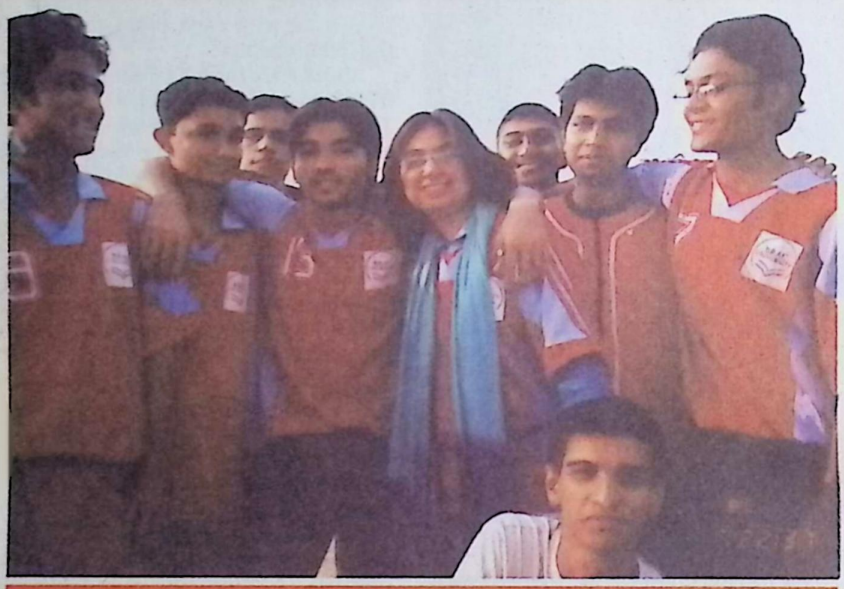
TARC- once in a lifetime

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Am I in the frame?

It was my second semester in BRAC University, and my senior friends have been trying their level best to convince me that I would like it in Savar, and make good friends, and would do just fine without them. But I failed to face the fact that I would be living with all these strangers in a place faraway from my parents for TWO MONTHS! Confused, was the word.

Dad took me out for shopping, bought me clothes, food that included my favorites, Pringles!! Cadburys!! But nothing seemed to stop me from feeling baffled. And before I knew it, it was time to pack my bags and say goodbye (and No, I did NOT cry!).

That morning my friends came to say goodbye to me in the university at 7 in the morning (who usually wake up at 12), and I started my journey with my red suite-case on my lap, and unknown faces around me on the bus, heading for Savar Campus of BRAC, known as TARC.

When we reached and entered TARC, the gate behind us was closed, shutting us all from the world outside.

The whole day we spent being briefed as to how to behave inside the campus, and getting introduced to new faces, unpacking everything we brought in our respective dorms, and saying hello to our new roommates.

> We have learned to look at the starry night sky and make imaginary boxes and put all our miseries and sorrows in them, and put them aside and give ourselves a satisfied smile. TARC allowed us to comprehend that even if we are by ourselves, we can endure, and help others endure.

Rules! Rules! Rules...everywhere! Starting from the communal, to dorm rooms, inside the cafeteria, and literally everywhere! To be honest, everybody was getting tired of this huge campus, tired of the ground below and the unknown sky above. Soon everyone started to wait for the weekends to come when we would go back home. But at the end of the second week, we started to like this new place, being unaware of how it was becoming a part of our lives.

At night, we would go to other's rooms and gossip till 5 in the morning! Each room was allotted for maximum 3 people, but what we used to do was join two beds and 5 of us would sleep together!

Two words used to drive everyone nuts, Health Forum! It took place thrice a week at 6.30 a.m!!

The mornings were bound to start at 8 am, because the breakfast would stop being served at 8.30 sharp. And after that NO FOOD! Then regular classes would start. Meanwhile the dorms would be closed till 1pm, until then, we were bound to interact with each other. Then comes lunch time, and after 2 pm, again NO FOOD! A big elevated space called Murchona, and in front of it a huge field where all the sports would take place used to be our hangout spot for hours.

By luck my batch went to TARC during the fall semester, and that was the best time you can ever find to enjoy, or else, the scorching sun would kill you if you were out for too long. We had so many activities to do, like debates, sports, presentations, cultural programmes, that we hardly got anytime to whine about the fact that "we can't watch T.V!!", or how we miss home. Dinner time was at 8. After that no food!