



What we lost when adda left our daily lives

In our culture, adda is more than just talk. It's an unhurried form of togetherness, built in tea stalls, street corners, and rooftops, shaped by gossip, arguments, and sports, without the pressure to conclude or agree. Today, it is hard to remember the last time we spent hours with friends without checking the time.

In the past, rooftops were rarely quiet on summer afternoons. Boys flew kites across the sky, trying to cut each other's strings, while girls watched from the edges, laughing and teasing. A carrom board often appeared in a corner surrounded by an eager crowd. Eyes wandered toward neighbouring rooftops, where adolescents tried to impress someone who was watching.

Evenings didn't begin with a phone screen. People gathered simply to talk, with tea, a few snacks and the quiet joy of being together. Aunties discussed about their favourite mega-serials. What once emerged naturally, now feels rare in a life that moves faster, demands more and leaves little room



for pauses.

Streets and fields were once playgrounds for entire neighbourhoods. Friendly matches were organised between lanes, although the rivalry was intense. Locals gathered to watch and temporary stalls sold toys, sweets, and snacks. Now, the number of open spaces has decreased and our teenagers are no longer team captains. Heavy bags and endless coaching schedules leave them exhausted.

Most rooftops are locked now, and the cassette players in the living room have gone silent. Nobody waits for the new cinema on BTV anymore. The ritual of adda has been replaced by the algorithms of social media, endless notifications, and mechanical life saturated with deadlines. Conversations are no longer stretched out without urgency after school or work.

Once, adda held communities together in small towns and crowded neighbourhoods. Familiar faces met almost every day and greetings were not just a formality, but a habit. Children played in the streets under the quiet watch of elders.



We discussed our problems and offered opinions. This constant contact built trust, a sense of belonging, and quietly shaped the social fabric of our lives.

Now, people living next door pass each other in lifts with awkward silence. Young people look down at phones to avoid eye contact with seniors, fearing judgment or unwanted questions. The discomfort exists because the connection no longer does.

Digital platforms like social media have stepped in as substitutes rather than equivalents. Reactions, comments,

and group chats offer the illusion of participation without the warmth of actually being there. People gather just to scroll. Conversations that used to unfold slowly, with pauses, laughter, and interruptions, have turned into quick texts and emojis.

We can't leave the professional persona after leaving the office desk because the boundaries between work and home have blurred. Life has dissolved into late-night emails and mandatory Zoom calls. The impulsive adda has been replaced by the planned outing. We go to restaurants, take photos for social media, and return to our phones. When we talk, it often revolves around trends and online updates. The raw talk about daily life feels scarce.

Those who once made adda possible have been scattered by the winds of globalisation, moving to cities or countries for education, work or better opportunities. The circles that once gathered every evening are now spread, their conversations reduced to occasional messages or status updates.

Bringing adda back is not about rejecting modern life. In a society obsessed with fast pace and productivity, choosing to just sit, talk and be together becomes a quiet act of resistance. It's a reminder that connection is what truly holds us together. Small acts like these can reclaim belonging. It's time to put our phones aside, settle in a corner and relive the nostalgia.

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