days what can be done to improve the environment. Every day, six children from different parts of the world will present on stage special projects based on three broad environmental themes — waste and recycling, wildlife in danger, and sustainable development, climate, rural and city living.

The presentation of projects will be made by children from Australia, Ecuador, India, Philippines, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, Ghana, The United States, Greece, Sierra Leone, Romania, Bahrain and South Africa.

The conference, with the theme 'Leave it to us', is supported by the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), British Airways and a number of British organisations. It is inspired by the 1992 Rio Earth Summit and the subsequent Agenda 21 which proposed that national governments should pay more attention to the concerns and opinions of children regarding the environment.

Speaking at the official launch at the end of May, head of UNEP information Tore Brevik said during the three days the programme would aim to give the children maximum time to make themselves heard. There will also be expert opinions on specialised subjects, participation in debates, presentations, visits, workshops and entertainment.

The conference will start a process where children will be encouraged to lead us, the adults, to assume our responsibilities in caring for the earth. The conference also aims at developing a global network to promote action and producing a charter on children and the environment to present to governments and the United Nations, he said.

There would also be study tours to places of interest, including endangered species projects, an air and water monitoring centre, flora and fauna conservation area, bird sanctuary, new woodland and lakes creation scheme, coastal nature reserve and areas of natural beauty and countryside management. (LPS)

**Notice**

OUR Rising stars readers are most welcome to participate and send in their valuable ideas and views regarding the mentioned topics and of course exchange with the others their opinions about the prevailing environmental situation in their country and their world. Looking forward to print worthy responses.

Happy writing!!  
RS Editor.

## The New School : It's Name and it's Anthem

by Kazi Khaled Arafat and Imran Sharif

**I**VE been noticing lately that in Bangladesh there's been, thanks to the growth-causing properties of the special fertilizer which academics put inside our head, a vast increase in the number of new educational institutions. I'm completely for this, as it gives street Romeos a greater chance to practice their voluntary after-school gate-duty talents.

Some people find it funny when these schools have imaginative names which might do practical good for an astronaut-ridiculous names like, for example, "Cosmos". (The real name differs in the last two letters.)

However, I find it philosophically uplifting when a simple day-care centre for play-group students (who are mostly under 4) is named after some great ancient thinker with whose name the students will, someday within the next ten years, become acquainted. (Even though a description of the atmosphere isn't exactly ideal.)

Yes, I'm actually quite proud of these new gardens of learning. Already we've got Winston Churchill's alma mater. If your elder brother wants to go to an Ivy League university, you can save him the price of a ticket by pointing out some places in Dhaka—all of them new schools with "original" names and then there's also the im-

### To The Students of Different Schools

**S**TUDENTS of Bangla medium, students of English schools,  
Students of all academic rules,  
Advertise my new institution  
So that you don't end up a fool.

There are schools we can't condone  
And they shall be overthrown,  
So that the fruitful fees of parents  
Shall be coughed up to US alone.

Hands shall never twist your ears,  
For canings you won't have any more fears,  
Dunce-cap shall lie in dust forever,  
The class clown will shed no more tears.

More fun than your mind can picture  
With games period a permanent fixture.  
& if your wants have a different texture  
To suit your desires we'll change our mixture.

Bright will shine the student's faces,  
Our athletes shall win inter-school races,  
(When we recruit the pretty girl  
Every guy in town chases.)

For that cool chick we must get admission  
After which you won't know submission:  
& even though our cafeteria's inedible  
It'll give you a hell lot of nutrition.

Who cares for students anyway?  
Gimme my own school anyway!  
And if against us you have any say  
Come over-and even you will want to stay.

tation of Stanford whole Bangladeshi copiers don't even know how to spell it's name correctly.

I guess Cambridge is yet to arrive, but it's counterpart, Ox-something (to say the least) has already taken up it's rightful place in the heart of Dhanmondi. Soon-to-be owners of this new breed of private schools which don't have enough students to make a cricket team also seem to favour ancient Greek and Roman names ending with "us". Someday one or other of them will mistake "equus" or "diplodocus" for a learned philosopher and name his school so.

As these schools with misspell names in banners lack sufficient advertisement, I have ventured to help them. My thanks go to George Orwell, who gave me the idea in the first place with "Beasts of England".

Before I start, I'd also like to specially request all pedagogues, especially the teachers of my school, Sunnydale, (an imitation of William Wordsworth) to take this lightly and not tell my father of this at the next Parents-Teachers meeting.

Having cleared up everything, I now present you with my Anthem of The New School, on behalf of "Thomas Wants More Tutorial", "The Archimedes Principal", and the rest of the mushrooms-

## 'Brothers yeech!!!'

by Farzeen Saleh

**D**O you have a brother? An older one (especially)? If you don't then you can't imagine how lucky you are. We sisters have to lay on them hand and foot. I'm sure we all share the experience of our only one enemy "brothers".

Imagine your lying alone, comfortable with a good book when your brother comes and reads the title and says "Hey cool" and you'll never see that book again.

When you're in dream land having a wonderful dream someone empties a whole bucket of dirty water on you. The someone's your

sharing.

All these pains and problems we have to face with older brothers. Younger brothers are yet another pain. "Waldi" my younger cousin brother is found in my house more than my one brother.

He wants to take part in everything and anything. If you're watching a detective movie and you're in the most interesting part he'll want to see it again from the beginning and naturally he gets to do it. Since he's a little boy. Your doing anything interesting and he's going to try to take part. Its such a pain. As a guest he always gets to do



## The Undertaker

by Mohammed Emran Ateha

The man stood tall in the dark evening with grey clouds hanging loose over head. He lit his cheap cigarette with shaking hands and slowly put the cigarette between him brownish red sun burned lips. He took a deep puff and then released the cloudy smoke. In the half dark light he looked quiet old though he was in his mid 50s. He was tall but stood hunched back, his long hair and moustache were the same shade of grey. One of his legs was twisted and shorter than the other. His eyes were as young as the eyes of the cobra; brilliant and shiny. I had a curious kind of emptiness which made it's presence some what unearthly. After a few small puffs he took a deep inhale from the cigarette and tossed it away. Then he leant forward picked up his shovel and started to dig the ground underneath. First he was slow and careful to remove the sod, then once sod removed he started attacking the earth with his rusty spade. He dugged with concentration and his muscles moved like snakes on every attack he directed towards the earth. Soon the pile earth increased beside the hole. The hole took a form of a rectangle about 7 feet long and 3 feet wide. The wet soil easily gave away and he stopped until the hole was a man deep. Panting and sweating the man came out of the hole.

Now he had to wait. This was a thing that he disliked very much and his scorn showed on his face. His thick eyebrows were knitted together and he sat beside the bamboo pieces which he beside him prepared earlier. The clouds began to move overhead as the winds started to blow but the undertaker liked the rustling of leaves. His patience was rewarded when he heard the sound of a truck and cars stopping along the main gate

later the undertaker was surprised when he had to bury the man who fell in the hole. The world is a strange place.

It was midnight before the undertaker could rest. After everyone left, he walked back to the new grave and started to redig it. He took out the corpse searched the dead body, until he found a gold ring from the dead man's left ringfinger. There in five minutes he placed every thing as it was supposed to be.

The undertaker was a grave thief, this was a profession which he learned from his master who is dead now. His master was an undertaker but at night he used to rob the graves. He took them as he had a need for them. But his master had a code of conduct, he never mutilated the dead bodies. But he had none, if he found that the dead person had gold teeth he used pliers to get the gold off, sometimes he had to cut the fingers to get the rings.

## TENNIS An Expensive Passion

by Shahed Latif

**I** was practising for my next tournament with one of the players in the Bangladesh Tennis Federation. After our regular two-hour practise in the scorching heat we decided to call it quits there.

We were discussing about the tennis of our country and wondered why we can't produce class players even when we have ample of them.

My friend held the lack of proper coaching and equipment responsible. I agreed with him but felt that the players lack in their determination as well.

Even if some of them have self-determination they are not encouraged by their parents, who think that my son would be a better engineer rather than a player. Though most of the parents stay up from 2 am to 5 am in the morning to witness the match between Andre Agassi and Pete Sampras and appreciate their talents.

I decided that I loved the game too much and would like get to the real problem by talking to the No-1 player of our country, Hira Lal.

So, I arranged a date to meet him. My first and usual question to him was when did he start playing tennis and who had encouraged him the most to take up tennis as a profession. He replied that he was encouraged by Mr W Karim the General Secretary and as for when he started playing it was way back in 1981.

My next question was how does it feel to play for Bangladesh. He replied it felt really very good. Then, I asked him to tell me something about his most memorable match and he instantly answered that it was against Sri Lanka in '93 in a Davis Cup match. Then I asked Hira Lal who were his rivals in Bangladesh tennis he replied Rumman, Jhalal and Shovan Jhamali and a few others.

I wondered if he had a world ranking, which he replied in the negative. He could not compete in the ATP tournaments due to other pre-arrangements. "If I would have played in that tournament I would have had world ranking and that match was held in Pakistan." Then I asked him why can't Bangladesh perform well in the international level even when we have good players?

We need to have more tournaments at home, our players need to play more international games so that they would be able to play with different players and that way they would improve their game. Lack of good coaches is one of the reasons why our progress is so slow. We need Tk 12,000 per day if we are to have a good coach.

He also informed me that we don't have sponsorship, that is another big problem. "If I am sponsored by somebody I can play better without having to worry about my family, because a Prince Hammer racket costs about Tk 9000-10,000 which is sometimes out of reach. You need to practise very hard in order to reach the peak."

He also told me that if we have many tournaments then our players would be encouraged and they would have a competition among themselves to perform well and then we could find new players for the future among them. Replying to a question about courts, he points out that "We need to have more courts and of different types so that we can practise. By practising in different courts we can play better and compete better in international tournaments." Then, I asked him who were his favourite players. He replied Shovan Jhamali (Bangladeshi) Stefan Edberg (Sweden). Then, I asked him whom he considers as an all-time great player, he replied Pete Sampras.

His success depends on his hard work, lot of practise love for the game and determination.

I realized that if I want to play tennis, I should be very professional about it and consider it a job, because no one can do better than me. At least with that sort of courage I should and all of you out there could try to bring about a change.



## Believe it or not

Here are some fascinating news that you can either believe or may not. But 'believe it or not' these news are hard facts.

**Big Name:**  
"Llanfairpwelggyllgogerych uyrndobuilluallhandysillloech" this is a name of a town situated at Anglisi county in Wales. The meaning of this name is — 'the church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white Hazel near to the Rapid Whirpool and to St Tisilio' church near to a red cave. But this big name is written only in the station — people call it L Lanfair PG.

**Longest sleep:**  
Mrs Carolina Carloon of Sweden slept for thirty two years continuously. She did this in a place called Okna. She started her sleep in the year 1876 when she was only thirteen. When she went to sleep her mother thought that it was because of tiredness. But unfortunately no body could awake her till 1908 when she turned 44. She had her food during her sleep.

**Sneeze:**  
A girl from United States named Alis has a rare quality. When she sneezes she makes a sound like a whistle. She sneezes for several times in an hour and everytime she makes the sound of a whistle.

**Hugh Williams:**  
On the 5th of December, 1664, while crossing Menai Stereit a boat sunk killing all of the 81 passengers but one. The one who was alive was called Hugh Williams.

On 5th Dec, 1785 another boat sunk killing all the sixty passengers aspect for one named Hugh Williams.

On 5th Aug, 1800, another ship sunk. Only one passenger named Hugh Williams survived and the rest died.

You can see that three-person named Hugh Williams survived in three different accidents on the same date that is on the 5th of respective months. What a lucky name!

**Biggest Application:**  
In the house of Lords, a man named Lord Gifford once submitted an application. This application was 1 mile long and had about 105 signatures in it.

**Compiled by — Tasin Ahmed**

**My doll**  
by Sabrina Nigar

I have a doll, a sweet sweet doll  
I play with her all day long  
She loves me, I love her too

Thats what my neighbours say  
She has many clothes,  
Many beautiful clothes,  
To wear morning and evening.  
She looks like a red rose.

## LIMERICKS

by Abak A Hussain

There was a man named Laksman Rao  
Who ate nothing but karma polao.  
One stormy day,  
He ate only hay,  
The next day he left for Thakurgaon.

A man named Gobar Ganesh  
Who lived in Bangladesh,  
Bought a lot of booze,  
And some apple juice,  
But those didn't make him feel fresh!

A man named Mohammed Ali Jinnah  
Once lost his precious 'panna'.  
He searched everywhere,  
In his shoe, on his chair,  
He was so upset, he didn't even eat his khana.

A magician named Kashim Shet  
Could produce a rabbit out of a net.  
He said, "I shall take,"  
"A rabbit out without a mistake."  
But out came only one burnt cigarette.

A tall man from Brazil,  
Once tried to climb up a hill.  
His rope broke,  
And that's no joke,  
Coz it cost a hundred cruzeiro bill.

A guy from the United States,  
Wanted to cheer up his mates,  
He memorized a joke book,  
And mastered a fancy look,  
And went to the guy he hates.

A genius named Bill Gates,  
The person who everybody hates,  
Thought with a frown,  
"One day if I drown,"  
"Maybe I'll get some mates."

A mastaan called Muslim Bhai,  
Had everything that money could buy,  
He said to his wife,  
As he sharpened his knife,  
"Do you think I will ever die?"

The magician Kashim Shet  
Could turn a pen into a cigarette.  
One day the pen,  
Turned into a hen,  
And he made it his own pet.

Another magician named Chang Ling Fu  
Could produce a rabbit out of a shoe.  
One day when an earthquake,  
Made the little rabbit shake,  
Thought the magician, "I better take it to the zoo."

## QUIZ CLUB

**H**ERE are this week's ten quizzes for you to crack! Send the answers by Wednesday, 18th October, and win away the Quiz Club Prize!

1. When was the Berlin Wall erected?
2. The city, Leningrad, is now known as .....
3. What is the capital of Brazil?
4. In which year the President of Pakistan, Zia ul Haq, was assassinated?
5. In which year did the British passenger lines, Titanic, sink?
6. In which year the English Dramatist, William Shakespeare passed away?
7. Which only two elements are present in hydrocarbons?
8. What is the formula of Harmattix?
9. Who is the writer of the book, Pride and Prejudice.
10. Which country's President has recently visited Bangladesh?

Answers : (13:10:95)  
1. USA  
2. 1973  
3. Scandinavian sea-warriors.  
4. Nouakchott.  
5. International Police Commission.  
6. Thomas Hardy  
7. 18 years.  
8. In the lower part of the neck.  
9. Instrument which shows shows the presence of an electric charge.  
10. 234 US 8.