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campaigning -- things might be different for her then.

By now, rickshaws took over Denver to compensate for the lack of taxis. These rickshaws were not as authentic as the ones in Bangladesh, their seats were more cushioned and hardly had any fun decorations, but to make up for it, the rickshaw pullers, who were extremely fit men between the age of 20-30, chatted with me the whole entire way. My first rickshaw ride cost was $10 for seven blocks, by end of the week the same seven blocks became $30.

Wednesday was my favourite day at the convention. By then the city was thumping with energy. We had a routine by now, attending the convention with big words and bigger promises in the evenings and parting all night. There were celebrities from Hollywood next to us, with their strong stances acting like political figures. Bill Clinton and Joe Biden's fabulous speeches got everyone ready for Thursday, the last day of the convention.

I stood on the convention floor with journalists stepping over each other to get the best possible view and delegates cheering leading flawlessly. Someone handed me an American flag to wave when Clinton spoke and a sign that said "McCain more of the Same" when Biden made his speech. I lost my voice that night from screaming the DNC's slogan: "Yes We Can." It all felt right in that certain moment, in that certain high.

Thursday came with a bang. 85,000 people gathered at the stadium where Barack Obama made his speech. I am not sure if it was his speech or the faithfulness of his supporters that created an amazing aura over the whole venue. People waited 5, 6 even 7 hours in line, and when they finally made it in their faces glowed and their mouths chanted.

I am not a blind supporter of anything or anyone. Sometimes, I wish I was, then it might be easier for me to blend in. I watched and felt while 85,000 people cried and screamed in joy. I hoped the new world of change Obama spoke of is real, I wished for sincerity, for America's stability, and although I wanted to remove myself from emotion I tried to make myself cry, but no tears poured out.

So I drowned myself in others' tears, addicted to the energy around me, wondering if the hope that Obama spoke of really existed. I wished Obama originality, the blind followers wisdom, and I already miss the week that passed, and the energy that will only remain in photographs and on paper, in history of the world and my not-so-political mind.

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