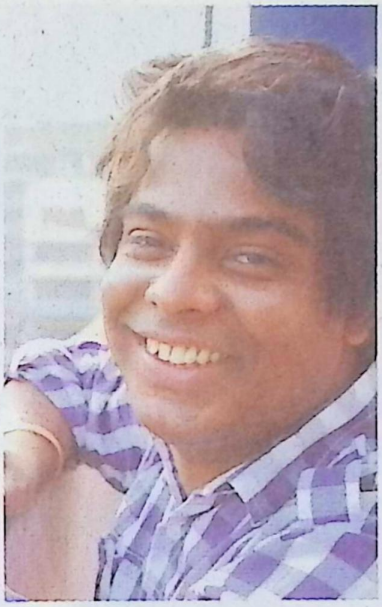


Missing Friends and Moments

Redoan Rony

talks to Yamin Tauseef Jahangir

Photo: Yamin Tauseef Jahangir

As a student, I was never really sharp, but I would always manage to score average marks in my exams. My earliest recollections of student life would mostly revolve around the college and university days where I had the opportunity to observe life from a wider perspective. The school that I went to was Bhangura High School, in Pabna, and it was near my home. My school friends and I used to have a lot of fun. I had broken my leg once and that was probably one of the bitterest moments ever in my childhood! Suddenly, life became all the more interesting and eventful once I got into the New Government Degree College in Rajshahi and leave home to stay in a hostel.

My school friend Rana and I both joined the same college and later on after graduation, we decided to come to Dhaka. Playing silly pranks and bunking classes were our regular chores. We would often be punished but never seemed to mind that much! At the same time, we would spend a lot of time watching movies at cinema halls near our hostel. I remember watching an English movie right after a Bangla one. We would buy tickets with our pocket money, which we would save up over a whole week, just so we could watch our favourite actors on the big screen. We would even sneak out from the hostel to watch these movies and it was then that we both decided to become filmmakers ourselves.

As life moved on and we stepped into adulthood our desires became stronger. We joined Brac University together and there I made more friends. Fahmi, Shumon and Ronnie had been the amazing friends who were there through thick and thin and their friendship is something that I would cherish for the rest of my life. When all was going well in my world, Rana suddenly met with a terrible accident and died. My whole world was shattered as I had actually lost my inspiration. But I knew that I had to move on and my friends helped me out of my misery.

There was a common place at Brac University, the Civil Bhaban, where my friends and I would hang out regularly. Later on, my hang out place was the Foundation Building at East West University, where I had continued my undergrad studies. I can recall an incident where I had a narrow escape regarding my quizzes for a course. The faculty member had said that he would take into the account three best scores from all the quizzes in the semester and I had only managed to appear for just two quizzes. I also conveniently bunked the third exam and as I had very loyal friends, they covered up for my absence that day in class. Later on, I confronted the teacher confidently asking for my results, of an exam I never appeared for! He was utterly flabbergasted! The attendance sheet spoke on my behalf and I was given a mark on that quiz.

I had crushes on plenty of girls in my life, which were followed by heartbreaks as well. My first crush was back in school though it all remained in giggles and conversations. When I was doing my undergrad studies, I would find girls I would be interested in and even wanted to exchange numbers with them, but in most cases my friends would cut in and steal the girls away. However, I did meet someone eventually. I was blessed, I should say for meeting someone so wonderful. Life since then has been beautiful.

Times have changed and I have lost touch with a lot of people. Probably it is because of the busy profession of filmmaking that I have chosen. But I miss my friends a lot. I remember the times when Merad, a friend of mine used to teach us equations and I so wish I could go back there in time. I miss the addas at tea stalls and the hangouts. I also miss the teacher who had once counselled and advised me on various aspects in life. I had never met such a wonderful teacher. As I take a stroll down the memory lane, I take my whole campus life to be just like cinema, where all the elements are worth living all over again.