

Rising Stars

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(To get deep inside the article the readers must have good knowledge of Hindi. Incase you don't, get someone who does.)

Ms Moina, popularly known as Ms Rongila is the perfect example of the so-called *mast mast cheeze* of any vicinity. At the age of 16 she has been able to make the guys of her locality go crazy about her. From eyes like a cow (!), a nose like a flute, lips like rose petals, cheeks like fresh ripe cherries, *dighol kalo* hair, you name it and she has it all in store. But it's just that if you want to see her with all these uniqueness altogether, you will have to inform her a day before. Because she has to go through the phase of *Rong mekhe Shong Shaja!* Her unbeaten splendor has been able to successfully attract the Mokles, Kuddus, Jamal, Kamal and Yusufs of the locality. Their constant jollity, whenever she is seen out of her house or at the balcony or at the window,

00000! Baby I love your way! Everyday!

By Nazia hussein and Wara Karim

proves it all.

Well, you've already heard about the sister now let's introduce you to the other sibling, the brother, Mridul, who's popularly known as *modon* in their neighborhood. Now, *modon* Mridul is one of those *shanta shishtholej bishishtho* brothers that most girls will look forward to have. But of course not always!

Well, Mriduls are good because they don't pester their younger sisters and don't complain to Ma when their sisters flirt with the next-door *mastaan*. They don't scold, scream or put the house on fire because you dated his *jonmer shotru* yesterday. Mridul type boys will lend you money in need, let you have the remote control while watching TV, will bring you your favorite CD from the store, refuse to take another piece of chicken and the result is, it ultimately comes to your plate etc, etc.

But Mriduls are not always desirable. Say, if Mithu of the next block irritates you on the 30th and 31st days of the month and there's nothing your big brother can do, who wants a brother? Our Mridul is of that sort. He sleeps on books, eats books, smiles books (!), cries over books, loves books and drinks only Coca-Cola. He doesn't protest about Mithu type machos and rather advises his sister to stay at home. Spare us, nobody wants a brother like Mridul. He is called *chamchika* by the next door Sadia, *chengra* by Ila of the fifth floor, *bolod* by his cousin Esha. Can you think of any other character with so many, sweet and cute pet names. Nobody possesses them but our one and only Mridul.

Words like Adam-teasing, harassing and badgering still exist because guys like Mridul

still exist among us. *Haba goba, sath chore ra nail*-type Mriduls still provide entertainment to their female neighbors. Sadia loves Mridul; (not literally) because he's the greatest source of amusement whenever she's around. Whenever the bookworm is caught savoring and reading or studying another piece of trash, Sadia pulls her sound system in front of the window and plays *Livin la vida local* Even a saint would lose his temper and Mridul is only a *chamchika*. Mridul can't remember a day he spent without being annoyed by Sadia.

She throws him notes and *chirkuts* when he sleeps! Mridul starts his day with notes like, "Mridul, you are very cuette!" or "Kuch kuch hota hai Mridul tum nehi samjhoge."

The fun hasn't stopped for Sadia only now, Ila is here. When Ila first moved to their building, her sweet, smart appearance and deep brown eyes immediately invited a *dosh number moha bipod shonket* in Mridul's life. He started fantasizing about Ila: the most beautiful, most attractive and the most naive girl around! But those dreams did not last for long. Sadia made Ila her friend in a matter of few hours and Mridul's pursuit for his first love was shattered.

As days passed by, Mridul discovered Ila

as a faziler fazil. She whistles when Mridul climbs the stairs. She once put a rubber imitation of a Black widow in the place, where Mridul reads books in the afternoon. Mridul narrowly survived that journey. He has quite a weak heart! Ila winks at Mridul more time in one day and scared his heart out with a toy dagger! Ila is a lot worse than Sadia. Sadia is tolerable but Ila is a definite *oshojhjh*. Mridul never protested, *abe yaar*, he doesn't dare say! Now come to Esha. Esha is a nightmare come true for Mridul. Mridul often wonders if he could ever attend a family gathering without some sort of embarrassment. In most parties, Esha rushes towards him with a glass full of *ai mon chal je more* (Pepsi) and hits him like an anti-ballistic missile, pouring the Pepsi on his pants and if that's not possible on his shoes for sure. Mridul tolerates everything. He often thinks of running out of the house and live like Tarzan but then there is the fear that a Jane might show up and spoil his life forever. Oof! Bechara Mridul! The Sister on the other hand is a little more out going (if you know what I mean!). But don't get the idea that Ms Rongila (Moina that is) is the so called *that type* of a girl! She herself is quite decent. Moreover she hardly goes out! Only for the coaching classes, which take place 7 days a week, 30 days a month and 365 days a year (only!).

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Brishti is the only daughter of a rich industrialist. She is ravishingly pretty, has loads of friends and hordes of admirers. She is a very good student, and her hobbies include learning classical music and dance. She also paints when she gets time. Playing squash has contributed much to her beautiful, voluptuous figure.

Enter our hero: Raju. He is the eldest son of a simple, honest government worker. At present his father is retired and his mother is ill with old-age complications. He has to take care of his two younger sisters and old parents. Raju stood first class first in Engineering in Masters. Yet he does not have a job. ("You have to have a mama or chacha in high position to get a job," he cries and tells his sister) Anyway frustrated and disappointed Raju goes and takes the job of a driver in a rich businessman's house. The businessman is none other than Brishti's father. As Raju drives Brishti to her university, dance classes, and squash court, Raju falls prey to her lively character and her charms. But Brishti does not give any more attention to Raju than she gives to her buya.

In Brishti's father's office there is a young manager Asif ambitious and virile. He has just graduated in Economics from Harvard. (He can't even pronounce the words "Economics" and "Harvard" properly.) When he sees his boss's daughter he goes like "Man, I gotta have this girl!" One wonders why, after all the American chicks he must be acquainted with, Asif falls head over heels in love with Brishti's ghastly beauty.

It is the annual picnic day arranged by Brishti's father for all his office employees. Of course our hero Raju is there to drive Brishti's family to the picnic spot. This is where the geometry of the love triangle and the chemistry between the hero and the heroine starts. After lunch Brishti has the good idea of playing *antakshari*. A piano appears all of a sudden in the field and Brishti starts playing it. As she sings in her sweet melodious voice, her fingers move and jump this way and that way over the piano keys, as if her hands had actually had training in classical dance instead of herself. At the end of her song Asif is even more impressed with Brishti. But nobody can come up with a song with the required letter. Raju politely asks permission to sing and his clear voice captivates all who are present. Brishti is spellbound. She sits staring at Raju as he distinctly looks at her and walks all around her. But nobody understands that Raju is giving Brishti "the eye". Raju ends his song among applauses and praises.

That night Brishti cannot sleep. Her mind goes back to Raju's magical voice. From the next day she behaves well with him. She gets to know about his first class first result and his family. Some days later, while Brishti is coming out of her dance class, some gundas stop her and make rude remarks. Around that time, Raju comes along with the

car. He beats the hell out of the gundas single-handedly (AAABHISUAH, TISHUM, TISHUM!) and symbolically returns Brishti's dupatta. Brishti is swept off her feet, absolutely smitten by Raju's bravery. She takes him to a quiet park and expresses her love for him. Raju is surprised, but nevertheless in seventh heaven.

In the meantime Brishti's father talks to Asif about whether he would like Brishti as a wife. Asif is more than happy. He dreams about Brishti day in and day out. One day he coincidentally finds out about Raju and Brishti's affair. Asif is outraged and goes and tells Brishti's father. Brishti's father will never accept a relationship with such a "chotolok", so he hires some thugs to finish off Raju. While a fierce fight is going on, Asif is sitting at home and thinking sensibly "Brishti will never be happy with me. If my love for her is true, I should be happy if she's happy." So he quickly reaches the place where Raju is throwing his arms and legs about and almost winning against the thugs. While Raju runs to embrace his lady-love, one of the thugs gets hold of a gun and shoots. Just then Asif jumps and comes between the bullet and Raju. As Brishti and Raju sit beside Asif who is lying on the floor blood all around him, he gives a half hour speech about how "true love will win all obstacles and blah blah blah."

The story sounds oddly familiar? Duh! It's the story line of countless Bangla and Hindi movies with little variations here and there. What's the use of giving them different names? Why not just call them "Trimatric Prem" or "Love Triangle." Come to think of it, it is kind of tragic when it happens in real life and you are the third point of the triangle, the one having to sacrifice. We meet these situations so often in MTV Loveline and Write to Mita. For a change, maybe The MTV VJ's will appreciate some other story, some other problem.

