



# Riding the Waves on the Back of A Dolphin

by Towheed Feroze

OTO Bhai shouted out Emon "Let's go on a short trip to Cox's Bazar. Emon the ever enthusiastic young lad never seems to lack any stamina and vigour. Even if one places the proposal of walking around the earth on foot I earnestly believe that Emon will be the first to jump to the idea. However his unbridled ardency was also amply fuelled by Bachchu. One of my closest friends. These two surreptitiously made the plans and sprang.

I had some money in my pocket (naturally earned through illegal means). However the rest of the gang which comprises of Salmon (striving to become Arnold Schartengger), Musa (who is an ardent fan of Shahrukh Khan and also gives his utmost effort to be like him) and Shamsu (the lad who seems to get taller by the minute) also gave their consent to the idea. The good old me (whom every one terms as a fellow plagued by an incurable mental disease) totally outvoted, had to give finally consent.

But it would be wrong to say that I was not a bit thrilled on the contrary within a few days I began to look forward to our journey. Moreover I thought that this trip would provide a pleasant interlude to this mundane city life. Well after making the necessary preparations and filling the heads of our parents with loads of lies and false promises we set out. Little did we know of the fun that awaited us.

After reaching Chittagong, early in the morning we booked ourselves on the first bus to Cox's Bazar. Boy! the journey to Cox's was a real obstacle test. The road was uneven and when the driver told us that this was better than the condition the road was in a few days ago I started to collapse. However our excitement diminished the agony of the journey.

The first view of the sea when the bus enters the Cox's Bazar city is breathtaking and awesome. I can still feel the shivers it (the view) sent through me the first time I set my eyes on that vast mass of foamy water. Over excited we went straight to the beach from the hotel.

By the way June, July and August are off seasons and hotel prices are down to earth. We stayed at one of the best hotels in Cox's Bazar-Hotel Sayem. Best it may be in terms of facilities but not definitely in terms

of behaviour. The manager behind the desk gave us such a peculiar look as if to suggest that we were a bunch of social discontents. But we still got our rooms. Got to remember 'locks don't matter a bit if your pocket is heavy'.

Right, so much for the Hotel. Lets go back to the beach. One might say that 'you guys chose a hell of a time to go to Cox's Bazar' but 'are you' the day we started it was raining profusely and the weather forecast was that the weather would remain cloudy and windy for the next couple of days. So when we

went to the beach it was cool, the sky was covered with ominous looking clouds and the sea was wild and this wildness made us lose control. With rubber tubes in our hands we ran towards the waves.

The foamy waves engulfed us and took us towards the sea and again threw us back to the beach. Its a wonderful experience, you take a tube go about fifty yards and lie down on it and wait for the waves to come. The waves come and moves you and the tube towards the beach. Under the waves the tube becomes active and you will feel that you are riding the waves on the back of a dolphin (well, that was probably a bit exaggerated).

However needless to say that riding the waves is an experience of a lifetime. I was so enraptured by the beauty of the ocean that for a few minutes I stared at it - speechless trying to grasp its beauty and vastness. Then came the rain as if to say "hey get out of this beach at once" but undaunted we stayed and raindrops hit our backside and shoulders like sharp pieces of pins. Undeterred we kept on playing our games.

Well taka eighty per piece of chicken was enough for us to chicken out. The ever assisting rickshawwalla directed us to the Diamond hotel. This hotel serves good food at reasonable prices and the atmosphere is really homely. In the evening we went for a walk. All of us clad in our best attires. Though I was looking rather like a clown in my red T-shirt Salmon came out wearing black T shirt and black jeans. Honestly he was looking absolutely like a Mafia Hitman. Bachchu in his blue sport trousers and bottle green T shirt reminded me of Bruce Lee (oh! I forgot this friend of mine is also a karate expert). The evening by the sea side was gorgeous the wind played through our hair and the serenity of the beach side atmosphere charmed us. We took a

walk by the beach and went about a mile. It was absolutely quiet and every thing seemed impeccable. The atmosphere worked like an intoxicant and within a few moments we started running around like children. Exhausted we went back to the hotel for some sleep and woke up next morning with renewed vigour and zeal.

First thing on every ones mind was 'Him chart' a transcendental spot not far away from the main beach. The car ride to 'Him chart' is an experience worth writing about. The jeep runs along the beach. The sea on one side and small mud mountains on the other, the scenery is delightful. After reaching 'Him chart' the guys raised the subject of following the trail of a waterfall to find the source.

The very idea took the life out of me but keeping a dry smile on my face I agreed (can't lose my prestige and ego in front of the kids). This time Bachchu the intrepid daredevil led the way. Thus started our one and a half hour excursion through the hills. Very few tourists have attempted to trace the waterfall to its source.

The excursion was adventurous as well as dangerous. We had to cross six waterfalls and finally when we were quite close to the source one woodcutter appeared from the blues and

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The waterfalls were beautiful yet deadly. If one wants to see and appreciate the waterfalls of 'Him chart' then the best time to go is during the rainy season. During the rainy season the force of the water is tremendous. We returned to the main beach played some football and then quenched our thirst with fresh coconut milk.

Meanwhile a suspicious looking young man was constantly pestering me to buy some illegal substances from him. annoyed I asked Shamsu to get rid of him and the latter gave him such a look that leaving the products the man ran away. After lunch Shahrukh Khan loops. I mean to say Musa proposed that we spend the night on the beach. Everyone agreed and we decided to have a small picnic at night beside the roaring sea. We ordered chicken roasts and parathas. For our small picnic.

In the evening we went to the Burmese market a central attraction of the Cox's Bazar town. The Burmese markets of

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