

Rising Stars



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Memories- A treasure that we all relish throughout our whole existence as human beings! Not that it always gives us pleasure but setting aside the unrewarding ones, we tend to look back into our sweet memories. It provides us pleasure, gives us the courage to move ahead and...well thousand one reasons to whine about the present state of affairs. It can be boldly stated without an iota of doubt that despite the numerous wonderful experiences that we eventually endure in our lifetime, the recollections that capture the biggest chunk of our gray matter is that of our childhood. Not all babyhoods are alike and for many it is a period of great torment and appalling reminiscences but there are instants, without a single exception, that is unique to one's infancy and that is what makes our recollections of those early days so cherishable and divine.

Our young inquisitive brains lived in the "world of fantasy" back then where Superman and Spiderman were not any fictional characters but real life heroes. That world was truly our very own and its adventures exclusively ours to savor. But as we grow older, time takes its toll and our perception of life changes eventually. Forgetting all the innocent fun times we used to have, we become so lost in petty earthly matters that somehow we lose our silver key to the golden treasure chest of that world full of whim. It is through our memories that we go back to those wonder years, fulfilling what the struggles of life prevent us from achieving.

I can do anything just to have an opportunity to live life the way I did in those early years. It was loads of fun. No errands to run, low expectations from parents to live up to, peer pressure near about non-existent and matters of the amorous nature...completely unheard of! Those were the days when we had room to move around. There were playgrounds for us to play on; the streets were safe enough that we kids could walk on it freely, people were nicer, and school-life was much easier.

I still remember the vast open space that we had right in front of our house. My friend, a solitary cow and me- we were the kings of that kingdom I tell you. Unbelievable it may sound, but there was a whole cycling culture. Those days were the golden days, gone amidst the wave of rapid urbanization and raising skyscrapers.

By nature, we human beings try to follow people who seem different and unique. Most of us as kids grew up in a BTV culture and our idols were the likes of the brilliant McGyver or the valiant fighter for justice, Streethawk. Too bad children of these days idolize the khans of Bollywood! Despite being ardent fan of those shows, myself or any of my cousins never idolized the heroes...instead it was our grandfather who had the cult following! Just like 'Tarini Khuru' of Shantayajit Roy, Mohsin Nana (or Mosen Nana, as we kids called him) led a life of a bachelor with



many stories to tell. True or false we didn't know or cared, but it was certainly chilling and truly bone shattering thrill.

Early morning we all used to gather around his tiny room, ghastly cramped with books, and put forward our demands of the day. Nana, the tiny, little man would sit on his favourite armchair, his figure barely visible amongst the backdrop of the enormity of the chair and smiled, eagerly noting all the demands of his grandchildren. It wasn't till late evening before we could be rest assured whether our demands were met or not. Obviously our petitions were not for Hallmark goodies or expensive chocolates; we led a much simpler life back then. We usually asked for whistles, maybe a tad bit expensive flute in the month of Baishak. Being the no-work-a-holic that our grandpa was and still is till this day, he hardly had enough money to fulfill our demands. But hey like we cared! We had our pleas and we wanted it fulfilled. His return with a brown packet in his hand would mean 'Eid' for us. No packets would result in a world of despair.

The memory of the day when I had my first lesson on hard-core-economics is still fresh in my minds as if it was just yesterday. In those days, *feriwala's* were far too common than today and had loads of goodies to offer. The thing that had attracted most of our attention was undoubtedly the coin-shaped lollipops. Unlike today, coins of the eighties had much more variety...in terms of shapes at least. Ingenious *feriwala's* had lollipops shaped out like coins and they came in multiple of colours. The interesting fact was that the prices of the sweets were made



By the lizard king

according to the shapes of the coins!

Today going through my final teen days, I look back into the days- the wonder years of my life. And it makes me wonder, were those truly the wonder years? Or is it just our nature to be nostalgic that's keeps on taking us back to our past. Did that golden age really exist or is it just a creation of our mind?

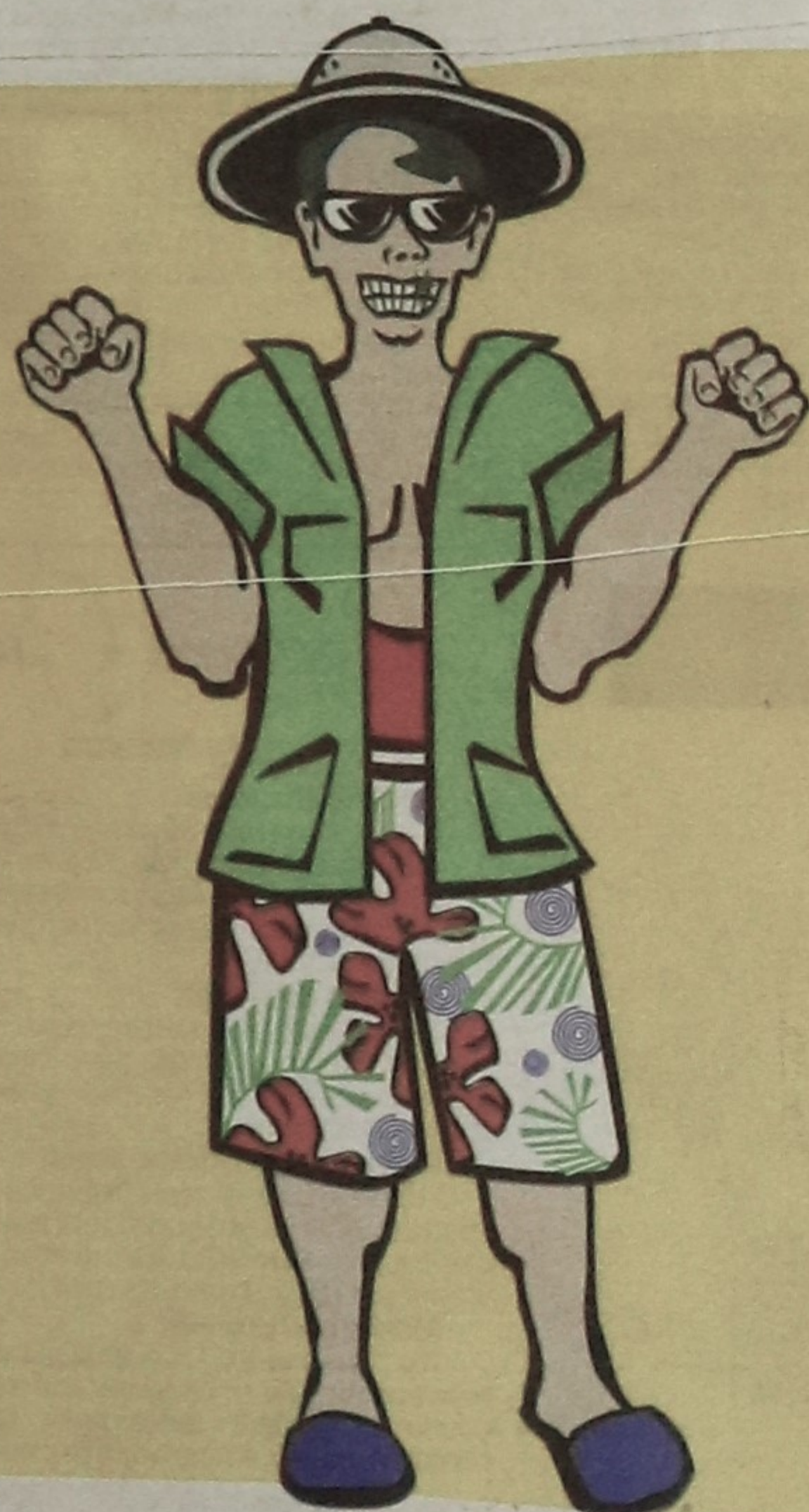
I have a six-year-old cousin sister...an adorable little imp. Possibly due to the fact that I am yet to grow up according to my age, I am her 'best-est' pal and she is the world to me. Whenever I go to my uncle's place she jumps in joy and taking a gasp of air, narrates all that has happened to her since the time we last met- what new presents she has got, how the 'bad-boys' in school treat her, how cruel her parents had been to her for the last few days so on and so forth.

We spend a lot of time together but the thing she enjoys most is our frequent journeys to the nearest departmental store. Maybe it's the feeling of just being free from the confines of their apartment or the shoulder-ride that she gets without a miss; maybe it's the freedom to choose whatever brand of chocolate that there is to offer- bottom line she LOVES it. The moment when her little eyes literally lit up in ecstasy as I hand over her favourite thing in the world, "Chupa-Chups lollipop with a free tattoo" deserves to be pickled and preserved. And I bet it is. In her tiny six-year-old mind, all these incidents are being meticulously recorded possibly for some future reminiscence and memoirs or simply for a solitary smile over a cup of coffee!

"summer trend"



By Mehreen and Najat



Hiya peeps! Having fun in the sun? Well, should be, because summer happens to be the best seasons of the year! How would you like to be virtuoso at fashion this season, and resuscitate your wardrobe? Well, here's a bit of info on what's in and what's out THIS summer for all you fashion tyros and divas out there!

In Vogue: For gals

Fashion is all about expressing yourself, so just wear your attitude this season! No make-up is what's in. Just a bit of gloss on your lips, and eye-liner. And of course, don't forget to cleanse your skin. The last thing you need is to look like an oily "frying pan" in this heat! No matte lipstick! Matte lipsticks are totally out of fashion. Brown and maroon lipsticks are major "fashion police" red alerts. Mocha and baby pink are THE colours. Too long hairs and that too left untied gives you an unkempt look...not an endurable sight in the heat! A short hip haircut or if you have long hair, just tie it up tight, either in a pony tail or a neat braid. And incase of parties, then the hair Mascaras in electric blue or silver are in, and there are also varieties of glittered hair clips to ornate your hair. Even the "wet & wild" look is STUNNING! All that you have to do is slightly moisten your hair with water, and then take some hair gel and comb your hair with it. The wet look will undoubtedly give you a drop-dead sleek look, BUT dare to do this ONLY if you wouldn't mind being hovered by or followed by a bunch of perverts (!) at the of the party.

The old Jeans never goes out of fashion, but this season, jeans is in with its "not-so" authentic look. Jeans tops and pants with a bit of embroidery work done on it are very modish! "Cap-sleeved", sleeveless, and spaghetti strap T-shirts in subtle colours of baby pink and blue,

mauve, beige and white are what's in this summer, followed by cargo pants and baggies. For those who don't want a trite look, try peddlers or "capris" (three-quarter length pants) and convertible "dungarees"...you'll definitely stand out in the crowd!

Nail art (wearing a light shaded nail polish and painting designs with a darker shade, or vice versa), anklets, bead jewelry, and floaters... (NOT high-block heeled shoes) will set you apart from the rest! And of course, a dab of some light smelling refreshing sporty perfume: Davidoff's Cool Waters, Polo Sport, Clinique Happy, Issey Miyake and the latest—Benetton Sport completes your whole get up! Because no matter where you go, having no body odor is not what should be your level of satisfaction, but smelling good, and leaving a lingering impression is what should be your attitude!

So what are you waiting for, just get out there and get wicked...there's a whole world waiting for you to explore!

PS. Drink lots of water, and lemonade...you don't just want look good and end up in dehydration, do you?

In Vogue: For guys

For all you cool dudes out there, those who prefer the "not-so-dressed-up" look, just stick to looking casual. There are a wide variety of Sports wear to choose from (namely, Nike, Adidas, Umbro, and Reebok) and then again, there are the cool cargo pants, khakis and baggy jeans. And of course, floaters (taped sandals) to go with them. Boot-legged pants, bell-bottoms, and skin tight jeans are TOTALLY out of fashion, and are MAJOR Repellers...you wouldn't want to be caught dead in any of those! Hawaii shirts and Dragon printed shirts are TOTALLY in! They totally set you free.

And for those who like to look formal, well, trousers and men's shirts are roundabout the only choices you have, although you do have a choice of chinese-collared shirts and half-sleeves. Since it's too hot now, any colour too shocking to the eye is an absolute "no-no". Hence, colours like red, maroon and total black get-ups are a major fashion police red alert!

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