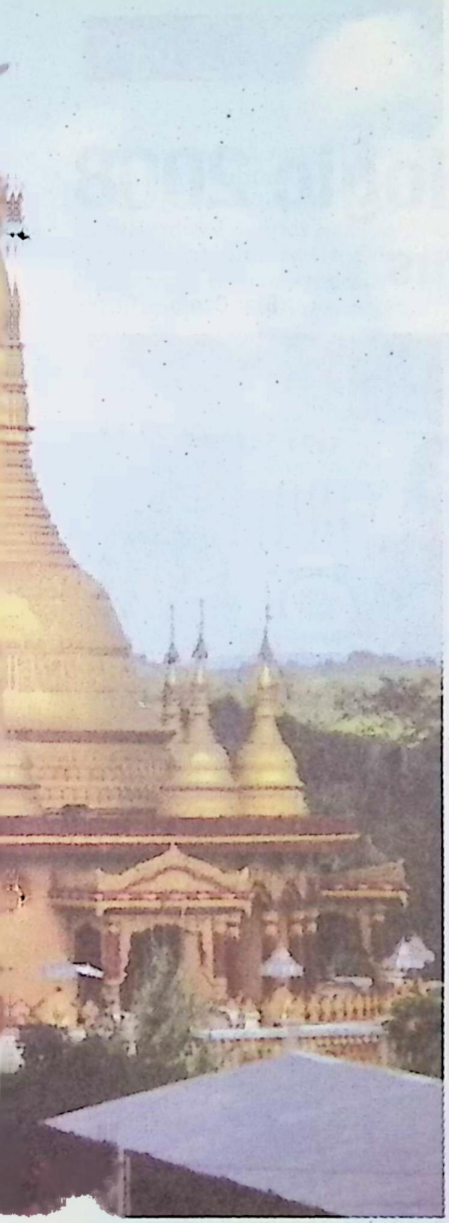


why would we spend so much time in the children's park at Nilgiri, hurting our knees and elbows? Next day, before starting for Rangamati, we took a quick visit to Meghla Parjatan Park. The hanging bridge, the serene lake, the zoo, and the green coconut shop it was an exhilarating experience. Dropping for a little while at Shwarna Mandir on the highest peak of a hill, we rushed to Rangamati!

Getting room in the hotel was again a troublesome experience, but people were more interested to go out for shopping, because we couldn't do much shopping at Bandarban. The shopping lists included *thami*, *pinon*, shawl, masks, and of course yummy Burmese pickles! On the hotel balcony, we had a small tea party coffee, cake, *pitha*, doughnut, and chocolates accompanied by songs.

Next day was scheduled for Kaptai Lake, and it was again a mind-blowing experience! Our boat touched a number of places like Shuvolong waterfall, Shuvolong native market, "Chang Pung" hut restaurant, Peda Ting Ting, Parjatan Hanging Bridge, and Rajban Vihara. While our trip to the waterfall was a complete flop (there was no water then), our visit to "Chang Pung" was great, because there we found *chumat karhura*, an indigenous food item we were looking for a long time. The recipe does sound good: small pieces of chicken is boiled and cooked with very little spice; it is then wrapped by green leaves and put down into small piece of bamboo stick. The taste is more than awesome!

Back to hotel, however, no one was exhausted at all even after that daylong floating and trekking. It was the 'camp fire' night, but it was very difficult to arrange for in Rangamati. So we made it 'camp light' night, and arranged it inside the hotel thanks to the 33rd batch students. At first, there was a prize giving ceremony: Best Singer Award for screaming most during the jeep journey, Best Actor Award for nagging, and Best Writer Award for collecting the most exciting indigenous word; the phrase that came first in the competition was *jubo sera hurol buro* (meaning "looking young, behaving old").

Next day we started for Dhaka at 9. On the way, we dropped at Tribal Museum: a small museum but definitely worth a visit! On our way back, the singing resumed, but there was a tinge of sadness. It felt like an entire life was compressed into five days, and we were lost in it! We made new friends; we learnt the meaning of sharing and caring; we experienced the still unspoilt beauty of nature. And, last but not the least, I must thank our teachers who accompanied us in this tour: Ahmed Reza, Mashrur Shahid Hossain and Sabera Sultana. *Tijuk tabare*!





Ei Jagagan Degonge Dol is taken from the song *Ei shahar nagan rangamatya* meaning 'this is the place where I enjoy swinging in the cradle hung in the tree'

Tijuk tabare is a Marma word meaning "Thank you".