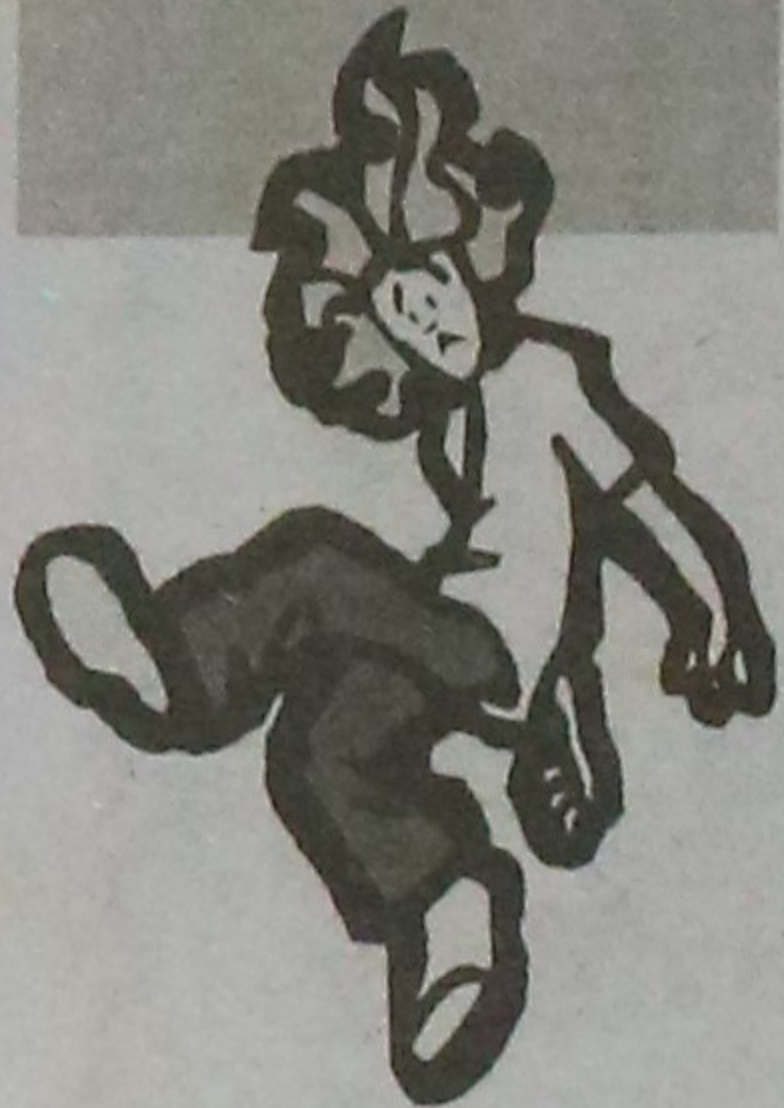


## Great Mistake



By Marphen SmurfÊÊÊÊ

Last year I was invited to a party. No! No! That is not the only party that I got invited to that year. This one has great significance, believe me. The person throwing the bash was a friend of mine, but she studied in a different college. Thanks to Mighty Allah for that. It was likely that both her and my friends were invited. Now I wish that it hadn't turned out that way. My gang and I decided to make a good impression of us. Where the heck do we get all these wacky ideas? Search me. Also our beloved host told us to come well dressed. Why couldn't we come in casual clothes? Well anyway, we decided to wear tuxedos. 007 was really on our minds and we decided to bond with the best. It was the night of the 'great' party. If I recall, it was the worst party that I have ever been to in my life. Don't to the next page now ... the good part is yet to come. I decided to get myself prepared ahead of time. I had put on lots of Chrome Azarro and even I moussed my hair. The bash was supposed to take place in my friend's house. I decided to enter the hall with my chest high and my feet barely touching the ground. The soundtrack of the James Bond on the back could have been better. I could hear the shouting and the music. But, when I entered everything stopped and the music went quiet. I saw the girls gasping and then everyone exploded into laughter. To my utter embarrassment, I realized my trousers fly was open. I am yet to live this incident down.

A man or a woman is recognized by his name; but then again many people share a name! Man is naturally creative but while christening their children, creativity slows down and repetitions of the names belonging to family, friends or even neighbours occur. There is another problem with names too; i.e. having long names, which carries the name of their father. These two problems might not be so troublesome to few people but I have some very ridiculous experiences of pronouncing names like 'BIRAMBANA.' Let me explain-

In my school in Dhaka there is a very naughty boy in our class named "Wahidul Bari." I always called him with the pronoun "Tui." Then one day I was shouting at him from a quite long distance saying, "Tui Ato Shoitani Korish Kano Bari?" which means, "Why do you do such naughty things in class?" (We use his real name Bari and not his nickname Tonmoy) Unfortunately our Islamiat teacher's name is Abdul Bari Molla. He was passing by when I cried at Bari. He recognized my face and obviously I had a BIG explanation to make, in my Islamiat class.

Now let me take you to the "international level". I was reading in Scotland in a school when the following happened. I had a friend whose

## NAME IS THE GAME



By Adnan Firoze

name was "Tina Whitney." One day at lunchtime (in that school we had a special room to eat lunch) I was in the playground and was calling out her name "Whitney! Whitney!" But her real name was Tina and there were many Whitneys in that school. For your information Scottish people are very polite and if you call them they are sure to reply. Right after that all the girls named Whitney came rushing to me: but what was worse was that my big cousin was standing nearby and when he saw so many girls surrounding me, it was soon reported to my mother and then... (Now I am in Bangladesh)

That was quite a long time ago but this incident just happened yesterday. You must know "Monzur Morshed", he writes about computer stuff regularly

in Rising Stars, he is my classmate too. If you don't know him then just turn to Centerfold of Rising Stars and you will see his articles. However his real name is "Monzur Morshed Patwary". We always call him Patwary or John at school. Yesterday I phoned him. His father received the phone first. I said, "May I speak to Patwary please?" Unfortunately his reply was "Patwary Speaking." Then I found out my mistake and apologized.

So, if this carries on, one day I may be in great trouble. So, my message to everyone out there is "Never keep a name of your child, which already belongs to others. Hatch some new ideas and use new vocabulary. My advice in this regard is to read Md. Zafar Iqbal's science fictions, which contain an array of new names.

## "THE HAUNTED HOUSE"

By Syed Shareq Rashid

(This family lived in a beautiful house in London before some strange happenings forced them to move.)

It was a lovely, starry night. The Joanna children went to bed early as they were to rise early next morning to go to school. Wilma went to sleep as soon as she was on the bed because she was very tired. In her sleep she heard a strange noise that sounded like a metal chain being dragged around. She tried to shake it away, but then she realised it was not a nightmare, it was real. Her eyes opened wide and she tried to where the noise was coming from in the dark room. She saw no one in the room, but a strange movement in the skylight caught her eyes. She saw a finger-like shadow and she was so scared that she closed her eyes tight, said her prayers and slowly drifted away to sleep. Next morning, she went to the roof to check the skylight and noticed that a large branch from a tree was moving gently. She realised that it had been tapping loudly because of the wind last night. She consoled herself. Satisfied with her discoveries, she slept peacefully for the next few nights, then again one night she was awakened from her sleep by a strange noise a soft moaning of a child. This really scared her. She lay very still and tried to see in the darkness of the room. Oh, yes! She could see the vague shadow of a small girl moving about in the room. There could not possibly be another child in the house besides Kate, her sister who was fast asleep. She started praying loudly and again closed her eyes tightly and dropped off to sleep. Next day she told her about the experience. Mr. and Mrs. Joanna assured her that it was a nightmare.

One evening, Granny and one her friends were sitting besides the fireplace, drinking tea and knitting away, when suddenly a large piece of raw, wet meat fell on the fire and therefore the fire went out! On closer inspection it seemed to be something wet and sticky on the wood. But no sign of the meat was to be found. This incident had Granny wondering about her granddaughter's nightmares.

Soon after this, a strange incident happened. It was a dark stormy night and the family had just finished their supper. Granny took Kate to wash up, but they both returned quickly. Wilma saw that Mrs. Joanna was visibly shaking. Upon asking, she said that there was definitely something wrong with the house because she had seen a girl's shadow moaning away in the children's bedroom too. Next day, Mr. and Mrs. Joanna made separate inquiries and then decided to pack and leave the house.

(The Joanna family went to live in their insurance house in the other part of town and did not have any problems there.)

It seems that this house has remained vacant for years because everyone knew that it was haunted. The story goes like this — many, many years ago, a very happy English family lived in that house. One day their little daughter was thrown off the swing, which broke her neck and she died instantly. The grieving parents couldn't bear to live in that house anymore. Ever since, the poor child's "lost soul" has been crying and moaning for her parents all over the house.

## Under the Roof of Nature



By RAZEEN IBNE WAHID

The sun had set and an incessant flow of cool breeze was flowing through. My hair was disorganized by the strong breeze. Although a lot of people don't like sea cruising I started to find pleasure in it. The notion of being close with nature has always attracted me.

Big waves were beating against our boat. The boat was rolling like a roller coaster but I still liked it. Where can anyone find an intermittent flow of pure cool breeze in this dirty polluted world? The sea made me feel wise and once I had a wish to call everybody and invite the citizens of this world to come with me and share this indescribable creation of nature. During that journey I discovered the reason behind the wise behavior of people who live near the coasts. With such a vivid sky above and a sea below nobody can actually be jealous or angry. I realized that the sea and sky are the two most attractive creations of nature.

I had selected the best time for the cruise. It was winter, at day the heat did not bother us and the flow of cool breeze made it comfortable. At night it was like a dreamland. The cool breeze was much cooler at night and the fog and the full moon light made it mysterious and gloomy. There was no doubt about the fact that it was a dreamland.

There are many people who like food and I am one of them. That journey introduced me with a new variety of foods. I first experienced the shark on that cruise. It was like chicken and the tuna curry, and was simply delicious. The huge crabs cooked with onions and coconut was a new item. I tasted Cuttle-Fish for the first time and I loved it.

During the cruise I spent most of my time fishing or lying down on the deck where cold waves of the winter fell over me. Sunbathing under the mild winter sun was a new experience. Everyday I witnessed the sun setting. What a poetic view it was.

Most people say that they fell lonely on sea cruising but if you take nature as your best friend then nobody can be lonely.

## Thoughts and Questions

By Saair

About the incident where a female was assaulted at the TSC premises on the last night of the last year there have been several talks, fights, debates; I don't wish to go through them. But I do want to state a few things that some of my girlfriends and me have been through due to this incidence.

The first day when the news was published the initial reaction of many of our parents were like this: "what sort of parents does that 'girl' have who would allow their daughter to have fun in the dark hours of the night during the holy month of Ramadan. Isn't the girl a Muslim this generation doesn't give a thought for religion but doesn't she belong to a Muslim family" etc. etc. were remarks made by different parents; plus minus few phrases the reaction was the same.

My question (and I bet many of you might have the same question) was that girl the only one responsible for keeping up the prestige of Islam the males who did the crime, aren't they supposed to abide by the Muslim rules too? And what about those Photographers? They had the time and courage to get snaps of the miscreants and also the unfortunate girl almost nude but didn't they have that courage to save her before she was stripped? Or is it that for the sake of their profession they stick to taking proof only!

It's has always been said that we girls are the ones who are responsible for our disgrace. Is it so? Who ever heard of a girl

teasing a boy for having good masculine figure or for wearing button less shirts similar to a girl's low cut dress! Boys like the very idea of girls wearing sarees. Some of my friends who are boys says that our (girls i.e.) actual beauty is amplified when we are clad in sarees. A very meek girl of our group then quipped in "why, because it can be stripped off easily?" This is many of our girls' attitudes towards the male community nowadays. We can't or better say we "dread" to believe our classmates. But actually and sensibly thinking is this fright baseless or am I being too pessimist?

It doesn't a matter how much care or respect we show for them or how much they show towards us the ancient theme of male dominating over female still haunts the girls of our generation. Recently a friend of mine broke off with her boyfriend for some logical reasons. He can't accept her decision and is trying his best to woo her back. She calmly and quietly tried to make him understand but he simply can't do without her. Well he has a point there, but the girl's view is she doesn't have the same feeling towards him and for the last few months she felt that he didn't quite care for her. Because of her stubborn decision many of their common friends are not in good terms with her, they are comforting him and in the mean time making things more miserable for the girl. A similar situation took place a few months back except then the boy dumped the girl (another boy and another girl) and believe me-

without showing any reason! And then also everyone kept near the boy, soothing his broken heart!

I just don't get it- why do boys always get the upper hand in family, in the streets and yes in the law too? Do you know that a wife can divorce her husband only if he is impotent or if he is absconding without any communication for at least 3 years? But a husband can divorce a wife by simply stating "I don't like her. And after all, why drag in law books the recent example is good enough. If you have the photographs of some empty headed roughs assaulting a young female and you catch them then why do you put them on remand? Just identify them properly, take them to a modern clinic or hospital and castrate them. Simply castrating these male culprits is quite enough to lower or even stop the growing incidence of rape, sexual assault and abuse. In the books, these rapists or abusers are all mentally ill but taking the recent picture of our society does the printed words make any sense? We are not safe even in our own homes. Shazneen dies with a party going on, Rima, Mummy they are killed by their husbands, they were not making fun or having "Furti" with "Por Purushes" outside their residences!

I regularly go to the TSC for several course in-group organizations. After the millennium incident there's a ban on my going to TSC, which has been issued by my parents. I have every right to fight this ban but should I dare?