This fair and kind lady from old Dhaka usually loved cooking, quarrelling with her daughters-in-law, arranging religious ceremonies, scolding my three uncles for ruining their huge inherited properties. But, above all, she loved me! Those days I still value and recall fondly. I guess my communicative skill, my forgiving nature and my "do something for your people and your country" attitude came from my dearest grandmother. Her house was always like Disneyland for me with my grandmother and a dozen cousins running around and freezers full of ice-cream until my youngest uncle and my best friend, Bappy mama, died.

Bappy mama's death was the most tormenting, influential and the most sorrowful moment in my life. He complained of chronic fever but nobody really paid any attention. Take one paracetamol tablet and it would go away, was the treatment. But it came back, again and again, and it was already too late when he discovered that he was actually suffering from blood cancer. Singaporean doctors said, "At best 3 months". The news shook me and I spent every evening of those cold, nightmarish months visiting the 28-year-old extraordinary handsome and fun-loving man, and imagined how did he feel when he knew he would die so soon? My mother always told me, "Whatever Allah does is for our good" and I began to ask myself "Is this for our good?? An old mother will lose her youngest son, brothers and sisters will lose their brother and I will lose my best friend...IS THIS GOOD???" After about two and a half months, he was taken to the CCU. His condition became so bad that I once witnessed my mother screaming to Allah during her prayers "Please Allah take him to you quickly. I can't stand to see him suffer like this. Or shall I take a knife and cut his throat myself? What do you want me to do?" Soon his body swelled, he could not talk and could not move, except for those brilliant white eyes that carefully looked at all his loved ones and shed silent tears. I still remember those eyes. Those two eyes. It was a cold January morning of the millennium when those eyes finally stopped shedding tears, sending my grandmother into a coma, making his girlfriend half mad, and turning my blood into sand. The disquieting questions had turned me into an atheist after his death, forever making myself ask for explanations of God's purpose.

When my second brother Danny was born in 1990, I was very upset. Furthermore, when the third one who is short and fat like me, Donny, was born six years later, I was infuriated. "What is this?" I asked my mother. "I wanted a Diana or a Daisy but not a Donny! Why another brother? And why do you have to have the D and the N in all our names?" Anyway, now Danny and Donny have become like spices in an Indian dish. Without them my life just would not be "life" anymore and I can clearly see myself sitting, yawning and killing mosquitoes if these two mischievous brothers were not there.

In my teen years, I started to work in the media and performed in about nine television advertisements, music videos, hosted a cartoon show and did several works for the print media. My father also pressured me to start working and from the age of sixteen, I started teaching students. The number of students has risen over the years and currently I have about ten young kids calling me "Sir". Now I realize why he had always deliberately pushed me to do hard work, to teach students, earn my own money, burn my own money, ride local busses and so on. These were done to teach me the hardships of life so that later I can enjoy the pleasure of success.

But when everything was going astray over the next couple of years, two great things happened in my life. One, I fell in love with this wonderful girl right before I was supposed to join a university; and secondly, I joined my university, ULAB. She is and will always be my true love and hopefully we shall marry as soon as both of us have jobs with decent salaries to support ourselves. After this guardian angel came into my life, everything changed for my betterment and once again I began to enjoy life. With constant support from this girl, my parents and ULAB, I once again became one of the very best. I became focused. I now dream to become the greatest film-maker in the history of Bangladesh. I have learned that success is to be measured not by the position that someone has reached in his life, but instead by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed. My life is on the positive side. I forever loved my teachers and now I love my university. As a result, I have been recently awarded full scholarship with stipend, which is the highest honor given by the university. For all these reasons, today the sun shines brightly after the rain and I can see glimpses of heaven right here on this earth. There have been many ups and downs in my life, but now I look at it as a very interesting life. Life has been good so far, but as someone once said, "Miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go", I realize that more exciting events full of pain, joy, laughter or sorrow are still to come. Till then, I just cherish the love I have and cherish the life I live.

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(The writer is a 3rd year student of ULAB, dept. of Media Studies and Journalism and he has **dedicated the article to his teacher and mentor, Dr. Kazi Anis Ahmed)**