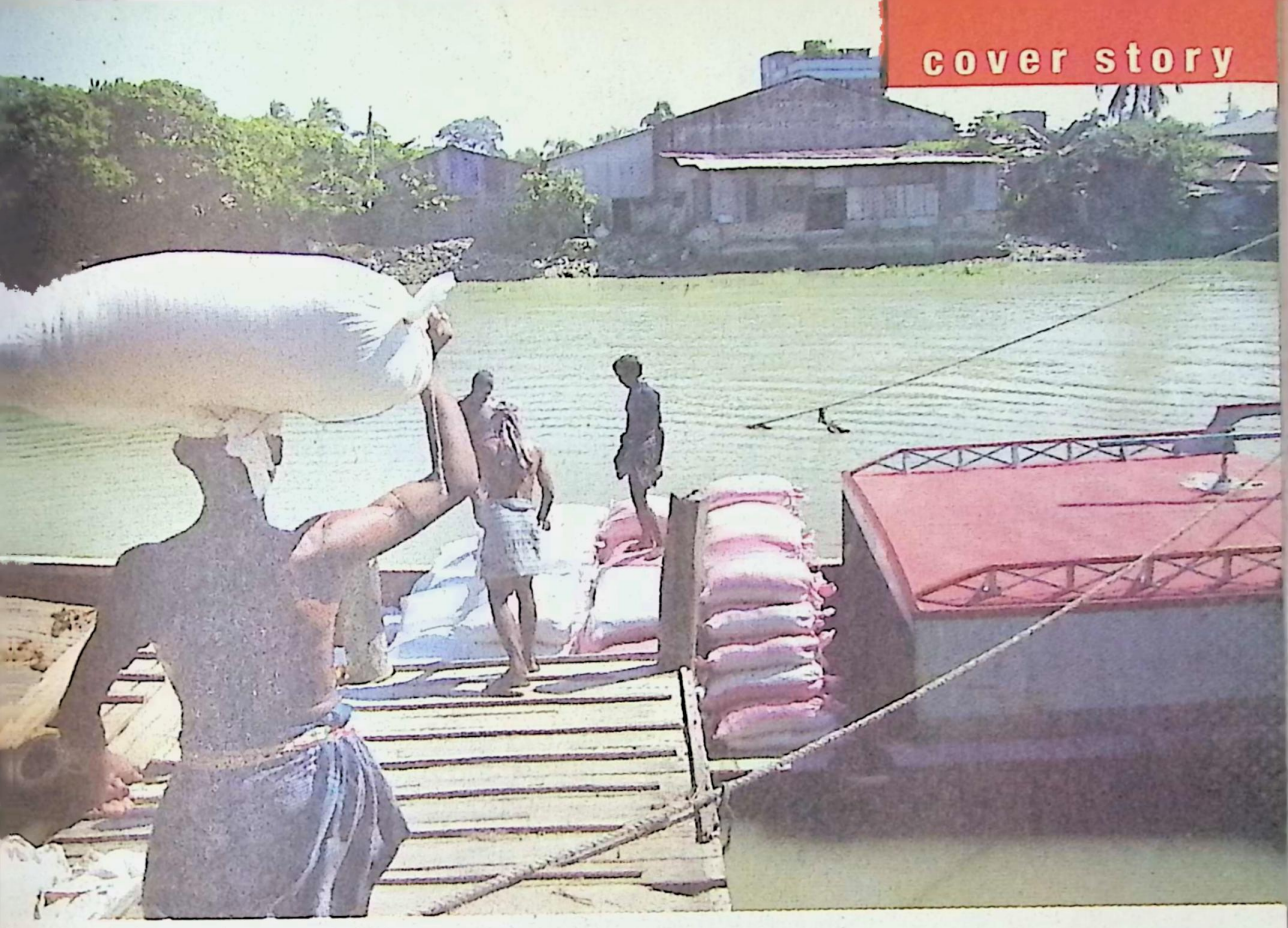
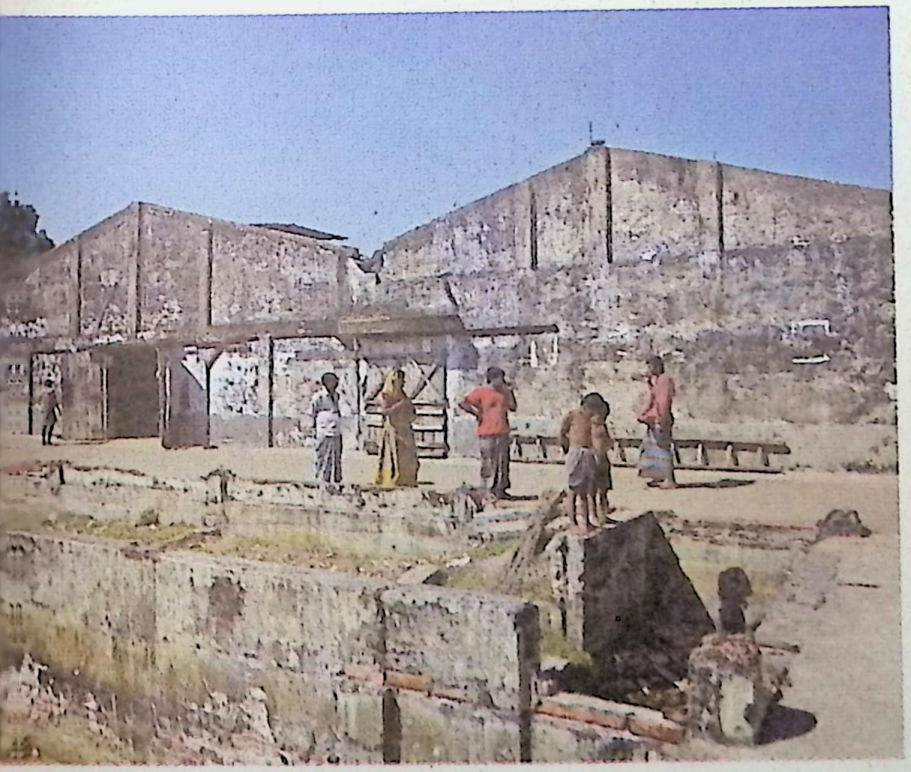


Loading Salt on the Bashanda River.



Easy access to the river and the sea encouraged the salt mills to congregate in Jhalakathi.

Maybe it had become home. Maybe there was no way to get home. Why her grave is there, there's no way to really know.

Even her name is a mystery. It might do as well to think it began with the initial 'N' – N for Nalchity, N for nomad, N for north... her ancestry at least came from the north.

On a part of her grave which is situated, out of place, alongside the small but busy road next to Nalchity bus stand, are two figures – an indecipherable Chinese character, or maybe not, and a second symbol that resembles the Bangla 'Na'.

She was a businesswoman – common knowledge, everybody says so – and it could hardly be a surprise.