My Last Semester

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MY black university bag was nearly coming apart. Among five zippers three just refuses to work. Parts of the bag were in tatters. The colour was not shiny black anymore. The bag badly needed to be changed or repaired but I had no urgency about it. What was the use of replacing or repairing it in the last semester of my undergraduate education? It was only few days to go. Four years was quite a long time yet it seemed everything had started only yesterday. The whole time was spent in sharing knowledge, facing challenges and competition, sharing happiness and sorrow, and of course establishing relationships.

In my last semester I unexpectedly turned into an idle student. I suddenly became so inactive. I was too lazy to study for the exams or complete the assignments. During the class times either I used to feel very sleepy or I used to distribute my attention everywhere else except the class. Earlier I used to prepare myself for the quizzes one week in advance but towards the end I came to know about quizzes just few minutes before they started. During the group assignments, I took the smallest and easiest part of work for getting them done without much trouble.

So I would like to say sorry to my last semester group members. These behaviors were unusual of me. According to my friends it was a natural behavior for last semester students and they felt the same during their last semester. However everything was not that bad. There were some achievements too. In my last semester we won 1st position as a group, for developing a social advertisement, which was judged by some well known professionals.

Normally I was very cautious about spending money for any purpose. Budget for my lunch never exceeded Tk. 20. Sometimes I even did not have lunch to save money! Being such stingy person I achieved a title 'kipta' from my friends. But last semester all these changed suddenly. I started spending more for my lunches. For some reason I was not interested to save money any more.

Being a senior student in last semester I could realise suddenly my name got lost in 'Apu.' 'Apu, is this your last semester?" 'Apu, which subject I should take for my major?' 'Apu, is finance a big problem?' 'Apu, which faculty is better for marketing?' Oh! So many questions juniors had for me. And I felt so "senior" while answering them.

Instead of concentrating on my registered courses, this time I paid more attention to career success plan workshops". These were training sessions about searching for jobs, writing resume and cover letters, grooming, facing interviews and the like. Conducted by our Career Counseling Department these were important workshops for us, as we needed to grab internships and jobs very soon. I was trying my best to make my resume and cover letters as attractive as possible so that the corporate world would accept them gladly. Some said, 'start looking for mama/chacha'. Some said, 'just give your best shot in interviews'. And all the time I replied, " let's see".

Being a senior student I was sorry that this time I broke some university rules. I broke the elevator queue once. I went to the roof of our 14 storied academic building once. I ate in the study room. I took my bag inside the computer lab. Umm, that's it. Nothing more.

"Sorry dear administration," I just wanted to do something different before leaving. It was never meant to challenge the authority.

My relationships with the teachers turned to be very friendly towards the closing days. I could fee that they were going to miss me in my absence. Thanks to all my teachers for their valuable contribution in my life. It was a matter of pride for me, being a student of Manna sir, Ferhat sir, Musa sir, Mushtaque sir, Mamun sir, Nusrat sir, Naheed sir, Behroj sir, Nayeema miss, Nasreen miss, Lutfur sir, Zakaria sir, Chisty sir, Sumon sir and others. My respect for them would remain forever. Some students may not be that lucky.

Last but not the least, lets talk about my friends. My most loving friends! I missed them most during those last days and still miss them. I miss each and every joyful moment I spent with my beautiful friends. It had been a long time that Sumon said, "Dost, dostha taka deto, chotpoti khamu". It had been a long time that Muqueet called me "Shovs". It had been a long time I listened to Kollol singing a song. It had been a long time Asraar gave me any gift. It had been a long time I saw my chubby friend Shojib eating up something hastily. It had been a long time I attended any class sitting beside Sourav. It had been a long time I saw all of my friends being together. My love for my friends would remain forever. No matter whatever happens in future.

8th August was the last day of my last semester. Unfortunately I was alone on that day. All day long I roamed around the university. No doubt that I would be missing my university building. It was nearly evening when I stepped out of the university building. As I was walking toward the bus stop, I felt like turning around and take a look at my university once more. While I was staring at the ash- colour buildings, I could feel tears on my cheeks. I wondered why should there be a last semester!!

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