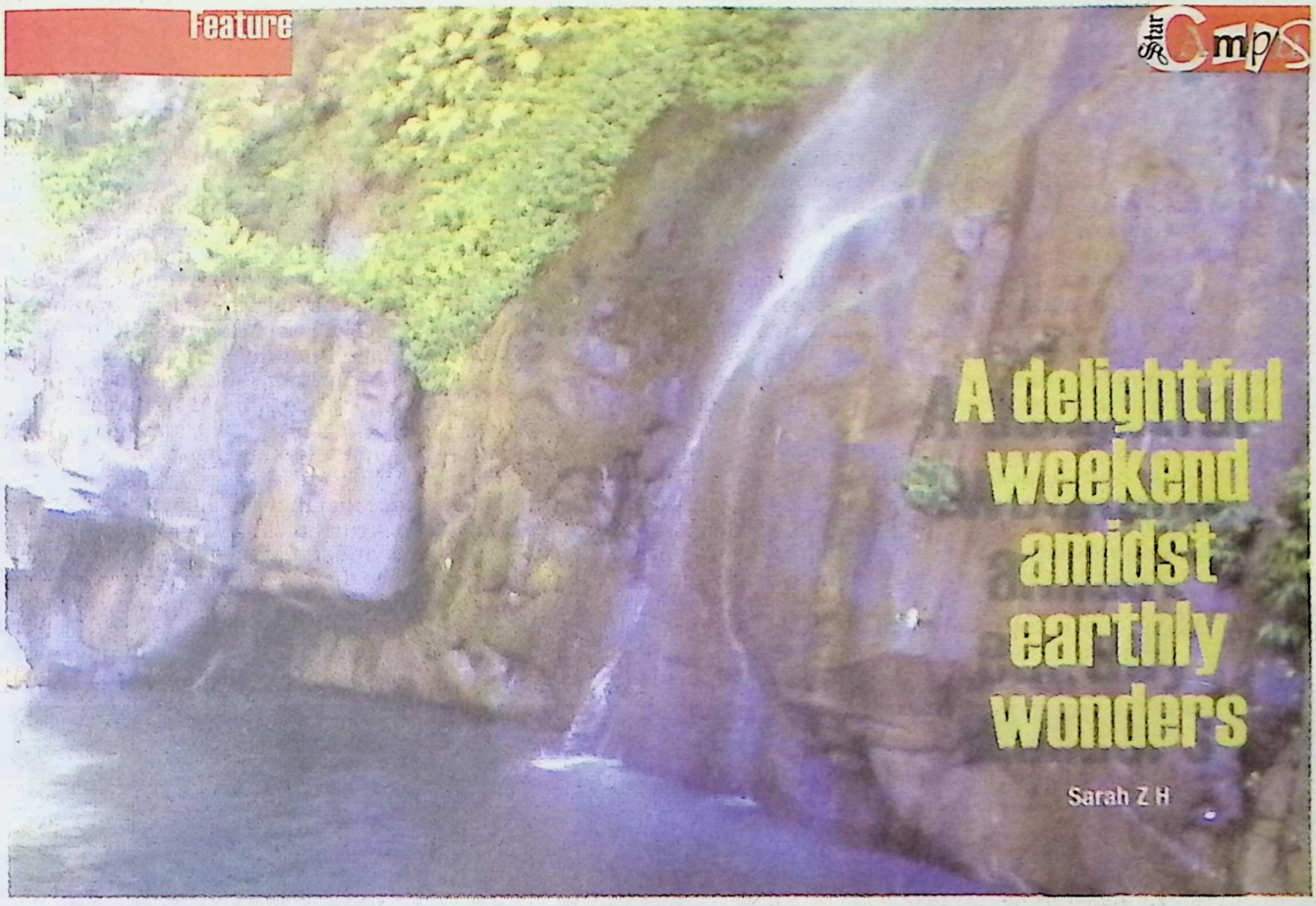


A delightful weekend amidst earthly wonders

Sarah Z H

FATE had never been generous enough in granting me turns to explore my own country until last month, when my father got transferred to 'Srimangal'. A few days after he went to live there, we followed him in stark excitement as it was our first chance to get away from the usual in twelve long years! As for me, it was more of a contemplated joy and an inexplicable enthrallment since the trip I was about to make would be a primeval one to the region of Slyhet. Identically belonging to the northern part of the country, the lure of the untravelled and unknown beckoned me in never-ending fervour.

We started for 'Srimangal' on a vivid Thursday afternoon railing our way through the scruffy suburbs of the capital. I fathomed that I was sadly mistaken about the thrills of a train journey. It may occur disappointing to some but to me it was utterly ill-at-ease and disturbing. After four distressful hours of unease we reached our terminus. But soon peace was restored and my heart was filled with content to see the malleable face of my father through the barred train windows. It took us a mere five minutes from the railway station to make it to the place where we were going to reside for the weekend. It was already dark and thus required street lamps to probe our way. And all we could perceive was silhouettes of small hills and shadowy contours of tea leaves. That night we fixed ourselves a swift meal and turned in early.

The next morning, we commenced beforehand to reach 'Madhabkunda'. It is the most well-known fresh water falls in Bangladesh. The place is a straight two hour drive from 'Srimangal' with 'Lawachara National Park' on the pathway. Quite a few tourists show keen interest in trekking the forests on elephant back. If someone shares similar interests then this is the place to be. The entrance of 'Madhabkunda' is high above ground level and subsequently allows onlookers to have an up-close view of the neighbouring 'Khashia' community. They masterfully build their houses on bamboo poles, keeping themselves alleviated from the unprotected ness of the jungle. While I ambled down the neatly carved earthen stairs that took me to the fall, I couldn't help but feel the balmy breeze tenderly sweep across my face.

Once I was there, the abundance of the cascading water left me spellbound. The warm rays of the midday sun bathed the lush greenery with its honey gold hues. Far up in the mountains, old trees could be seen standing with their lofty heights. The fall had gradually lessened in to the form of a stream gurgling its way down to the villages of 'Khashia'. Later that day, we went to see 'Lawiuni chara' tea estate in 'Moulavibazar'. I walked across the miniature shrubs discerning their velvet like leaves. It seemed that they eagerly awaited the process of being converted into world's most celebrated beverage! The little hills that I perceived put forth the impression of being wrapped up in thick blankets of green and the occasional ripples on them reflected only their playfulness.I can actually go on and on and on about my happening upon the Mentioned earthly wonders.

But life is all about limitations. Nonetheless, I want to thank you for being a blithe companion on my journey away from the mundane.

Student of North South University