We try to lessen the heat of our body with a cool drink. The body temperature somehow comes down but the head temperature goes out of control.

My mobile phone rings. Mother wants to talk to me. As I start talking, the mobile gives a low battery signal. I could not charge the battery. I rebuke myself. The mobile stops before I finish the necessary words. What a lousy guy I am! I plan to call back to mother after borrowing the phone of one of my colleagues. But I cannot find the number as it is stored in the memory of my mobile phone, which is now off, and not in my memory or note book. I relied too much on machine and this is the punishment.

I return home in the afternoon. I press the calling bell and it does not make any sound; that means there is no electricity. Bang, bang, bang! The door is opened and I enter the hot room. I take off my clothes and attempt to take a rest. I grab a hand-fan and revolve it. I take a cup of tea with a piece of biscuit. I set out for a stroll in the alley of the locality. I arrive at the kitchen market and buy some vegetables, though I am not sure whether they would at last be cooked or not.

I need to read something as a preparation for a lecture tomorrow. I engage myself in doing so under candle light. The flame flutters and my eyes swim across the dim pages of bright thoughts. At one time I feel tired and retire to sofa. Electricity returns and I switch on the television. I browse through the channels provided by the dish. Some channels are presenting news on how industry and agriculture of the country are being affected by power outage. Ministers are advising people to use electricity judiciously and utilise sun and wind as alternative sources of energy. I settle on an English film and get engrossed in the plot. The film reaches the climax just when the electricity disappears. What a humour!

I again finish my dinner in the candle light. Different types of insects romp around. I don't know why they like candle flame so much. Some merrily take their life flying into it. Some jump into my plate and dishes around. I cannot say how many of them land in my stomach with rice and curry. I take them as part of my feast. Solid and fresh and free. I again express my gratitude to the government for not providing electricity and take care of my health.

I look through the windows at the other flats around. I find some of them have lighted. They are using generators and IPS. Some have charger lights. They are not bothered by load shedding as they have alternative energy source. I look up and discover ghostly figures on some roofs. They are bathing in the moon light. They have no regret of gloom. They enjoy natural light and natural air.

I sit in the balcony and meditate on life and nation. I think of myself -- success and failure, comfort and discomfort. I think of the public weal and woe. I think of their rights and their downright rejection. Political commitments and their emptiness. The present and future world. The more I think the more I discover the truth. My inner world is illuminated by the absence of outer illumination.

I do a bit of walking after night meal. It will help to digest food. As I feel sleepy I go to bed like a phantom. Soon I fall asleep. I toss in sweltering heat amid unlimited pangs. I dream 2020 when all citizens of the country will get their share of electricity, to which they feel they have a right.



My life is well in vision even in darkness, like many others in Bangladesh. I do not mind huge waste of time. I do not need electricity whatsoever. I am enamoured of blackout. I wish if a pre-industrial and pre-mechanical era came back. I could lead a simple life in the lap of nature without electricity and all other urban elements. I have no sorrow caused by power outage. I just sing away the blues:

"It is a great fun to live without electricity
In the whole world Dhaka is the most comfortable city."

(The writer is Assistant Professor and Head, Department of English, Daffodil International University.)