Campus Buzz!

Nazwa Warda

WE were named the 'Panchforon group' in IUB. I think we fully used and misused the name in every possible way with our rowdiness and mischief. It was a bunch of 18 lively and youthful yet mischievous youngsters. We used to cry, smile, laugh, fight, argue, share, care and pull each other's legs and yet be at each other's arms everywhere and anywhere.

As the day of Pahela Baishak was approaching suddenly I felt tears in my eyes as I started to miss my good old days of fun, laughter and as I recalled my memories, the nostalgic images of stress free and tensionless days of university life.

I remembered the days that were bright and breezy, days with deadlines to be met, but not with the thought of being rebuked, with reports and presentations hanging over the head. I recall the days not with the stress that we all now-a-days go through at offices or in our personal lives regarding so many serious and materialistic issues, responsibilities to be tackled, and yet not being able to receive appreciations, rather disappointments or frowning eyes at the end when a slight mistake occurs. When I look upon people who are more elderly, claiming themselves 'more experienced about everything', with high hopes of expectations, trust, but regrettably and very unfortunately I end up not being able to find any that they can provide us with!



Pahela Baishak used to be a dream day in our lives. All the ladies in their beautiful red and white graceful attires, with the guys in trendy Panjabis, used to bring a different essence of enigma and create an unearthly day filled with a feeling of newly born togetherness. It's a feeling of love, charisma, passion and yet novelty when we used to see the beautifully dressed-up young ladies walking down the aisle hands in hands with their loved one, thinking and dreaming of a new beginning like the beginning of a new Baishak. I still can visualize the day we all used to gather in the common room in IUB, all wearing red and white mixed saris with 'gajra', or 'beli ful' in our hair and sitting in a row impatiently waiting for the band to start singing. Then we would all hang around the town all 18 of us in rickshaws in pairs going to the lovely world of greenery, near the CRB (a place in Chittagong). Then we, all the girls, would take snaps in so many different poses. Sometimes visiting the Patenga beach in a microbus was another favourite or top-listed choice. In the afternoon we would run for the traditional Ilish and khichuri to AFC (American Fried Chicken), our most desired place, next to homeliness. I remember Badol Bhai ordering anything and everything after every ten minutes and even customizing our own meals with pride. After that we used to hang around for ice creams.

Things have changed so much in these last 2 years, so abruptly and dramatically. Most if not all of us have scattered around, with new and challenging jobs in different places across the country. The girls have all settled down in their own families with brand-new sangshar, some have moved abroad with their husbands, and yet again the sudden vacuum of a friend. So much so have really changed not just the whole picture of our friend circle, but the whole image, the thrill and the amusements that were all related to Baishakh and other events, just seem to have vanished from my life.

Yes, days that are gone by can never be called back I know, but only if we could turn a page of life once to relieve those unforgettably beautiful, terrific, joyous and happiest of moments. The thought is tinged with melancholy, for what we have left behind is part of ourselves.

(The writer is a Telecommunication Engineer, IUB Chittagong)