



Echoes of Wordsmith's Pen



A Platform for Creative Voices

Department of English

Spring 2018-19

Poem

Short Story

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Poems

An Ode to a Golden Soul

Nadia Anwar

Chairman, Board of Trustee, AIUB

God saw you getting tired
A cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around you
And whispered, "Come with Me."

With tearful eyes we watched you
And saw you watched away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.

A Golden heart stopped beating
Your tender hands at rest,
God took you home to prove top us
He only takes the best.

The Vermillion Blade

Tanveer Md Tanjeem

Id: 17-35663-3, CSE

I am, but a tranquil man
Amidst the pale weather,
Walking across the serene urban road.

Indeed it remained,
Not for long...
I swear, I heard a quaver.
I saw a man's prolonged waver...

The sun was leaving the sky,
Leaving it onto the hands of scarlet evening...
I walked across the road
As I reached the waving man in a rigid black coat
I saw his euphoric grinning!

He reached into his coat
And a shivering cold wind whoosh across my neck!
A sharp clink source unravelled from his coat..

He threatened me for my belongings,
A tranquil man indeed I am, with both my empty pockets and hand,
I could feel his aggression, swaying back and forth
My mind prayed "Oh MY lord! Oh MY Lord!"

His sanguinary eyes overshadowed my fate.
SMACK!! As he shoved it down my chest,
My body splashed onto the ground.

I could sense the warmth, of the life oozing out...
Alas... there's no doubt, indeed it's my comatose...
This rotting flesh conjured its final ounce of strength,
To conquer my numbness, and get rid of the vermillion blade...

Learnt

Tahmina, BAE

Holding the pieces of my heart, I strive for reaching my limit
Until I halt at a position unknown to my heart,
Unknown to my mind I inspect my position,
Only to find all my pieces scattered yet hidden.

The tangled threads loosen a little,
When your shadow bows near me,
When your eyes hold me earnestly,
When you observe me keenly.

Reached am into the deepest hole,
Where molecules made its goal,
You have reached here long before,
Without making much effort;

Anguishing over the issues of life,
I haven't seen the value of life,
Realizing the curse I had all along,
Didn't do much, just played along.

Realized now, today and so
Have to treasure the moment ago,
Have to let my curse play its part,
Have to synchronize my art.

Will let go of the imaginary expectation,
Will not react to the improper reaction,
Will not justify any of my act,
Until asked, until mattered.

Here's the story of a girl,
Played a part in search of whole,
Whole was instilled in her part,
Knew she when the part was done,

20 years later she found,
The reason to her habituation,
The answers to her entangled mind,
When she was hurt by a little one,

The hurt wasn't such as deep,
The others tore the heart apart,
This did no such a thing,
But bruised a taint.

The tables have turned, the mind reset
Surely this is how my brain, is it?
This is so how I inscribe my life,
Such: my poem was different awhile.

My treads work in different pace,
Not such like ever known to exist,
But slowly I feel a harmony
Inside of me, growing vividly widely.

Here I end the tale of finding my-self,
Of re-making a whole
Of endless desires, boxed into one,
A multi-surfaced act on play.

Here You would find the girl a mess,
The one turned the pages true, the nobody in everybody.

Zealots Approval

Ashkin Bin Ayub

14-26051-1 (CSE)

I am but alone as the eye can see,
Sitting in the corner to find what I could feel,
I know not understanding of those to be,
As I am, who I am to what I am, me.

The hardest part is forgive the forgotten,
The loneliest part is to pry into heaven,
The saddest part is to feel the need of begotten,
It's the soul which has turned red and rotten.

Confused as the confession in the mirror,
Reflection in repulsion of destitute or dearer,
Progress of tiny bit of yellow melancholy of bearer,
Sighs of relief in ones sleep of slender.

I know this feeling of humanities hope,
But unchained my melody of evolutionary rope,
It is mine for I speak of cope,
Fall down in this upward slope.

Sex was physicality of mentality of peace,
I tender so sober as of a unseen disease,
Let this normality of epicenter eloquently per cease,
I am soft yet hard for I wish there was a release.

My Big Brother

Samrin Zaman Bushra

14-25495-1 (BAE)

Dear big brother,
You big bully,
You ungrateful rat,
You so called miser,
Who do you think you are?
A king of a kingdom?
Or a president of a state?
Let me tell you who you are –
You are nothing but a nag.
Always bossing like a lion,
Who becomes a cat in front of our father.
Always busy in giving me orders,
And too lazy to get a glass of water by himself.
How I wish, I could squash you like fly
Or strangle you with my bare hands
Or suffocate you with a pillow
But I know, these are possible
Only in my dreams.
However, I know you care
No matter how hard you try
Or wear the mask of indifference
I know you care for me
I have never told you this
Nor I ever Will (because it will boost your ego and send you to cloud nine)
You are the person I admire the most
And who is my best friend
A best friend which every girl wants
Whom I can trust and rely on
And share my secrets
You are my shadow that
Never deserts me in distress
Always there to cheer me up
Through our pillow fights

The best brother in the world is
My big brother.

On Krishnachura's Party

Theotonius Gomes

(Faculty, Dept. of English)

Down by the shades of your jubilant peaks
Clouds mingled in golden-gleam-dawn
As our naked footsteps followed your trail so meek,
Solitude was awe-dream-drawn.

O ShahidMinar! We hear your tune –
"Immaculate by the blood of my sons
I wear garlands of love, eternally."
Near your assuring peaks a sea was born
Slogans rang out building foams of dreams
Ninth mid day of Falgun – that murderously lovely noon
Buds of Krishnachura partied here
Sixty-two years back:
Purging the highway with wild crimson waves
Offering passion for lush of delta.
O ShahidMinar! We hear your song, leaning on you –
"Blessed is Bangla for my son's blood
While the ends of seven oceans sing:
You wear garlands of love, eternally."
Krisnachura partied here sixty-four years back
The buds never missed ever since,
They never did.

The Enrichment of Soul

Tahmidul Islam

15-28559-1 (BAE)

My heart becomes a piece of steel now
I don't cry anymore seeing an unfed baby in street
My heart asks what you can do now
Can u feed millions like them in the street?

A drop of tear does not touch our heart
Nobody cares for a boy who dies living in street
The dark soul searching for a good heart
A heart which will feed millions in street

The universe wants a big hearted soul now
A soul which sees the needs of tearful eyes
The divine light is looking for you now
Are you ready to turn them into cheerful eyes?

A Wish

Khan Fahmida

13-23064-1 (BAE)

I would like to be the star of the sky
Where freedom, Power all will be mine
I would like to be the ocean of Knowledge
Where Shakespeare, John Keats
all will be my Courage
I would like to be the rhythm of songs
Where all people will be mine
I would like to be the magic for World
Where jealousy, sadness will gone

Broken dream

Fahim hasan

14-26028-1 (BAE)

Never see a dream, live into a darkest world
But I love my life, which have no expression in any word,
Finding a new hope I go here and there.
Sometimes I am confuse about my life which contains fears,
I have never found a person, who can take my proper care,
In every situation I feel alone
No one I have to hold my hand everyone is beyond,
Try to find my dream, I tried a lot
In my life, time is too short
My smile is like a rain
In different moment it is hard to gain
I never had a life
From my childhood I live in a darkest world
I never found a dream to express in my word

The Peaceful Toxic

Musharraf Jahan Anchal

15-29246-1(BAE)

You created the rainbow over my heart
It felt like an opium gain in the dark.
When I first saw you, I hardly thought-
You and me would be turned into "us"
It was you, not me
Who trapped us into the cage of love.
Love is for fools, so are we.
Is this why we were flung in this earth?

YOU

Tamanna Tabassum

13-23522-1 (BAE)

Thousand of time I fall in love with the same person
And again realize it's deeper than the previous.
Thousand of time I argue with the same person
And again aware of how stupid I am!
You never get tired of understanding my nonsense attitude.
You promise me nothing but give me everything.
I can smell the smell of you; even you are so far away from me
you are that line which I was searching for my unfinished poem.

Why is it so difficult to say?

Wali Mahmood Fahim

16-30993-1 (BBA)

Every life has a reason to live
Mine one is you
Every man has a dream
Mine one is you
Every flower has a color
Mine one is you
Every smile has a reason
Mine one is you
Why is it so difficult to say, I love you
You are the moon in my sky
You are the beats in my heart
You are the wave in my ocean
I don't know you love me or not

I don't care; I love you, and will love you a lot
I live just to be with you
I am scared of losing you
I can wait whole life for you
I can do anything for you

Look into my eyes, can't you see? I love you!

I know you will not be with me
I pray to God "please keep her happy"
If you feel down just close your eyes and call me
I will be there beside you
No one in the world can love you
As much as I do

Lantern

Md. Alomgir Kabir

13-24736-2 (BBS Econ.)

Down there, life container.
Traffic is awful, Lives go on trading.
Competition still running.

Dream like to reach at stars.
Prepare yourself to travel at speed of light.
Spread out for mankind.
Society expecting better world as a gift.
Your potential and possibilities can find out it.

Explore a world where people can;
Live their life, perfect their life,
Adorn their life, be happy in their life.
Extract all miseries and Re-write the history.

The Tale of the Tears

Samia Nasrin

14-27829-3 (BBA)

The sun is setting down upon me
To bring another nightfall
Hence sorrows remain in my life after all,
Tears!
I can see you there standing
And waves breaking at the bay,
Bathing your feet.
In the same way like to say, here we used to meet.
And all these say I've known,
That after every sun set there is a dawn.
But after tonight dawn is gonna break
This darkness has no end.
No light, no reflections in the water of our entwined fingers
Now only memory is all that lingers.
Tears!
Along with sudden blow of wind,
Your voice whispers,
As if you are saying- "look! I am still here!"
Just like the same way you used to say.
That you will be back in my arms again,
Is the only hope that remains,
The only speech of light
Which reached out to me
In the endless darkness.....
Of this horrible lonely night.
Tears!

Midnight Dreamers of Gaza

MD. Abdullah Al Noman

13-23325-1 (CSE)

Open your eyes, my friends
Open your eyes.
Find where my freedom right now
Where are my rights?
Ask "Why they are dying?" yourself
"For how long they have to survive?"
See how easily we are killed everyday
How our fresh blood looks like?
We are the children of Gaza
We the midnight dreamers,
We need your support right now
Not your silent prayers
Your life can change its color
But ours always black
Where are you? My friends
Help us for God's sake
Feel my pain, my brother
Look at my face.
Without stopping my hand,
How you are going to win human race?
What you dream for you, my sister
Please do that for me, too.
Let us, be your parts of heart
Isn't our friendship so true?
Where we are crying right now
You are flying your kites,
Open your eyes, my friends
Open your eyes.

My World Simply Gone

Tania Akter

14-26034-1 (BAE)

Long time gone and gone
I become much grown
Few people in the world;
Actually my known
I can see my friends always in my eyes
Because I like them so much
Who learn how to befriend!
To the brim.
And I find my parents in my mind
Because I respect them very much!!
And yes I touch my heart and feel him
Because my heart knows how much love goes
To the brim
And to the brim!!

Veneration to Women

MD. Intiajuddin Shishier

13-24980-3 (BAE)

The mystery of creation Hidden in you
The Sun, Moon, Stars bow in respect.
God will pouring continue.
All the messengers expect your warm embrace
And vigorously expect to meet
You woman the tube of fertile soil
Flowers smile in your leap
You are the mother of world
God himself eagerly hide in you
Old God shape in there a new.o passes through your
Glomeration passes through you
Woman you eternal
All the prophets respect
You and love you

My inner 'I'

Md. Inzamul Haque

12-20622-1 (BAE)

People say you are blue,
But I can't see your color,
That is shadow or empty-
Whatever I can see!
People say you can cry
But I can't see your tears,
That is a sound of raindrop-
Whatever I can hear!

Everybody says you have a black
Inside on your heart,
But I can't see that blemish spot-
That is illustrious light
Whatever I can see!
Everybody says about your fault,
What is only one
But I can't judge you-
There is so many stars,
Surrounding in your arms
Whatever can give you purity!

I wanted touch you sky!
I wanted touch you moon!
But my hands were not so high!

That was six feet high-
Whatever I have!
One day I made my wings!
That was not a dream
But I couldn't fly,
It was failed forever,
Whatever my wish!

Now I have so many black,
Inside in my dark room
Where no shadow can fly
That is not a dream-
Whatever I am....!!!

Haiku

Reality of life

Safkat Sultana

12-20347-1 (BAE)

Sorrows come alone to me
Happiness don't do it me
This is the reality

Dream

Sajib Roy

10-16179-1 (BAE)

A silent classroom
Saw teacher slap on my head
Sleeping on the bed

Short Story

Last Day on Earth

Sanjoy Mitra

11-19459-2 (EEE)

Durjoy was half asleep at his desk when the second siren pierced through his ears. He almost fell from his chair. The high pitched eerie sound was followed by a voice. "Attention citizens. We have just been informed by the National Space Research Institute that the Chad-305 comet has accelerated rapidly over the last 10 hours of observation with very little deviation from its path. Missiles targeted at the comet will enter the earth's atmosphere within dawn. Whether or not Chad-305 will strike Earth is still unclear but we hope to receive a confirmation soon. It will be announced in our final announcement. Good luck and may God save us all".

He was looking outside the windows near his desk as he listened very carefully. He then got up and started preparing to close his small store. As he pulled down the shutter he noticed how unmoved the simple minded folks of this small village of Sundarbans were. Their logic was simple: if it's something that they don't understand then it's none of their concern. "If only they could comprehend the gravity of the situation", thought Durjoy. He decided to not explain it to them either. It would only make him look like a fool. Besides, it would not change their fate. He started off for his house on his bicycle wondering how the people in the big cities would be reacting against this situation. He was certain that it was chaos out there.

Being a deeply religious man he also tried to relate the end of times described by his prophet with the current situation. "Surely", he thought "this isn't the end of human race. Isa is yet to arrive". He concluded that at best the disaster would wipe out most of the civilization like the time of Noah. But would he and his family belong on the ark? This terrified him. His phone rang. It was his mother. "Salam Ma", he said. "Durjoy, did you buy the things I asked you to?". "Yes Ma, I did. Ma, a big rock

might hit this planet. People all over the world are panicking," he said hoping to hear back a sensible response. "Ok. Did you buy all of the things?" "I did Ma. I will see you later." He hung up, sat silently for a minute and started pending again.

When he reached home he gave one last attempt at explaining his mother. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed "Chad is where it is supposed to be, can't you see?" Chad meant the Moon in their language. Durjoy hugged her, kissed her on her forehead and said "I will protect you if I can Ma. I love you". He went on to his room while his mother stood there smiling. He lay down with the radio close to him. He recited verses of his holy book and pondered upon life. Everything that he has done, everything that he wanted to do and what lay in the hereafter. His Dhikr was interrupted by an eerie sound from the radio. "Citizens, may I please have your attention!"

Trapped

Rifat Arefin Autree

14-27682-3 (BBA)

It all started one Sunday morning, it was a bright day. Too bright for me, I should say. My dad was working in his lab. As he is a scientist, he always keeps himself shut in his tiny room. That lab is a mouse house to me. After breakfast, I requested mom to ask dad to take me outside, it's has been one year he did not take out time for his son from his busy schedule. Since my last birthday, he did not take me anywhere. If I ask him about his schedule then he just tells me that he is creating a wonderful creature which has no value for time, the only thing I could do was to wonder what he was creating. I could not restrict myself and one night, I tried to seek in and somehow I found the door open. I could not believe my eyes! A person who is never been so careless, hates the word 'careless', left the door open.

It was like finding a treasure without any effort. I went inside, but the thing I saw after that was really shocking. There were no lab apparatus or any sort of things that is used by a scientist. They were just tools lying around and in the middle of that tiny room, stood a giant machine.

I went close to the machine; it was a sort of calendar. But the format of the date was not correct. There was no year; it had only centuries and it was also wrong. It showed 19th century, so I tried to change the time to 20th but mistakenly I set 23rd century. I could not get a clear view of what was happening to me. Suddenly, everything became visible but bigger than me. There were tall grasses, and the trees were huge. Now I could get a clear vision of everything, I have reached 23rd century, and only word to describe that situation was 'trap'. Yes, I was trapped in an unknown world where humans were small, and may be insects were large. I had to be careful and I know, if I do not find the stupid machine created by my scientist dad, then I am finished. As I am studying about archeology, it says that old things were buried. And that did the trick. I started digging, with a help of large piece of wood stick, which you might describe as a small piece of wood in your world. It took me at least two days to dig and finally, I found that stupid thing and reached home safely. When I came back, I found that it was my birthday and dad said, "this is your birthday present", pointing at the time machine. I said "wow dad, what a present!"

The Other Kind of Robin

John Paul Shimanto Sarkar

13-25443-3 (BAE)

Fanatics of the popular DC comics must be thinking that this piece is about Bruce Wayne, The Batman and his side-kick, the boy Wonder, Jason Todd a.k.a The Robin. Sorry to disappoint you all but this is not about the DC superheroes but instead drawing inspiration from the popular sitcom on the mid 2000's, How I Met Your Mother (HIMYM). Most of us who have watched the show, know who Robin is. For those who don't, Robin is one of the major characters in whom the protagonist, Ted falls in love with at the very pilot and in his hind-sight keeps on loving her despite dating numerous women and eventually marrying one whilst Robin, ignoring of the many signs that she should have ended up with Ted, marries Ted's best friend Barney and then gets divorced. She only realizes her love for Ted when Ted has already found love with Tracy, the mother of his children. The two however much like a perfect story, end up together when Tracy passes away and six years later after the approval of Ted's children, he seeks her out and they confess their love. What a perfect end, right? Might have taken a long, winding road but it does sum up to be near-perfect story. Ted realized many times throughout his long search for "The One" that nothing ever came close to the feeling he had with Robin but when Barney marries her, he realizes that she's not "The One" but "The One who got away."

The moral behind this story is that nearly all of us have a Robin in our lives. The one person we probably should have ended up with but they are the one that got away. In our hind-sight we keep on loving them, claiming whatever we have with them is just platonic and wave away our friend's finger-pointing and indications that yes you are still very much in love with that person away in a jovial nonchalant way. That feeling with our own individual "Robin" never wavers. Nothing that comes later ever compares to that. Even her breath would probably tear through the very fabric of our own masculine outer mask and bring a teardrop out of the eyes but alas....men don't cry.

Me? I see my Robin every day. She's the staunch friend that I could never lose. Maybe in my hindsight, I do love and will continue to do so remaining in the platonic platform that we both have climbed, but one thing for certain: Nothing replaces a Robin. I close her car door for her every day, she hugs me, waves me goodbye, sends me a goodnight text. Can't I get all that from some other female or probably even a next paramour? Yes I can, and so I have; was it special? Yes. Greater than Robin? I wish I could say yes.

Trying to replace the Sun with a candle; it's just like chasing the wild goose.

Ode to Monsoon

A MUSICAL REMEMBRANCE OF TAGORE AND NAZRUL

Organized by:
Department of English

Date: 25th July 2018 (Wednesday)

Time: 3:30pm-5:00pm Venue: Multi-purpose Hall

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY-BANGLADESH

Ode to Monsoon:
A musical Remembrance
Celebrating Tagore and Nazrul
in the Department of English



Her

Arif Syed

12-20718-1 (BBA)

As he finds her classroom he touches the door, and closes his eyes, and tries to feel her presence. And he can. He can feel her, just on the opposite side of the door. Their heart beats sync as they beat rhythmically and simultaneously with equal impatience.

"Have you left?" she texts him.

His smile broadens. How can he leave without seeing her once more? Without hearing her beautiful voice calling out his name?

He texts back, "Yes".

Her heart skips a beat. She keeps reading the "Yes" repeatedly, for a whole minute. With trembling hands, she texts him back, "Okay...". She stares at a blank page, trying to imagine his smile which is reserved only for her.

Time fades away, and finally the bell rings. And there she is a sad frown on her face because she knows he is not here. But as she looks up, words do not form in her mind, nor escape from her lips, as her frown slowly turns to a happiest smile she has ever smiled. He loves this smile so much, for she smiles like this only when she gets to see him.

She caresses his cheeks and says, "You said you left". He smiles, "Wanted to see this smile of yours". She smiles, and asks him, "What do you see?" Not even blinking, and maintaining his stare, he replies, "Heaven". She says, "That is because every day you take me there." Suddenly a call comes in her phone. She answers it, and then hangs up. She looks at him, in melancholy, and says, "He is coming."

He is still looking at her, but inside, his heart starts to bleed, as he jumps back to reality, as he gets reminded of his true place in her world. He replies, "Okay....". She caresses his face for one final time, and says "Bye..." in a faint, choking voice, and leaves. He watches her as she takes his heart with her. A tear rolls down his face, for she can never be his. But he smiles through his tear, for it is her he feels in this way for.

It will destroy him apart, but he still clings on to this precarious love. Because he was sent in this world for her, only to love her, only to cherish her, only to make her smile. He is her miracle. As she is his.

Journal

My Glasses Are Orange

Subama Khan

14-26916-2 (BAE)

Hello again,

Though I woke up earlier this morning with a positive hope that I'd be able to enter the class before my course instructor, I couldn't. I cut through the traffic jam, covered the distance of 12 kilometers.

Eventually my feet are on the stairs and The Mount Everest is proudly standing 4 ft away from me. And Mr. Wrist-watch is politely saying "ma'am, you're late it's 08:15" I replied, "no problemo, it's just one day of being late and my home will allow it." This is my home. Why? Let me explain, I come here everyday (Sun -Thurs) at 08:00 am and leave this campus at 6. The lines before our lifts look like trains. Everyone is bound to play that game whose classes are held at level 5 and above. I enjoy it. Known people say "hello" to me. And unknown becomes known in this platform because sometimes we sit on the chairs of this station and exchange words. (Blue and red 'Otobi' chairs, which you might not have noticed before). When I'm not in the classroom studying or recording class lectures on my mind, I eat or spend my time watching tv, listening to music, gossiping or just sitting idly doing nothing, somewhere at level 14. That's a noise free zone because there's no Wi-Fi, no food/TV and no regular classes or Otobi chairs to sit on. Walls are made of glass, which are green and green is what? It's good for our eyes. I am thinking about all these scattered things while I'm still in the train station, waiting to be stuffed into the lift that will take me to level 10. To my number 1 family of Sunday. Every semester I make 5 families. And each family contains different members. Each member is a different book, full of mysteries, adventures and interesting stories. I can't read all of them. So I save it for the next time. "May I come in? Sorry that I'm late"

And my family members smile at me. The Alpha says "come in".

I sit and realize,

It's a beautiful place for those who love being busy and disciplined. I think, my life becomes more colorful and dynamic when I wake up in the morning before the crows and tweeties with a plan that it's going to be another day at AIUB and I will return my second home safe and sound at night with lots of memories sweet or sour and place my orange glasses on the table.

Good night Dear Diary.

Admission open in French Language

Why do we need French?

Immigration to Canada
Work Facilities in Europe
UN Services
Jobs in NGOs
Sophistication

Course Duration:

60 hours
Course Fee:
BDT 10000
Course Starts:
Next Semester

Parlez Vous Français?



Elementary Course (Level A1)

Contact for Information: CEC, Banani Campus, AIUB
Phone: 01511665500, Email: ce@aiub.edu

Barak Valley Movement

Nuzhat Tarannum
15-29609-2 (BAE)

As we all know that Bangla is the only one language for which people sacrificed their lives, for the right to use Bangla as their mother language. The movement that happened in 1952 made a history in the whole world. But it is not known to many person that another movement also happened for Bengali language. It was in Assam, India. The Bengali Language Movement in Barak Valley, Assam was a protest against the decision of the Government of Assam to make Assamese the only official language of the state even though a significant proportion of the population were Bengali speaking. In the Barak Valley, there were a huge number of Bengali speakers. The main incident, in which 11 people were killed by State police, took place on 19th May 1961 some of the are Birendra Sutradhar, Kanailal Niyogi, Sunil Sarkar, Toroni Devnath. In April, 1960, a proposal was raised at the Assam Pradesh Congress Committee, to declare Assamese as the one and only official language of the state. Tensions raise high in the Brahmaputra Valley, where Assamese mobs attacked Sylheti settlements. The violence reached its peak between July and September, during which an estimated 50,000 Sylhetis fled the Brahmaputra Valley and arrived in West Bengal. Another 90,000 fled to Barak Valley and other regions of the North East.

Those few days of the language movement passed in a flurry of incidents but the impact of those few days has altered forever the lives of the people of this valley. Even today, with every passing year, the people of this valley await the achievement of the ambition that had been marked out by the satyagrahis so many years ago in 1961. And very year brings us closer to the great Eleven, as every child, man and woman of this valley know the martyrs; in feeling and in passion, in our love of the mother tongue.

Autobiography

My Interior Journey toward My Home

Seemon Ishtiaque
12-20481-1 (BAE)

Despite being a Bangali, I consider myself as a kind of an international student struggling to adjust with virtually everything in Dhaka. My growing up in Ireland and recently shifting to Bangladesh for my graduation has a direct relation to such feeling of mine.

Moving from one country for staying in another is indeed a challenging and interesting experience. It has been over a year since I got on a flight from Ireland to move to my homeland after completing my A Levels. I knew it would be very difficult for me since I had lived in Ireland for almost 10 years. I had decided to go back to Bangladesh simply because I wanted to reconnect with my family and my roots, and explore my own ethnicity and culture. Though I was quite excited imagining the huge change in lifestyle for me, I still remember being so confused of which university to apply for. I had very little idea about the education system in Bangladesh. Honestly, I knew nothing about what universities are like. But that didn't matter much to me at the time. I was way too excited thinking about the experience. I knew that moving back would change my life completely. I was certain about one thing that I'd become a whole new person.

Leaving Ireland and moving on

As much as I was looking forward to my 'new home', I started to realize that I would miss Ireland just as much as I would miss my best friend, the little towns of Limerick city, the beautiful Irish landscapes, sky blue beach views, the quietness and tranquility of the countryside. As far as my

ideas about Dhaka were concerned, the capital city of Bangladesh was going to be anything but quiet! Limerick, the city I used to live in was not as near as chaotic as Dhaka. It is surrounded by small towns, old castles and quays, bumpy bridges, hilly roads, but yet I always found it having a special charm. It is actually the little things that I knew I would miss the most: for example, waking up on a random December morning to find everything outside turn white with snow or chit-chatting with friends while having some fish and chips at the sea side.... I would also miss going to the amusing and vibrant parades on St. Patrick's Day and listening to music with friends at pubs that keep the traditional Irish music alive.

But then, no food compares to my favorite chicken biryanis back home. Nothing compares to the colorful Bengali festivals like Pahela Baishakh and Eid. Although I enjoyed observing the Irish culture and its people, I never really felt that I truly belonged to the Irish world. This was because I missed my family intensely, especially my mother, and I really desperately wanted to reconnect with the Bengali culture again.

I knew I had grown up with a very different lifestyle compared to most native Bangali girls. But I was determined to adjust into the new lifestyle. I felt it was the right time to move back as soon as I completed my A Levels so that I could start university life and try my best to settle in Bangladesh.

Re-entering my homeland

Arriving in a new culture, I found the differences to be quite fascinating! At first, I felt like a living ghost among everybody, totally sleep-deprived and roasting from the heat though it was September which is considered to be quite mild. Driving past the chaotic streets of Dhaka the first thing I could think of was 'colour': starting from women wearing vivid bright kameez and sarees to the walls of the streets covered in colourful posters, the street side shops and the open fruit and vegetable bazaars etc.

One thing I found quite intriguing and funny was that the face of a famous Bangali Cricket player Shakib Al-Hassan was EVERYWHERE! (Now I know that Bangladesh's main sport has been cricket and that people are quite fanatic about this dude!) Another thing I find extremely hilarious are the commercial movies! They are way over-dramatic, the hero always ends up being very overemotional (in every film, literally), the villains have huge wide eyes and look scary as hell, the actresses are chubby and their faces plastered with make-up that make them look super white and all the dancing. But I'm sure they are quite entertaining and comical because of the forced humour! Another queer thing are the songs used in these commercial movies; these are basically remakes of well known Bollywood songs with lyrics that make absolutely no sense. Sure, that's what sets 'Dhallywood' apart from the rest! So these were some of the things I was quite fascinated about at the beginning, but I have pretty much gotten used to it now. The one thing I worried about the most about starting my life in Bangladesh was starting university.

Starting University

When I first came to know about AIUB, I wasn't quite sure whether I would want to spend the next 4 years studying there or not. I had only heard of the name but knew nothing else about it. I started researching more and more about the university both online and from some former students. After I was convinced that AIUB, ranked as one of the top private universities in the country, has a very good reputation, I started pursuing my studies there.

However, in my first my semester, I managed to make a circle of zero friends! I only had two or three classmates that were friendly to me. Having good communication skills is major when it comes to starting a new school or university. I managed to give a good impression to most of my teachers and tried to get to know them as well as I could. I believe that if one does not maintain a good relationship with teachers, one cannot enjoy their course as much. I'm not very fluent in speaking Bangla which meant that it would obviously take me quite a bit of effort and more time to make more friends. On one hand I was having trouble making friends but on the other hand I was very pleased with the way all the courses were taught. Everything is taught according to international standards which is amazing. The facilities are really good, the atmosphere and environment is lovely and safe, the teachers are very helpful and friendly and every lecture is taught and presented in English which was great for international (!) students like me.

But the thing that still concerned me was that I had such a

small number of friends! I knew it was definitely going to be a little challenging overcoming this issue but I was up for it.

Coping with the differences

The first thing I realized that I needed to do was be open to people. Openness is key. I've always been a bit of an introvert so I knew that would be hard for me to do. I started getting to know some of the other international students that were in my department. I felt that they understood my situation and so, I didn't feel like the only existing alien wandering around in the campus. I found it helpful to share my thoughts and feelings with my mother; she definitely is one person who never stops supporting me and keeps motivating me to reach my goals always. Gradually I started speaking to everybody (trying my level best to speak proper Bangla) and I found that they are all very nice people and actually very easy to get on with. I started telling people about my life in Ireland and different experiences and soon they became more and more interested in getting to know me. By the time I started my 2nd semester, I had gotten to know everybody pretty well. We were all friendly with each other now, and I had a proper group to hang with. Having friends in the university and outside seriously helped me adjust into the Bangali culture a lot. I am now pretty fluent in Bangla, I know the most happening places in Dhaka pretty well now, I have friends whom I can talk to if I am feeling down in the dumps and most importantly, I feel just as if I fit in! The only thing challenging was that my beliefs, views and values were different to them. But I don't feel that I need to change everything about myself, only a few bits and pieces here and there! For example, outfits, the way I talked to people etc.

A new beginning

It has now been over four years since I have been in Bangladesh and I can proudly say that I feel like a proper Bangali now. I have changed myself a lot, starting from my attitude towards people, to my lifestyle. It was definitely a challenging experience but it definitely did me some good! Over the years, I have attended many Bangali festivals, travelled across the country, changed the way I dressed (I'm now a little more conservative than how I was before), started practicing my religion again and most importantly, I've managed to blend right in with my culture. I still have a bit of the Irishness left in me but it is always going to be a part of me as I did grow up in Ireland. I have so many goals that I want to accomplish being in this country with the blessings of Allah, love and support from my family, friends and well wishers. I can't wait to see where my future takes me!



Falgun Celebration 2018 in Department of English

Snapshots of Moments in the Department of English



Ode to Monsoon: A musical Remembrance Celebrating Tagore and Nazrul in the Department of English

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