It's time to change

Syeda Nafisa Nawal

WE, the youths of today are the leaders of tomorrow. For us, change is a word that can create magic. It is passion, freedom, desire. It is integrity and motion. It is the power to beautify life. It is the energy that drives us towards progress.

Of course, we all crave for change. But what kind of change do we want? What makes us all so desperate for change?

Bangladesh is a country with immense potentiality. Despite so, we couldn't achieve remarkable goals even after 38 years of independence, whereas other countries have achieved lofty targets within relatively shorter periods of time. What is the obstacle that keeps us backward and sluggish with every passing year?

The most obvious cause is that we, as a nation, fail to appreciate anything good. We never applaud any positive approach, nor do we nourish good ideas. We always shelter the negative impacts of anything. We keep on disregarding the trend of wrongdoing until it culminates into bad culture. To be precise, we hardly apprehend anything good. At the same time, we seldom protest or punish anything bad. We just don't seem to care about anything-be it good or bad. This negative attitude of us all towards anything is the prime cause of our falling behind other modern nations. It has led to impunity and we must change this attitude.

Unless and until we accept the notion of "Receive the good, reject the bad", we can never hold our heads high with dignity as a developed nation. We must change our indifferent attitude towards good and bad if we want any change in the real sense. We should have self esteem for the nation as a whole.

Once we change our age-old disposition, our surroundings will start changing automatically. If we appreciate good things and abhor bad things, we can expect to see a more developed and prosperous Bangladesh.

(The writer is a student of HSC 1st year at Chittagong Sunshine College)



Photo: Saud Faisal

Dirty is not the image

Zarahnaaz Feroz

I badly needed a walk. While having the most scrumptious meal ever, I couldn't restrain from eating like there is no tomorrow. So, my mom and I stepped out onto the streets of Dhanmondi to take that very 'needed' walk. Everything was going quite well...

Two minutes later, my foot fell into a puddle. Just my luck, it wasn't a water puddle. It was a thick, light black liquidly substance. My foot came out of it looking repulsive, with tiny dots of black residue. That was just the beginning! As I kept walking, I passed by, stepped on, and kicked wrappers, cans, cigarettes and all sorts of junk. Soon it became requisite I hold my dupatta over my nose because the stench was unbearable! It was that of rotten food, blended with sweat and urine. Fussing to cover my nose, I failed to see the long rectangular gap cut out along the sidewalk that I nearly fell into. It was a ditch created to help people urinate...on the streets!

Should our roads be filled with junk and urine? Bangladesh is our home, and as of now our home needs thorough cleansing! Think about it, don't we intensively fix our sofas and rooms before having guests over? Untidiness and dirtiness are not the image we want to portray to our guests and visitors. No wonder we lack a good reputation among foreign visitors. Walking on the streets is a punishment for us in Dhaka or anywhere for that matter. Bangladesh is definitely developing, but why is not changing in the sanitation sector? Few years from now, I would like to see a national sanitation system or department, a trashcan on every street corner (or at least every other one),public toilet facilities and more trees!

Change is inevitable. Every second something changes; people, governments, and perspectives. To those who are in doubt, yes, Bangladesh will change also, albeit slow.

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