It's Your Country Too



PHOTO: ZAHEDUL I KHAN

It was the day before the International Mother Language Day. On my way back home from college, I was greeted by the image of *alpona* being drawn on the roads leading up to the Shaheed Minar. I have always loved the feeling of festivity and celebrations, and so I stood there for a couple of minutes to watch the experts do their work. But I was oddly separated from the festive spirit that the area usually exudes during that period. The walls were freshly painted, red flowers were planted along the road dividers and new graffiti were put up on the walls and roads, with verses that encapsulated the spirit of the occasion. But the image from a few mornings ago, when I was on my way to attend a morning lecture at my college, kept coming back to me. The area was then being fenced and spruced up in preparation of February 21. The saddest part was that piles of garbage were strewn all over the place, and there was no one to clean it up. The garbage was thrown by you, me and the random passer-by. How can we choose to show respect on a specific occasion while otherwise, we so indifferently trash the very same place all year round? This takes the 'genuine' edge out of our national celebrations, and makes it look all feigned. While I agree that adequate bins are not placed around the city, blaming the system and conveniently forgetting that 'we' ourselves are the system will not help matters much. Stricter punishment should be meted out to those who throw garbage on the roads. Not monetary fines, something to prick the conscience and to wake us up.

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Annoying Music

Right after the Isha adhan, my neighbourhood is filled with the sound of music. I am not very fond of music, and so this outpouring of every kind of music played at a loud volume is truly torturous. I find the DJ parties particularly annoying as the music is turned full volume. The music is so loud that I think even people living in other areas will be able to hear it. Wedding ceremonies, restaurants, shopping malls; there is no quiet place in this city where you can have a proper conversation without having to shout over the din of unnecessary songs played in the background. Even when you are suffering from a headache or trying to sleep, you'll find some common sense deprived imbeciles carrying out their all night long parties or concerts while your headache gets even worse. You might be sick at the hospital or taking lessons in your classroom or having a nice supper with your near and dear ones, when suddenly a neighbour starts playing her favourite song, which, at that moment, is nothing but a gruelling torment to you. Complaints fall on deaf ears. I wish people were as sensitive of the needs of other people as they are about satisfying their desires.

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Via Email