



Winter morning at a city park

Winter survival guide: Mosquitoes, dust, and dry skin

Winter has arrived and Dhaka has become a hive of activity for late-night tea sessions, pitha feasts, and rooftop barbecue parties. However, in the shadows of this joyous occasion lie Dhaka's most dreaded evildoers: dust, dry skin, and mosquitoes. These three menaces arrive like a rogue gallery from a superhero flick, each with their own diabolical plot to ruin the season. But fear not, for Dhakaites are nothing if not resilient. Armed with lotions, coils, and a questionable amount of enthusiasm, the city fights back against its winter nemeses.

The Mosquito Horde

Superpower: Stealth attacks and an insatiable thirst for human blood.

Modus Operandi: Emerging from every conceivable corner once the sun dips below the horizon.

Winter mosquitoes are a different breed altogether. While summer mosquitoes have the decency to be sluggish and predictable, their winter counterparts are faster, stealthier, and oddly persistent. They laugh in the face of your electric swatter, dodge the smoke from your coil, and somehow still find that one exposed patch of skin through your mosquito net.

How Dhakaites Fight Back

The Coil Ritual: Lighting a coil and placing

it under the table, hoping it works before your tea starts tasting like burnt chemicals.

The Spray Crusade: Emptying half a can of bug spray in the living room while chanting, "Better them than me".

The Mosquito Net Armour: Turning your bed into an anti-mosquito fortress, only to realise you have locked in one mosquito that's now your archenemy for the night.

The Duststorm Duo

Superpower: Infiltrating everything, from your nose to your newly cleaned furniture.

Modus Operandi: Hitching a ride on winter breezes and endless Dhaka construction projects.

Winter in Dhaka brings an unrelenting avalanche of dust. It's on your clothes, in your hair, and somehow even in your tea cup during rooftop gatherings. The sheer audacity of dust is legendary—it settles on freshly wiped furniture within seconds and turns your lungs into its personal playground.

How Dhakaites Fight Back

The Mop and Wipe Alliance: A never-ending cycle of dusting that feels more like a cardio routine than a cleaning task.

Mask Up: Channelling your inner superhero

by wearing a face mask everywhere, even indoors.

Plant Sidekicks: Filling your home with indoor plants that promise to purify the air but mostly just look aesthetically pleasing.

The Dry Skin Bandit

Superpower: Turning the toughest Dhakaite into a human loofah.

Modus Operandi: Sapping all moisture from your skin, leaving you itchy, ashy, and contemplating life.

Dry skin doesn't discriminate—it attacks everyone. You could be in a VIP event in Banani, and your hands will look like they belong to someone who is not aware of the invention of moisturisers. The betrayal is personal and relentless, turning winter into a battle of hydration.

How Dhakaites Fight Back:

The Lotion Arsenal: Stockpiling moisturisers like it's a zombie apocalypse, with every household suddenly owning three types of Nivea.

The Lip Balm Obsession: Carrying lip balm in every pocket, purse, and occasionally tucked into a sock for emergencies.

The Oil Ritual: Rubbing mustard oil into every crevice of your body while pretending it smells like a luxury spa product.

The City Fights Back

Dhakaites are nothing if not creative in their resistance. While mosquitoes, dust, and dry skin continue their relentless assault, the city's collective resilience transforms the fight into a community event. Neighbours share remedies, colleagues trade tips, and WhatsApp groups light up with debates over the best mosquito repellents.

From rooftop BBQ parties to Mirpur bazaars, Dhaka becomes a battleground of ingenuity:

Grandmas concoct DIY moisturisers with aloe vera and turmeric.

Local kids invent games with mosquito swatters.

Every household becomes a fortress of defence against dust.

Dhaka's winters are a paradox—a season that brings both unparalleled charm and unrelenting chaos. And while mosquitoes, dust, and dry skin continue their reign of terror, the city's real heroes—the people—rise to the occasion with wit, resourcefulness, and a whole lot of *cha*. Because in Dhaka, no villain stands a chance against a well-moisturised, mask-wearing, coil-lighting warrior.

By K Tanzeel Zaman
Photo: LS Archive/Sazzad Ibne Sayed

