

HOROSCOPE

**ARIES**
(MAR. 21-APRIL 20)

Joining organisations will provide you with stimulating romantic contacts. Don't be afraid to make additions to your house. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.

**TAURUS**
(APR. 21-MAY 21)

Having your own business is a good idea. Try not to overreact. Your solutions will greatly benefit your workplace. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.

**GEMINI**
(MAY 22-JUNE 21)

Make changes at home. Put in the effort to get ahead at work. Try to include your spouse in your activities. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.

**CANCER**
(JUNE 22-JULY 22)

Beautify your surroundings by renovating. A residential move may be in order. Don't bend to the pressure. Your lucky day this week will be Tuesday.

**LEO**
(JULY 23-AUG 22)

Relationships will become stronger. Don't let siblings put pressure on you. Financial investments can be extremely prosperous. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.

**VIRGO**
(AUG. 23-SEPT. 23)

Get everyone involved in your plans. New relationships may unfold through business connections. Your lucky day this week will be Monday.

**LIBRA**
(SEPT. 24-OCT. 23)

Keep your thoughts to yourself. Mingle with those who can help you. Try not to judge too quickly. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.

**SCORPIO**
(OCT. 24-NOV. 21)

You need activity. You can invest in profitable ventures. Talk to someone you trust if you need advice. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.

**SAGITTARIUS**
(NOV. 22-DEC. 21)

Your family responsibilities could be piling up. Do your work at home. Someone may be trying to make you look bad. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.

**CAPRICORN**
(DEC. 22-JAN. 20)

Don't get involved in idle chatter. Someone you live with will be quite unreasonable this week. Find ways to make extra cash. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.

**AQUARIUS**
(JAN. 21-FEB. 19)

Put all your energy into moneymaking ventures. Romance and social activity will be a promising combination. Your lucky day this week will be Monday.

**PISCES**
(FEB. 20-MARCH. 20)

Curb your bad habits. Things will work out effortlessly. Deception will play an important factor in relationships. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.

LS EDITOR'S NOTE

Yesterday once more

A starched cotton 'taant' sari, paired with a blouse bordered off in white lace the petite, dusky girl wore it slightly above her ankle; her dreamy eyes lined with kohl and long wavy hair done hurriedly in a casual bun with couple of frangipanis tucked on the side.

Before running out for errands at the bazaar, or walking to the college library, or even to her secret rendezvous, she grabbed her cotton 'jholi' or sequined bag, and put on her two belt slippers showing off toe rings and anklets. The bells on her feet merrily made music as she 'walked in beauty'.

That's my dream girl from the late fifties and sixties. The 'taants' in 'dooris' or 'beetis' — the traditional stripe and dot patterns, the coarse 'khadis', the elegant Jamdanis — these were the staples in the wardrobes of our mothers, aunts or grandmothers. Even the Begums of Bengal and their ladies of the court treasured these weaves and wore them with much élan and grace.

I, for one, am in love with their style. I love to flip through old albums and pour my heart out on these pages and try to soak in every minute detail of their styling. The simple makeup with a touch of carefully careless detailing, the traditional sari wardrobe boasting the motifs and patterns exclusive to Bengal; all these put together we had the graceful styling of these yester-years women that till date never fail to inspire the present.

However, in today's context we try the fusion game, we add our own chic, ethnic touch to these traditional garbs and try to bring them to the forefront of style and fashion.

As heritage weaves are my personal favourites, this week Star Lifestyle has put together an album fusing these traditional garbs with contemporary styling. Undoubtedly, not a new concept, yet we felt the subject is pertinent enough for a re-visit.

We feature an in-depth report on fashion with a social commitment, and trailing the Bangladeshi heritage weave we present the current, local issues plaguing the industry.

We hope all our readers will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed putting it up for you.

— RBR

Model: Meghla and Raj

Wardrobe: Mayasir

Location: Lotus Etang



THOUGHT CRAFT

BY NASRIN SOBHAN
Freelance Writer

Little Ninjas

It is morning. I know it is because I feel someone tugging at my sleeve. I open my eyes and see two little faces gazing at me. Grandson #1 says "Nanee wake up. It's time for the battle to begin."

Grandson #2 says "Come on, come on, Nanee! Bad Guy! Oh no," and runs away.

It is only seven thirty ...

Their mother carries them off to eat breakfast, but I get up and have tea, because I have a busy day. I must battle the Green Ninja and the Little Ninja. I shall be stunned, killed, revived and reactivated many times in our game, because I am the bad guy and I have to be defeated and reformed, and eventually graduate to the role of Yellow Ninja.

One of my three grandchildren said, "You have to play with us a lot now, because you are old and soon you will die."

"But I shall still be able to see you from heaven and maybe even send you messages," I say.

"Oh no, you won't be able to do that

because you will go to hospital and they will put you in a wooden box and you'll never talk or move again."

I frequently hear the refrain "Nanee, stay and play with me", or "Dadee I'll miss you when you go away on holiday."

These words must be the sweetest that any person could hope to hear.

In the meantime I return to my Ninja battles. The cushions are all over the floor, the toys are in disarray and every conceivable object has been used as a weapon. My knees begin to creak from the lunging and fighting, so I am delighted and relieved when it is time for lunch.

Later there is more play on the slides and swings, where I must push ever harder so that the boys can go ever higher. Or there is soccer in the lawn, or games of tag, or chasing a small child as he pedals furiously down the road on his little bike. He knows he must stop at crossings, and must wait for Nanee or Mama, so that it is safe play.

And finally —oh joy! — dinnertime

and bath with Mama and Baba.

I settle down with a cosy book. Suddenly the door bursts open, and a small child appears wearing Spider Man undies and nothing else. "Hello! I'm back!" — he chortles.

His mother rushes in to catch him, but in the meantime another smaller child trots in, dressed only in talcum powder. "Nanee, I escaped!" — he cries.

Daddy arrives hot on their heels, and carries the children off, one under each arm. My daughter collapses on the bed and takes a few deep breaths...

I look in to see the little ninjas later, and find only one of them asleep. Grandson #1 says to me gravely, "I have trouble getting to sleep because I have a lot of energy, and I need to use it up first."

Soon he too falls asleep, and I see the two of them sprawled sideways across the huge bed, their little round faces angelic and peaceful, getting their energy back for another day of play.