

# Destined to be together?

**L**AST year when Beyonce went all Dangerously in Love, many predicted the end of Destiny's Child, one of the best-selling girl groups in pop history. To prove the skeptics wrong, the trio are back with "Destiny Fulfilled," their first album in three years with which they expect to return to where they've always belonged: at the top of the charts. The striking difference in this album is the girl's maturity - the old innocent voices have disappeared, perhaps forever, but one which will hopefully give their songs an even deeper meaning.

All three have individually had their own share of success. Why then, release another Destiny's Child album? "Well, why not?" retorts Beyonce. "I mean, Destiny's Child has sold millions of records, had so much success, and it goes far beyond the success we had as a group, we're friends. And we made a commitment to each other. We made a commitment to our fans. And we were all looking forward to it." Since their 1997 debut, the girls never looked back, bombarding the charts with numerous hits from "Say My Name" to "Independent Women (Part II)" to "Bootylicious."

The journey, however, hasn't been smooth. They started out as a foursome, then endured well-publicized replacements that reduced



them to a trio. Beyonce's success certainly changed the way things are done. She is no longer the focus of attention: she's rarely photographed now in the middle, like the old days. But more importantly they are still friends and awfully close a point they've repeatedly made. "Plus, it ain't about who's in the middle, it's about whose outfit is coordinated," quips Williams.

"Now, they're so much more comfortable, and they're not afraid to hum the melody that's

in their head, or say the lyrics or whatever is coming in their head, which before they were way more shy about it," says Beyonce about her mates, beaming like a mother hen. "They've just blossomed. It's almost like different people. It took us kind of being away from each other and having to really focus on ourselves individually to grow."

Although a spring tour is in the works, Rowland is planning a March wedding to Dallas Cowboys star Roy Williams; Beyonce is planning another feature film; and Williams has a third gospel album due out around Christmas. The trio hints that this may be their last album for a while: "We all have personal things that we want to do ... things that we want to do individually. I think after this record we're going to take some time to try and figure out what we're going to do."

However, they make it clear that even if the group doesn't record another record, it won't be the end of the road. "I think as far as Destiny's Child, our main focus is for us to maintain our friendship. And if in three years, five years, ten years, whenever we decide we want to do another Destiny's Child record, then we'll do it," says Beyonce. "We just want to eventually have kids that play together."

compiled by the Hitch-hiker

# Tête-à-tête

Thought of the week:  
"Anyone without a sense of humor is at the mercy of everyone else"  
-- William Rotsler  
Hello, hello...



Hope everyone had a fantabulous Eid. Thanks to all those who took the time to send in greetings; you know you make my day.

The GCE exams should be over by now. Hope it went well for everyone. A bit of advice from an old-timer: good or not, it's done and over with, so don't stress over it. Give yourselves a big treat because you know you deserve it, and then look ahead to the next step, whether that involves the A levels, or SAT's, or picking a college, whatever. I know I'm looking forward to a happening semester, with new courses, new teachers, new theories to explore.

Right. I hope you remember our mega New Year double issue, and the stupid inventions we featured in it, which includes the Cow-powered car with the moo-horn and the shoo-horn. Well, RS is looking for more stupid ideas for wild and wacky inventions. So all you wannabe Dexters out there, get your grey cells rocking and your funny bones knocking (okay, that sounded so lame). Think of the weirdest inventions you can possibly concoct, no holds-barred, and send them to us at theconnection123@hotmail.com. The best 10 inventions get featured in a special issue of RS.

Last year, we had a couple of dramatic debates over Rap vs. Rock/Metal/Alternative music, which resulted in more coverage of local bands. This was followed by an equally heated discussion about anime, which led to our very own anime forum, which is steadily gaining membership. What do you folks want to discuss this year? Drop me a line with your ideas!

Well, I'm off now. Till our next tête-à-tête, take care of yourselves!

Send your polls, opinions, and queries to thegirlnextdoor1@hotmail.com or teteatete\_tgnd@yahoo.com

By The Girl Next Door

# The daily sun

A Beautiful Rich woman looking for eligible husband.

Must be education.  
Must be tall dark and handsome, if possible legsome.

Must be talk in English. Other language also welcome.

Must be very 'fit-fat.'  
Must have salary of Tk. 25000 and more.  
Interested party please contact:  
Morjina Idriss  
C/O Tokkamel Hasan Idriss  
House 99 Road 69 Block M  
Gulshan, Dhaka.

(Similar advertisement appears in 'Prothom Adhar', only in Bangla.)

Hello,  
Madam, I don't really know how to put this but I saw your advertise for "upojkto patro" or "eligible husband" in both 'The Daily Sun' and 'Prothom Adhar' and I thought that I knew that moment that you are the one for me. We are a match made in heaven. Allah r Kosom. When I see you advertise, my mind go blank and I see the stars. I know the choice is right. Now I must know your name and more about you my dear love.

I have seen your requirement for 'patro' and I fit like a glove. I have more than sixteen year education and best is I have them all in primary level. I have studied SSC for sixteen years and I am very much expert in it. My younger batch call me 'Pondit.' But that is okay. I have given exam many many times and if I am not 'pondit' than who is?

I am also very much handsome and tall and dark. My friends call me 'kala Mokles' at times. Also I am very 'fit-fat'. Some also call me 'Mota Mokles.'

Sadly, my love, I don't have up of 25000 salary. Actually I have no salary at the moment but my love if you give yourself to me I will work day in and day out and promise to make your life like a flower.

Please reply soon.  
Forever Yours  
Mokles.

My dear Mokles,  
Within one night you have become the love of my life. I have fought so much for you. I have cried many many tears, enough for a river. And finally I have been given permission to reply this letter. I know you will be waiting beside the window of your house.

My father is very strict. He stopped me from writing to you saying that you are bad influence and not enough social status to marry me. I said nothing but tears say everything. Father cannot



be strict with his Morjina after so much tears. I am only daughter of Father. He cannot be angry. So he ask me why.

I tell him that man who know I am his love without seeing me is very very pure in his love. It is the best love the only love. You are the only 'patro' for me. I am missing you already love.

Please write soon. Better even if you call. 012-345678 my personal mobile. Tell me before calling or father might pick.

Yours Forever  
Morjina.  
My Love,

How 'shotto' your words are. I have no window in my home. I live in a mess with many other people but I know when I have you, I will have house. I love you so much I cannot say in letter. I don't want to say anything more. What if someone catch letter? I will call today at 10:39 pm. Please get the phone.

Your love  
Mokles.

(a flowing phone conversation issues that very night with the protagonists of our tale caught in throes of love in a manner that only lovers can emulate)

Morjina,  
I cannot tell in letter or even in speak how fine our phone talk was. Now we both know that we are the one for each other. If you father not grant his permission than we can elope. Elope

means to run away together and get married. Lets go please. I cannot make this any longer. Its already seven days and I am dying.

Your one love  
Mokles.  
My Mokles,

I have big big fight with my Papa today. I have left the house and live in our second apartment. Papa don't know but he sent food and money for me. He say that you are no good and that you don't have money. I say with love what does money matter. And if you and I married than Papa can always give us some money. He has much. I think we should meet. Please come to my apartment. I am free. No one else here. Call me.

Your wonderful  
Morjina.  
Morjina,

I think also we must meet. Very soon. Give me your address. I give come on Sunday at 8 pm at night. Be home.

Mokles.  
My love,

Listen. I have appointment with my beautician for fresh up on Sunday. But please come. I will leave key under doormat. SHHH! Tell noone. Come in and make at home yourself. I will cook special food. You eat that and watch Sony TV or listen to Sony Stereo. I will be back by 9pm and we can see each other for first time.

Your Morjina.  
Monday:  
My Love,

What has happened to me? Thank God you did not come. Maybe because of rain yes? I must tell you what happen. You are only one who can help.

My whole house got robbed. The thieves took everything. My Sony Stereo, TV and DVD. Also they took all my money and diamonds. I am crying first but then I think that lucky my Mokles was not here. Or else they could have hurt him. Now I am happy. We must meet again.

Morjina (Your love)  
Mokleeeeeeeeee,

Where are you? What has happened to you? Why don't you reply? It has been three weeks now. I am only eating and sleeping and dreaming of my Mokles. Why don't you reply? I miss you so much.

Morjina.  
That's all folks. Now anyone with half a brain should figure out what happens in this story. If you haven't, then ponder well.

Moral: None whatsoever. This isn't your Aesops Fables.

By Zulquar

# Battle against my will'

Travelling deep down the river  
Bare footed without thought  
Lamenting every moment as a griever  
I now seek what long ago should have been sought.

I look all around  
No one to accompany me on ground  
Never thought I would be alive  
And so luckily survive  
Through the catastrophe

But now, it seems after deserting home  
I am struggling through an impasse  
Without imagining my aimless roam.  
This disaster was not that of nature  
Yet of my incomplete life

Easily shattering hopes of my future  
But I must carry on, it's a strife.  
My family I lost contact

And each moment was now a torment  
I was immature to show an act  
That now betrayed my sentiment.  
The sunshine enriches me  
Being so brilliant and bright  
Giving me the might

I need now to revitalize  
Becoming stronger and gaining hope  
I have my mental barriers

That electrocute me with traumatic carriers  
Of winning independence  
And returning back to my senses!

By Farah Laika Islam