



PHOTO: PRABIR DAS

How the flyover changed my life

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Living in Moghbazar is hard, especially when your house is directly facing the main road. Every single day I used to wake up to the horns of a thousand vehicles. It was like an alarm I never set up. Whenever I went out I would see lines of cars, buses, and rickshaws begging for the sergeant to let them go. The cumulative smoke from them would enter my lungs and slowly poison me. So when I heard about the construction of the Moghbazar-Mouchak flyover, I took a deep breath and exhaled. All my problems would be taken away by this saviour made of iron and cement.

While everyone was sceptical about the heavenly pathway, I remained adamant and loyal. They would say that it would change nothing, that it's just a waste of money. Educated people commented that flyovers were not the solution to the horrendous traffic. How could I listen to them when an infinite number of vehicles would cry out in my nightmares? I told them to be patient, to see the end result before jumping to conclusions.

After the construction began, I didn't have to wake up to horns anymore, instead my slumber was peacefully broken by the sounds of whirling cement and dirt scraping bulldozers. The transformation was already underway. Every day I would go into my veranda and appreciate the process. I saw dedicated workers putting everything they had day in and day out. I heard them cursing at each other and blocking the road to get their job done. The mound of dirt would be circulated by the wind into my eyes, nose and mouth. It would cover the floor of my veranda every day. For the whole duration of the construction I was caressed by the dirt of development.

I witnessed roads being broken down and opened up, sandstorms like the Arabian deserts and floods the likes of the river Nile. When everyone was frustrated I realised it was a meagre price to pay for the long-term prosperity. With enough time it finally paid off.

After some short years the Leviathan-like structure is

now complete and it brings tears to my eyes whenever I lay my undeserving eyes on it. Gone are the days of waiting hours in traffic, now I cruise through the clouds. Now it's the dirt of accomplishment that visits me. Now, I walk outside and look up and instead of seeing the clear blue sky, my vision is welcomed by the grey architectural marvel. There are these giant pillars erected in the middle of one side of the road which naturally slow cars down and divides it for rickshaws to go the wrong way, an unbeliev-

able engineering feat. The flyover has also devalued all the houses facing it, bringing in an economic triumph for the masses. Things will never be the same again for Moghbazar and I am proud to say that I was there when it all happened.

Shoaib Ahmed Sayam tortures himself by watching fake sports and Vietnamese cartoons. Help him at fb.com/ooribabamama



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