As a First Time Voter


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THE morning of 29th December, 2008. Standing on my balcony, after a long time, I found an open street without any vehicles. People were moving, talking and walking freely. Their destination was the polling station. It was a long awaited day for each and every citizen of Bangladesh, "The 9th Parliamentary Election". The first experience is the most exciting and enjoyable experience in a person's life. Thus taking part in the national elections as a first-time voter was a matter of excitement to me. I was proud of taking part in electing a proper leader to Parliament.

When the procedure of making of the voter list began, my mother, who is a teacher, participated in collecting particulars of the voters. She went to many unknown places, and sometimes couldn't return home before late evening. I would get tensed for her, but whenever I thought that my mum was doing her civic duties, I felt a surge of delight in me.

This election was like a celebration for our friends. Having crossed the age of 18, we are now eligible to voice our opinions. We believe in change for the good. We didn't vote emotionally, but intelligently and tactfully. The first-time voters were lucky, because the pre-election environment was very peaceful that was not seen before. Many disputes and conflicts took place during previous elections, but this year it was held in an organized way and in a festive mood.

The new generation wants a true patriotic and honest parliament. The corrupt politicians have been unmasked. The whole Nation was cautious while voting.

With my family, we kept our attention glued to the television and other media. Roads and streets became vacant as if somebody imposed curfew. All were waiting for the breaking news. Afterwards the results started to come in. Congratulations to the victors! It is now the responsibility of the next government to strengthen the democratic process and ensure the participation of everybody in the political process.

A few days ago on 14th December on the Shahid Intellectuals' day, we lighted candles at the Shahid Minar. We reflected our grief in black and white saris. We sang "*Moronsagorpare tomra amar*", to commemorate the sacrifices of all the freedom fighters. Patriotism is alive in the minds of the youth. We did not witness 1971, but we want to come close to the true history of our freedom fighters and the War of Liberation. Crime should never go unpunished.

We want no more bloodshed, corruption, and crimes. We want our educational institutes free from dirty politics and long session jams. The youth want to be a wealth of the nation and not a burden. It'll be our earnest hope that the new government will keep its word and our nation will march towards a bright future.

(The writer is a student of the First Year in the Department of English at Chittagong College.)

Glimpses from BRAC University Annual Fair held at Savar Campus











