

and that is where the scribbling along the blank

personal touch. I always felt my handwriting was subpar. No wonder I got rejected so many times!"

One cannot possibly fathom what it meant to follow music in an era when there were no online Radio came as the sayour and people would be to listen to the latest releases aired on Top of the

> with a long list of thoughtful, love songs meant so much to our generation, and the Betar, keeping notes of any songs we heard at a

friend's place and then going to Rainbow at Elephant Road to

A tape with handpicked love songs meant so

songs. It spoke about the feelings of the person. whether it was customised or just a selection of

> A frying-pan! I did not know whether to laugh out loud or hit him with the pan,

as I always joked I would. There he was, almost a stranger to me, on our first date, gifting me a frying pan. He made a mockery of his sentiments into a startling gift. The chef in me was delighted, too bad my heart did not share the same enthusiasm.

"That was my first date with Ayan — a guy I met in high school," Urmee fondly remembers. I was friends with Raihan back then and truth be told no one made him more jealous than Ayan and his thoughtful gifts."

Some people, like Ayan, went beyond the love letter and a selection of songs, and took the effort to know what interested their loved ones. Fach person is unique and a customised gift often strikes a chord within us.

"I have always been a history buff. Ayan used to call me 'Indie.' I still have those medieval coins in my box of treasures. His personalised gifts — although all went in vain — still bring back flashes of time that now seem so innocent. I still have the gifts, but lost all touch with the fellow," said Urmee.

The impact of Ayan's gifts was so profound, that even Raihan remembers them. "The guy was pretty difficult to beat. He would gift Urmee all these customised things that I knew (even Urmee knew) were so close to her heart. One fine day it was frying pans, the next day it was century-old coins. He knew what would impress a girl!"

She used to write poetry; never seemed the type who knew words came so naturally to her. Not solely on love but on how she felt. How she viewed the world around her. I think we were in grade 11 when Shahreen gifted her book of poetry to me. Rumour had it, she loved me. Honestly, I thought we were just friends until the day I received perhaps the greatest gift I ever received — a poet's work.

Lovers often turned to poetry as a means of expressing their deepest emotions and sentiments in a creative and artistic manner. It served as an emotional outlet, a means to communicate complex thoughts into beautiful

"I did not know how to react when one fine day. Shahnaz handed over her book of poetry to me. It was a testament to her feelings from an early age till her teen years. She kept all the silly rhymes and doodles, the corrections she made to her poetry. I was astonished, not by the quality of her work but by the thought that may have gone into presenting it to me," said Raihan.

"Many years later," Raihan continued, "I received a call from Shahnaz asking me to return her diary if I still had it with me. It was an awkward meeting; we kept it short. She thanked me for keeping her 'silly diary' for so many years. But I could not express my gratitude towards her for feeling such fresh and untainted emotions towards me, even though I could never reciprocate them."

While basic human emotions remain the same, with time the expressions change. And this is exactly what happened. People still share the occasional song, but perhaps, no mixed tapes or CDs. Social media has taken over our lives and it is through this that people now exchange their romantic inclinations.

Raihan and Urmee are now happily married. When asked to pick a favourite, they both unanimously agreed that letters were perhaps the best gift someone from our generation could give to his/her loved one. "But then again," Urmee said, "There is always the boxing gloves that Raihan gave me on our first wedding anniversary. Now, that's something thoughtful!"

**By Pothbhola Photo: Sazzad Ibne Sayed**