

# RISING STARS

## The River

by Md Kabiruddin

OPENING the door of the cottage, Mona was caressed by the cool autumn wind. Far away in the north nature, in its yellow-green-red cloth, was embracing the beautiful sun. The smell of daffodil in the wind, the darting of the tattered clouds in the sky and the drifting of a soft music from somewhere far away made it look like that sadness couldn't exist in a world so wonderful — there was only happiness. The world seemed to be dressed in its beautiful clothes and standing with a wonderful smile on its face. It had been a week since she came here with her husband Debashish. She can still remember the day they first bought the cottage. She was so happy. The cottage was set back from the road with a

them. He then threw his fishing line and the float in the water. He didn't wait much longer for the float was immediately pulled under water. 'You got one!' cried Mona with excitement. 'I think so.....' replied Debashish. He began to reel the line in, but it was shaking vigorously. The line was being pulled down as if the fish was trying to pull it to the river bed. Suddenly the line broke and he fell heavily in the boat. 'That's very funny,' he said 'I think it was a big one!' At that moment Mona heard a whisper. 'What was that?' gasped Mona. 'What...?' asked Debashish. 'There's someone..... I heard something,' she said in a hushed voice. Debashish sat there look-

derneath the boat. Then it began to move as though something was dragging it away.

'What's happening,' cried Mona. The boat was being drawn forward. Debashish realized the danger and rowed furiously but in vain. His strength was nothing compared to the force which was pulling it away. Suddenly the boat came to a halt and there was moment of silence as if nothing had happened. Then it began to rock, gently at first, and after few moments, to a more violent motion. Then the most dreadful thing happened. Debashish couldn't keep his balance and fell into the river.

'Stop it, stop it!' screamed Mona as she saw her husband being carried away. Though he was swimming with all his strength towards the boat, he was being drawn slowly away towards a whirlpool far away which appeared almost from nowhere. Mona stayed where she was — frozen. And there before her eyes Debashish was sucked down into cruel



low, weathered fence bordering the front garden. It was old, hundreds of years of age, by their estimation. There was a shallow river running at the back side of the cottage. Mona was fascinated by that river from the very beginning. She would soon go fishing with her husband. After a week they finally decided to go fishing. Ah, the best time of the day thought Mona, a smile of contentment spreading across her face. The water lapped around their small rowing boat, rocking it gently and relaxing, as they began to pass a considerable accumulation of floating rushes, weed, boughs of trees, brought to this spot by some current. Whilst Debashish was examining his fishing tackle, Mona pointed out a flock of large white swans feeding on the drift some little way ahead of

ing around him and tried to listen. 'There's nothing there,' he said wearily. 'Let's go, Debashish, I'm not feeling very well!' He put the oar in the water and then he heard something. It was like a whisper, similar to the rustling of the leaves. Mona clutched at his arm, her eyes looking around the place nervously. 'Let's go, Debashish, let's go now!' They heard it again. The next sound made their spine shiver for it sounded like a chuckle — a chuckle filled with evil. 'W-Who's there? Debashish's voice was unsteady. He glanced around nervously, but there was nothing. Then he heard another noise. It sounded as though something was swimming underneath the boat. There was a slithering, intermittent noise. They both stared down at their feet, as they felt a bump un-

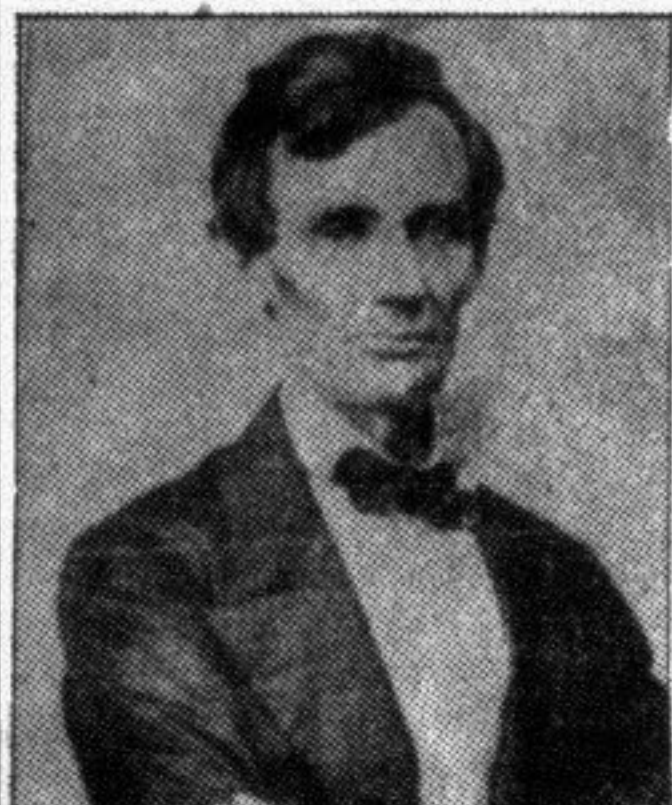
swirling blue depths, and vanished! At the same moment the whirlpool was gone too. The whole thing had a psychological effect on Mona and she began to believe that they were the victims of some ghastly nightmare. Something began to emerge from the water. It was a reptilian thing — a creature neither human nor fish, but partly both. More creatures with strange shapes were bobbing to the surface. Something slimy coiled around her ankle and she screamed. The thing began to tug at her body, trying to pull her into those chilly, mucky depths. The boat capsized and she fell with a splash. She screamed and kicked out with the other foot, but the grip only grew more firm, drawing her smoothly down. There was an expression of despair on her face as she sank lower and lower into the cold, dark river.

## Great Men Die Alike

by Ekram Kabir

THE United States of America has always been a subject of discussion at all levels — children, youths even elders — specially in our society.

Why? Simply because America is nowadays known as the lone superpower on earth. In fact, it was all through a much sought after



Abraham Lincoln

or talked about country; right from the discovery to its independence to its civil war to the end of the cold war. Wouldn't you be interested to know more about this land in fact some peculiar but "interesting" similarities between the two famous presidents of this famous land? These two brought America to where it is now. They are... yes, they are Abraham Lincoln and John F Kennedy. Well, those of you who are already informed would, say: "Big deal", and wouldn't give a dime to this write up. But those who don't would ask for more of these weird items on this page of yours the Rising Stars.

Now listen... By now you already know that both "Lincoln" and "Kennedy" are seven-letter words, but you certainly don't know that the name of the secretary to President Lincoln was Kennedy and the same to JFK was named Lincoln. Ain't it interesting? Well, read on...

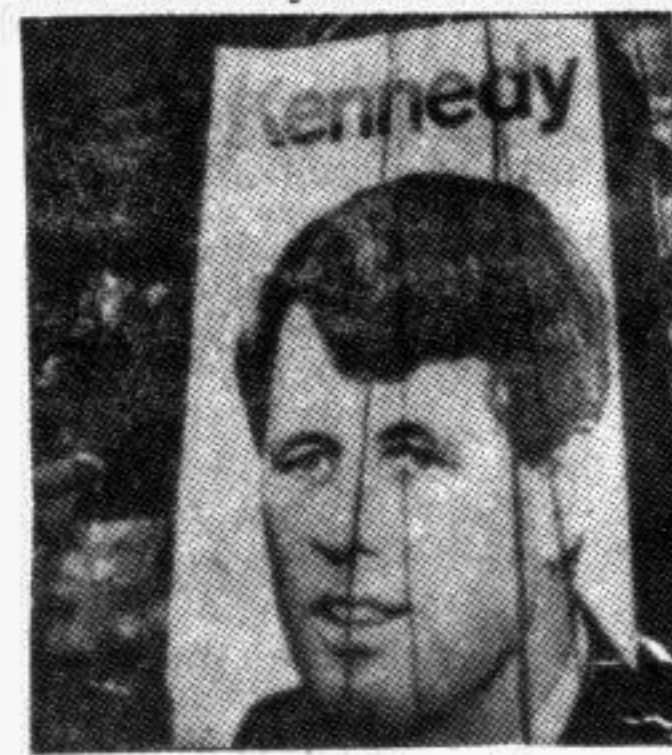
President Kennedy's Lincoln (the secretary) asked him not to go to Dallas and President Lincoln's Kennedy requested him to change his casual wears and not to go for that a theatre show. But fate acted, they say, on its own way: both of the presidents died on two Fridays and right in front of their wives. Moreover, each of their child died while residing in the White House. Sad, coincidence don't you agree?

The killers? Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a man named John Wilkes Booth and the other assassin who killed John F Kennedy

was named Lee Harvey Oswald. Both the killers having 15-letter word names, Booth was born in 1839 and Oswald in 1939. There were both from US's south who were also killed even before they were tried in the court of law.

The assassin Oswald took shelter in a theatre hall after shooting President Kennedy from a warehouse, and on the other hand, Booth — the hit-man of Abraham Lincoln — shot Lincoln inside a theatre hall and hid himself in a warehouse. And both of the statesmen were charged with bullets from the back and were shot in the head.

Abraham Lincoln, the civil war hero, was elected president in 1860, and straight a hundred-year after in 1960, J F Kennedy was elected to the same post. As both Lincoln and Kennedy were killed and



John F Kennedy

couldn't complete their terms as presidents, two 'Johnsons' became presidents after them — Andrew Johnson came after Lincoln and Lyndon B Johnson after Kennedy.

No, the second Johnson Mr Lyndon didn't become president precisely after Mr Andrew Johnson, but there was a specific gap of a century between their birth-years. President Andrew Johnson was born in 1808 and President Lyndon B Johnson in 1908. See! You should read History very often.

Coming back to Kennedy and Lincoln's deaths: President Kennedy was shot while he was in a 'Ford' made car, and President Lincoln was fired at during a play at a theatre-house called 'Ford'.

Now, what will you call these similarities between these two great presidents of America who both were dedicated to establishing equal rights for all the citizens of the United States of America? Mysterious? Not quite, possibly; it's like: "Great persons think alike, live alike and even, die alike."

## In Search of a Mirage

by Ink Slinger

SO, he is a successful guy, I suppose. Successful enough with piano; people crowd in his concerts and journalists bug him with grilling interviews. And now he's my teacher.

Yeah, when I saw him first, he seemed so effervescent, bubbling with *joie de vivre*, putting on an artless smile, the kind I never saw on anybody's face except little babies.

Well I guess, I was impressed, and that, too, not without the cost of feeling sorry for myself. I thought, just look how he's going. And you? Just who are you? Are you really capable of anything? All you can do is live in the future, trying to imagine beautiful things happen to you in future.

You really think hoaxing yourself will help you? That dream of yours of becoming successful and will really do any good to you when you

sooner or later, you know. One day you do discover that the person you imagined someone to be is not at all like what you dreamed. The image splits. I don't know whether I felt joy or disappointment when he began to reveal his real self, the inner person. I say I was happy because when I saw him bubbling with such candid happiness — and man he could concentrate, I felt self pity and now I know. He is not doing life much better either. See? Deep inside, he is just as shaken and lost and depressed as you are. He too is stuck up with life, hounded with invisible shackles slowly, so slowly eating away his inner power. He too is losing control. Hey, you are not the only one, girl.

But this disappointment does torture my heart. After all, if he is not successful re-

the morning pretending I'm still sleepy? Who'll tell me how I can fit in this world without feeling I was born among wrong people with wrong convictions in a wrong world at a wrong time?

Do I need to release my bottled-up emotions? Hey you, Mr. Piano Whiz, what do you say — you blurted out your inner problems so easily, so trustingly. Do I need to do the same? Will that make things any better? But haven't I already discovered that the person one thinks is able to help, is too self-satisfied, and preoccupied that he is unable to spare time or attention to listen to other people's problems? That the people who seem so eager to lend an ear seems so because they are not self-satisfied and also have behind-the-back snickers at your expense?

And I kinda believe, not confessing that I have problems to myself won't really



can't even concentrate enough to do anything persistently. Girl, you really need serious help! Well he would pound on the piano — and to see him was to be mesmerised! Such an expression came to his face that was ineffable not just concentration, not just sincerity, not just reverence for music. It was something more than anything — God must have looked like that when he was creating the universe.

I couldn't but revere him then. But then it also made me feel alienated. Because that God-like expression clarified the fact that I'm nowhere he is. I'm just one guileless, brainless sap who gets to think too much and gets little done. But the bubble does burst

ally, then how can I think of him as a role model? Who will be my role model then? He says that being happy is the best kind a success. That throws me into a darker abyss. 'Cos I was only thinking of finding happiness in success. I thought I'd lose myself in work and that way I'd escape from myself, and believe that I was happy. Is happiness and success not the same thing then?

If the control of one's emotion, if being satisfied with things in general, not forgetting one's incapacities and naivety; are the best kind a happiness, then won't anyone take the bother to tell me how to do this? Oh, how can I manage myself? How can I stop feeling so low and down? What is it that I can't be bold enough to face

help me, won't really get me anywhere. But then it is so debilitating, this process of self-interrogation! I end up feeling lost and then scold myself for digging so deep inside me. So deep that it doesn't solve my problems but torture me with the revelation that my problems are too deep-seated to be solved.

So, what should I do? Should I go on with this soul-searching expedition hoping to find a solution one day even though I know perfectly well that my efforts will be futile? Who's gonna tell me what to do?

Who's gonna help me out? Who? Is there anybody? Anybody? Please ???

— Dedicated to MGTN

### WORLD

by Saifur Rahman

HOW does the world rotate and move around the sun? First, how is the world rotating. 'Rotating' is a sort of moving To move something, energy is needed.

Energy is provided by fuel, wind, water etc. I think world's energy is provided by fuel.

The fuel is inside the world. The fuel is providing energy and the energy is rotating the world.

Inner core of the world is very hot. Its like a car engine, rather much hotter. The reason is the compared size of the world is much much bigger than a car.

There is a mechanism inside the world, for which the world is rotating.

Now, the world is rotating, but how is it moving around the sun? In football (soccer) 'banana kick' curls, because the football is rotating.

If banana kicks are joined, one after another, they will go in a circle.

The world is moving around the sun the same way as a football curls at a 'banana kick'.

The rotating thing needs a push, so that it can curl. So, the world needs a push also. This push is provided by the mechanism inside the world, as mentioned earlier.

For geothermal power stations, steam from inside the world is used. The steam provides energy to rotate and move the world.

So, decreasing of this steam means world's efficiency is decreasing also.

So, now the world takes 24 hours, and one second to rotate completely, instead of just 24 hours, it takes 1 sec long than the usual time.

### My Mom

by Sabahat Navreen

My mom is not at all old, I think she is made of pure gold; I say that she is very kind For she gives to the poor anything she find. She writes with ink; Her favourite colour is pink — There is no mom like my mom. I have to search if there is some!

### Mary's tree

Sabrina Nigar

Mary had a little tree It was full of fruits, Everybody plucked the fruits Because they were so good. One day she stood with her stick. Because she was so angry, And she beat everybody Who came to steal from her tree.

### The car

My father has a car, It's colour is white, It can take us very far, When I go for a ride; I feel very bright.

## One Rainy Day

by Nusrat Pervin (Tithi)

I sat down one day, With joy and gay, On a little seat And could hear my heart beat.

It was a windy and rainy day, Which blew the hay house away, I was watching through the window, And felt sorry for the little fellow, Who was poor and lame, And was begging in the lane.

The clouds were getting darker, And the winds were getting stronger, Thunder began to roar, And lightning flashed more and more.

At last everything stopped soon And after the whole day, I saw the lively little moon.

## QUIZ CLUB

Here are 10 questions, exclusively on Bangladesh, for you to crack this week. Send the answers by Wednesday, 22nd November and win away the Quiz Club prize.

1. Of the total population, what is the percentage of farmers in the country?
2. There are — divisions.
3. Which country first recognised Bangladesh as a sovereign nation?
4. What is the name of the national bank of Bangladesh.
5. Who is the current President of FBCCI?
6. How many sea-ports are present?
7. Where is the country's Defence Head Office situated?
8. Who was the current Vice-Chancellor of Dhaka University?
9. For the first time Bangladesh has won a football match on foreign soil against —.
10. From Bangladesh, who is competing for the Miss World beauty contest?

- Answers for 10.11.19
1. 55,598 sq mi (143998.6 sq km)
  2. 64
  3. Jute
  4. 1921
  5. Nawab Siraj-u-Dawla.
  6. Nawab Murshid Kulikhan
  7. 1956
  8. 234 US\$
  9. 2
  10. Niaz Morshed

## Jokes

A Russian, a Cuban, an American businessman and an American lawyer were on a train travelling across Europe. The Russian took out a large bottle of Vodka poured each of his companions a drink and then hurled the semiful bottle out of the window.

"Why do you do that asked the American businessman. "Vodka is plentiful in my country" said the Russian. In fact we have more than we will ever use."

A little later, the Cuban passed around fine Havan cigars. He took a couple of puffs of his and then tossed it out the window.

"I thought the Cuban economy was suffering" the businessman said, "yet you threw the perfectly good cigar away."

"Cigars the Cuban replied are a dime a dozen in Cuba. We have more of them than we know what to do with."

The American businessman sat in silence for a moment. Then he got up grabbed the lawyer and threw him out the window.

secretary came into his office for his signature on some documents, as she waited quietly at his side, he suddenly realized she was looking at the top of his head. 'Are you looking at my grey hair?' he admonished.

"No sir," she said "I was only counting the black ones."

— Contributed by Raisul Hamid.

A man was in a departmental store with his stingy friend when five robbers stormed in and announced a stick up. As the robbers began searching the patrons for money, the man felt a nudge. "Take this" his pal whispered.

"Don't give me a gun" the man whispered back. "I don't want to be a hero."

"It's not a gun — it's that five hundred taka I owe you."

— Collected by Mehabin Huq

tween the doors is an odd way getting them to stop."

"Not at all" replied the surgeon "I need my hands to operate."

— Don Ackerman MD quoted by Alex Their in Milwaukee Sentine.

Three women started boasting about their sons. "What a beautiful Jamdani Shari I had last year!" exclaimed the first "My son did wonderful boy, presented me last Eid." "That's very nice, but listen to this" said the second "Last winter, my son gave me an all expresses paid travel to Delhi. First class."

"That's nothing!" interrupted the third. For six years now, my son has been paying a psychiatrist Tk 500/= an hour two times a week. And the whole time he talks nothing but me.

Fortuneteller, gazing into crystal ball to frog: "you are going meet a beautiful young woman. From the moment she sets eyes on you she will have an insatiable desire to know all about you. She will be compelled to get close to you — you'll fascinate her."

Frog: "Where am I? At a singles club?"

Fortuneteller: "Well, no er... actually you'll meet her at a Biology practical class."