'THE first day of spring is one thing, and the first spring day is another. The difference between them is sometimes as great as a month.'

HenryVan Dyke
Fisherman's luck

My first day of spring

Sharin Shajahan Naomi



It started from 12 February night- arranging jewelry to match with the yellow sharee, choosing ringlets, ironing the clothes; everything for a special occasion - to embrace the first day of spring - Pohela Falgun.

As a student of Dhaka University, I am a little bit privileged, as my campus itself was preparing to offer me a colorful arena of brightness. I just needed to be there to enjoy the fusion of love between human being and nature!

So, since 6:30 in the morning, I started to groom myself to appear on the platform of Falgun, to blend with nature. While I was entering my campus, I was dazzled by the bright yellow and red colour of clothes that my peers wore. It was indeed a lovely treat for the eyes.

The first day of spring was special to me for many reasons. The arrival of Falgun has come with a very good academic news - my highest marks in International law. Ah! How I adore you Falgun! You have appeared before me this year with your true grandeur.

I started my morning with a photo session with my friends keeping my lovely campus, red flowers, lush green trees and the bright sunshine as the back drop. My friend Tania and her two beautiful cousins joined me for the photo session. While we were taking photographs, some street children rushed to us and requested to take their photos too. We shared our joy of spring with them, the delight I found in their eyes surpassed all the beauty of Falgun.

Some of the organizers dedicated their whole graduation year to organize freshers' reception, picnic and to do something to make this day special. I saw them hanging ' shuvo bosonto' and go on a tomtom (a horse-cart) ride. After that we had to move to the Holy Cross School for the Street Law Program where we teach law. Another surprise was waiting for us there.

We discovered that someone had poured bright yellow color very artistically on the whole school compound and little angels were swimming in the yellow stream. Then there were cultural programmes, pitha utshob etc. After the class they took snaps after snaps with us and gave us as many flowers as they could. I really loved to be with them in this way, they were so young, they were so colourful and their love for us were as innocent and unadulterated as they themselves. It filled my heart with the purest feelings washing away all the hatred and ill-feeling.

After coming out of Holy Cross School we decided to go to a restaurant to have launch. After launch, Himel suggested we go to the Dhanmondi Lake in search of our friends. He was sure that some of our friends were roaming around that beautiful place. We were very excited on the way, but perhaps spring was not so kind to us at that moment.



While we were walking, suddenly Himel and I heard a sound...a.a.a.ah..! We saw people around us looking at us. Suddenly we felt Akhi was missing! Where was she? Then we discovered that she had fallen on the pavement. She also had mud on her yellow sharee! Himel's instant reaction was 'Akhi, what happened, did you get hurt?' But I just continued laughing for half an hour. That was the greatest comedy show of Falgun. Akhi, I beg your pardon, please don't be angry for revealing the secret!

Falgun came and went giving me some memories which will linger in my heart till the next Falgun.

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