Stepping towards maturity

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A couple of days back when my mother was cleaning her old almirah; she called me to look at something. As I rushed to her room, she showed me a photograph that was found in one of the drawers. It was a photo of me holding flowers at the Shaheed Minar, while paying respect to the martyrs of the Language Movement; mom said I was 4 years old at that time. I saw myself in the photo, trying to figure out how I looked and felt at that time. But alas! I couldn't feel the innocence of the little baby there because I was all grown up now. I have grown up so much that no traits of gentleness remains in me. I am too busy with all sorts of worldly affairs to feel like the baby in the photo. Somehow along the journey of life, that baby has been lost. Then my mom took out the tiny white salwar-kameez that I was wearing in the photo. I held it in my hand and realized that it would not fit me because I am not that little Shoily anymore. I felt upset and was lost in some thoughts, so I came to my room, still holding the kameez in my hand, sat down, opened my dairy and wrote down everything that came to my mind.....

"Dear Diary,

Life was so good before, wasn't it? Before joining school, it was all about waking up, playing all day, and going back to sleep! Everything was really simple and innocent. Then came the phase- school life. That was fun as well! Going to school, learning new things everyday (and having fun too!), coming back, doing homework, watching television, even a disciplined life seemed interesting. But back then I wanted to grow up, I was desperate to be a university student, I wanted to wear my mom's sarees and put on lipstick. Now that I am a university student and can wear sarees and put lipstick, I don't like my life. I want to go back to my childhood. I guess you don't realize the value of some things until and unless you lose them.

There were certain things about my childhood; which I will always miss; like attending art school on every Thursday afternoons, going to Baily Road with my father to buy new storybooks every week, waking up early on Friday mornings to watch 'Moner kotha' and 'Notun kuri' on BTV, going to Shishu-park, learning to read the Holy Quran from my grandmother, sitting in the balcony when the electricity was out and playing 'antakshari' with my younger brother and aunt, watching Tom & Jerry, Woody Woodpecker and Captain Planet all the time during holidays, going to the fairs on Pohela Boishakh, being delighted by the sight of the 'dugdugis', 'muralis' and 'batashas'. Aah! Those were the beautiful days. Although those cartoons, dugdugis and muralis still exist but why don't they give me any sort of happiness anymore? The things that mattered to me the most once upon a time mean nothing more than just mere objects! I heard a voice inside me scream, why do we grow up? Why can't we remain kids forever? Why won't those moments come back? Why do changes take place in our lives?

When we were young, birthdays were the most awaited occasions of the year! It always meant decorating the entire house with balloons, cutting cakes and blowing candles, having fun with friends and cousins and getting lots of gifts at the end of the day! But as I am growing up, birthdays has lost its charm, it seems scary to me, because it always reminds me that I am getting older which eventually makes me realize that it's high time I learn to take up responsibilities and act like a matured adult! Gosh! Yet another birthday of mine is coming up and life will become even more complex than it is now, won't it? But I guess I have to accept that this is how life is and will be. Things will become more serious, more problems will arise every moment, and it's all an integral part of life. I have to accept it and always have to come up with solutions for my problems..."

I closed my diary and promised to myself that I will not cry about the fact that I am not a child anymore, infact I will use my youth to make myself a better person who will be a responsible daughter, sister, friend and a good human being. I would not let previous mistakes affect my life; I will try to learn from them. As I am stepping towards the 21st year of my life, I guess I am paving my way towards wisdom and maturity. I just hope that I can use them in the right way!

(Student of NSU)

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