



Quiz Club

Answer (5th January 1996)

1. Brazil
2. Vientiana
3. 1453
4. Brother
5. Liquid or substance when dissolved in water allows electricity to pass through.
6. Atmospheric pressure
7. October 4, 1995
8. India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka.
9. Samson H Chowdhury
10. 1995

NAME, dates and statistics! Who knows with a little search, the answers to the following ten quizzes will be found. So why not give it a go! After all, you may become one of the winners, and win an attractive prize.

1. Mitterrand served his country as a president for--- years.
2. Who has been nominated as the Japanese Prime minister?
3. Monday's plane crash in Zaire's market place killed --- people.
4. Where is the international court of Justice situated?
5. What is the full form of I Q?
6. What is the capital of Burundi?
7. The largest country in Africa is ---?
8. In Europe, which country export the most?
9. Who is the first man to orbit Earth?
10. Here in Bangladesh polls have again shifted to

"Mall Gorilla"

For Nearly Three Decades a gorilla named Ivan was confined to this grim room in a Tacoma, Washington, shopping center (above). As an infant in 1964 he had been taken from the Congo by a wildlife trader and sold to the man who built this mall. Along with other wild animals, Ivan was displayed in a circus-like atmosphere.

Such purchases were legal before the Endangered Species Act of 1973. Ivan became a cause celebre among animal rights activists, but not until last year did he find a decent home. He was given to Seattle's Woodland Park Zoo, which sent him on permanent loan to Zoo Atlanta last October. After a quarantine period, Ivan explored his new surroundings in March (left), for nearly his whole life, Ivan had never seen another gorilla; now he is happily adjusting to two female companions.

"Before the Endangered Species Act, anyone with the money could buy a baby gorilla," says Zoo Atlanta Director Terry Maple. "It was obviously wrong, but it was legal." — National Geographic



Competition

An Opportunity Across the Board!

WITH the advent of winter, each year, thousands of migrating birds, commonly known as 'Otthi Pakhi', make their way in flocks to the Tropic of Cancer to seek refuge from the harsh cold of Siberia in other cold parts of the world. Once they arrive here, they become an integral part of the food chain, eating up a significant number of insects and thus, keeping our ecosystem clean.

But shots of the rifle make their lives miserable, moreover small boys are seen selling these birds at corners of the streets. The hope to live longer brings the birds here, and we, the human beings, claiming to be the civilized of all, are snatching away their desperate lives.

Imagine yourself to be a migrating bird and write a story of about 500 words, talking about a winter that you will never forget.

Alternatively, to participate in this competition, you may paint or sketch to show a scene of landscape with birds migrating or a scene depicting the cruelty of man on these birds. However the participants of this competition must be students of class I to class VII.

If you are selected as one of the winners of the competition, you will be awarded an attractive prize plus your story/painting/sketch will be printed on this weekly supplement. So hurry up and send your piece by Sunday, 24 January 1996 at our office. Good luck!

Notice

WE here at the Rising Stars have decided to do a special, whole page coverage on Wildlife in general but giving particular emphasis on the endangered species of our Animal Kingdom. For this exclusive wildlife special, Rising Stars' valuable members and readers are requested to send in typed articles written either by themselves or compiled from any recent publication along with photographs of the animal, to the Daily Star office by January 31, 1996. Please type your name, address, telephone number (if any) and send us your entries as early as possible. For the best entry we have an interesting prize! Good Luck!

— RS Editor.

Your Comments

DEAR Avid Readers! We are delighted to inform you that The Daily Star's weekly supplement the Rising Stars for readers between the ages 6 to 16 has stepped into its fifth year. You might have noticed that, over these years the pages has they have gone through a process of modification. As usual, we welcome your valuable comments, suggestions and novel ideas in order to shape up the supplement, the way you expect it to be. At the same time please let us know how you want to see our other supplement page. Teens and Twenties for young adults, 16 to 29 years of age, and help us to make it better for you.

Our address of Correspondence: The Editor, The Rising Stars, C/o The Daily Star, Rd#3, House#11, Dhanmondi R/A, Dhaka, Bangladesh. — Thank You — RS Editor

Part-II

For the Love of the Country

by Sadia R. Chowdhury

I woke up to the sound of the azaan. Why was I under the bed? What was going on? Slowly, yesterday's hellish experience came back to me. Amma and Abba went for their namaz.

I crawled out from under the bed and peered out the window. The fighting had stopped, but the destruction was evident. Everything was destroyed. The streets had huge craters in them. People were walking outside to assess the destruction. Houses were completely demolished. Luckily, our house was still in one piece. I remembered my request to Allah last night, and was glad that He came through.

Amma and Abba came back downstairs and were about to serve breakfast, when I heard a lot of banging at the door. Somebody was there.

"Farida, go get the door," shouted Kamal Bhai. "Hurry up, it might be someone who needs help." Farida, our eldest, ran to open the gate. There was a lot of screaming and shouting, so Abba went outside to see what was going on.

Since the screaming and shouting did not stop, the whole family went outside to see what was going on. I gasped when I saw twelve soldiers, clad in West Pakistani uniform, each holding a large machine gun. Along with the soldiers, was a major who was yelling in Urdu for all the males to line up in front of him. As far as I knew, the war yesterday was between India and Pakistan. "Oh, my God!" I thought. "He's going to make them join the army." I hid behind a tree and watched silently.

"Make a line, all males line up," shouted the major in Urdu.

Nobody moved; everything was silent.

"What's going on?" asked my father. "What do you want from us? We didn't do anything wrong."

The major pointed at the sky with his machine gun. "You didn't do anything wrong, you say. What's that black flag doing on the roof? You support the Joy Bangla campaign. That's when I realized that we were in the midst of a Civil War.

Sheikh Mujibur Rahman had told all Bengalis to hang black flags on their roofs. The black flags symbolized that the country was in mourning because the Pakistani government wasn't treating East Pakistan fairly. They wouldn't let us give political power to any Bengalis.

"The Sheikh truly was a wonderful man," I thought to myself. He encouraged the Bengalis to prepare for non-cooperative action, nobody would go to school, or to work, for that matter. The country would come to a standstill. I guess everybody was prepared for something to happen, but I never dreamed anything like this would.

"No, no. You don't under-

stand. I am Pakistani. I lived in Karachi, until a couple of years ago. I worked for the Pakistani Civil Service, I worked for the government. Of course I support the Pakistani government."

Amma ran inside. "What is she doing?" I wondered. She came out of the house with several pictures. I smiled and said, "My mother is a genius." Amma ran up to the leader and said, "You must believe him. Look, my husband held a high government position." She showed the major pictures of Abba with esteemed Pakistani delegates.



The major had a very confused look on his face. "So, are you Pakistani or Bengali?" he asked.

I walked toward him from the tree. "Pakistani, of course," I replied in Urdu. "Yes, look at my children," said Amma excitedly. "They were all born in Pakistan. Here, here are their birth certificates." My mother showed the evidence in his face.

After looking over the certificates he asked, "Then, why do you have a black flag over your roof?"

"Well, the black flag is not ours. Our landlord hung it up. We couldn't stop him," replied Amma cunningly.

"Well, I was told to kill all the Joy Bangla supporters," said the major with a baffled expression.

"Oh, no," I thought. "We couldn't have survived last night just to be killed today."

"However, since you are Pakistani, or at least you say, I'll give you a chance. I'm letting you go now. We all heaved a sigh of relief. "But, I'll be back at five o'clock. If you don't take off that black flag and hang up a Pakistani one, I won't just kill the males, I'll kill all of you." With that, he left, and we all returned to the house.

"So, what do we do now?" asked Tarek. Even though he was only fourteen, he had an aura of authority.

"First, turn on the radio and the television," commanded Abba. Kamal Bhai turned on the TV and flipped the channels. To no one's surprise, none of the channels were working. There were never any television shows during the morning. I went upstairs to get the radio. I returned downstairs and turned it on to the news station.

All the news was in Urdu. Luckily, I knew the language and was able to catch on to what was going on. However, the news didn't make me very happy. "What's going on? What are they saying?"

and every road leading out of any of the major cities. "They have captured Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and have probably taken him to West Pakistan."

"Thank goodness I switched to this station. They are giving out so much more information than the others," I said with a smile. Until now, my father hadn't spoken. He just sat in his chair absorbing the information. He stood up and stated, "We have to leave the city before four o'clock. Everybody, take a couple of sets of clothing and get ready to leave. Farida, get us a couple of shopping bags. We can't make it obvious that we are leaving the city if we take suitcases, we'll be giving ourselves away."

I went upstairs, along with the rest of my family. I took three simple outfits and stuffed them into one of the bags. I went downstairs and waited for everyone else.

"What about the gold and silver jewelry we have in the house? Would we ever come back? Would our house still be in tact? Why was all this happening?"

Tarek started to stream down my face. Was all of this really worth it? Then, I came back to my senses. Of course it was. Was anything as important as being able to speak one's own language freely? Are my selfish needs more important than having a government with equal representation? Of course not.

"Ready to go?" asked Kaya. "Yeah," I replied. I got up and went outside and saw that everyone was already there. Abba took out all the money we had at home and divided it equally between everybody. Amma came out with the jewelry and stuffed it in everybody's pockets. She put a necklace, earrings, and other objects on each of the children. Now, we were ready to go.

The Writer:

Sadia R. Chowdhury now living in the United States knew nothing about the Liberation War of Bangladesh. On her visit to Bangladesh last year she had the opportunity to go to the Sheikh Mujib's residence-turned-museum on Road no 32, Dhanmondi. The pictures and memorabilia in the museum had a tremendous impact on young Sadia then a 14th grade student at Stuyvesant High School, Manhattan, New York City. She felt so inspired that she learned from her mother the detailed story of Bangladesh Liberation War and decided to reconstruct the story in her own language and in her own special way — a work she submitted for her summer semester assignment to the school. Now a 14th grade student, she has received appreciation from her teachers for her excellent effort.

To be continued

Plant Trees: Tend Life

by Sweetie Hasan

TREES are the guardian angels of our only home in the universe — the earth. But it's a pity that we don't give enough thought on their well-being. There are thousands of species of plants scattered all over the world. These plants help us in countless ways. Trees, plants and shrubs are also a beautiful, decorative ornament for our earth.

Trees keep the air of our earth clean. Human, birds, animals and fishes — all take in oxygen which pioneered life from these green lives. The trees give out oxygen inhaling carbon dioxide which we and our machines exhale.

Apart from every living being only the plants take in carbon dioxide from the air and give out oxygen in return. For only a single person ten big bushy trees are required to produce the gallons of oxygen required by him for a single day. Trees keep the temperature of the environment wholesome and calm.

Trees help to keep the soil of the earth fertile. They are like pumps; they help to keep the underground water level at a desirable depth with the sub-soil. Trees also give us shade, flowers, timber which we use for various purposes and so on. Trees in the high lands like hills and mountains are like standing guards that protect the low land from avalanches, flashflood, soil erosion etc.

If the trees of the earth are destroyed, our home will be a barren, poisonous land where no living thing will be able to exist. The earth will completely become a burning hall. The air will become too poisonous for any living being to breathe. The whole world will become an endless desert with heated sands. The whole ecosystem of the earth will be destroyed and eventually every living thing will die. The earth will become an ocean of sands only.

There won't be any trees to protect us from the harmful rays of the sun. The water level of the ground will eventually drop to a level from where we won't be able to pump it up. Gradually the rivers will dry up and the soil will also become arid.

The picture of a treeless earth which we usually never ever think of will eventually take shape in front of our eyes. If we don't give enough attention to trees from this very moment, the earth will, in no time, be transfigured into an inferno.

Leatherbacks of Andamans



Leatherbacks

— Courtesy Anandamela

EVERY year, in between November and January, a very special breed of turtles migrate to the Andamans. During this brief period, these reptiles lay eggs on the sandy shore and once again return to the sea, back to their natural habitat. They have been coming back to the sandy and craggy beaches of Andamans for decades in order to lay eggs. These animals are an endangered species of reptiles, generally referred to as the "Leatherback Turtles".

The Leatherback Turtles are a very rare species because their natural habitat is slowly being destroyed as man though perhaps inadvertently, is hampering their lives very adversely. The Leatherbacks mainly come from the south Pacific Ocean, and the Indian Ocean, and they settle temporarily on the vast beaches of "Little" of Nicobar, Campbell Bay, Teresa Carnick and Kachal. There, they lay their eggs — sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty eggs at a time.

The turtles, having laid the eggs, return to the sea and within three months or so, the eggs hatch. The eggs are usually roundish and instead of a hard yet easily cracked shell, possess a rubbery skin, which owing to its elasticity keeps the egg intact.

The mother turtles are also very careful not to leave behind any signs of their presence. Yet only an average of five/six turtles hatch from the 150 or 50, eggs. It is very interesting to note that from the very moment these turtles are hatched they become self-sufficient. The hatchlings wade into the water looking for food. They initially subsist on jelly fish, water-plants and small fishes.

In a short span of two years, the leatherbacks are fully grown, whereas other species take up to ten long years. And a fully-grown leatherback turtle may grow up to an amazing length of 2.5 metres and may be weighing over three tonnes. Again these turtles retreat to the Andamans or the Nicobar Islands.

Researchers profess the South Bay, Ballet Bay, Esaurina Bay and Galita Bay are their most favourite breeding places. Usually the leatherback turtles perform the long ritual of laying eggs at night-time. On having completed laying the eggs the leatherbacks carefully camouflage the place.

Though they prefer the warm, tropical waters of the sea, leatherback turtles often roam around in the northern and extreme Southern waters of the Pacific Ocean. There, they often dive down to an appalling depth of 1200 metres under the sea in search of food. These parts of the Pacific abounds in jelly fishes — and planktons, their favourite food.

It is plausible that these reptiles chose the beaches of Andaman and Nicobar as they were mostly uninhabited and so the breeding could go on undisturbed. But even those places today are being turned into tourist attractions.

The presence and sometimes even intervention of human beings often disrupts the quiet breeding season, endangering the existence of these endangered species even further.

It is up to all of us, to try to bring back the natural conditions that prevailed earlier in such breeding places of the turtlebacks in the coastal regions and, help and contribute in the conservation of the leatherback turtles.

Translated by Adnan from Anandamela

The Case of the Missing Jewel

by Autri Eram Sajadeen

ONCE there lived a greedy King. He loved to collect jewels. He had his heart set on a particular beautiful glistening jewel that was in Queen's collection. One day the King went to the Queen and asked for some of the glistening jewels to add to his collection.

"Yes, you may have some glistening jewels," said the nice Queen.

When the Queen gave the King the glistening jewels he looked through them like a gold digger trying to find some gold.

"Your looking for the grand jewel aren't you?" said the Queen.

"Yes, I am," said the King. "You won't find them here," said the Queen.

The next day the Queen told all her Guards to guard the precious jewel. That night the King went into the Queen's guard room and dressed up as a guard. Then he went to guard the jewel. But right when all the Guards fell asleep, the King picked up the glass case, with the jewel in it and ran into his room. When he reached the room, he hid the jewel be-

hind a bookcase.

The next day the Queen was going to see if her jewel collection was all right. She found all the Guards sleeping on the floor. Then she turned, to see that the grand jewel was missing.

"The grand jewel is missing," said the Queen to the King.

"Oh, my G-d," said the King. "What shall we do?" asked the Queen.

"Why don't we give a reward to whoever finds it. Rewards always get people working," said the King.

"We should do that," said the Queen.

"OK then we should sent out all the men to tell the people that there will be a reward to whoever finds the grand jewel," said the King.

So the King and Queen told all their men to tell all the town's people about the jewel and the reward.

When the town's people heard that there is going to be a reward, they all joined in the search. The King was right.

was also going to be a reward to whoever finds it in the castle.

The King went into his room and took out the jewel from behind the bookcase, then he went of into the woods to hide it.

Soon the Queen found out that King was not in the castle.

"Where is the King?" said one of the Guards standing in front of the drawbridge.

"We must find him," said the Queen.

"Why?" asked the Guard. "Because I have to ask him if he saw or heard anything last night," said the Queen.

"Oh my, I just thought of something," said the Queen.

"What?" asked the Guard.

"I think that the King stole the jewel because yesterday he asked me for some jewels, so I gave him some. Right when he got them he looked through every single one and I asked him if he was looking for the grand jewel. He said yes. So if he was looking for the jewel he must have wanted it. If he wanted it he probably stole it," said the Queen.

So the Queen sent all her Guards to find the King. All

the Guards went off into the woods to find the King. Soon the Guards came upon a small pond. On the other side of the pond the Guards spotted something lurking behind the bushes. So the Guards ran after the lurking figure. The lurking figure tried to run away from the Guards, but the Guards were too fast. The Guards pounced on the lurking figure like a lion pouncing on its prey.

They tied him with with rope and brought the figure to the castle and presented it to the Queen. The figure had a mask on so they couldn't see his true face. The Queen told the Guards to take of the figure's mask. When the mask was off, everybody was surprised. The King was standing before the Queen with the grand jewel in his hand.

The jewel was taken away from the King's hand.

"Throw him into the dungeon!" said the Queen angrily. They Queen carefully put the jewel back in the collection.

The Queen and her jewel lived happily ever after.

The writer is a student of Grade IV, age: 9 of Chatterton School Merrick, New York