

Third Life

Prologue

My Baba always says-“man proposes God disposes of”. I was so little. I only understood the literal meaning, but don't understood the essence of the words. Sometimes I ask myself- why and why he always says these words! Now I understand he was a very thoughtful person and believed in his philosophy. He was very true in his words. At the end of my life span, I understand why baba says those words. Most of the time, life becomes nothing other than the rejection of dreams, aspirations and being full of regrets. When I started writing my autobiography, I thought that my one life was not enough for me. I need three lives. That is third life will be the end of my life with fulfillment through rectification of my wrong choice towards life. The first life for me was making a life to make mistakes. The second life is for the rectification of my previous mistakes, and the third life will be a life with satisfaction and blissfulness, and freedom. Sometimes people become subject to slavery of their nature and habits. People become very happy to take them for granted. My previous conception before writing an autobiography was that I wanted my life always be full of enjoyment, eating, sleeping, and dreaming. I believe that hard work cannot be a life. It was to me, to get married and have a child should not be the only target of life. These are only the boundaries to trap a person to become an actor, to please others. Life should be full of autonomy and detachment. A person should be with all but in solitude and detachment from others' emotions, which drain one's happiness. A person should have their best friend -the friend of their reflection, who never hurts, never lies, never blames, never expects-but only talk with the soul as other souls desire. This mind-set should be conceived by every person, especially Asian women, who love to be a willing slave and responsible for others' happiness. During the pandemic, I earned the courage to write my autobiography. It was a difficult decision that some of the people who had caused me great harm needed to be named, the reason being so that they not continue to infuse pain in innocent people with unbearable sorrow. My real motive behind writing an autobiography is to encourage others, especially women, not to be defeated by others, listen to themselves, earn courage and confidence, which are the only weapons to win a battle. Don't be so stupid to believe that someone will understand your pain or joy, they can act but not. Happiness and success lie in their own efforts and self-love. Every woman should believe they are themselves a power. No obstacles can stop them. If they can bring new life into this world, Why don't they make their living as exclusively as their own life? Charity is not a life, life is to be self-earned, dignified status. Once

I cried for the moon, but at present I limit the sky. My story would not be worth telling if I simply whitewashed all the rude things that have happened to me and made up a sweet story. Alternatively, it would also not be worth writing if it was nothing more than expressing only bitterness. I speak the truth in my story, neither biased nor misled by silly emotions. I applied my rational intelligence, which took me to the conclusion that I had already led a third life. So much diversity, struggle, success, and achievement make my life a third life. I tried to take challenges in writing an autobiography with the right voice in telling the truth, tried not to be unkind and unjust to anybody, but unfortunately, the situation makes me unkind to unmask someone's face. It is a delicate balance in my writing, because we are social beings, so that we cannot ignore hurting others in writing. Another challenge was finding the right voice to tell my story. I don't know how successful I have been in putting forth this autobiography, but at least this was my objective. It gives me the path of ecstasy. In the last span of my life, I have realized that every pain and struggle makes me a human being. I have no regret for such the kind of pain which makes a man as strong as he can be alone on an island too. All of my regrets have become a flower bouquet after writing this autobiography. I have never missed a boat in my life, my life is flowing like a wave. Language is such a power, it is more powerful than a weapon, language can make people empty from pain or vice versa. All of my hardships and pain had become a blessing in disguise when I started writing an autobiography. I longed for a third life, but now I realized, in one life, I had passed a third life, so many obstacles, emptiness, pain, sorrow and struggle-it seemed to me I was in this world since long despite of that I never said to die, my inner heart whispered. Life with full potential, life is yours, make it beautiful. When I write my childhood story it became at a certain point, a dim and distant memory-remembered slightly.

My Life is an Impossible Dream

I have come a long way from my empty and uncertain world to this situation of achievement and success. Nevertheless, I never trade my life with anyone else's. It has been a real privilege to be given an obscure but tough role to play in human drama; I am glad that I am still able to make a unique contribution in my limited role. I have learnt that life is not about winning but about making the best of our life for a higher purpose despite all the limiting factors, I was not a bone idle, I was running parallelly with my life. My autobiography is dedicated to the women beyond boundaries, who have no shelter or assurance in life can get the whole sky to move towards achievement. Obstacle makes a man

stronger. I love not a bed of roses; I love to make a bed of thorns into the bed of roses.

Childhood was the World of Fairy Tales

I was a princess to my parents and it seems to me that most parents feel their daughter is a princess. A princess does not resemble the parents, a daughter of a king, they love to see their daughter as precious as a princess, they love to see them flying even though they don't have wings and no worldly hardship touches them. The daughter also thinks of them as a princess when she receives boundless affection and when she sees a dream in the eyes of their parents that their daughter will conquer the world. Though it is not a general picture, especially in our country, some fortunate daughters are born to get the feel of the princess. I was that Queen Victoria to my mother (ma) and Cinderella to my father(baba). There is a reason why they call me such a name. I was a very moody and touchy child and I acted in the drama "Cindrella"; all the time I wanted to be a center of love and attraction. Though these expectations in the future disappointed me in many steps of my life. My parents always want to engage me in all the activities which embrace my talent within their capacity. They have discovered my comfort zone of talent and brainpower. Consequently, they engaged me in lots of activities. My education started with an Anglo-Indian teacher, Mrs.Manuk in lower KG, since that I am interested in perfect pronunciation because she was very keen in pronunciation. She was a very strict teacher and taught us discipline. When I got a promotion from Standard 3 to Standard 4, during that time, my school introduced Bengali medium from Class 6 to 10. And instantly my Baba started dreaming about me because he was a very enthusiastic person. He talked to my principal and expressed his desire that he wanted me to get permission to sit for the admission test for class 6. My principal said it is impossible. How can she skip two classes, and it would be very tough for her to cope in the Bengali medium? As usual, my Baba convinced her and got permission to make me prepare for the admission test. Only 7 days remained, my Ma was in a clinic with my newborn youngest brother. My baba again started dreaming of me and of seeing me in class 6. I was a very attentive student and obeyed my parents. Moreover, I love to learn new things. I love to read, love the smell of new books, it gives me the essence of happiness and peace. I sat for an admission test. When the results were published and I stood second in math results, my score was 100 on 100, English 68, Bengali 65. My principal was bound to admit me to class 6. Very interestingly, when my Ma returned from a clinic with my youngest brother, she saw her daughter from class 4 was in class 6. She was very scared, considering my overpressure on

studying compared to my age. My parents never allowed me to study at night. They encouraged me to finish my homework and study by afternoon, then it was compulsory to go for a play in the playground and at night to watch my favorite English series, Dr.Kilder, Bencasy, Robinhood, The saint of Robert Moore. He was not my favorite actor. It never seems to be anything harder or new, because from very childhood it was my thrust to learn something new. Any girl can do anything in a positive environment and have an optimistic parent. There are 6 brothers and two sisters. Among them, they never considered me as a daughter or degraded. Although they gave me much more priority and attention compared to other siblings, they identified my interest-related areas and did accordingly. If every parent's thought process is like this, women do not need to struggle for gender equality and equity. It starts with family. That is why Mary Wollstonecraft in her "A vindication of the Rights of a Woman "writes-women are lagging behind because of mistaken family education. My school education in Agrani Balika Biddalaya and Higher Secondary Education at Holy Cross College were completed with the desired expectations.

Cultural Upbringing in my Childhood

When I start thinking, I am roaming around the same place, culture before me or am I before culture? There is a profound reason for this confusion. When I started to think properly, to speak properly, to act properly, I did comics, fairy tales, dance school, Chayanot for singing, taking part in a drama for Azimpur Ladies Club, taking part in sports, Art class etc. My Ma forced me to take part in a dress as you like you like. She managed to buy props and dress up in the right way, and every time I was awarded. On my birthday celebration, whatever I received as a gift, which was only books, we strongly believed in those days, that no gifts cannot be more precious than books. If any good English movie was released in Balaka cinema hall at my Baba took us to watch the movie and made us understand the gist of the story. Life was surrounded by culture and culture is surrounded by life- it is very difficult to differentiate which one is prior! My journey with BTV started when BTV started broadcasting. I used to dance Kotthok dance, I took part in many dance dramas as a central character, the prices, fairy, etc. Since then, and still today, I love fairy tales, glass craft which reflect the glass sandal of Cindrella. Still, I love to make craft which is reflective and give the essence of a royal feelings. These days , BTV's programs used to live telecast, no recording system has been introduced. My Baba was so passionate about fulfilling my dreams. After coming from an office, without taking any rest, took me to DIT Bhaban without any regrets, he drives the car. Without my parents I would have no existence. In my every step and breath I count their

love, aspiration, dedication and encouragement. There is nobody in this world other than parents who do anything for their children unconditionally. Now I realize my fairy tales' obsessions sometimes hurt me a lot. It seems to me I was not very close to an emotionless world after marriage till now. I desired to stay in a utopian world with affection, love, priority, appreciation, which is not possible in a practical world.

1971 is the year of Purposive Identity

1971 was the year which liberated our soul from being the hated soul of Pakistan. I was only 15-years old, but my maturity towards political ideology and patriotism was very focused and distinct. Political ideology and culture start from family, which my family had. We, the patriotic people, were waiting for this movement because we have seen many significant movements towards language and liberation. The hatred for the deprivation by the Pakistani government, discrimination between Urdu speaking and Bangla speaking was gradually rooted in a revengeful attitude within us. We had no identity but a sub-identity under the umbrella of Pakistan and its brutality. 7 March 1971 was the roadmap that inspired among all ages of people. Our beloved leader, the Father of the Nation, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's speech on the racecourse was not a speech, it was the best poem of courage and braveness and it is universal. It will not destroy any day. People all over the world will remember the speech as the best speech -without any armed force, any assurance of other countries' cooperation, and with very small resources - Bangabandhu challenged the Pakistan Government for non-cooperation. It was possible because he was like a Himalaya. My Baba was on the racecourse in the morning to see our leader. The other members of the family watched the speech on television. After watching the speech, though I was a teenage girl, I wished I should fight for our freedom of identity. Though I could not take part directly as a member of a freedom fighters' family, I fought indirectly for nine months. We were staying in Azimpur near the Bangladesh Rifles (BDR) in 1971, on 25 March 1971 when it cracked down started in BDR, we saw fire and monstrous sounds. We all woke up. My Baba said that an attack by the Pakistan army had started to take revenge for the non-cooperation declared by our beloved leader, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Suddenly my Ma got nervous, it was similar to a nervous breakdown. We were passing the night with fear and uncertainty towards the next morning. The next morning, we heard the miking of some young students leading the situation. So far, I remember Shobuj and Shojol two brothers who were leading, and they were the friends of my freedom fighter elder brother Mujibur Rahman Dilu. They were miking and requesting

people to vacate the area because they had secret news that attacks would be done in this area first. We heard the announcement and started to think about where to go with a big family with so many assets in the house. My sister-in-law was at a residence on road number 32, very near to Bangabandus house and the renowned poet and the pioneer of women's liberation, Begum Sufia kamal, was her neighbor and family friend. They were going to Jingira for shelter. My sister-in-law managed to include us with them. In the meantime, my eldest maternal aunty with her son Helal Bhai, and daughter Dina came to our house for shelter because they were staying in a dangerous area of the Engineering University quarter. Helal Bhai was a lecturer at that university. Along with us, they also went to Jinjigara. My Baba carried his two rifles and my mother's ornaments; my father's hobby was hunting. Our living time with so many renowned people in Jingira made us be thrilled and happy. Our Lulu Apa, Advocate Sultana Kamal, daughter of Begum Sufia Kamal was with us and also Tulu Apa, a fine arts artist, was also with us . All the male people floored in one room and the females in another room. In a very big wok, beef and potato with tomato cooked by Lulu Apa, Tulu Apa, and others ,sometimes egg with potato , in the breakfast soft khichuri with egg bhuna. A very interesting experience with happiness, panic, and uncertainty and mixed feelings was working within us. We had no plan to leave, but suddenly my Ma took a step and was adamant to leave the next day. We tried to convince her but she was strict about her decision because she dreamt a bad dream. We respected her decision and started for Dhaka by boat and by bus with two rifles and jewellery. Finally, we reached our house in Azimpur. Fortunately, our house was secured and locked. We heard on the next day that the house had been a raid by the Army where we stayed in Jingira had been staying had, we realized the significance of my mother's dream. A very surprising and shocking event happened when we got a letter from my brother Dilu. He addressed my Ma and said he was on the way to Bihar for guerilla training along with his bosom friend Murad Bhai. He never agreed to go to the meat and fish Bazar, but that day he insisted to my Ma that he would go to Bazar. In the Bazar bag he put his clothes and a small amount of money. But my younger brother Tutu, a renowned Pharmacist in Australia had a little bit of doubt about seeing the volume of the bag. He asked him why it was heavy. Dilu said some books he would give to his friend. In the letter he wrote to my Ma, please convey my beloved sister Jabu, my nickname to pray for me. he was my playmate and friend, he was very jolly minded and humorous. Our family, especially I and my mother, cried constantly. My father became silent but I saw pride in his eyes, that his son went to fight for his land. My mother and my foremost duty were to get the news of my brother Dilu from Murad Bhai's house. They were our neighbors too. When we came to know that my brother

found out, along with other freedom fighters, was in line to have a bowl of rice and sweet gourd, we returned with tears because Dilu loves chicken breast. Since 9 months of the liberation war, I have never eaten my brother's favorite food. One day, my Baba said we needed to shift our house because many people who were in Al Badar knew that our son had gone to take part in a freedom fighter's group. At that time, Pakistani Janta announced that those who could give a name to a freedom fighter family would be rewarded. Finally, we shifted to 20/C Central Road, a big independent house with two garages. Professor Munir Choudhury, Ferdousi Mojumder was our neighbor, Ferousi Apa was my teacher at School Agrani Balika Biddalaya and Holy Cross College. After coming to this house, my third elder brother Sajedur Rahman, now a renowned poet in Toronto, left the house for a freedom fighter he was engaged in spying on. He loved to do that as a student of Psychology. My parents became more vulnerable and panicked too. My brother, in the midway, came to the house with Darjeeling tea for half of us. We had a little domestic helper, Abdul. It was said that this tea was brought from our home country. The boy was so intelligent and honest too, she was dancing and saying that this tea came from Grandfather's house (nanar Baritey tea dhorechey!) He understood that my brother was a freedom fighter. He was so patriotic, he never told anybody the news. That was a dangerous time. leaking the news of the freedom fighter's family. I was taking care of the whole family cooking take care of my whole family, cooking caring for 5 years old brother Tipu, now he is a news journalist of a renowned television channel. I had to make him sleep by singing Shyama Dance drama song, if I stopped in a midway, he said Choto Apa complete the singing otherwise I will not sleep. I song both male and female parts of the dance drama. I the 15 years teenage girl became the central and strong character of the family, I became the navigator of the ship. I was supposed to sit for the SSC exam in 1971, when the exam started, I could hear the ring of a bell, I just hold my Baba's hand with so many questions and uncertainty in my eyes, He used to say, you will give exam in Independent country and the time is very close. I was assured with my father's words the most thoughtful and courageous person I ever seen in my life. One day in the morning suddenly we saw my brother Dilu with my eldest brother came to our house, first he went to my eldest brother Monchosharothy Ataur Rahman's office, he is a renowned media personality and at present Advisor to our honorable Prime minister. Dilu went there to manage the initial situation of upholding emotion. My eldest brother drove in one hand and hold Dilu's hand with another hand, so that he could not becomes a fugitive again. My mother's first question was whether he came permanently or not, he said only for few days for some operation, my mother got senseless, I managed to take care of my choto bhaiya by giving him different types of food but it seems

to me he was alien to see the good food he could not take much food. He brought one Kanta Scent for me, those days it was very famous in India. He came by boat and the army was chasing him, he prayed to God if I die, Allah you please send this scent to my sister Jabu, as he wished earlier He could ride me in his cycle back when we will grow up too .He completed his operations and back to his place for gurrilla fighting. Our house in a Central road was in the mid of a danger, from evening cross fire started and we saw the army was patrolled in front of our house. My Baba always sat in the yard, so that if any enemy entered in the house, he would be the first person to sacrifice his life. We had a small dressing room, we listened Shadhin Bangla Beter , got inspired by hearing the success of the freedom fighters. I never felt any panic, it seems to me I was a fighter too, by sacrificing exam, food, luxury, and emotional affiliation . In 16 December 1971, we saw the agreement between Niazee and Aurora, we knew that 16 was the day of our liberation, it was the day of pain, loss of our people, loss of many things at the same time we got the identity to be the Bangadesi with pure gold land Bangladesh, which was possible because of our courageous leader who was imprisoned in Pakistan for 9 months. There was no example of any country becoming liberated with a very short period of struggle like Bangladesh. Bangladeshi people are inborn courageous and fighter like a tiger. I was waiting on the road with garlands to receive my freedom fighter Bhai, an old Urdu-speaking man said to me, please go back home, yet cease-fire was not done. I did not hear his words, I was hearing the sound of firing, before leaving our country Pakistani juntas are trying to kill as much as they can. My brother along with his friend came in an open pickup van with a golden shirt, I received him with garland and all with lemon sweet juice. That was the day of victory and celebration. I took part with my freedom fighter Brother's group in singing in BTV, with us renowned artist Shabuddin with us because they were in the same troop. My deepest and everlasting pain is persisting because I lost my freedom fighter brother, Covid has taken him from us in 19 February, 2021. family. I took care of the whole family, cooking, taking care of my whole family, cooking and caring for 5-year-old brother Tipu. Now he is a news journalist for a renowned television channel. I had to make him sleep by singing a Shyama Dance drama song. If I stopped at the midway, he said Choto Apa did the singing, otherwise I would not sleep. I sing both the male and female parts of the dance drama. I, a 15-year-old teenage girl, became the central and strong character of the family. I became the navigator of the ship. I was supposed to sit for the SSC exam in 1971. When the exam started, I could hear the ring of a bell, I just held Baba's hand with so many questions and uncertainty in my eyes. He used to say, you will give an exam in an independent country and the time is very close. I was assured by my father's words that he was the most thoughtful and courageous

person I have ever seen in my life. One day in the morning, suddenly we saw my brother Dilu with my eldest brother come to our house. First, he went to my eldest brother Monchosharothy Ataur Rahman's office. He is a renowned media personality and at present Advisor to our honorable Prime minister. Dilu went there to manage the initial situation of upholding emotion. My eldest brother held one hand and held Dilu's hand with another hand, so that he could not become a fugitive again. My mother's first question was whether he came permanently or not. He said only for a few days for some operation, my mother went senseless. I managed to take care of my choto bhaiya by giving him different types of food. It seemed to me he was alien to seeing the good food. He could not eat much food. He brought a Kanta Scent for me. In those days, it was very famous in India. He came by boat and the army was chasing him. He prayed to God if I die, Allah you please send this scent to my sister Jabu, as he wished earlier. He could ride me on his cycle back when we grew up too .He completed his operations and went back to his place for guerilla fighting. Our house on a central road was in the mid of a danger. By evening, crossfire started and we saw the army was patrolling in front of our house. My Baba always sat in the yard, so that if any enemy entered the house, he would be the first person to sacrifice his life. We had a small dressing room, we listened to Shadhin Bangla Beter , got inspired by hearing the success of the freedom fighters. I never felt any panic, it seemed to me I was a fighter too, by sacrificing exams, food, luxury, and emotional affiliation . On 16 December 1971, we saw the agreement between Niazee and Aurora. We knew that 16 was the day of our liberation, it was the day of pain, loss of our people, loss of many things at the same time and we got the identity to be the Bangadesi with pure gold and Bangladesh, which was possible because of our courageous leader who was imprisoned in Pakistan for 9 months. There is no example of any country becoming liberated through a very short period of struggle, like Bangladesh. Bangladeshi people are courageous and fighters like a tiger. I was waiting on the road with garlands to receive my freedom fighter Bhai. An old Urdu-speaking man said to me, please go back home, yet a cease-fire was not made. I did not hear his words, I was hearing the sound of firing. Before leaving our country, Pakistani juntas are trying to kill as much as they can. My brother, along with his friend, came in an open pickup van with a golden shirt. I received him with a garland and all with lemon sweet juice. That was the day of victory and celebration. I took part with my freedom fighter Brother's group in singing in BTV, with our renowned artist Shabuddin with us, because they were in the same troops. My deepest and everlasting pain is persisting because I lost my freedom fighter brother during Covid period on 19 February, 2021.

My Unfinished Desire

On 1975, 15 August, our leader, The Father of the Nation, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was supposed to visit Dhaka University. I was selected by the central committee of DUCSU to receive our beloved leader with a flower garland. That night I did not sleep. I was thrilled to touch the Himalayas. Next day, early in the morning, my Baba listened to the radio news about the brutal killing of the Father of the nation along with his full family except his two daughters, because they were abroad. We lost ourselves. We became speechless. I asked my mother if our father of the country is no more, who will take care of our country? In my thought process, it was established that a family finished with father's death, I thought the country became guardian less and empty. My mother and I constantly cried and did not swallow any solid food. My incomplete desire always haunts me to fulfill my desire to touch the Himalayas.

. Youth is a Dream: Wings to Fly

The world of philosophy amazed me and changed my perception towards life. When I learned in my class Bradley's Philosophy, the difference between appearance and reality, I understood that mostly we do wrong to differentiate these two words. I was enjoying my classes when I saw the scholars teaching us. I was enriched by their politeness, modesty and affection, which helped me a lot to gain something, whatever it is. I met Professor Abdul Matin, a very soft-spoken person with a strong interpretation ability, and Professor Aminul Islam, my favorite philosopher and guide. He loves to teach by giving reference to Tagore's poem or any other poem. I took admission to the Department of Philosophy at Dhaka University. Though I got chances in Sociology too. But I willingly choose philosophy, which is opposite to my characteristics. When I entered my teaching field, when I felt philosophy, I felt it was within me. In my every dialogue, every conversation, I started to relate to philosophy because it is everywhere. When I did my Ph.D. in Gender Studies, I found many Philosophers and philosophers. When I write an article on Gender Studies, philosophy justifies every word. Later on, my whole world became a philosophy based on relevancy. Amin Sir taught us subjective Idealism by comparing it to Tagore's poem "Ami". My love for Tagore attracted me a lot by Aminul Islam Sir's lecture. Another important philosopher and guide is Professor Nurul Islam. Professor Nurul Islam. He was affectionate to everyone, never throw any rude words at anybody. He understood me completely, he understood I cannot sit in the same posture or same place for 45 minutes at a time. At the halfway half of class, he allowed me to go out and walk for a few

minutes. This was his love affiliation and affection for a student. When I started teaching at Eden college, he created pressure on me to enroll for a Ph.D. He told me don't pass the time with a stereotyped role in household affairs only. I like to see you at a peak. Afterward, he was my supervisor of Ph.D. My subsidiary subjects were English literature and Economics. I was so fortunate to be in touch with Professor Sirazul Islam Choudhury and Professor Monzurul Islam. Professor Serazul Islam Choudhury taught us "Passage to India" and Professor Monzurul Islam "Othello". When I stepped to the platform of Dhaka University, which is called the Oxford of East University, my outlook towards life started to change. It has become a vast sky from every perspective. There was everything and enough to build a practical life. I must say Dhaka university enriched me with its wider access to flourished myself. I tried to unveil my area of interest and dream during this period. The first opening door was a selection of a central character in a drama written by our Professor Dr. Abdul Matin. The drama named "Totto Bibhrat" was produced for BTV on the Student Drama program. At the same time, I was excited and scared, both because I have never acted in dramas. I used to dance and sing. I went to the senior students of our department and asked them to exclude me from the drama and talked to Matin Sir. He was very rigid in his decision and said I could not compromise with the character because the character matches her very properly. The director of a drama was Kha Ma Harun as he was involved in Natto Chakra and Dhaka University Central students Union (DUCSU). After a thorough rehearsal, the drama was telecasted on BTV. It was appreciated, but it seems to me I was dissatisfied with my performance. This dissatisfaction turned me towards satisfaction in other performances. Afterward, which I performed in the University program in BTV, according to me it was up to the mark. My next BTV drama in a student program was "Robiber", written by Tagore and directed by Anwar Talukdar of Dhaka University. My third and last drama at Dhaka University is the solo drama "Maloti" in TSC auditorium written by Architect and reciter Khasru Choudhury and directed by Shazad Firdouse. He is a renowned writer at present in Kolkata. That was a 45-minute play with singing in my own voice-"Bhengey mor ghorer chabi" Tagore song. That drama is a challenge for me as a solo drama. But I earned that courage and performed accordingly. That was a challenge for me. As usual, I love to take challenges. In the meantime, I was involved in the recitation group Shamoshti, as the general secretary of the group. In that group, Jayanto Chattopaddhay, Shazad Firdouse, Khasru Choudhury were involved. Jayanto Chattopaddhay and I recited duet recitation in TSC auditorium, Shilpakala Academy and Television. Khasru Choudhury recited one of my English poetry, at this moment I forget the name and unfortunately, I lost my diary. I wrote it when I was a student in class 12. I have seen student politics, patriotism and the cultural environment at

Dhaka university. It attracted and initiated me a lot. I became a member of the studies Nattochakra. My studies along with pure cultural practice prepared me for future battles. It seems to me life is a battlefield. Some can win, some get disappointed. I like to win by conquering any situation which is not favorable to me. It gives me the feeling of self-respect and strength. Life is not a bed of roses, it is a bed of thorns, I believe, and enjoy this life. It can be a smooth life that has no challenges and no charms and it makes a person a parasite. If you carry your own water, you will understand the value of each drop of water. Life should value everything that is received, otherwise lack of gratitude destroys many things . To me, happiness is a different issue, but pleasure and blissfulness should be earned by oneself. There is no set criteria to be happy , it is within, to me, it is satisfaction.

Life is Being with a Person: Soul Resides in a Utopian world

I met a person when I was in my 2nd year of B.A Honors. He directed my first play in BTV as a student of Dhaka University, which I have already mentioned. The drama was written by Professor Abdul Matin Sir and directed by the student and a General Secretary of Nattochakra, Kha Ma Harun. Bertrand Russel says you can never tell. I also never know that he is the person who will be with me the rest of my life. Life is very unpredictable, that is why I learned from my Baba-man proposes God disposes of. We are people from two different natures, totally different. But the basic similarity is in political ideology and cultural perspective , gender sensitive towards progress. Our staying with each other is variety in unity and unity in variety. Before marriage, everything seems like a fairy tale, and we're floating in a utopian world. When people enter into practical life and stay together, all the anomalies and dissimilarities become a big issue. Sometimes it can be minimized, sometimes not. There is a distant difference. between a utopian world and a practical world, if anybody tries to find any similarities, they will be disappointed. Actual thinking and knowing each other start when people start staying together. Practical hardship sometimes breaks the heart by untouching emotions , life becomes too practical. As Tagore says, who you love is never, because after marriage of romanticism is defeated by practical needs because of differences of opinion, argument, priority issues, responsibilities, complaints, etc . When we got married, both of us were students. I was a candidate for the Honors exam. The exam started after the fourth paper, due to some student's political movement. The exam was postponed for an indefinite period. Kha ma Harun was studying at the National School of Drama in Delhi, and . Suddenly he decided to marry me and wrote a letter to my Ma that I, will marry Jabu this June. M Hamid, student leader,

cultural secretary of DUCSU, and a founder of Nattochokra, our well-wisher and Harun's senior friend, took the initiative to convince my in-laws to go to Khulna by night bus and settled everything and came back the next day. My parents were convinced from the very first day because they trusted me and they were very progressive. They believe in one's autonomy. They never justified my future as we were students, , never counted any materialistic things. They believe that two people from the same culture, education, and mentality can lead their life by standing on their lives. Their foresight makes them happy in this relationship. Both of them were surrounded by culture; my Baba with Shakespeare, Encyclopedia Britannica, and English Hadith, he studies at night till midnight. My Ma was addicted to Tagore songs and poems. When she was on her bed in Shomorita Hospital in 1991, she asked me in the hospital bed to sing her favourite songs and to recite "Kaler Jattrar Dhoni Shunitey Ki Pao", famous and touchy lines by Shesher Kabita of Tagore. Along with this memory, another memory of my Baba strikes me always. When my subsidiary exam started the next morning, my exam paper was in Othello. I didn't prepare myself properly because at that time I was floating with many cultural activities and staying in a utopian world with Harun. As usual, I went to my Baba, my friend philosopher and guide, and said I wanted to skip my exam because I didn't have any preparation. During that time on BTV, the drama "Idiot" started. It was an adaptation of a story. He advised me to close my book and watch this drama. After finishing the long-length drama, he explained the main character by comparing him with the character of Othello. The next morning, I sat for an exam. The question came to analyse Othello's character. I started my writing remembering my Babas analysis and I gave a very good exam and scored a very good mark. My parents make my life and thought process an easy-going process by practicing patience and determination and progressiveness. I wish every child had such enthusiastic parents, parents as friends, especially the unfortunate daughter of an Asian country. If the scenario changes in that way, the distressed situation of women will change very shortly. I passed the subsidiary exam with an expected result; I never interrupted my studies and exam despite many crucial situations. I thought that social and economic interruptions sometimes make a person demotivated towards life, but it has become a ladder of hope for me.

First Step towards the Outside world

When I was an examinee of B. A Hons, the most unjust and cruel situation arose in my life. I am staying with my parents literally, but practically my parents were staying under the shelter of my second brother. During that period, my father

was helpless because of the financial crisis. My mother's and father's property were all sold after our education and marriage. We are 8 siblings. My father thought what he invested in our education and well-being will speak in the future on behalf of them and that was his honest investment. Again, I must say Man proposes God disposes of. He became very helpless and distressed. The first time I saw my father's eyes without any dream or courage. Along with my father, I became a burden to other families. The verdict was given by my second brother, who was half-educated, by chance got a job in Rangs, that I should not stay and continue my education after marriage and staying with them. My food and shelter have become a burden to my parents. They are forced to oust me from the house, because the shelter owner says we cannot feed an extra person. My Baba talked to my sister and brother-in-law about whether they could accommodate me for a maximum of three months because he did not want to interrupt my studies as I was his dream. They agreed. Three months is an issue because my husband will come back from Delhi after completion of his studies, then we will rent a small but our own house to stay in. I was so slim and a poor eater despite that I couldn't stay with my parents. This is the first time and permanently I have left my dearest parents. One dark morning started in my life. My father said pack your suitcase and get ready mentally and physically. I asked my Baba where I should go. I cannot stay without you. He said "Where your eyes go in a direction, go there. This was. He was his pain. I was just 22 years old. My heart broke but I wanted to secure my parent's shelter and decided to take shelter in another place. My struggle for survival started. My Baba called a rickshaw, held one hand and in another hand my only asset, a red suitcase 'I could see your success from the grave, promise me. still, I can hear that whispering. My father saw my was a foreseeable future but I became clueless about my future towards uncertainty. Whenever I stand confused, I turn up to my father he was my pillar of strength. I got up in the rickshaw. My eyes were hazy, I could not see my Baba's face clearly. Maybe I did not want to see the helpless father's face. My Baba stood there till he could see my red suitcase. That was not simply a suitcase, that was my destination in a struggling world with fear and uncertainty. My life started at a secondary status with ups and downs, but I never lost my hope of completing my exams. I remember my parents' dream which they dreamt of me, and I also started to believe strongly that I have to be educated and prepare myself for the job. We were both students and did not inherit any property or any financial support. Both of us understood that if we don't take responsibility together, the world will become a hurdle for us. I understood that my education is not an option or vanity, it is mandatory to ensure our existence with honor, dignity, and happiness. We have decided to be the architect of our own life. At this moment, I feel that the pain when I was 22-year old has molded me into an iron lady. I can do anything, 'can't do". The word

is not in my dictionary. During my studies for Masters, I left my sister and brother-in-law's house, because my husband came back from Delhi and I became us. At least, it was half a loaf I received at my sister's house. This time my journey and struggle towards our future started. There was joy, there was fear, there was an uncertainty and certainty of togetherness. There is confidence and tenacity. But unfortunately, my second brother lost his job afterwards and became dependent on others' charity. His entire life was on charity. My relationship with my second brother was like a burn bridge. This is called Karma. What you get served, you deserve. My all the hurdles and to become a shelter less at the age of 22 has become a blessing in disguise.

Our Togetherness with a Roof on the Head

Based on complete uncertainty of financial support, we took our decision to rent a house in November 1978. This was also mandatory, not an option. I was feeling fresh as a daisy, feeling energetic. One eye was dreaming of starting a family life together, one eye was searching for a way to survive. It is very difficult to explain my feelings, but there was the joy of freedom. The house is named "Torutol" in Siddheswari. One roomed house with two bathrooms, one kitchen and one very big terrace type which was planned to build other rooms. The Land Lord and Land Lady were very affectionate to us, we rely on them. We have different personal problems. I was so excited about becoming a homemaker of a family, everything became an experiment for me. My husband got a job as a designer for a UNICEF(KARIKA) project. His earnings were not enough to manage the household costs. So far, I remember one of our second-source relatives, a friend of my husband, Sohel Bhai willingly gave some money as a loan to buy furniture and some other essential things. We gave him his money back within a year. We had no kitchen appliances or any crockeries to invite our friends or anybody else. One day, my husband came from the office and told me that his American boss, Mr. Mike, wanted to visit our home. I assured him that I would manage the money to buy some kitchen appliances and crockery. I have decided to give my gold ornaments. After that decision, we mortgaged the jewellery to Sonali Bank. If my memory does not betray me, I received 1600 taka. I called my best friend Veena to accompany me to buy something for the house. She came to our house and both of us went to New Market to buy crockery and kitchen appliances. Still, I remember, I bought a soup bowl set that was a shocking pink color, one of my favorite colors. I did not spend all of the money, I kept it out of necessity. From my fairy tales life, I started to transform my life towards the practical situation, but that was a thrill to me.

Mr. Mike came to our house. He enjoyed dinner with us. Sometimes my Baba came to my house, especially when he used to go for pension withdrawal in the first week of a month. He bought cottage cheese for me and Nankhatai biscuits. Sometimes he stayed the whole day, sometimes not. I could not cook for him what food I wanted for him, because I was in a very crucial situation. At this stage of my life I can do anything he loves, but his is not reachable. Every moment I wish I had an Alauddin's lamp, I would keep my father as a king, serve food like a king, and give him the best gift which he liked. He treated me like princes and adore me like a doll. Where will I get that lamp? Now I am capable of meeting all the desires of my Baba. Again, man proposes, God disposes. In our own small house, we had our colorful time with dreams and emotions and romanticism. Nothing stopped our happiness. I believe that happiness does not lie in material things only, it depends much more on harmonious co-existence. We sometimes bought 4 pieces of Hilsha worth 2.50 BDT. I prepared that with love and care, it became a most luxurious dish for us. One day, my husband asked me, do you know how to cook egg halua, I cooked it very well but I did not know egg halua. He instructed me as he saw his mother to cook it. I had only one egg at home. I cooked halua and divided it into two parts. We enjoyed halua and I rode on his bike and went to attend the Korean Workshop on theatre. Life was very stunning with efforts and struggle, on one hand, household work and, on the other hand, preparations for the Master's exam. Everything was possible because of strong bonding and dedication to each other. I never felt I was struggling, it seemed to me I was playing with a doll in a small house, which was mine. It was my favorite game in my childhood. In 1980, I appeared for a Master's exam. Then I thought I was relieved from my studies, but not so happened to me. Actually, my studies never stopped. To fulfill my dream of touching the sky pushed me to study lifelong. Afterward, it has become my profession and passion without which I could not think of myself. If anyone starts to love anything, no hardship or obstacles can interrupt their destiny. First to target destiny, then step towards step. There is no alternative to hard work and honesty. Temporary artificiality and dishonesty never last long. In the middle of 1980, I entered a new era in my life. I was expecting to be a mother, it was an amazing experience and feelings, which I cannot explain in words. It was an inner feeling of pride to get a life in this world. During that time, my husband, Kha Ma Harun, joined BTV, as a program producer. He resigned from UNICEF. We were a little bit scared about a financial matter because UNICEF's salary was higher than BTV. Both of us knew that it was the only and best choice for him to utilize his talents towards serving society and the country. His studies at the National School of Drama (Delhi) would be in vain if he was not in BTV. It gave him the name and fame and satisfaction to work with diversified talents

and policymakers. I was always with him on any decision, he was also. Our financial scarcity can not stop us from deciding to join BTV or any other issues. When I conceived, I was only 45 kg weight very lean and thin, but my stamina was high. During 9 months of pregnancy, I did not get the care that I needed to get. My parents were not independent in their choice, my in-laws did not accept me fully from their hearts because I was not their choice. They love very girly, stereotyped girls. On the other hand, financial limitations, no helping hand, no nutrition, no extra care. Still, I remember my craving for sweets during pregnancy, but in my childhood I hated sweets. My mother failed to give me sweets. I was eating less as I was trying to cut corners on my expenses. I never asked my husband to buy sweets because I did not want to give him pressure. I had discovered an alternative way to fulfill my craving. I took raw sugar from the kitchen and felt satisfied. At that time, my satisfaction did not depend on materialistic things, it resided in my mindset. Almost at the end of my pregnancy period, I got a little boy from Khulna, my husband's home district. His name was "Chotto", which means little. He was very kind and sympathetic to me, once he became my caregiver. He helped me a lot within his capability, he became my guardian and commanded me to take food at the right time and to take a rest. Chotto became my place of dependency. He used to call me Apa, sister. The two people from opposite directions became friends of dependency and a source of communication. I must acknowledge every person who made a drop for me, because from drops of care it becomes greater happiness. At the end of my journey to my pregnancy, my in-laws came to my house with the expectation of a child boy, the light of the lineage. They served me a portion of good food, cooked for me and I enjoyed their love and attention. I was very active till the last day of my cesarian section. So far, I remember Mahidol Islam Manu Bhai, who also studied in the National School of Drama, came to our house, bought many things from Bazar, and desired the food to be cooked by me. I cooked Bhuna khichuri, beef bhuna, Eggplant Chatni, and some other items I cannot remember at that moment. My relatives from in-law came to see me. They also enjoyed the dishes. At midnight I had to go to Dr. Suraiya Zabeen's clinic because my labor pain started. I went with my husband and mother-in-law in a baby taxi. When we reached the doctor, she shouted and said, how dare you? I told you that your case is a little bit complicated and you will need a caesarian section. How do you ride in a baby taxi? If you told me I would send an ambulance? My first-time motherhood and lack of experience did not help me to think about the safety measures I should take. I was taken to Medford Hospital as Suraya zabeen worked in that hospital and our privilege as a Govt. Employee, my husband got the cabin almost free of cost. On 13 January 16 Rabiul Awal at 9.30 am I brought my first baby doll into this world. She is my mom and daughter, both Kizzy

Tahnin. She was only 5 pounds due to my nutritional deficiency. But she was very cute and like a doll. When I took her in my lap, I handled her in two palms, but I never gave her a chance to fall. Moreover, she touched the sky with an unlimited dream and commitment. My in-laws were a little bit disappointed to see a daughter, although afterward, Kizzy became the subject of pride and affection for them. My life started with playing with a doll and enjoying life as being a mother of a child. My struggle with hard work and financial limitations is going on. When Kizzy was about 6 months old, I decided to do some part-time job. I got a temporary job in an English Medium school named 'Trinity'. Along with this, Farooki Bhai offered me another job to conduct 'Shikkharthider ashor' in Bangladesh Beter. I kept little Kizzy to a lady with too much tension and anxiety. For a few months I could contribute the house rent. It was a great satisfaction for me. But my inner ma stopped me from working outside for my baby daughter, I felt without my care she was becoming ill health. Again, I stayed at the house willingly. That was my own rational choice. During that time, I never felt I was struggling, I was happy and enthusiastic because of my unlimited life force. At present, when I am writing my autobiography, I feel that it was a battle which I won. Actually, in one life, I led a third life. That is why I named my autobiography-Third Life. In 1982 we had to shift to a new house adjacent to BTV on the top floor. The name of the house was 'Assala Malykum". We had to leave Sideshwari's house because our homeowner decided to renovate the house. I have no special memory of the house and surroundings. I can only remember that due to too much heat on the top floor, Kizzy was attacked by heat stroke every month. She needed an anti-biotic. It was our big concern to shift the house again within a year. In 1983, we got accommodation in Elishium Govt. Guest House, which was specially built for the bachelors. We were relieved to think that our burden of house rent would be lessened. We shifted to a very small room with one and a half room with a small kitchen where there was no gas connection, only one-hitter was available. When I shifted from a big house with so much stuff and entered the house along with my husband and Amir Ali (more than my brother), I just sat in the chair and became speechless. I was thinking about how I could accommodate the three of us with so much stuff. Gradually, I adjusted to the situation and decorated the house in a Japanese style. Ellishium was small accommodation but a place of diversified experience and many turning points of life. Ellishium was a great experience for Kizzy. That was a place of love, unity, and bondage. Afterward, I never felt it was a very small house. The house became a home with pleasant surroundings, which I enjoyed a lot. When my daughter Kizzy was about 4 years old, she started to walk in the corridor. Once she was walking, she met a couple in front of the lift. They asked their name, room number and father's name. She answered in her

way, which attracted them to be connected with Kizzy as a daughter and parents. It was the start of unconditional bonding between the two parties. Every day, it has become a routine that Kizzy meets them. Gradually, they were introduced to us as Kizzy's parents. They were Mr. Malek and Sharifa. Mr. Malek was a journalist and Ms. Sharifa was working in the Bureau of Manpower. Without asking their names, Kizzy started to call him Atasha mama. Sometimes, only Atasha Ali and Sharifa were her Auntie. Ultimately, Mr. Maleq changed his name to a writer, Atasha, because it was given him by his Mamoni. I cannot remember the root of their bonding, which has shaped into a magnetic attraction to each other. When they returned from the office, they knocked on our door and took Kizzy. Sometimes she cooked a special dish for her, sometimes they bought Kizzy's favorite food. Kizzy never ate alone, she asked them to give one piece to her mother. Kizzy was always my ma, she has been empathetic from her childhood. Once I discovered Kizzy was getting attracted to a book on literature, autobiography, these habits have grown from her auntie, she used to tell her the story by reading, and Kizzy was the most attentive listener. Sometimes Kizzy borrowed Shanonda for me. The undefined, unconditional and unnamed never-ending bonding started between them. They started believing that without Kizzy they could not stay because she became their child. They didn't even know when and why? In a second source, they became our senior friends. We went together to Thatari Bazar, Gulistan and watched a movie. Kizzy became the bridge of our profound relationship. I was relieved Kizzy is getting proper guidance from them along with me. Still, today they were her second parents, though they were staying in the USA. Our days were going with excitement and harmonious co-existence as a neighbor and relative. Life is there with diversified experiences. In 1984, I applied for the post of Assistant Director of a Project of the Ministry of Women and Children's affairs. It was a divisional post. I stood first and my posting was in Khulna. We tried our best to stay in Dhaka. Because of the rigidity of the post, it was not possible. We were in a dilemma: what to do. On one side, class one job, dignity another side, to being aloof from my family. Finally, we could not avoid the lucrative offer. I had to go to Khulna.

The hurdle in Continuing my Job

I was a young mother with a three-plus-year old daughter who also tried to win the battle with me. The little girl became my shelter and inspiration to work. I had already realized that my job is a necessity, not a vanity. Unfortunately, I could not continue my job for more than one year. I had to resign from the job. My husband forced me to quit the job and take a fresh breath. We have visualized our cloudy future with financial problems, but some situations become so vindictive that life becomes vulnerable. I was getting 1600 taka as a

class one officer, the verdict declared from my in laws that I had to pay 1200 as my cost of accommodation and food, they did it because they did not like my dream and wisdom. Staying as a paying guest with 1200-taka, 400 taka was not sufficient for me to meet my daughter's nutritional food and other needs, because we were receiving very poor food, no entertainment and no socialization. We have to sacrifice our financial solvency and our bright future for my job. We decided to stay together by sharing our struggles. It was a difficult and mandatory decision we had to take to quit the job. Afterward, the next 3 years, we were in the confinement of financial constraints. The most irony of fate was that, I did a job to make our life more solvent, to give my daughter a gorgeous life with better education and her necessary belongings, I did the job to feed my daughter very nutritional foods, I did the job to earn our happiness through solvency, but I did not get any of them. Again, I must say-Man proposes God disposes. I realized why my Baba used to say this. The situation in Khulna was totally against my freedom, autonomy, and dignity, but I accepted the situation with my passions. When it turned to a peak, I had to quit the job and accept my constraints. I was at my in-law's house but, actually, I was a paying guest. From a financial perspective, they treated me as a paying guest, but for my duties, they considered me because of a daughter-in-law, who was subjected to punishment. My 75 percent salary goes to becoming vulnerable along with them. No good food, no good behavior, no entertainment. My husband sometimes sends some money for us. The question might arise why and how I stayed there? The answer is very simple - towards the expectation of a better life. There were lots of complaints against me. I do not cook, I do not cut fish and chicken, etc. I was in a Divisional charge with huge responsibilities division, I could not manage to do the household duties. It seemed to me every day the burden of the allegations was increasing, which I was unable to solve. The last verdict was I had to put on a veil or burkha because I was doing the job with some male person. My husband could not take that fundamental verdict. He instantly decided to take me back to Dhaka. We went back to Dhaka with hope and despair, with ill-health and extremely low pressure. Many times, my life has become a bed of thorns which I make a bed of roses. My tenacity towards better life moved my wheel to move on. Life has become a battle for some people. I was one of them, it has become my habit to win the battle. When I turned to a mature age, I analyzed the psychology of my in-laws, why they were so rude to me. I just placed myself in their status and perspective, I got the reply. First of all, they decided to give marry their son according to their choice- a very stereotyped parasite type of girl, which I am not. I was very soft but my determination was very smart towards life. They could not accept their only son's decision. It seemed to them very insulting. They could not accept my thirst

for self-identity, they learned that a girl cannot dream of any identity. These were psychological issues that made them justify what is right or wrong. It was not their fault; it was their mindset and surroundings. They are educated, honest and sympathetic, which they don't have, liberal to accept the new generation's dream. That was because they are not empathetic and rigid in accepting any changes. Shakespeare says-All well that ends well. For the last 20 years, I have been an example for them and subject to their pride. They appreciate my household care, my financial solvency, mostly recognized that I have molded my daughter's life with dignity and honesty. My daughters have also become an example of being highly educated because of their name and fame, their humble attitude, their respect towards others and affection towards people and, overall, their empathy. They do believe that I have made a lot of contribution to their son's health and well-being. I have no regrets or complaints. We are from opposite poles, it takes a long time for adjustment between two parties. I am now happy with the satisfaction that I love to go to Khulna. I enjoy their food and I long for their affection. Khulna has become the only attraction within the country. There were downs, but ultimately, what became good is the achievement and recognition that I finally earned. I am never in a position to avoid doom and gloom, a feeling that a situation is very bad and without hope. Hope was my only asset.

Lost My Baba

When I came back from Khulna with my ill-health and disappointment and frustration, another shocking news shattered me. My father has been diagnosed with lung cancer and it was detected in the last stage. My family hides the news from considering my low pressure and vulnerable situation. My Baba was admitted to Ibn Sina Hospital. I came back to Dhaka to take a fresh breath, but what I desired God does not. My Baba, my dearest one, without whom I thought I could not survive, was counting his days. But nobody can stop our destiny. He was a chain smoker. It seemed to me he wanted to reduce his overburden of pressure and stress about smoking. I have never seen him without a cigarette. Though he used to smoke a very good quality cigarette, its harm cannot save his life. My father had many fancy lighters and two rifles. He loved to hunt. At the weekend, he places a mat on the floor and sits to clean the lighters with Brasso and to clean the rifle. That day to me is the day of attraction. I sat with him and helped him when the lighters sparked after polishing, my eyes also sparked. That smoking led him to his death bed. Usually, he never complains about his health issues. If anything happens, he hides from others and manages by himself. He never wanted to make another worry about him.

That is the first and last stay in hospital. After being diagnosed with cancer, he survived only 10 days. He was such a person whom God helped him not to continue the unbearable pain of lung cancer. Now it seems to me he was fortunate, who died with dignity, honor, and without any complaints. Again, he proved he was a warrior. I started to visit him every day for the whole day. The purpose was to serve my Baba with the touch of feelings, with my eyes, to see and to feel from the heart. Every day, I, keep my elder daughter at my sister-in-law's house because she is more than my blood relationship, she loves me and considers my daughter her daughter. My younger brother Tutu took care of him, he was responsible from his childhood. He took responsibility for my parents and younger brother Tipu. He was a student of Pharmacy from Dhaka University. After the biopsy, my Baba could not speak any more, he became speechless, she was very scared about the injection needle and he did not want to go for a biopsy. At that moment, I saw his face, helpless eyes, as he was very spiritual, he understood that he would become speechless. Maybe he had something to say. My sister-in-law, Julie Bhabi, wife of Mujibur Rahman Dilu, passed away during pandemic, feeding him with a spoon and I sat behind him giving my whole body like the support of a chair. He sat taking support with me, just like a baby who cannot sit by herself. That was the immense feeling of heavenly bonding between Baba and her daughter. I took the smell of his clothes, I felt the touch of his heart, I could listen to his whispering which he wanted to say. The days were passing with a fear of losing him because the days were counted. One day, I forced him to call my name Jabu. He looked at me with a broken heart and tried whispering my name. Finally, I listened to his timid voice "Jabu". The sound only reached me because I wanted to listen, my heart wanted to hear his last voice. The darkest day till today is 19 January 1985, which was the last day of my father's life. We lost our optimism towards life. On 19 January, I said to my sister-in-law, Runu Bu, today is the last day you had to keep my daughter. She said, why are you saying this? I told her it would not be required. I dreamt last night of a dead body. I understood that he is my father. When I reached the hospital, Tutu said, Choto apa, we are going to our chachajan(son of my father's Pir), please you take care of our Baba. He instructed me to give him milk at 5 PM. He said today Abba did not require any succession, he is better. Hopefully, we can take him home soon. I silently observed Tutu and Tipu(my youngest brother's eye. They started to believe that Baba would get well soon. One thing I forgot to share is that my father in Asar's time tried to do tayammum and wanted to pray, but his subconscious mind and body did not permit it. He already gave us the indication that he would die in Asar's time, as he was very spiritual. That day, as a member, I was there, my ma and Choto Fupu were there. Another sister-in-law, Chinu Bhabi, joined us later. I took a shower and wore a clean white saree,

as I was prepared for that moment, till today I am bearing the pain. Suddenly I saw my father was very thirsty, he was touching his tongue, his tongue, becoming dry. My keen observation helped me to understand the situation, I quickly removed the oxygen mask and drank him a glass of milk. He drank the milk as he had been thirsty for a century. After finishing the last drop of milk, he just dropped his face on my palm, totally stiff body. I called with my all-strength Abba, Abba, and Abba(father). I understood that he left us without giving trouble to anyone. I wanted to hold him tight but he did not allow it. I went senseless by holding his body and fell to the ground. Afterward, I heard this from my Chinu Bhabi, he drank me warm milk and helped me to lay down and called a doctor. I got my senses back. My husband requested my Bhabi to take care of me because my pressure was very low. She did accordingly. When my Baba was dying, my ma and Fupu were in Asar's prayer. Tutu and Tipu came back. They lost themselves with pain and sorrow, the room was flooded with our tears. My first experience of seeing the death of my dearest father, death. I feel I was very fortunate that I was present there. I touched him, I gave him the last drink in my hand and he slept his last sleep in my palm. That is the endless ending of my father's story. The story is finished but it is my everyday,, story. He was only 75 years old. The daughter lost her warrior father, who taught him to win by determination. What I am, though very small, all credit goes to my beloved Baba. He was buried in Banani's graveyard. Both of my parents are buried in the Banani graveyard, very close to each other, though my mom died in 1991. I can still feel my Baba,s effulgent-standing there was my father with the most effulgent smile on his face.

Profession along with Motherhood

My first posting was at Government Toalram college in Narayanganj. Another journey started to Narayanganj by BRTC bus. It was exciting for me to ride on the bus. We stayed in Tikatoli, in that case, it was not too far from my house. I had to go three days a week. It was the Govt. rule for the teachers of another division. Those three days, my husband worked on the evening shift. When I came back, he had to take care of my 2-year-old daughter and 8-year-old daughter. He enjoyed fatherhood. He could not manage to feed any solid foods to my younger daughter. He found the easiest way, to blend rice, chicken dal, and vegetables and feed her. Afterward, it creates a stomach problem for her. She has continued using this soft food for a year because she has been habituated to it. Doctors said that as she was not biting the food it created a digestion problem which created extra anxiety for me. Despite many workloads and pressure, it was a doll's house for us where we played with dolls. Once or

twice a week, we went to visit our relative's and friends' houses by riding a rickshaw. We saw the sky, we breathed fresh air, we enjoyed lapping my daughters. That was a golden time. No engagement on computers, mobile, and in another gazette. Life was free from any dependency on technology. There was only basic happiness without competition and love for all. In the meantime, my younger daughter became a Khalamoni to Atasha and Sharifa. They used to call her talamoni, meaning auntie got angry when I was expecting my second daughter. They believed that their Mamoni's love would be divided. But Breity was such a cute baby, she earned both of them and affection. Ellisium was a very small house with the wider heart of the people. All were class one officers, we were a family. We are all supported by each other in any crisis, we share our joy and sorrow both altogether. When I stayed in Ellisium, Sharifa apa and I decided to take admission to Sangeet Bhaban, led by kalim Sharafi. It was in Dhanmondi 7, green roadside. We took Kizzy along with us, she enjoyed our class. Adjacent to Sangeet Bhaban, I was seeing new construction of government quarters. Every building was named in Tagore's book, one building named Konerk attracted me a lot. I wish I could get the accommodation. Ultimately, we got accommodation in Konark without any request for konerk. This is called the Law of attraction, now I understand. Breity was so little she did not start walking, she stayed with her father. One day, I came back from music class and I wore a chiffon saree. I went to cook soup for my daughters. When I was preparing soup, The end part of the saree caught fire, which I did not notice. My husband saw the scene, my younger daughter was in his lap. For a second, he decided what to do. If he said to me, I would run or jump, I would die. He holds Breity in one hand because she cannot walk. On the other hand, he twisted my saree and pore water to extinguish the fire. When he succeeded in saving my life, he narrated the whole situation to me. That evening, renowned singer Sadi Muhammad came to our house and he called me "Boudi, where are you? My husband said "Sadi, for a, I could save her life. You are fortunate you are still seeing her. Our days were very near to shifting from Konark. Atasha and Sharifa started to avoid us because they could not accept our leaving and could not imagine staying without mamoni and talamoni. They were their world. Without them, they would be empty. Reality is sometimes cruel for one party and dreams for another party. It was also painful for us to leave my daughter's second parent. They regularly came to our Konark house. All of my neighbors, especially Dany's mother, my next-door neighbor, cried for Breity. They took Breity for sometimes and played with her. Both husband and wife cried. Dany was their only child; they gave the affection of daughter to Breity. Our journey from a shelter less to ando. IfKonark.

Upgradation of shelters was going in chronological development is like a Jump the gun .It moved me from heaven to earth , the feeling of having a lot. Kizzy's best friend was Chanchal. Now he is on foreign service, Kizzy was very upset about leaving that friend. All of our staff became sad when we left the house. I can remember only one name. He was an electrician of Elysium. We started our journey to Konark. We became the unofficial master of the garden.

Life in Colony

Konark was a three-bedroom house with a drawing and dining room with two verandas. We stayed on the ground floor. There were unofficial rights for the residence that those who stay on the ground floor they will enjoy the backyard or frontier open place as a garden. We became the unofficial master of the garden. We felt like free birds and had our separate room. That was an excellent state of mind. Master bedroom with attached bathroom for us, another bedroom for my two daughters that was bigger, another bedroom we used as Kizzy's study room. There was one small cot also for guests. We had a big drawing-room, a separate dining room, and a spacious kitchen. There were two verandas and, in the backyard, a very big space for a garden. We planted many vegetables and flowers too. My favorite krishnochura was in front of the house and Bullet Wood Flower (Bokul) and Night Blooming Jasmine (Shefali) flowers. My tremendous love these flowers in the backyard. I love to collect bokul flowers from the ground. They fell on the ground. Our next-door neighbor was Porna friends friends, Kizzy became her best friend and their family became our family friends. On the first floor, Sharker Feroz Bhai, a news caster , actor and transmission head of BTV, and Mahmudi Bhabi , a news caster with their two children were sitting, and in the opposite building, Abul kashem, an engineer and actor, a friend of my eldest brother Ataur Rahman, media personality was staying there. We became friends, relatives and subjects of dependency. The colony has a life that independent houses don't have. There are diversified People lived, sometimes quarrels and misunderstandings were there, but at the end of the day, everyone becomes a member of the same folk. I love jump the gun-started life in Konark too soon. There is no scope to feel loneliness and to feel helpless. I keep Breity to Mahmuda Bhabi sometimes and sometimes to Porna,s house, I did not feel secured to keep them alone with domestic helpers. Sometimes my classes contradict assignments with my husband's assignment. In that case, we got their help. I am grateful to them. Without any kinship, I could carry on with my job because of those empathetic people. One of my best memories and best attractions was walking at night in our compound. After dinner, when I was cleaning the kitchen, Mahmuda Bhabi and Feroz Bhai

called me to walk with them. Both of us walked after dinner and chatting about getting fresh air with enjoyment which gave rise to the expectation of the next day. Sometimes when I was returning from college, Feroz Bhai slowly came from my backside and shouted with some sounds which created panic within me. He loved to work with me to make me panic. We were just brother and sister. Breity took admission to Sunnydale school adjacent to our building. Kizzy took admission to Vigarunessa. She used to go by school bus. Sometimes she stayed alone in the house for a few hours. I advised her when her bus would come, she should lock the outside door and keep it in Porna's house. I told her to write on a paper that I could safely ride on a bus. She never forgot to do this because she believed in her ma, she was responsible since those days .

Another shock in my Life

On 1991 12 January, I lost my mother. After prolonged suffering from liver disease, she needed gallbladder surgery in her midlife, but both of my parents were scared of surgery. They went for homeopathy, which suppressed her stones. In addition, it causes cancer. At old age, her surgery was not successful, her appetite was lost, pain, fever, vomiting, etc. She suffered a lot. Finally, my Ma was admitted to the Shomorita Hospital. It was her last destination in the world where people cannot return. By rotation, we are doing our duties in the hospital. Sometimes I took Breity with me. I combed her long hair. She was fair and beautiful with long hair as well as very aristocratic. She used to wear a very stylish traditional saree. When I was with her, she asked me to sing a Tagore song. She gave me the list of songs. I tried my best to sing according to her satisfaction level. One day, she requested me to recite from Shesher kabita by Tagore-'kaler jatrar Dhoni Shinitey ki Pao'. Again I tried my best to satisfy her. I took the smell of her saree as I was used to taking it from my childhood. When I returned from school, I looked for her to get the smell of her saree. Mother's smell is unique. No perfume or body mist has yet been discovered to challenge this smell. I miss it. On 12 January 1999, I lost that heavenly smell which no perfume of dollars satisfies me. When she died, I was present there from 11 January. I saw her death differently. My Baba died suddenly within a second but my Ma died very gradually, which we were seeing and feeling. On 11 January, her two legs became dead. Tutu told me Choto Apa held her two legs the whole night, otherwise, it would become bent. I tried my best along with my youngest brother to hold my mother's feet. On 12 January, her upper portion was becoming dead. Only her heartbeat was there. She was expecting to see my Choto kaka-Brig.Mortuja, a surgeon in the Army Core. My Ma considered him her son, he also respected her just like a mother. My Kaka stayed with us for a

period when he was a student at a medical college. When my kaka came in front of my mother and called Bhabi, she opened her eyes, held his hand, and took her last breath. It was her last desire which was granted by the Almighty Allah. My mother was buried in the Banani graveyard, very close to my father's grave. God desires to keep them closer. From 1991, I became literally and practically an orphan. It was the deepest pain that I have been carrying my whole life.

Eden College Dignified My Life

My Ma left us in 12 January 1991, I was transferred to Eden Girls College in 31 March 1991. It was a tremendous joy for me and at the same time heart-breaking pain to me. Because my mother always used to say, "it was my dream, you will teach in Eden College". According to her, the best college is Eden College, Dhaka College, Notre Dem college, Badrunnessa College, and Holy Cross College, where I studied. These colleges were to her a symbol of status, she never heard about Tolaram College, she wanted to say with pride that my daughter teaches at Eden Girls College. It was the irony of fate, God has sanctioned her desire but she could not utter the words my Jabu is a Lecturer of Eden College. Hopefully, she is seeing all my developments with satisfaction from heaven. This journey is the beginning of my dignified profession with a good reputation, honor, and self-respect. I became the real professor of Philosophy from my heart and soul, it was the place that allowed me to unveil my authority over Philosophy. I was very fortunate that I got Bari sir, the inborn Philosopher as my chairman, he was a part-time teacher of Dhaka University too. He was not my chairman only he was my friend philosopher and guide. His affection made me feel the affection of a father. It was a great fortune to get a mentor like Bari Sir at the beginning of my career. In my first assignment, he gaveme a logic for intermediate classes and the Plato Republic for Honors class. I got a little bit scared to teach the Plato Republic, it is not only a Philosophy but a political philosophy too. The Plato Republic is the text of the Department of Political Science, Public Administration, and the Department of Philosophy. Professor Aminul Islam taught Plato Republic in our class, he was a very popular teacher because of his sense of humor and comparison sense of Philosophy with poem and song, sometimes he sang a song to made it relevant. He was the authority of Plato's Republic. I could not overcome his image of teaching and got scared to teach. I was always under the umbrella of affection of Amin sir and unlimited access to disturb him at any moment. That created courage within me to teach the Plato Republic. One day I phoned Amin Sir, I told him Sir how can I give a lecture for 45 minutes on the Plato Republic because I was the very first speaker and reader. Sir told me you will teach better than me so far, I know you.

He gave me some advice on how to make lectures attractive with poems and comparisons. I was a reciter, singer, actor, and dancer. It became very easy for me. One day during my class I asked Amirun, a lady who worked in our department-why in the veranda so many chairs, she replied Apa, the students of Psychology, History, and English were interested to follow your class because they heard it is a very interesting class. That day's satisfaction is the best gift that God has given it to me. The teacher's satisfaction lies in the student's satisfaction. I am grateful to Amin Sir that I earned some of his techniques to teach. I don't want to be a teacher, but it seems to me I was born to be a teacher. Another stunning day was the day when Bari Sir called me and said, Zobaida, I want to withdraw you from intermediate classes. It was a student demand to increase your classes in Honors and Masters. He assigned me the History of Philosophy in Honors class and the Existentialism of Je Paul Satre in Masters. My workload became higher, I had to prepare myself to teach what I was taught. A very challenging situation arose for me. By dint of my determination, passions, and hard work passion, I earned a name and fame as a teacher.. During that period, my younger daughter got admitted to Udayan school. I had to pick her up and hurriedly go back to take the next class. Sometimes I get a little bit late because of my daughter's demand to buy comics and some other things. Bari Sir went into retirement. Piari apa, a very elegant lady with rigidity, became our chairperson. She loved me a lot but she was very rigid and I missed Bari Sir's scholarly attitude. Piari Apa was not that type of scholar. Sometimes I faced problems with being delayed and got a warning, but I had nothing to do and had to compromise with my motherhood. I managed to give extra time after classes. Breity, my younger daughter, used to sit in my classroom very silently. Sometimes she went out with her friend, Amirun Bua, to see the campus. All of my colleagues and students loved her. She was very social too. That was my time to come along a parallel between my profession and my daughter's care and education. I was always running, there was no time to take a rest, but that hard labor made me strong enough to tackle tasks to perfection. There was a hardship but no pain, only happiness was there. Eden college was a place of celebration, cultural programs, sports, and exhibitions, Boishakhi Mela. In front of the college, there was a full of entertainment with so many things-glass bangles, comics, fuchka, spicy puffed rice jhal muri, and many other things. Life was colorful at Eden College. After coming back from college, there was no rest. I had to arrange food for my younger daughter, help her with doing homework, etc. My elder daughter was at Viqurunnessa Noon school. She was on the day shift when she returned on a school bus in the evening. My husband also returned most of the time at the same time. I prepared many types of snacks for them and the guests. Almost every day, the renowned artists of BTV come to

our house-amongst them-Sadi Muhammad, Zahid Hasan, Mimi, Rakayat, Sachhu, Shami Kaiser, Bipasha, Toukir, and many others. In the meantime, I prepared a note for my elder daughter for one copy of each paper. At present, I think about how I got that energy. My inner soul says your love to your family. My teaching profession along with my family responsibilities were going on very smoothly. In 1996, one day, I met Professor Kazi Nurul Islam Sir in the Philosophy department of Dhaka University. He said to me? Why are you passing your days in a stereotyped way? You should enroll for a Ph.D., we expect it from you. I told Sir about my class load, children's education, and family responsibility. He told me you should think about your career which will mold your future in a new direction. I got stressed about thinking about studying again. My whole life is for studying without any interruptions! After BCS, I had to sit for the Junior scale. The senior scale exam. Those were very tough for me because those were not my subjects -all about laws and service rules which I had to memorize. I had to take a foundation course for three months. It was a residential training sports discipline and exam, similar to Army rules and rigidity. I thought I should take a break from studying for a while. But man proposes, God disposes, Kazi Sir infused the idea so strongly in my mind and motivated my husband, there was no way to escape. It was the rule that if I took the grant from UGC, I had to take study leave from my institution, which is Eden College. It was a full-time scholarship. I thought that if I took leave from Eden college for 5 years, when I completed my Ph.D. and returned to my job, obviously I did not get posted to Eden College, because there was a lot of pressure to get posted at this college, I might post outside Dhaka. On the other hand, if I continued with my job and family responsibilities, it would become quite impossible. I was in a dilemma: what to do. Finally, I accepted my double pressure for the sake of for the sake of securing a posting at Eden college. It seems to be a burden of a heavy load, but as usual, I cope with the situation. I love to win the battle, not a bed of roses. Before enrolling for a Ph.D., there was a pre-requisite to publish 2 articles in a recognized journal. I published 2 articles from the journal of Dhaka University. As I was in a teaching position, I did not require to do MPhil, directly I got the chance in the Ph.D. program in 1996, another tension started in choosing the topic of Ph.D. first I have decided to do it on Linguistic Philosophy, Western Philosophy but nothing gave me inner satisfaction. I thought if I did a Ph.D. in these pure philosophical subjects, it would not add value to my practical achievement, that is consultancy, paper presented at a conference, and to be a public speaker. Philosophy is very theoretical. I asked my classmate and friend Dr.Abdul Muhit, to give me some advice. In choosing the topic, he stood first class. First and did a Ph.D. in Canada. He sent a book on feminism to me. I went through the books and it attracted me a lot. I have decided on the topic of

feminism, which ultimately gives me a wider platform in the consultancy field within a country and abroad. I am grateful to Professor Muhit of Dhaka University for helping me to rethink my topic which pragmatically shaped my life. In 1997 another cloudy threat was waiting for me, which was thunder without any forecast. I was diagnosed as a pre-pre with cancer stage of my uterus. The doctor advised me to go for surgery as early as possible. Then I was 40 years old. On one hand, my very early age was detected and, on the other hand, my daughters were studying in school, my job, and my Ph.D. All these practical features did not allow me to be too scared about my health and fear to death. The only fear was that if I died what would happen to my daughters? Mothers' hearts always think about their children. Sometimes they don't fear death but fear thinking that their children will be distressed. I was under a so-called renowned doctor from Bangladesh, but there are many allegations against him as a commercial doctor, who cares less about patients and more about money and, unnecessarily, he used to remove organs which were not required. One day, I went to Shilpakala Academy to watch a cultural program. There I met renowned Tagore singer Papia Sarwar, my Pappu Apa of my childhood. She was my next-door neighbor for ten years long and more than my sister. She asked me -how are you? I told her about my health problems. When she heard the name of a doctor, she strongly said" don't go to him, , he cuts other organs unnecessarily for money. It was very difficult to get a GO or to go on leave and, the other hand, my daughters' exams and responsibilities. The most important and serious issue was who would accompany me. My husband was also in Govt service, Bangladesh Television. Finally, I had to decide to go alone, considering the serious condition of my health. Fortunately, my colleague and friend Merina Jahan, now a member of the central committee of the Awami League, accompanied me. She was going to the same doctor Dr.Pranab in the woodland for her follow-up surgery. Her father was the ex-Vice chancellor of Rajshahi University and her mother was in Woodland for treatment. They became my outsource and a little bit of a place of dependency. Although I must say it was my courage and challenge to life, again I won the battle. I went with Merina Apa and stayed in the same hotel. I visited Dr.Pranab along with Merina Apa. He checked me with a machine and felt that my condition was in the pre-pre-cancer stage for 6 months. I was stupid to understand my situation or might be an escapist. He advised me to operate the next day. I told him, this time I wanted to go back and would come with my family. He put his hand on my head and said, Your creator is with you and I am your elder brother. Trust me, you don't have any time to delay. He wanted my husband's number and called him privately. My husband got nervous, his blood pressure was fluctuating and within two days he got a visa to attend me. He managed my Sister-in-law Lipi

and her husband Finki Bhai to stay with our children. They took care of them as I do. I am grateful to those people who loved me and helped me in my crisis. The next day, I took admission to Woodland hospital in Kolkata. Journalist Amar Shah, my husband's college friend, was with me. I had to sign my bond myself and get ready for the operation. When I was going for surgery, I only saw white-dressed people on a stretcher talking to me through the tunnel. It seemed to me it might be the end of a tunnel. No, life was not cruel to me. It gave me a second chance. Dr. Pranab's expertise, honesty, and dedication made the operation very smooth. When I was in a subconscious state, sometimes opening my eyes, I said Dr. Mazharul Islam was sitting beside me as my guardian, like my father. I am thankful to him, sometimes an outsider becomes a more than blood relation- the name of this relation is humanity. My husband came the next day after the operation. My doctor was anxiously waiting for my first biopsy report. One day he came with excitement and said, your first report is saying you don't have cancer". Hopefully, the second one will also be good. I was thinking whether he was my doctor or an angel. As usual, my second report was also good. God gave me a second life or be called rebirth for my children. I was preparing to leave Kolkata, when a doctor came to me and said, You are just like our Madhuri Dixit. I laughed at him and extended my gratitude to my doctor. I heard his name before I visited him. He was a doctor of the star of Kolkata, a very handsome and modest and expert doctor. This was a law of attraction when I did my operation to that doctor. I came back and joined my job and got a Ph.D. I had started a new life after a physiological change. Fortunately, I enjoyed a better and more energetic life than before. God was determined to save me and prepared me for the next battle. My new journey to a wider platform started in December 1998. I moved from zero to onward onwards onward, first financial constraints, had to leave a good job in Khulna, again in the BCS cadre. But my thirsty mind is looking for something else. When I started a better and energetic life than before. God was determined to save me and prepared me for the next battle. My new journey towards a wider platform started in December 1998. I was moving from zero to onward, first financial constraint, had to leave a good job from Khulna, again in the BCS cadre. But my thirsty mind is looking for something else. When I started my Ph.D. thesis, I was thinking about what I would do with this degree at a government college. In college there is no attitude to attending the international conference, publishing an article in a journal, working as a consultant for ADB, the World Bank. Life is very stereotypical in college, everything happens smoothly, promotion does not require any publication. Yes, I must admit that the college teachers are good poets, fiction writers. But there is no ambition to know the world and to compete internationally. I never wanted my Ph.D. degree to become only ornaments. I wanted to give significant

meaning to my thesis. For this, I need a wider platform-that is a university job. Fortunately, and suddenly, I got an opportunity to apply to the Bangladesh Open University, which was then under the foreign project. I was a lecturer at Eden College, but at university, I joined as an Assistant Professor of Philosophy, at the same time my Ph.D. thesis was running hurriedly, so hurriedly that the university finished my thesis within 2.8 years. My supervisor told me one and I have to wait one and a half years more to submit it, because the registration is for 4 years, some take 8 years and some takes 12 years. What else to do? My being in a hurry makes me run after my thesis. My supervisor was bound to run with me. Sometimes he gets a little bit annoyed with me. He asked how I had finished my assignment before the due time. I told him to come after 15 days, but my restless mind took me to front of his door after 7 days. I had to take 5 years' lien from cadre service to attend university. That was also a battle to get this lien, both of us did a hard job and had to run after this file. Finally, I got a lien and joined Bangladesh open university. So far, I remember I joined on 9 December, Monday,1998. My first experience at the university was very exciting. My colleagues invited me to the meeting of the Progressive Teacher's forum. I enjoyed it a lot because, for a long time in my cadre service, I missed this type of forum or meeting. Everyone welcomed me with warmth. The days were passing with new experiences along with my thesis. In 1999, I was assigned to write the textbook on Logic second paper along with the Professors of Dhaka University. That was a very new experience to write the book in a different mode. It was for distance learning learners, self-learning material, where students feel two-way participation while studying the books.

Touching the Sky

In 2000, I applied for the DAAD Fellowship, the most prestigious fellowship in Germany, for post-graduation in Hannover, Germany. I have applied for the fellowship. Fortunately, I received a full scholarship from DAAD, which was my dream. The university platform has opened access for me but it never promoted me or pushed me. I myself availed the opportunities . It was a hard job towards the fulfillment of my dream. I was so excited that for the first time I was going abroad other than India and that was Germany! Due to excitement, I could not sleep. I used to wear a saree because my parents liked to see me with a saree with long hair. I was so slim. The saree suited me very well. But abroad I could not manage saree, so I had to make salwar kameez and had to buy trousers, shirts, a long coat, and other warm clothes. My 27-year-old brother-in-law, my uncle-in-law's son, has been very close to me since my marriage. His name was Taposh. When I got married, he was about an 8-year-old boy, he used to say my

Bhabi(wife of a brother) looked like a heroine Babita, though I don't have any similarities with her. Babita was the symbol of beauty to him. He loved to compare me with Babita. When he grew up, he started many sentences that my Bhabi says this and that-My voice became very authentic and trustworthy to him. Everything is going on with excitement. I had to learn how to operate a little bit. My husband bought a desktop only to communicate with me by email. My elder daughter has just been admitted to the Economics Department of Dhaka University. Taposh was so exiled that I went to Germany to study. He bought warm socks and a raincoat for me. He was waiting to hear about my experience when I returned. Again, I should say-Man proposes, God disposes. When I returned in October 2000, I received the shocking news that he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer at the last stage. He was mentally imbalanced and talking meaninglessly in an aggressive manner. He had just married and, at that time, his wife was expecting. My brother Taposh died on 19 December 2000 at the age of 27. That day was a combination of two natural shocks-one was Taposh's death and another was a strong earthquake. I will never forget.

has created a profound pain within me. I reached Hannover; some students of the University came university on a bus to receive me along with other students from different countries whose flight was very close to time. From Bangladesh, I and Selina Akhter Jahan, my colleague from another faculty, received the DAAD Fellowship, it was on Women's rights from a different perspective. My accommodation was allocated to a German family in a Great Garden Road and Selina Akhter in another. But Selina Akhter Jahan expressed her wish to stay with me in the same accommodation. The authorities That day, Taposh did not get the chance to hear about her Bhabi's experience in Germany. At that time, my younger daughter was at Viqurunnessa Noon School. All of my family members were happy to see me on the way to my dream. They have sacrificed without their mother a lot. Rupali was a teenage girl with them, without whom I could not continue my job and thesis. She learned cooking from me. Another supporting helper was with her. My younger daughter Breity made her literate and she upgraded herself. She was just like my daughter. She could identify my books for my thesis and books for teaching. I am grateful to Rupali for helping me to get empowerment, though she does not know what empowerment is! The day I flew to Germany was a memorable day with a mixed feeling of pain, happiness, and fear. My flight was on British airlines. We all went to deposit my luggage at the British Airways office at noon. When we returned, we had a coffee in a coffee shop. My flight was at night. The drama started with my elder daughter Kizzy. At the end of the day, she got shut when I was leaving for the airport. I wore a grey colored silk saree with a red silk printed blouse. She just laid on the floor and started crying and saying-Ma tui jaish na(Ma don't go). I

understood her feelings of insecurity, because she would put her step in Dhaka university, some anxiety about the unknown place, and another side she was scared about the responsibility she had to take for her little sister and father, though we had two good domestic helpers. I could not control her cry. I called her neighbor's friend too. They came, I just ran to the car. When I boarded on British Airways, I felt as if I could jump from the craft and go back home. My daughter's crying sanctioned her appeal and did accordingly. Many other students from different universities were allocated to the dormitory. Life started with a new mission, vision, and experience. My homeowners were very racist in their behavior. They did not allow us to use their kitchen, even to enter into the kitchen. We had no option to cook. We went to an Arabian restaurant or McDonald's, and for breakfast, we bought bread, jam, butter, fruit, etc. At our university, there was a big canteen with a portion of good food, but most of the food was prepared with ham. We had to be very careful in choosing food. Our bus stand was very close to our accommodation, my accommodation is in the greatest garden in Hannover, There are very few houses with some racist people. There was no touch of emotion and warmth. But my university was a very happening place. Barbara, an aged lady, was our chairperson. I got her affection, she was very empathetic. She understood my emotions when I felt pain for my daughters and family, she took care of me very especially. I had some young friends from India and other countries. Days were going with mixed feelings. The weather was very morbid, all the time cloudy and a drop of the rain with tremendous wind, the temperature was 7-degree Celsius. I had to put on a raincoat and use an umbrella all the time. When we walked, we found very few people of the younger generation in the shopping mall too. I came to know that because of too much birth control in this place, the younger generation was about to decrease. My first day in Hannover was the newest experience for me. At 6 PM, we were forced to get our dinner but, sunset at 10 PM. I looked at the window at when the sun would set and I will go to sleep. A very different lifestyle from our lifestyle in Bangladesh. Gradually, I have adjusted to the situation. Suddenly, Selina and I met Shamim, a Bangladeshi guy. He used to drive a taxi for a livelihood. We were introduced to each other, and he invited us for dinner at his house. We were very happy to see the first Bangladeshi in Hannover. We have visited his house several times. We also treated his family in the restaurant. I have started to save my scholarship money to buy something for my daughters and husband. Finally, I bought gold earrings for them and many other things. In the meantime, my eldest brother Aatur Rahman gave the number of Rokeya, who was staying in Berlin. She was working for the State Bank of India. She married a German guy. She was my batchmate but I could not recollect her memories, he was more connected with my brother in different

sources. One day, Rokeya and her husband came to Hannover to take me to Berlin on my vacation. They were so kind, they drove many miles to take me. I spent time in their house very happily and the picnic in their farmhouses was a great experience for me. There I met a Bangladeshi guy with his German girlfriend. She was very similar to Princess Diana. When they got married, at their ceremony they came to pick me up near Holland to attend her marriage ceremony. Rokeya with other Bangladeshis were there. We stayed in the house of an old couple. The man could not walk, he was in a wheelchair, but he never gave us chances to help him. He cooked for us when his wife was in the office. One day I tried to help him. He got annoyed. I understood that he did not like to prove himself a person with a disability. New learning from him, I saluted his ego and self-respect. The day I departed, Shamim came to drop me at the airport. He spent a few hours with me. We had food together. Finally, I flew towards Heathrow. When I came to Heathrow airport, I met two Bangladeshi girls who were with me at my university. We went to the duty-free shop to buy something. My husband's one requirement was to buy cigarettes for him. He used to have two cigarettes a day. For the first time abroad and in the duty-free shop, I just got mad. Seeing this and that, I never checked my watch. Suddenly, I got an announcement: Akhter Zobaida, you are the last passenger, we are waiting for you. I just took off my shoes in one hand, and I was running with all my efforts to reach the plane, but Heathrow is an endless tunnel. Finally, I board the aircraft, the gate shut within a second. Finally, I reached Dhaka airport, saw the three members close to my heart were waiting for me. They said you put on weight and became so fair; weight was the result of MacDonald. I united the same colored bracelets as my daughters and reached our home. When I came home, I saw my husband got a thick file of my email and photos. The main achievement was I scored grade 1 with the DAAD fellowship. My journey finished in Germany with diversified feelings and experiences. I started my routine work as usual. In the meantime, I finished my thesis within 2 years and 8 months, though I had to wait till 2001 for it to be submitted. It was a rule that a Doctoral thesis cannot be submitted for 4 years. I love to do things before the ink is dry. Because of that, I have completed my thesis within 2.8 years. In 2001, I have forgotten the month, I was selected for training in distance Learning in Bangkok. There were 10 members of a team. Unfortunately, my submission date of my thesis and my flight to Bangkok coincide. I was so keen to go to Bangkok because I have never visited any countries other than India and Nepal. My husband requested me not to go to Bangkok without submitting the thesis. But my childish nature said, I will go, it is my dream to go abroad. Finally, we came to an agreement that I had to finalize the thesis by working the whole night, typing mistakes, spelling, etc, and had to give him the final draft with my

signature and my supervisor's signature, then he would do the needful for submission. I did things the whole night till my flight. My husband took it to the shop to print three copies of the thesis with binding and cover page and submitted it to the Registrar's office of Dhaka University. I flew with my colleagues to Bangkok with peace and tranquility and the assurance of submission. My staying period was not very special for me, we received training in Open and distance learning from Sukhothai Thamathirat university. We stayed in their guest house along with my other colleagues. As it was my first time in Bangkok, I shopped many things for my husband and daughters and also for myself. Bangkok is the place for shopping and food. We enjoyed street food and many other foods at the restaurant. So far, I remember when we were on the way back home, in the airport when they weighed my luggage. It was 46 kg. I am only allowed 25 kg. One of my colleagues, Ripon, like my younger brother,'s luggage was less than 25 kg. He took my luggage and merged my weight with him. I was fortunate some of my colleagues became my relatives. They respected me and loved me. Ripon was one of them. In 2001 I was awarded a Doctoral degree. My father's desire for my husband's dream came true. I was entitled to add Dr. before my name. My happiness was at the top of the moon. When it was announced in the syndicate of Dhaka University, my family became happier and prouder than me. Still, I remember their bright laughing faces. We rushed into my supervisor's house with a flower bouquet and a cake. He was so happy and I was his first Ph.D. student of Ph.D. When we were in Kazi Sir's house, at my elder daughter, Kizzy, with him, called me, saying-Ma, a man called from India and asked to talk to him and he said Dr.zobaida! I was surprised at how it is possible to be within an hour, how one can know my name. When we were on the way home, my dear brother, freedom fighter brother, my playmate, my friend in my university life with whom I shared all my experiences, is Mujibur Rahman Dilu called me and said the man was me, as he was a very good actor, he planned to call us by changing his voice-he was that imitating person from Kolkata. We laughed a lot, he congratulated me. I lost my Choto Bhaiya, my elder brother, in February 2021. It was a deep pain within me because he died on the same date as my father's death, which was Black Day, 19 January. He was buried in my father's graveyard in Banani, he is in the lap of my baba. I never hear his rich voice, Jabu (tumi Kemon acho), how are you?. I miss you all the time. Sometimes I see his number in mobile and try to call him if any miracle happens.Again, I was passing my days as usual, but in 2001 another door of empowerment opened in front of me. That was a field of consultancy. In future which becomes the asset for me and assurance of economic solvency and the most important one was that the consultancy field gave me an immense opportunity to be introduced to the bureaucrat, government policymakers, and

international consultants. I believe that as I more come into contact with the wider world with diversified people, my hidden talent will be enriched, my self-respect with the highest confidence level will be upgraded. These qualities helped me to see the world with a bird's eye view, with a free mindset, and without a pre-set mind-set toward people and society. In 2001, I received an opportunity to become a Senior Gender Consultant of DANIDA funded program MSP-VAW, "Multi-Sectoral program against Violence of women Women Violence Against Women" (VAW), as a gender specialist. That was a 6 months contract. I enjoyed working with Suss Schaumann. She was from Denmark. Her professionalism and motherly heart touch me in a special way that still I remember her my memory. My work was a media campaign-both electronic media and print media. I had to develop a booklet, monthly newsletter, and some slogans which were distributed although Bangladesh in a government office, directorate, and Ministry. My project was under the Department of Women's affairs, where I worked as an Assistant Director in 1984. My total work was focused on violence against women, dowry forced prostitution, and forced marriage. In 2002 again I got the same assignment as a consultant for 1 year in the DANIDA funded program. This project had opened the door of consultancy for me. Once a person becomes a consultant, their name is included in the database as a consultant. It was the first step of a ladder of my consultancy field which reached me in the last field with success and dignity. I am thankful to Suss schaumann as she was my first mentor in this field. 2003 was another turning point in adding another professional identity, who was an international researcher. One day in my office, our Dean, Professor Mustafizur Rahman, invited me and my other four colleagues into his room. We went there. He introduced Alicia Fentiman. She came from Cambridge, and worked as a researcher for the International Research Foundation for open learning, which was at Cambridge University. She came to Bangladesh to collaborate with the researchers for this project. It was a joint research program amongst five countries-Bangladesh, India, Srilanka, Pakistan, Nepal. She was a very empathetic, soft-spoken, humble, and friendly lady. At the same time, she was very attractive with a cat's eye. She respects and loves the culture of other countries. When she visited Bangladesh, she wore a salwar kameez and a dupatta. She was a person of anthropology, that is why she loves to know people and culture. We became friends from the day we met her. She loved to see my long hair, saree, and my way of communication. Alicia was my friend for a long time. Among my other colleagues, four were male and I was with them. Eventually, my four colleagues dropped out of the project because of communication problems and were unwilling to do a hard job on this research work. Many teachers at my university count everything from an extrinsic value

point. They realize this work will not bring money for them. I should say they missed a diversified experience in traveling to Cambridge. My professor, Mustafizur Rahman till the end, and the other two colleagues stayed halfway and contributed partially to this project. Alicia, along with Mustafizur Rahman, came to my house for dinner. My daughters also became their friends. We went to visit some educational institutions in North Bengal and collected data. Next time, when Alicia Fentimen came to Bangladesh for research purposes, she came from Hyderabad, India. She bought a saree from Hyderabad. We went to visit some districts. Alicia, I, Professor Mustafizur Rahman and my other two younger colleagues accompanied us. It was a very pleasant journey. I and Alicia stayed in the same room with tranquility and harmonious coexistence. When we were on the way, we saw a procession of fundamentalist group on the road. Immediately, she covered her head with a dupatta, I asked her about the reason for it, she said" I know they hurt the lady without a veil, but I did not put on the veil because I never care about those weak characters. We completed our data collection and came back to Dhaka. Alicia went back to Cambridge. Before leaving she was crying. I saw emotions and love in her heart like Asian and Bangladeshi women. My topic of research was Women and Distance Education: Some Case Studies from Bangladesh. The whole research was published in Cambridge. I never felt she was a European lady. It seems to me, unfortunately, she was born in Europe. If she had a choice, she would select either India or Bangladesh. This time I also invited her along with professor Mustafizur Rahman to my house. That day she gave us a round trip air ticket to London on British airways. We were invited to disseminate our final research findings with her colleagues in Cambridge. Again, I flew to Cambridge in 2003. When I reached Hittrow airport, I saw a handsome man coming towards me. He came to me and asked me -are you Zobaida? I was surprised and asked him -how do you know me? He told me I was Alicia's husband. She told me you would see a slim lady with a saree and long hair. She must be Zobaida. He shook his hand with me and told me Alicia was also at the airport. She was at another gate to receive other delegates from Srilanka. He offered me to go to Starbucks and have a coffee. He was also instructed by Alicia. After half an hour, Alicia came with the other delegates and took us to her 8th-sized micro-bus. I was surprised to see Alicia driving that car. She told me I always drive it and my husband drives a small car. Women empowerment is nothing but the mindset and willingness to do any job she likes. We reached Cambridge after 2 hours. Our accommodation was in the guest house of Cambridge University because her husband was a Professor of that university. I enjoyed my colleagues a lot from other countries. It was learning about the diversified culture which was very interesting to me. The next day, we reached IRFOL for our final dissemination. Still, I remember, when I

presented the case studies of the vulnerable women of our country, Alicia's eyes were filled with tears, she loved to cry like I am, because of our kind heart. Later I came to know that crying is not the weakness of a person, moreover, it is a strength of a person. That night she invited us to her bungalow. It was almost like the countryside, with many plants and birds. Their house is elegant with the choice, not with the price. They were very close to nature from their mindset. The scenario was different. Alicia's husband cooked for us, Alicia cleaned the house, everything they were doing in non-stereotyped role-playing. I love to see this empowerment style which is based on one's own choice and ability. Once, I asked her why I added the surname of her husband. She told me if I did not add it, I would be deprived of his property. It realized that every society in developed or underdeveloped or developing countries, considers women as a part of man or subjugated to man's life. I became happy to feel that, at least in our religion or culture, it is not mandatory. After dinner, we said goodbye to them and extended our gratitude to the wonderful couple for their hospitality. The next morning, we left the guest house according to our pre-set destination. I decided to see London and to stay in someone's house with whom I had 100 percent right because, on my lap she was brought up, she was my very close one, not less than my daughter. I stayed there for 5 days, but I should not stay there because the situation hurt me a lot and it hampered my dignity, which is still haunting me. I visited London by bus. They had many cars visited, I was a stranger in London and that was my first visit to Europe. I could not see many things I wanted to see. God is always with me. I never miss my destination. Sometimes man proposes God disposes of. I accepted the situation with great regret. From London, I decided to go to Paris by Euro train, which goes under the English channel. A person helped me to buy the ticket online and he took me to the destination by carrying my luggage. Without mentioning his name, I say gratitude to him. When I was on the Euro Train and it was going underwater, I felt so excited, my eyes filled with tears, That I earned this opportunity from zero. A human being can do anything if he is determined to do it. Struggling and strong willpower make a person successful. Suddenly, I saw an artist from Paris sitting opposite to me, sketching my photo. I asked him to confirm it, he said for the first time he had seen an Asian lady with a saree. I enjoyed the whole thing. Suddenly, I heard an announcement that the train had missed the right way to Paris, it had to go back and start the right way. In that case, it would arrive 1 hour late. I was thinking about the person who would be waiting for me. He was none other than Partho Pratim Mojumder, the renowned mime artist from Bangladesh. He came from Bangladesh but now he is settled in Paris. When I got down from the train, I was walking towards that place, which place was instructed me to wait. Unfortunately, I did not see Partho Pratim or anybody

waiting for me. I was a little bit scared, I tried to communicate with local people but they said in a gesture that they don't understand English, later on, I came to know they are racist and don't want to talk in English though they know the language. I was walking here and there to find anyone who was waiting for me. Finally, I have decided to go back to that place which place was instructed for me. In my childhood, I heard from my mother that from where you lost you should stay there, some solution will come to you. It worked, I saw a young boy was coming to me and asked me are you Zobaida apa? I asked who send you, he told that Zillur sir send me because Partho Pratim left because of the delayed arrival of the train, he requested Zillur bhai to receive me. Zillur Bhai was a common friend of my husband in student life, Zillur Bhai was busy with his work, he sends a shop boy to receive me. I was waiting in his shop after 1-hour Zillur Bhai came into the shop and was surprised to see me. His memory with me was stuck in my university life, with a very slim figure and too long hair. I told Zillur Bhai. Please come to reality, it was 25 years back, everything. Everything has changed, the world also changed, the people and their lifestyles changed, to see me as he saw in him university life. Sometimes memory stays in the same stage, bypassing time and space. Another disaster was going on in Paris because there was a transport strike on demand of the pension age. The government fixed a certain age for pension but the people of Paris wanted to take retirement earlier. They like to work for a longer time. Some small vehicles were in the road, we took a journey break and reached his house, adjacent to the Eiffel Tower. He had one son and one daughter; his wife welcomed me from her heart. Zillur Bhai was not economically solvent. Still, then he was fighting for survival. His house has two small rooms. They spared the small room for me with lots of hesitation. I carried some gifts for his family. From the next day, they became very easy with me because I love to stay with those people it who have small accommodation with a big heart where they can accommodate many people. On the other hand, in London, where I stayed, they had a palace but they were so,, miserable in love or respect that they could not accommodate a relationship to whom they were obliged. It was clear to me, a house becomes home when it is filled with warmth and love. I forgot all the limitations in Zillur Bhais's house because of their feelings and warm heart. This is the difference I found in Europe. I was a little bit disappointed to see the grave locked down in Paris but my enthusiasm and Zillur Bhai's energy could not stop us from moving on and see Paris. We used to start after breakfast, to see my dreamland Paris by walking. I saw the Looove museum, the tunnel where Diana's car was crushed, I saw the cafes where the star of Mumbai used to go, I saw Shahrukh khan's favorite café. And many other places I saw, at this moment, I cannot remember the names. We went to the biggest shopping mall in Paris. I bought perfume from the city of perfume and

cosmetics from the city of style for my daughters. In the evening when I returned to Zillur bhais house, I loved to see Eifel Tower from the window. It seemed to be the garland of light. I was amazed by the light reflecting on me and it took me into the fairy tales, as I am a lover of fairy tales. Unfortunately, in the daytime, Eifel Tower seems to be an old rusty iron temple. I rode to the tower and satisfied my life with the fulfillment of my dream, which my Baba could not. I celebrated my birthday along with Zillur Bhai's family in front of Eifel Tower, with cakes and other snacks. I never expected earlier, when I led a very helpless and uncertain life, God would sanction me the highest pleasure to celebrate my birthday in front of one wonder among 7 wonders. I extend my gratitude to God for selecting me as a subject to enjoy the places which one cannot dream of in my lifetime. I have created an opportunity to open up my fortune to make a sustainable existence with my determination. It is proven that what you serve you deserve. My second Brother made me shelter at the age of 22. Unfortunately, his whole life became shelterless and a livelihood based on others' charity. Human beings should know. God created them to show humanity. I started to believe in karma, which I saw in my own life. I went back to London in that house because there was my stuff. I stayed one night. Fortunately, they dropped me at Heathrow airport. At least they showed some humanity to me. I came back to my place. Life started again with routine work. In 2004, another turbulence occurred in my life. God has given me another chance to come back to life. My husband was diagnosed with DNS deviated nasal syndrome, where his bone partition in the nose is the bend. That is why he was facing lots of problems. The doctor was a renowned doctor-Dr.Khurshed Mojumdar of the Holy Family hospital. He advised my husband to go for surgery immediately. Everything was fixed. All of a sudden, my husband refused to go for surgery because he was afraid of surgery. During that time, I was suffering from a stuffy nose. It seemed to me my noses were always blocked, and I felt a little bit uneasy. When I was with my husband in the doctor's room, I explained my problem. He diagnosed that my nose was filled with several polyps, then only a certain percentage remained open. He advised me to remove the polyp by operating it. I was a experienced, courageous person; I agree to operate without any fear. It is my nature when something disturbs my physical condition, I immediately remove it from the root, I don't like to rear and bear the disease whichif it has any solution. In the same cabin which was booked for my husband. My elder daughter Kizzy talked to the doctor about my safety. He said they did not have any headlight facilities in the Holy Family Hospital. My daughter requested to hire it and it would be paid extra. Accordingly, everything settled down for the operation. The real drama started during the operation. In the post-operative time, when my Baro Bhabi and Julie Bhabi went to take me

from the cabin, at that moment I started vomiting full of blood, non-stop vomiting. There were no nurses or doctors to attend to me. My husband, daughter, and relatives became puzzled about seeing me. I was becoming white like blotting paper. At night my elder daughter was with me. She became nervous. I told her in a timid voice to call the doctor over the phone. The doctor escaped when he understood what wrong he had done to me. I said, " Doctor, please come and push me. He injection, I am dying. He asked me, could you tolerate steametil injection, I said yes. He came and pushed me for a steametil injection, advised me to take ice cream. My vomiting stopped with my treatment. This is the first part of the drama. The second part started when I came home. One day I saw a few drops of crystal water coming from my nose apparently, but it was not from the nose, I felt it was coming from the brain. I went to the doctor for a follow-up check-up with my husband. I explained about the leakage. He told the lie again, it was sinus water. Starting your aerobics. You will be fine. There was another person. He was a fighter pilot who came up with the same complaint, and the doctor said the same thing. When I was climbing downstairs, I was going to fall. My husband instantly caught my hand. We came back home and I started searching and went to Google to understand my situation. I found it is called CSF leakage. It was a leakage due to brain injury. The doctor understood during the operation that he did it and, unethically, he did not use headlights. But out of fear of losing his registration as a doctor, he hides it. He is scared about my husband's reputation. The doctor sometimes becomes a slaughterer. I have decided to go to the best ENT specialist in Bangladesh, Dr.Pran Gopal. I went to him with my elder daughter. I told him, Doctor, I think I had a CSF leakage by Khorshed Mojumder. He just called the doctor and asked -khorshed did you injured Dr.Zobaida 's brain? Just say yes or no, he said yes, he just kept the phone in anger. He told me, yes, you were right. Your brain got injured because it was a micro-operation and he did not use headlights. He gave me some antibiotics and anti-allergic coverage and said, you are not allowed to sneeze even, take rest straight for one-two weeks it is not okay, you have to go for brain surgery. I saw my daughter's face with pain and fear. She held my hand and we went back home. I informed my younger brother Tutu, a pharmacist. Now he is staying in Australia. He rushed to visit me. He was speechless. Many of my close relatives and distant relatives came to see me last. Once, my younger daughter Breity just cried loudly about why people were coming to see me. It was about when I was dying. After two weeks, there was no improvement because I could not follow his advice strictly, no one was there to give a bath to me in bed, no one was there to take care of me. Unfortunately, no domestic helpers were in my house. My elder daughter, a temporary lady, had the responsibilities. I was always hapless in any strong surgery or disease; it

was my fate. God has made me stand on my own feet. I have decided to arrange a board of doctors under the leadership of Dr.Majed , head of the department of ENT in the Holy Family Hospital. Khorshed Mojumder was present there as a culprit. My husband didn't want to go, wanted to go for this hassle, but my life is my life because a doctor was a criminal because of accidents in surgery are normal, but for his negligence and, as he hid the truth, I was determined to prove him as a culprit. I do justice, I love justice and I seek justice. I went to face the board with my husband. My husband was a little bit shaky about facing the board. Doctor Majed asked me, could you prove you have a CSF leakage? I said, yes I can, bring a small bottle. They brought it. I bent my head and held the bottle to my nose. Drops of clear crystal water were filling the bottle. Doctor Majed stopped me because a brain contains only 4 chatak water, if it finishes, I will die. He told Khorshed to beg pardon to her, he begged it but I was not ready to forgive that sinful doctor.Doctor Mazed said you are an internet-friendly smart patient, take our apologies and immediately rushing abroad for surgery. Then Khorshed Mojumder said I would bear all the costs in any country, though as he was a miser, he wanted to give me only 50000 takas for an air ticket to Delhi.I contacted doctor Deka of AIMS Hospital in Delhi to describe my condition and scanned all the reports. I had to do it myself because my family members did not know the medical terms. The date was fixed. I went with my sister-in-law, China, the wife of my brother Tutu. My husband had to stay at My younger daughter was a candidate for the SSC exam. Although in my critical situation my elder daughter was attached to me, she cried a lot, but my younger daughter's shock bound her to stay aloof because she could not take my situation. When I was leaving for the airport, she came to me. I said if I die during the operation, please don't miss your exam. Nothing stopped one's death. She was holding the wall and stood like a standing statue. She was seeing her mother for the last time. I flew to Delhi in February 2004. On the first day in Delhi, according to our appointment, we went to the All India Medical Institute(AIMS) to see Dr.Deka. He was a doctor of Indira Gandhi, a very renowned ENT specialist. He examined me and did an MRI. He called my sister-in-law, China, to show the flow coming from my brain. She got scared.It was proven that I had an injury in my brain with high risk. When he called us into his chamber, there were many other doctors and visitors, he clearly explained my situation and warned me that amongst the people in his room, I was at a high risk of morbidity, because if any virus caught me, it would be the end of my life. I listened to everything without any tension, because in any crisis, I became an iron lady and trusted in God that He would save me for the sake of my daughters. Maybe I was very optimistic and loved my life. He gave me two options regarding my treatment-one is brain surgery and the other is conservative treatment. I asked him which one would work for

me. He told me if I do surgery on my brain, it would be stitched inside and outside. If you cough or sneeze, it will reopen the stitch. The second option is a permanent solution, if you can maintain and follow the instructions. I said I would go with the second option. The instructions were, I had to lie down for three months by slanting my head, some. Some will wash my body, use a bedpan, someone will feed me, no fever and virus should not attack me. He gave me strong antibiotics and anti-histamine coverage, not so many visitors could attend and, overall, I cannot cough or sneeze. These conditions could be followed by fortunate people who have parents or very close ones. I have nothing, despite. Despite that, I agreed with his advice. I asked him if I wanted to go to Azmeer Sharif. He told me it is a long way to travel by taxi. For a moment, he looked at me and said " Do you believe that by visiting that holy place you will feel better? I said yes. He reminded me that the brain has only 4 chatack of water. If it is finished, people cannot sustain it. He put his hand on my head and permitted me to visit Khaza Baba,s Dorber. When I offered his visit, he told me I cannot take any money from you because it is a government hospital and you already bought a ticket for 500 RS. He told me only to pay the MRI charge. I was speechless about seeing a doctor like an angel. I asked, I bought a west coat for you. Would you kindly accept it? He said yes because it was with respect and love. I bade goodbye to him and returned to our guest house. We returned to our guest house and the next day we went shopping because my money for treatment was saved. I bought something by walking slowly. We returned to Dhaka the next morning. I didn't understand till now. Am I an immature or an idiot to understand the risk to my health? But it seems to me I believe that I will be alive for my daughters. And my faith in God, that He is always with me, otherwise there was no possibility to recover without any care, without following any restrictions. My life is full of rude practicality, which makes me a self-independent person with the courage and power to fight. In Dhaka, I just lay down, but I every care I did myself, I took bath in the shower, I operated my computer, sent and mail to Deka explaining my situation. I just behaved like a normal person. My life always despaired of hope. When I finished two months of my restriction period, I got a commonwealth scholarship as a fellow to attend the 4th pan Commonwealth Forum in Dunedin, New Zealand as a speaker. I have received a full scholarship. My dancing mind started to dance, but how could I get through a brain injury? I sent an email to Dr.Deka explaining my desire to go to New Zealand. He better understood my willpower. He said, yes, you can go but you could not lift any luggage and should carry the medicine. My husband had already decided to go with me because his younger sister was residing in Auckland. My 5 other colleagues and the Vice-chancellor attended that conference. First, we went to Auckland, then Dunedin to attend the conference,

then again we came back to Auckland and Dhaka. When we arrived in Dunedin, the temperature was minus 14 degrees Celsius. All of a sudden, bleeding started from my nose. Our medical doctor was with us. He advised you to press ice on the nose and to take a rest. The problem was solved in an hour. Again, I started my very normal life. I forgot my health issues. I enjoyed the Pan-Commonwealth Forum, which opened my door as a fellow and gender expert of Commonwealth of Learning. I came back to Dhaka with good health and a fresh mind. I bought the Lord of the Rings from New Zealand, because the movie was released in New Zealand. I was able to swim through the big sea of risk and disaster with my willing power. I do believe everyone can overcome any situation with their willpower and hardship. The only human being on this planet is a rational being. My life started with routine work, university, and home. In 2005, I was again invited to Cambridge University as a presenter on gender issues. My journey towards touching the sky, which was my dream, started because God had granted my desire. I was thinking about where to stay in London. Finally, I decided to stay at Mukul's house, who was working at Bangla TV in London. Mukul respected us and was grateful to my husband because he helped him to get the job in London by considering his son's health issues. He was suffering from Thalassemia. I went to Cambridge where I met a nice lady from the Commonwealth of Learning. She was an Education Specialist, specialist Frances Ferreira. Since then, she is my friend. She has chosen me to be a friend. To her, I am a very hardworking lady with honesty and dedication. She was from Namibia and was a Mayor of Namibia. She is mixed blood, very sweet and pleasing. personality, once she holds my hand, never left me. We have an unexplained bond and understanding. I must say her cooperation made it possible to become a fellow of the Commonwealth of Learning and work as a gender specialist. I have attended the Pan-Common six times with a full scholarship as a fellow reviewer. The critical reviewer cannot relate everything with my helpless past. I am a self-made person. That is why I am writing this auto-biography to inspire other women who think of themselves as weaker. Everything in this world is possible with a true dream and work accordingly. Self-respect has to be earned to receive from others. In Cambridge, I met some renowned professors; Anne Gaskell, Alen Trait, Terry, Paul G. West. Still, I am connected with them virtually and face to face at a conference. Anne Gaskell and Terry were very affectionate to me. I enjoyed the conference in Cambridge with diversified talent and learnt many things from them. After completion of the conference, I visited Mukul's house in London. They were very cordial to me. Their children were introverts but they took me as their close one and spent a good time with me. When I left their house, they read. Mukul was surprised to see that. He told me that they were not close even to their blood relationship,

and your discussion of impartial criticism and constructive views attracted them. I was honored to be close to their children. Mukul's wife did a lot for me. She cooked many items, even mashed items too. She accompanied me to see London by tour bus with an open hood. I saw the London eye, the Thames river, Sherlock's Home Monument, Shakespeare's house. I was delighted to see the things which I had read in a book. My eyes filled with tears, imagining that my father did not see anything which I was seeing. I am his beloved daughter, I wanted to see the world with his eyes because he rooted the dream within me. Mukul's wife gave me a gift. I also got some gifts for them. It was a nice experience for people from cultural backgrounds. What I realized last time in London, staying in a palace of my blood relationship gave me immense pain and regrets where I should get the best treatment because in my lap she brought up. they did not have a culture but Mukul with a small house gave me respect happiness because of their culture. Culture is the basic quality to behave with a people properly. I left London at that time with satisfaction and happiness. After coming back, I got a consultancy on the Primary Education Project of the Asian Development Bank in cooperation with the Ministry of Primary Education. There I had a good experience with many international counterparts. After completion of my tenure period, I returned to my university. I did these consultancies with my earned leave and paid 10 percent to my university. Suddenly, I got an opportunity to give a written exam and view, World on the World Bank project for Secondary female education Project. I stood first and received the opportunity. It was only for six months but my experience all over Bangladesh was profound. I have visited most of the district to give training to government officials, headteachers, principals, local elite in the evening. My Project Director, Additional Secretary Mr. Ratan Kumar Roy, always accompanied me. One day, I asked him the reason why he was attending all my sessions. He said that it amazed me your speech and every time it seems to me new presentation and training program because of your change in presentation. I was surprised to hear his words and got inspired to upgrade my training program. Though I was not financially too much benefited because during the consultancy period I was not getting any salary from my university as it was an extraordinary leave, moreover, I had to pay 10 percent. I did the consultancy because of my passion to work with diversified people, self-satisfaction, and enriching my CV. I was a dreamer, I am still, which never stopped me thinking and doing very unexpected opportunities. 2007 was one of the most memorable years for me from both the positive side and the negative side. That year was full of unexpected experiences which are difficult to define. That was full of emotional attachment and new experiences. That was the most appropriate year which I can say Man proposed God disposes of. That was the year of a wrong decision, that was the year of the

burden of pain my elder daughter had to bear, that was the year of our stupidity in ensuring my daughter's good fortune. Whatever occurred, it was not in our hands. If anyone believes in religion, they should say it was destiny. I believe every negation presupposes affirmation and every affirmation presupposes negation. At this stage, I can assure myself my daughter has built herself as a dignified person into a career in writing. She is an eminent writer in Bangladesh. She never chatted about the past. She looked forward and moved on. Every woman should be strong like her. She believes one person cannot ruin another's prospects and cannot deviate from one's dream. She is an inborn dreamer similar to me. She won the battle. I want to say Shakespeare's famous lines-All well that ends well. Before starting this story, I want to share my experience of the 7th Pan commonwealth forum in London. Again, I was invited to my Commonwealth of Learning as a resource person at the conference. My expertise in the field of distance education, inclusive education and gender rights with special emphasis on women's rights. The month was probably September, 2007. My husband suggested visiting New York from London. He thought that it would be easier for me to see the USA from London. As usual, I applied for a USA visa. When I was interviewed, I was asked by a young visa officer, who was Sharifa? Because I gave the corresponding papers of Sharifa and Maleque. I laughed at him and said, actually I cannot define this relationship. They are more than my siblings, they are more than my friends and, moreover, they are like the second parents of my daughters. He smiled and enjoyed my conversation; it seemed to me I could connect with a person in the right way. I request you to give me a 5 year visa. I received my desired visa. Again, I flew to London via British Airlines. I was in the sky several times practically, which I dreamt literally. I reached London and stayed in the university guest house. So far, I remember, at night Frances, my friend, came to visit us. She gave me my per diem and chat with me. We were many people from different countries staying in the same guest house. Most of them were African and Indian. There I have got many friends. They are still connected with me. I enjoyed my time in London. It was sponsored by the Open University of UK. There again I met Anne Gaskell, Allain trait and Terry, whom I met in Cambridge. We became a global family under the umbrella of a commonwealth of learning. From Bangladesh along with our Vice Chancellor, 5 people attended the conference. After a 6-day conference, I started for my dream destination 6-year-to New York. When I arrived at the immigration at Hitrow Airport, it was the first time I had experienced a very new thing which annoyed me a lot. I had to take off my shoes at check time. I thought it was racism, but afterwards till today I have been experiencing this. Now it is not annoying me, I understand it is for safety issues. Late in the night, Maleque Bhai came to receive me. We were both

happy to see each other again. When I reached their house, it was a very small house of two rooms, but it did not bother me. Where the heart is big, nothing can dissatisfy people. Sharifa Apa cooked many items for me, they spared their bed room. I slept a deep sleep, but I had to rise early in the morning because they have planned to take me in Washington DC. Because of my time constraint they made a very tight schedule for me. Many invitations, many places to visit, shopping which I enjoyed a lot in New York. I was amazed to see the Statue of Liberty. We started by a bus towards Washington DC, in the house of Shudu Bhai , who had a very big house with very big heart. I felt I know them since long. We enjoyed their food after that we went out to see Washington DC. Suddenly Maleque Bhai stopped in front of Voice of America Office. He told me that let's go to meet sharker kabiruddin , a legend presenter with an unique voice. When we listen VoA, we were attracted with the voice which has a gravity and uniqueness, he is an incomparably voicer. Kabir Bhai himself received us and told me please come with me in the recording studio, I said Kabir Bhai , I am very tired after a long journey and I was not prepare for any interview. He said no worry, I will just chat with you. He had a magical capacity to transform a lay man as a good speaker. I was speaking with him as women rights experts, suddenly I found I have completed my interview. According to Kabir Bhai, Maleque Bhai and Sharifa Apa it was an excellent job I did. When I listened my interview, I also feel that, I have maintained my quality. Another dream fulfilled by the grace of Allah. We came back to Shudu Bhai's house in the evening and stayed that night. Next day in the early morning we started for New York. Few days after we planned to go to Niagara, it was my dream to see the fall, God listened and listed my all dreams and fulfilled one by one. I was so excited that I was going to Niagara. We started for Niagara by bus, that journey was amazing to see the green scenario from the window. Finally, we reached to Niagara, we took rest for a while and after that we stepped towards Niagara, we reached there in the afternoon and stayed till night. Within these short periods I had seen two different beauty of Niagara fall, one in the sunlight and another in the night in dark. When I saw Niagara in the day light it was a combination of white and blue color slops, it was coming and rolling and mixing with the new slops. I was thinking it was like thesis, anti-thesis and synthesis as Karl Marks says. In the evening when it was dark all the colorful light on and I saw the slops borrowed the color in their body and the wave or slopes were changing color and beauty in every moment, it was hard to for me, they spared their bedroom. I slept a deep sleep, but I had to rise early in the morning because they had planned to take me to Washington DC. Because of my time constraints, they made a very tight schedule for me. Many invitations, many places to visit, shopping, which I enjoyed a lot in New York. I was amazed to see the Statue of Liberty. We started

by bus towards Washington DC, at the house of Shudu Bhai , who had a very big house with a very big heart. I felt I had known them for a long time. We enjoyed their food. After that, we went out to see Washington DC. Suddenly, Maleque Bhai stopped in front of the Voice of America Office. He told me that let's go to meet sharker legend Kabiruddin , a legendary presenter with a unique voice. When we listen to VoA, we are attracted to the voice which has a gravity and uniqueness. He has an incomparable voice. Kabir Bhai himself received us and told me to please come with me to the recording studio. I said to Kabir Bhai , I am very tired after a long journey and I was not prepared for any interview. He said no worry, I will just chat with you. He had a magical capacity to transform a lay man into a good speaker. I was speaking with him as a women's rights expert, suddenly I found I had completed my interview. According to Kabir Bhai, Maleque Bhai and Sharifa Apa, it was an excellent job I did. When I listened to my interview, I also felt that I had maintained my quality. Another dream fulfilled by the grace of Allah. We came back to Shudu Bhai's house in the evening and stayed that night. Next day, in the early morning, we started for New York. A few days later, we planned to go to Niagara later. It was my dream to see the fall. God listened and listed all my dreams and fulfilled them one by one. I was so excited that I was going to Niagara. We started for Niagara by bus. That journey was amazing to see the green scenario from the window. Finally, we reached Niagara. We took a rest for a while and after that, we stepped towards Niagra. We reached there in the afternoon and stayed till night. Within these short periods, I have seen two different beauties of Niagara fall, one in the sunlight and another in the night in the dark. When I saw Niagara in the daylight, it was a combination of white and blue colored slops, it was coming and rolling and mixing with the new slops. I was thinking it was like thesis, anti-thesis and synthesis, as Karl Marks says. In the evening when it was dark, all the colorful lights on and I saw the slopes borrowing the color of their bodies and the waves or slopes were changing color and beauty were at every moment. It is hard to describe its Describing its beauty, it took me into dreamland, my eyes filled with water. I paid gratitude to God that He selected me as the most fortunate one to see this wonder. At one moment, I thought no old wave was coming, every wave transformed into a new wave and coming to glorify the falls. It is very similar to our lives. No old moments came again, come again, and come that was a new one in a transformed form. We should live in the moment, not live for the moment. Nature is the best teacher to make us understand what life actually is. We came back to New York. It was a golden treasure for me with enjoyment, experience and love. I came back to Bangladesh to my family. In 2007, I also visited China, invited by the Chinese Embassy and accompanied by my husband along with a team. It was a travel show. Director Shakil and camera operator

Shopon were with us. The memories were beautiful in China. First we went to Beijing. It was a wonderful experience to see the Great Wall of China, one of the wonders of the world. We stayed in a 5-star hotel. We enjoyed our hotel and food. Every evening after finishing our work, we chat in the lobby and sometimes went shopping and outside for food, but with two interpreters. We got away from the big Embassy and allocated a guide and two interpreters. Without interpreters, it was impossible for us to step one foot forward, even if they didn't understand our gesture. In Beijing a very funny thing happened to me. One day we went shooting in a very big park with many entries and an existing gate. My husband went to the bank to change his money. Shakil and Shopon said to me, "Auntie, you please wait in this place, we will climb the high place to take a shot. They did not encourage me to go, considering my age. My husband took the interpreters along with him, because at the bank he needed the person. I was waiting more than one hour, it was almost getting dark, it was almost evening. I got scared because no one understood me. I went here and there to get them but I did not find them. Again, I came back to my original place. In the meantime, Shakil and Shopon came to take me from that place, but for a fraction of time, they missed me. In the meantime, some young crowd asked about my problems by gesture. I asked about the main entry gate. They knew a little bit of English as they were students at the gates. They said there are many gates, which gate you are asking about. I was totally scared. In the meantime, my husband came. Shakil said we lost auntie, but the help of the interpreters discovered me as Columbus discovered America. That was a very funny and scary memory for me. Language sometimes becomes a great barrier. We went to Xian from Beijing. It is a historic place. It is still in my memory. We have visited The Museum of Qin Terra-cotta Warriors and Horses. 14,950. History Museums. .From Xi'an we flew to Shanghai. It is on China's central coast, is the country's biggest city and a global financial hub. Across the Huangpu River rises the Pudong district's futuristic skyline, including the 632m Shanghai tower and the oriental pearl TV tower. We had a river cruise, saw the city from the water, we loved the river cruise with the natural beauty of Shanghai. Finally, we went to Kunming, our last destination in China. Kunming is the modern capital city and transportation hub of China's Southern Yunnan province. We visited Yuan tong Buddhist temple and Yunnan Ethnic village as a cave. I bought many things there. We came back to Bangladesh full of interesting and funny memories.

The Story of a young Girl-First Scene of a Drama

The young girl was a doll of her mother. She had never created any scope to see tears in her daughter's eyes with pain and to be disrespected. But the young girl of 25 years was trapped in these three words-pain, tears and disrespect. She is my elder daughter Kizzy. She was a brilliant student in the first class of the Economics Department of Dhaka university. We are unfortunate parents who did not see the grave problems of a guy with whom she got married. It was a settled marriage. As a mother, I repeatedly refused this proposal. The main reason was the guy was not good-looking at all and short. But his so-called progressive father targeted my daughter for his son. He was a news correspondent for Bangladesh for Voice of America and he was a journalist. He collected the bio-data and photos from one marriage media where I did not give this. Later I came to know the media was one of my close relatives who was always jealous of me and who always wished negatively for me. That person wanted to ruin me by destroying my bright star. The father of a guy repeatedly phoned me and requested me to accept this proposal. The guy's CV was not honestly written, they said he was a very brilliant student from a cadet college and doing a very good job in Australia as a software engineer. In favor of his son, he said he is very humble, calm and quiet and introvert. At one point, my husband was convinced and said this type of gentle person is a very good subject to adjust to. My daughter was in a dilemma. Finally, she agreed but sometimes she complained to her father that the guy was a robotic. No one to blame and nothing to blame. It was her destiny. She got married in 2007 and she got a spouse visa in 2008, and left us in the mid of 2008, with a red suitcase as her Ma left her parents with red suitcase. Now, the red suitcase has become to me a symbol of deprivation and become a shelter less. Though my daughter did not face this helpless situation, she was with us in our heart, in our thought process, in our dreams. She is a real prince of her parents'. I was so unfortunate that I had to take shelter in a very rude family, but the suitcase story is there. Her steps towards wrong destiny again reminded me-man proposes, God disposes. After one year of serving that guy, she was totally engaged with greasy pots and pans. After realizing her status was lowered with the confinement of a meaningless life, she took the decision to study at by Monash University in Melbourne. That time we did not understand the reason for her rigidity, studying in Monash. She struggled a lot to make that guy give her permission to take admission. At Monash university, her two semester fees were exempted from considering her results in Bangladesh. In Environment and Sustainability, she was awarded a degree with high distinction. Afterwards, she got a job for the Government of Australia. She returned double the money to her so-called husband from whom she borrowed. This is the conclusion of the first scene of the drama. In 2008 at the end of the year, I got another lucrative nomination from Commonwealth of

Learning to participate in the training program in W, once in a first position as the most beautiful City Women and Leadership. It was held in Vancouver, which is the best recognized beautiful place, where many people from other parts of Canada visit rarely because of too much expense. I got the nomination and there were 10 women from different countries. Again, my friend, philosopher and guide Frances recognized me as the right person for this training. That time, again, my husband encouraged me to visit Toronto from Vancouver, where my 3rd elder brother Sajedur Rahman was staying. My husband managed my ticket and made my journey more enriched with the touch of my brother's affection and his wife's warmth and hospitality. I was blessed to see the city in the Pacific, where our training was going on. It was close to the Pacific Ocean. During training time, I loved to see the big ship in the Pacific, which seemed to me. I was on the big ship where there was a dream, beauty and dignity and I was about to reach the end of the sea where my desire and target were fulfilled. Vancouver was a very calm and quiet, clean city with a smaller population. I saw snow falling. Once I saw the movie, again, I paid my gratitude to my creator for selecting me to fulfill my dream. I enjoyed my 10 international friends a lot and was satisfied to be a certified women leader of the Commonwealth of Learning. My best achievement was when I visited the Head Office of the Commonwealth of Learning. I said good bye to Vancouver and flew to Toronto goodbye was my first experience on a flight where people were buying food on the flight. Finally, I understood, as it was a budget ticket, they were not serving any food or even drinking water. I did not have any small notes, so I had to travel because of starvation. When I reached to days. In Toronto, another new experience I faced was that I had to put coins to get any trolley. No way, I asked a lady who was on duty to help me. She took my 100 dollar note and gave me change with some coins too. My problem was solved. I expressed my thanks to her, and realized that good people are everywhere and humanity is there. After completion of the airport formalities, I went out and see my brother eagerly waiting for me. He was so excited and happy to see his sister after a long time. I was the first and last among my siblings who met him in Toronto. We siblings chatted in the car and reached his house where my dear sister-in-law Chinu Bhabi was waiting for me. She worked in a cadre service in Bangladesh. My brother was doing a job and became an eminent poet in Toronto and Bangladesh. He published many books on poems. My niece Avik was very happy to see me. It was a memorable moment in meeting with the close blood relationship abroad. My sister-in-law is very passionate about cooking different types of Bangladeshi cuisine. My brother was also very good at cooking. I enjoyed the food with them and took a rest for a while. I stayed there 10 days. We went to different places and enjoyed dinner at our close friend's house. My brother took me to the place where many

poets and writers came and practice recitation. Overall, that was a place of cultural exchange, chatting and eating. I enjoy the environment. My brother decided to take me to Niagara Falls. My mind started to dance, thinking that I was so fortunate to see Niagara fall again. I saw it last year from the USA. Everybody said that if you see Niagara from the Canadian side, you will see it clearer. But the situation disappointed me a lot. Because it was winter, the whole Niagara was covered by snow. I could not see the fall but I felt it from my heart. Sometimes, the feeling gets much stronger than the vision. My sister-in-law and I played with a snow ball. We made a ball with snow. We became children for a moment. My brother took our photos. When siblings are older than others, junior siblings become children of feelings of affection from the big brother. To me, such a thing happened. My days were very close to leaving them and coming back to Bangladesh. They were getting very painful by counting the days. My ticket was Dhaka-Vancouver-Dhaka as it was sponsored by the commonwealth of learning. The ticket to Toronto was an additional ticket. Because of my ticket, I had to go back to Vancouver again and from there to Bangladesh from there. As he knows why I did not get food in budget airlines, he prepared himself different kinds of sandwiches for me. He considered me a little sister in age too. I enjoyed his feelings from my heart, my eyes filled with tears when I left them. I understood blood relationships are always precious. I flew to Vancouver and from Vancouver to Bangladesh via Hongkong via Cathay-Pacific Airlines. I went back to my family, where my husband and younger daughter were staying. My elder daughter was playing in her so-called dolls doll's house without any destination. She lost her aspiration, feeling of dignity by staying with a lower grade guy. In 2009, I was invited by the Commonwealth of Learning to attend the conference in Kochi (India), commercial capital of Kerala, as a gender expert and paper presenter. I always love to visit India as it is very similar to us in culture, food and lifestyle. I have never visited Kerala. I was very happy and excited about getting the offer with full sponsorship. Along with my VC and five colleagues, we attended the Pan commonwealth forum in Kochi. We enjoyed beach and sea fish. In Kochi, I stayed in Le Meridien Hotel. The interesting part of the hotel was here were two buildings. In between there was a big lake. When we finished our session in the evening and finished our dinner, we rode on a boat to go to another building where we stayed. Frances was on the same floor, we used to go by same boat. It was an amazing attraction for us. Life was full of excitement there and, foremost, the excellent Mughal food and the sea food attracted me a lot. People were very cordial. There was an authentic shopping mall for sarees from where all over India the sarees were distributed. That is why their saree were very authentic at a reasonable price. I with another college, went to JayaLakshmi several times to buy sarees, we could

not control ourselves to buy less saree and maintain the budget. I bought many traditional sarees for me and for my two daughters. After completion of the conference, we came back to Bangladesh with a treasure of happiness and experiences. After coming back again, I got an opportunity for consultancy on the Secondary Education development Project of Development Bank for 1 year. That was my very stereotyped desk work type of work, developing many materials on gender. I did not enjoy the project because it was not challenging for me. I have completed my tenure period with success. Again, I returned to my regular work at the university. In 2010, I got a chance to attend a conference in Kashmir, the dreamland for all. But many people discouraged me to visit Kashmir because of its terrorism. As I said earlier, what I desire, no one can stop me from my destination. To me, there should be chaos, there should be terrorism, there should be hardship, but a strong person never changes their destination. Fear of death or fear of problems makes a man crippled. Death is the ugliest truth in life and it is pre-destined, so no one should stop their journey towards fulfilling a dream because of fear of death. APJ Abdul Kalam, former President of India, says, you should have a dream which lets you not sleep and I follow him with respect, and I was a challenger inherited from my father. I love to struggle, I love to fight for my rights. No smooth achievement makes me happier than what I achieved through struggle. I was making preparations for visiting Kashmir. Four colleagues together together to Srinagar. When we reached the airport, we saw some students from the University of Kashmir come to receive us with gun protection. In the airport, all the security held the guns, making a point. It was exciting and adventurous for me. The students with gun protection took us to our hotel. It was very cold. I always enjoy cold places. I love to see snow. Still, I remember which hotel we were staying in was very cozy. When we returned from outside, before entering the hotel, they served us a glass of herbal tea with saffron to balance our body temperature. It was a sweet memory to drink that tea from a clay mug where hot steam was covering our faces with the smell of saffron. Till midnight, we 4 colleagues chatted and laughed without any reason. In particular, we laughed about a silly thing because the atmosphere was very pleasing. I felt that the soothing and comfortable and heavenly nature made us happy, that is why we laughed from our hearts as nature was saying, please laugh, life is too short, enjoy nature, enjoy every moment. We went to Dal Lake, Shalimar Bagh, full of flower queens. Mughal Garden, Srinagar, Pari Mahal, Jama Masjid, Kashmir Government arts Emporium, Floating vegetables market. It was a mesmerizing Kashmir. Everywhere there is a touch of beauty. It seems to me God has created Kashmir with care and beauty. The countryside is beautiful like a bouquet (Guldasta), the women are beautiful, the men are beautiful, the food is tasty, serving the foods is amazing. My thirst to see Kashmir, a very rare place,

place of war and dispute, was fulfilled. Gratitude to my creator that I was given such an opportunity to see the heaven of the earth, the name of Kashmir given by the people who love Kashmir. With a bundle of sweet memories, I came back to my family, and got involved in my routine work. 2010 was my routine work year, where no new experiences entered my memory bucket. 2011 is the most significant year for me. That was a good memory, but after 2013, that memory has been transformed for us as the most painful and regretted year. In May, 2011 my husband, younger daughter and I visited Melbourne, Australia to visit my elder daughter. In between, she came to Bangladesh three times and we sent her a ticket. She always said I could not come because I did not have money. She was studying at Monash University. We were surprised a little bit. The question arose in our minds, why her husband never bought tickets for her, but this issue did not make us think about the scene behind. What we understood in 2013. Now I don't want to talk about the issues critically. It will unfold in 2013 at the climax. Still, I am roaming in 2011. We have visited so many countries but never faced so many hassles. From the Dhaka airport to Melbourne Airport, we have faced so many hurdles. Now I think that our Australia trip to Australia was not lucky for us because the person staying with my daughter means her husband has ruined one bright star's life by giving up his fake identity. In Dhaka Airport, the first problem arose with my husband's name. His name is K M Harun on my passport, but on the visa the spelling came Haroon. It created tension among us, I and my younger daughter. My younger daughter and I and I boarded my younger daughter and they asked us to wait for my husband's decision. They contacted the visa office and corrected the problem. We were waiting in an immigration line. Suddenly, an officer came to us and said, Sir, we are very sorry for making you delay, we are offering you, as compensation, business classes for the three of you. We were happy to get the reward. We flew to Malaysia by Malaysian Airlines; our transit was about 5 hours. Then we flew to Melbourne Airport. A second hassle started at Melbourne Airport. That time I became the victim. I have never seen racist behavior before. My daughter and my husband got clearance to move towards the transit gate. I was stopped by a Turkish racist lady. She suspected me that I had something with me which was not allowed to carry in my baggage. They searched for my body and they got nothing. Afterwards, she used an Alsatian trained dog to search for my suspected thing. I was saying I have a phobia of dogs. If it touched me, I might die. She was such an inhuman kind, she was not listening to me. Finally, I threw my bag on the ground. The dog smelled it. and made her understand to search for my bag. She opened my bag and got a cardamon in the corner of my bag which I carried from India. I did not notice that. She said sorry and I got permission to follow my family members. At the airport, my daughter and her so-called husband came

with a car, my younger brother Tutu and his wife China came with another car and my sister-in-law Lipi and her husband Finki Bhai came with another car. We were in a dilemma about what to do. Afterwards, I took the decision to go in each of our siblings' cars, my younger daughter with her sister, I with my brother and my husband with his sister. Our cars proceeded and reached Kizzy's Doll's house, which she decorated to receive us hiding her pain and with car smile. We enjoyed dinner together. My daughter cooked many items. China brought some items and Lipi brought her home-made sweets. The first night was spent with joy and happiness. We started our days in Melbourne with my elder Kizzy and her fake husband, but the irony of fate was till then we didn't have any clue about my daughter's tears and about her miseries. She was acting with us totally for 5 years. She was a child actor and awarded for her acting. She wanted to secure our happiness by showing her fake smile. We are stupid parents; we could not understand her acting. But my younger daughter suspected a little bit as she heard from her sister about the first night experience of her marriage, but she was promised her not to tell us. My elder daughter made a grave mistake not to share with her so progressive parents. According to her, nothing goes in vain. It was not a waste of time. She utilized the time for education at Monash university with High Distinction, worked for the Australian Government and was in touch with the International Professors. Though she was in pain, it did not stop her from moving forward, as her mother did. One day, I asked myself-Ma, don't you suspect that Bubu has been sleeping with me for one month, and her newly married husband is not feeling interested in or missing her? I listened and asked Kizzy about their relationship. She, as usual, said no he is very calm and quiet and passionate and sacrificing, and[m all the words were inappropriate for him. She was saying it in such a manner that it has become trustworthy to us. One day, her father noticed her sandals were almost torn and the leather belt of her wrist watch was discolored. We took her to the market and bought new sandals and a branded wristwatch for her. I took many dresses and designer jewelry for her and many Panjabis for her husband. One day, my two daughters and I went to a big shopping mall. I asked about some items, where to get them. Kizzy was silent with her watery eyes because she did not have any idea about the availability of those items. I said you are staying here for about 4 years. You don't have any idea? That day she did not reply, which she ultimately replied in 2013. We went to Sydney to her sisters-in-law's house, we went to Great Ocean Road, we went to Barasat-where we saw gold flakes in the lake, where I was going to buy two gold flakes sister for me and for myself, Breity . I asked Kizzy" do you have this." She whispered no. I bought for her another piece which was worth only 30 Australian Dollars. We stayed two nights at my younger brother Tutu's house. We stayed at my sister-in-law Lipi's house for a few days, but my

daughter was afraid to spare us. She wanted to keep us with her so that she could breathe for a while. She had us in her house. She was not ready to give us permission to stay in another's house. Sometimes I cook, sometimes she cooks. One day, I invited all their friends and I cooked for them. They also invited us with honor and love. It was very surprising for me to see that a friend of her husband and their wives love my daughter and his much closer to my daughter than that guy. My daughter created another world with her friendship and love, another world which was full of love, respect and happiness and socialization. Because she was longing for love, love, dignity, friendship, socialization, which was zero in her home where her body resides, but her soul was not there as it was in her future. The days were very close to our departure. She was paling and I saw emptiness in her eyes. I thought she loved us. That is why, but why there was so much emptiness, we did not understand properly but got little bit of a clue. She was, although empty in Melbourne, a princess who loved to laugh, who loved to see films, who loved to socialize and she was a girl with intellectuality and a humorous character. But where she was thrown in the name of marriage was an empty world, which will be disclosed in 2013. The day finally came for our departure. My daughter with that guy came to see us off. I did not understand why she cried like a baby. At that moment, crying was very normal but it was something else. She was hurting the ground with her steps and crying like a baby, as a baby cannot live without the shelter of her parents. Her howl reached the sky as the sky was shocked with her pain. Another hassle arose for my husband with overweight luggage. He carried our shopping and gifts from Melbourne. They said so rudely to unfold the luggage and throw the overweight, we did accordingly, which my daughter kept to her, despite of that when we were moving to board on plane, that person rudely said next time if you carry overweight, we will not allow you to enter. My husband was a renowned media personality and I, as an academician, travelled so many countries, including Europe and the USA, but never got such treatment. To me, the airport treatment in Melbourne was the rudest and ugliest for us because Melbourne wrote my daughter's destiny towards misery. Afterwards, I realized the officer at the airport said, next time, we will resist you with overweight. God laughed and granted, you don't need to come here again. We came back with mixed experiences and started our normal routine life. My name along with some other colleagues. As I said, nothing could stop me from moving forward, because I love to fight and achieve through hard work. I never expect a smooth achievement which seems to me sugarless sweet. In 2012 suddenly I felt very bored with my existing jobs and wanted to quit this job. Actually, I want a job abroad, though I did not have any offer or clue. One day when I was praying in my daily prayer, I cried loudly and appealed to my God-Please God give me an

opportunity to get abroad. Very surprisingly, God has accepted my painful appeal. Just after a few days, I found a lady on Google-Dr.Raihana Abdullah, Director of the Centre for the Civilizational Dialogue at the University of Malaya , Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. I wrote to her expressing my desire to get a Post-Doctoral Fellowship, she wanted my CV. When I sent my CV in reply, she said? Why are you asking for a Postdoctoral Fellowship, your CV is very rich. I am offering you the Post of Senior Research Fellow. It was a full Professor post. She said I would discuss it with our Vice Chancellor and would come back to her soon. Everything was happening effortlessly, just like a drama, one scene after another scene. One day, when I returned from my university, our security guard gave me a big A4 envelope which came from Malaysia. When I opened the envelope, I was speechless. I showed it to my husband. He shouted with joy, you get an appointment letter from the VC of the University of Malaya, the highest paid person. Initially, it was a six-month tenure period. I just looked at the sky and paid my gratitude to my God, several times, in any crisis you have granted my prayer. Without any interview, I received the appointment letter based on my CV and international publications. It was a dream of many people to work at the University of Malaya, the top ranking public university of Malaysia, which was originally together with the National University of Singapore. On the one hand, I was excited. On the another hand, I was discouraged by myself considering my family, responsibilities My elder daughter was in Melbourne. In Dhaka, where only my husband and younger daughter care without my care. How could they live? This was the subject of my anxiety. This thought stopped me for a few months and postponing my joining Malaysia. My appointment letter was valid for one year. That was the plus point that helped me to make my decision lately. My husband is a very practical and forever person. He proposed to me taking my younger daughter with me so that she could do her Masters there. She graduated from North South and is doing her job. She did not agree with her father's proposal. She was thinking after coming back she had to start that new career as a beginner. But finally, we were able to make her agree with us, not to miss the opportunity to study at an international university and get a certificate from the UK. She studied there in an international marketing and got distinction marks. I am a little bit divided about synchronizing the story. Now I come to the point. I started to play hide and seek, to go or not to go. That was a big conflict within my mind: who would take care of my husband and my home. One day, I discovered that my husband had started to fill in the visa form and my passport was with him. He told me don't be such an emotional fool. This is a great opportunity for you to fulfill your dream. You spend your whole life for the happiness of the family. Please be selfish for a while, enjoy your dignity, exposure and career. You have to go. One year validity

time was almost at the end. It was also not easy for me to take GO from my university. Some people did not tolerate my success and upliftment, they always created barriers which I trenched with my courage. That time my permission letter from the university was delayed. My husband went to the Ministry of Education and explained the situation. The Minister and the Secretary ordered our Register office to come to the Ministry and immediately place a note for my permission. After two days, I got my government order on behalf of the People's Republic of Bangladesh. It was decided that we three were going together. My husband and younger daughter got dependent visa. Before leaving for Malaysia, one of my distant relatives and neighbors invited me. We went there by walking. I told Jahangir Bhai, actually I was worried about leaving my husband alone. Actually, a male cook. He did not give me the chance to drop my words on the floor. He asked when. Does he need form tomorrow? I just looked at him with many questions. He was about a small boy lost on the ferry. We took him with us, we brought him up, we trained him from a professional cooking institution to learn cooking took, he was from my home district and he is trustworthy. He added that, as I retired, I could not afford him a huge salary. I told Jahangir Bhai, God has again listened to my words. His name is Modhu. He is a very funny and interesting character. He entered our house the next day. Before leaving, I wanted to make him familiar with my household, duties, utensils and other associated things. He could cook Chinese items very well. He cooked tasty dishes for us which I enjoyed before leaving. He was a little bit feminine in nature, he was an orphan. He was very childhood. His only entertainment was going to the mosque and every day in the afternoon, either to Ramna Park or Park Museum, and he also loved going to Ekushey book fair. I thought he was totally illiterate, but why did he go to the museum? Every day he asked for some money to eat peanuts, which I never neglected. Later on, I understood he was patriotic because he was brought up a freedom fighter and Bir Uttam Jahangir Bhai's home. I left Dhaka on 24 April 2013. the when we were in the car, I noticed he was crying for me. I gave him the date to come back when my husband returned. We reached the Kuala Lumpur airport. When we arrived in KL airport, the first incident that is memorable to me was my husband habituated to hurry in airport and in in travel I found he becomes very restless and tents, I am totally opposite in travel, my younger daughter was going with trolly, behind her father pushed his trolly which injured her feet from back side and it started bleeding. I was surprised by the situation. Suddenly, I found Chang Lee, Research Officer of the University of Malaya and Shamsuddin, another officer, come to receive me. Before that, I did not fully realize the dignity of my job. They raised their hands and said, Hi Doctor, in Malaysia, a doctorate is highly university branch, when respected from top to bottom level, even by the

taxi driver. They are trying to carry my trolley as a protocol. I requested Change Lee to arrange first aid for my daughter. He managed to buy it. Then we moved towards a restaurant to have our dinner there, because it was late at night. We took our dinner and after that they dropped me at my allocated university quarter on the ground floor. It was a big house, about 5000 square feet. My eyes were filled with tears and joy that this apartment abroad was allocated to me. Did I think that I would get this highest prestige and honor from the highest-ranking university? I got the answer that God Himself sanctioned me for this empowerment to compensate for the human-origin pain and sorrow of becoming shelterless at the age of 22. My Baba was helpless to abandon me from him because of uncertainty. Change said Dr. I will come tomorrow morning and will take you to University to attend. Then I will take you to the grocery shop and market so that you can do grocery and buy kitchen utensils and your necessary things. We slept a very peaceful sleep with spring and coolness and satisfaction. In the morning, we woke up with the rhythmic sound of a cuckoo in the country of spring. Malaysia has no other season than spring. We bought bread and jam from the airport, we had our breakfast and prepared for our next journey to the university campus. Another joyful moment was waiting for me. When we three, with Chang, reached the Centre for Civilizational Dialogue on the university campus, I saw there were many trees where monkeys were jumping from each branch to another branch of the university. When I wanted to take a photo, the monkeys vanished. It seems to me they had camera phobias or, for their privacy, they were not willing to become a model. From other trees we saw cuckoos singing. The staff and the officers helped me to join them. They were very soft spoken and peaceful and happy, because their desire and ability never conflicts. I joined and got three days' time to settle down as per the rules of my job abroad. I was given a key to my international office in Kirinchi, heart of the city the near the tallest tower, KL tower. This office is for national staff, though I had a room on University Campus too. I was getting surprised after surprise. Chang advised us to have our lunch in the university canteen. We went there, so many international professors were having lunch. We ate Nasigoring Pataya, which is very famous in Malaysia. After lunch, we started shopping and came back. We set our things. Chang bought a gas cylinder for me. I decided to cook from the next day. The next day, the neighbor was Dr. Dastagir from Toronto. I knew him by name. He advised us to have our dinner in any restaurant. Malaysia is full of restaurants of different levels. We went to get our dinner and from the next day I started my temporary household work. It was like a picnic impression to me. The main problem in the university quarter is getting a taxi or LRT or public transport, because it is a campus area. My husband, as a nature lover and early riser, enjoyed nature most. He woke up

early in the morning and went outside to enjoy trees, wind and birds. On the first day, I started my office on campus. I went with Dr. Dastagir. He drove by himself. He showed me the way, so that from the next day I could go alone by taxi. From the campus, Chang took me to my new international office, a very posh room surrounded my natural view, KL Tower, AIBD headquarters. My floor was full of International Professors from the USA, Sri Lanka, India, Australia and other countries. There was a long corridor. After lunch, I used to walk for a while, some other Professors walked with me and got introduced to each other. My elder daughter, when she saw my room, said if anyone has this office, he or she does not need to want anything more. The most lucrative part of my office was its canteen, as it was for international Fellows. It took customized orders other than common items. Sometimes I took Nasi Goreng. Sometimes I place orders for chicken soup with different vegetables, mushrooms and tofu, sometimes fish and chips. They prepared fresh juice for me as I required, the price was subsidized. In Malaysia, I felt life is very easy and comfortable and everything happens according to one's own desire, which was not familiar to me. That was the golden time for me. Until my death I will remember the country every spring. Every day we three usually go to different shopping malls, Mid Valley Mega Mall, my favorite one, KLCC, Pavilion and weekly bazar too. My husband was fond of mobiles and wrist watches, which attracted him to enjoy these things in Machine shop, which is an Apple shop. The days were going smoothly. Suddenly, we faced problems with my daughter's admission to a pre-decided university because of the visa category. She contacted Multi Media University (MMU) in Kuala Lumpur, to get admitted to a Masters. They agreed with a dependent visa and said after getting admission, they would apply for a student visa, which they refused when my daughter and her father visited MMU. They advised them to go back to Bangladesh and get a student visa so she could get admission. My daughter got frustrated because she left her good job in Bangladesh and mentally prepared to study in Malaysia. She called her friend in Bangladesh who studied in Malaysia and they suggested taking admission to the Asia Pacific Institute of Technology (APIT), which is run in partnership with One UK University and it is good for International Business, which my daughter was interested in studying. I was busy with my job responsibilities. She went with her father to APIT. They cordially invited them and agreed to admit her with a dependent visa and, on their part, they would apply for a student visa. This is called Man proposes God Disposes. APIT enriched her in such a way with pragmatic knowledge and creative thinking, which opened the door for her to the world of business knowledge. Her father deposited her first semester fee in APIT, she took admission and she was happy with the professors, administration and her international friends. Still, the friends still connected with her. She was

doing fine with her studies. My husband was very close to his departure to Bangladesh. We were a little bit upset without him staying in this 5000 square feet house, but practicality is cruel, he had a job on a television channel. We three went to KLCC, from where he took the train to the airport. We were crying to see he was leaving us. We two came back and went home with sadness. Almost 15 days have passed in Malaysia. The International fellows were allocated to the university Quarter for one month. Although many people stayed longer, Dr.Dastagir stayed there for one year. I decided to leave the house after one month, because it was not comfortable to stay on the ground floor of a big house. It created loneliness because transport and communication was not too reachable, so that we could go to many places. Considering my office distance and better facilities, I have decided to go to a condominium. I asked Chang to give me an agent's phone number. He gave me a few and I collected more. After visiting many condominiums, I selected PJ8 condominium. I communicated with Michel, the agent of the house. He cooperated with me a lot. It was in the heart of KL and there were only 3 stoppages by LRT from my international office. I got accommodation on the 18th floor, rent is higher, 3000 RM, where only 1500 RM was given me as house rent. It was a three-room free furnished condominium surrounded by restaurants, a big shopping mall, Giant and many other facilities, including the LRT station and a taxi stand in front of our condominium. The day I was shifted. That was a memorable day. In the morning, my gas finished so that I could not prepare our breakfast. Dr.Dastagir, my neighbor, the next day, took eggs and bread from me. He boiled the eggs and made a bread toast for us. He also invited us for lunch at his house. He was a very good cook. We enjoyed his food. After lunch, when I called a taxi, it was another hassle. One taxi was not enough for my luggage. My daughter said, "Where you go you make it like a home. I said to wait for her home and asked Dastagir to take care of her. I started to drop the luggage in PJ8 and dropped it on the way. I stopped at CIMB bank, our designated bank to take money in advance. There, Michel and the homeowner were waiting for me. I told them to wait. Again I went to the university quarter and took the rest of the luggage and my daughter, locked the door and said goodbye to Dastagir and my apartment. My new posh life started in the PJ8 condominium. The homeowner and Michel helped me to unpack the luggage. They were very kind and soft-spoken Chinese, which was rare in Malaysia. That night we had our dinner in Syed, a Pakistani restaurant just adjacent to our condominium. The next day was the weekend. I bought groceries from the Giant shopping mall and cooked for myself. The next day was Sunday. We went to the Mid Valley megamall, very near to my house, by taxi. I and. My daughter bought some cosmetics, clothes and household goods, bakery items and after that we took our dinner to Nandos, my favorite restaurant. The

next day, early in the morning, my daughter started going to APIT, which was far away, about 15 stops away, and I had to change the train, my. There were only 4 stoppages. After a week, she said that it was getting tough for her to travel a long time and she had to start early in the morning. Another tension created for me at one point: she wanted to stay in a hostel. It would be very expensive for me to maintain two expensive accommodations. I was contracted for 5 months in this condominium because my tenure period was 6 months. One month I stayed in the University Quarter. It was my concern too, after my return from Malaysia, my daughter would not get the comfort and guidance which was given by me. I was thinking if my tenure extended for one year, it would be good for both of us. One of my important job responsibilities was a Public Lecture, a public public lecture public first lecture was scheduled in September. I selected the topic "Beauty Versus Women: Camera Eye Camouflage Women in a Provocative manner". I have submitted the proposal for my first Public Lecture and it was approved by the authorities. I was a little bit tentful about my first Public Lecture in Life as an International Professor. I did a hard job, I had to collect many visual topics from Bangladesh, including Maruf Kabir, my elder daughter's senior friend, a corporate person, and an actor on stage and TV drama. I am thankful to him. During this period of work, my preparation for public lectures , office, research, workshop, seminar, and household work were going in full swing. Suddenly, an incident happened that turned my life differently. It was thunder without clouds. I have received such painful and surprising news which was beyond my thought process. I acted that I had recovered from the situation but the pain was sustaining inside just like a pin. It is pinching me all the time. The final screen of the theatre was opened, which was the miseries of Kizzy's life, which I have mentioned a little bit in the middle of my writing.

Final Episode of the Drama of Kizzy's life in Melbourne

Hello Kizzy, how are you Ma? She was doing fine, as usual, doing acting to hide her deep pain and careful not to unmask the truth behind her so-called marriage. We talked about a different issue. At some moment, I just threw a sentence at her like an atom bomb. It burst out ,which revealed the truth of the scenario behind the scene. I believe that languages are sharper than a weapon. For that reason, I am always careful when using words with Kizzy. That was my scepticism about knowing the truth . I am a Ph.D. in feminism. I never interfered in my daughter's life or never asked her any personal or materialistic questions. But truth is never hidden for long, it is a natural to be revealed. My question was a one-line sentence but the reply was profound, like the ocean

which covered her total story of five years in Melbourne. It was a story of princes confined within the world of misery. I asked ma why are you not taking the baby? It was about a 5-year journey of your married life? She outburst with a harsh voice -I don't have any reason to be a mother? I stopped for a while, took a long breath. I was not sure whether I was breathing or not. Within a minute, I had controlled my emotions. I thought I had to become an iron lady, which I am in any crisis. Kizzy is my heart, every rhythm of my heart says Kizzy and Breity , my two stars. I became the visual audience of the drama and she was the narrator and the central character of the drama, which she did for five years without any exposure. She told me that if I did not ask her the question, she would never reveal the truth. She thought I could not survive after hearing the ugly truth . I asked her her future was. She told me in a low voice, accidental death or normal death or murder. I asked what she was saying many times when she was walking in the road. She went in front of a bus or train. For a fraction of time she saved, she was carrying her with d unmindful always, every night I cried, my pulse rate is high. The doctor warned me to make it normal. The last sentence was dangerous-she was scared of being killed by a porno-addicted and impotent husband, an apsycho. I took my next breath and said to her, please share your whole story, do not worry, I am perfectly okay. Your mother is with you.

Exclusively Kizzy's Story

Kizzy is a girl whom I can call a social butterfly. That butterfly forgot to fly or go here and there. Kizzy started her story. I was lying in the bed of PJ condominium, my younger daughter Breity was in my room. She was thinking my mother would die. No, their mother is still alive to secure their dignity and self-respected world.

Kizzy's Voice

Ma on the first night of marriage, he was aloof from me. I guessed he was gay and impotent too. I did not say to you but I gave a little bit hints to Breity and make her promised not to share with you. Actually, this was the first time I met some guy from close nearby, that is why I was in a dilemma about it. That is him. I thought everything would be fine but it would take time. Actually, I did not want to get this marriage, I wanted to see him further. That future time leads me to many years. I did not want to have a staying period and this wrong selection was in vain. I was thinking of exploring Australia and utilizing my merits to have a quality time. She said everything has a cause-there is nothing without a cause-and-effect relationship. I kept aside my empty conjugal life on one side

and chose the side of merit, dignity and self-respect through personal nourishment. Another torture arose when I took admission to Monash University for Masters in Environment and Sustainability. I was adamant about studying because I did not consider my life valueless or to be ruined by a fake and perverted person. I was of Dhaka University in the Economics Department and awarded all through first class, I stood 7th out of 14000 in the admission test of Dhaka University. I had confidence in my determination towards a better life. I wanted to transform my stupid pain into a pleasure of dignity. Muhudul Alam's other super quality was, he was a miser. He never took me to a shopping mall or if I had a coffee for five dollars, he said drink 5 dollars, after that. After used to throw the coffee. When I shared with him my desire to take admission to Monash University, he said I had no money to invest. At that point, I was strongly determined to study because I could not ruin my life from all perspectives. I promised him that after joining a job I would more than double the money. After a long cold war, he agreed. I took admission to Monash University. Fortunately, Monash University was exempt for 1 semester considering my results at Dhaka university. In that case, I got a Master's degree in 9 months with high distinction. I am cooking, inviting his friends, going cook their house to keep invitations and studying too. But night becomes a night mare for me. I see he is avoiding me and till midnight he is in front of the computer. One night, I discovered he was watching pornography, and discovered Viagra. I opposed it but he became very furious. I am spending night and day with my own soul, with my friends at university and listening to Tagore songs, watching movies on a computer. One day I was watching Ritu Porno's movie, Muhidul Alam. He asked me -are you Hindu? Are you watching his movie? I was stunned. I asked myself, that means he is fundamentalist too? I cannot live without my culture and progressiveness; I am carrying my thoughts and life in my own way without hampering household work. After doing my Masters, I got a job for the Australian government. I started to earn, which was also interrupted by Muhidul Alam. When I sought his help to open a bank account, he said that he wanted a joint account. I agree because I am a peace lover. When I debited any amount from the bank, he wanted to know the reason. In that area, too, he seized my autonomy. My life is becoming surrounded by a mosquito net of anomalies, one net I am cutting just after another net is taking place. I am becoming a prisoner of my own life. Ma, you know he never took me to his office party. Because of what he said, he was not that, because of his porno addiction in office too, he became the subject to be bullied and not upgraded from his position. When his friend's wife asked me, are you going to a Christmas party in your husband's office?" I said no, I do not have any ideas." This is my life. Kizzy said, do you know he brushes his teeth once a week, and baths once a month? I just shouted," Why are you staying with

him?" She replied" everything in this world happens at the right time and in your own direction. It had a two-hour dialogue with Kizzy. In the meantime, I asked her what the status of her citizenship was, and she told her it was done. I have to collect it from Canberra. After keeping the phone, Breity was looking at me with anxiety, why was my soft-hearted Ma not crying? Suddenly, she came to me and said, Ma, please hold me in your heart and cry loudly, otherwise you will not survive. My eyes became stone, there was no drop of water, only thinking how I could return back my Kizzy without any harm or injury. I assured Breity I didn't think I would survive with my daughter. Why should I die for the nasty and ugly multi-faced people? I called my husband. The people were totally shattered, as I know male people are less emotional, but in. But, they become more emotional and weaker. My battle started with Back Kizzy in a Healthy World where all the windows are open, where the winds of autonomy are blowing, where birds are singing and saying life is beautiful. I believed that Kizzy's future would be enlightened by her talent and determination. I asked Kizzy what she wanted? She told me she wanted to take the last chance. She would take him to an Australian counselor, though the guy was rigid not to go, because he did not want to agree about his problems. I said fine, please try it because a breakup is not always desirable. Kizzy finally made him agree to go. She made an appointment. They visited the counselor. First, the Australian lady talked to Kizzy for a few minutes and spoke to her and said, Kizzy, I have nothing to ask you more about the guy. Then he started talking with Muhidul Alam for a long time. He confessed everything that happened to Kizzy. After that, the Australian counselor with a mild voice said to Kizzy," Please you better go back to your parents, you are leading a completely meaningless life and there is no hope to make it possible, because he needs a long period of clinical treatment and he is suffering from the highest degree of abnormality. My daughter Kizzy tried her best to stay with him with the minimum assurance of comfort in staying. Kizzy called me and sighed, said" ma there is no" are. They said the last words. I told you your next step towards coming back is to collect your citizenship papers from Canberra. It was very unique to know, all of the wives of Muhidul Alam's friends and most of his friends helped her to make her journey smooth. They knew about his abnormality. We stupid parents failed to understand. I started a Skype conversation with Sony,, wife of Muhid's friend and she was a friend of Kizzy, to help her to collect papers from Canberra. Sony took her to Canberra and collected her papers. During that time, my daughter Kizzy posted a photo on FB. I was shocked to see my daughter's innocent face transformed into cruelty towards life in her eyes. It was proven, she was not with her. I was becoming stronger and stronger with the hope of seeing my Kizzy as she was. I called her and said," What is your next step? You have decided that.

She said that she would come back to you from Malaysia. I said, please take one month and identify your emotional feelings towards Muhidul Alam. If you feel 10 percent feelings or affiliation, I would suggest you stay, but you need to shift to another place. I was scared that the guy would do harm to her because he guessed something. She decided to go to her Lipi Fupu's house to stay for one month. Lipi and Finki Bhai, though not a blood relation, played the role of parents. They did not give her any chance to be shocked. If they were not in Australia, my daughter would not get any shelter in any comfortable places. Lipi and Finki Bhai went to take my daughter to their house. They were crying, they took my daughter with all their affection and love. She is fortunate to have such a person, the sister of her father. Before coming to Lipi's house, every day Sony and Sohany came to see her at the so-called home and packed all her clothes and necessities, given by her Ma. She was posted from time to time by the general post office. It were about 5 suitcases. When she was leaving, the guy asked if her ornaments were in the joint locker. Kizzy said no, my mother's jewelry I had already picked up and gave to my Fupu. She broke her doll's house and waited for her Fupu, and called me several times because Lipi was delaying. Kizzy said, "I have no string attached to that guy, because he did not exist in my life for five years from any perspective. The scenario is so painful, a girl with her baggage waiting for her uncertain life. They came and took her treated as their daughter.

End of Kizzy's Purpose

One vital question I asked Kizzy. Why are you Kizzy leaving after several years? You bought a new house, you paid 50 thousand dollars to him, he only invested 10 thousand studies, you bought a curtain from Bangladesh, you made an artistic name plate from Bangladesh, but why? She told me I would give back his money an extra 40 thousand dollars. It was my target. One night in sleeping I felt I have no purpose hear, this is a house with emptiness As Japanese people commit suicide after finishing their purpose, Same thing happened with me. I am now free to take any wise decision. John Locke, an English Philosopher, said tabula rasa-white board. If you want to put any new image on, you need to make it a white board. Kizzy wanted to write her new story on the white board. I agreed with my brilliant, intellectual daughter. She was staying with Lipi and Fnki Bhai. The guy one day came according to the advice of the counselor, and took dinner. He started to repent by losing the precious person in his life, who changed his life by making him a social being which he was not. I asked her again, "Do you feel any feelings for him? She said he did not have any because he was nowhere in her life. In the meantime, Breity advised me to talk to

Muhidul Alam and to record his voice, though we know it is not ethical to record his voice without permission, but we had to. We did not take any revenge on him despite ruining my daughter's life. I asked why I should record, Breity said. Ma, all the blame will come on your shoulders. You know the people of Bangladesh. There are many noses poking people with the attitude of back biting. I agree with her. Though my Kizzy was not humiliated in Dhaka, because of her strong family members' support. The name of another person, I should mention. She is Shahida Rahman my Shahida Rahman my Boro Bhabi, wife of my eldest brother Aatur Rahman, a pioneer of stage theatre, director, actor and a scholar. He has an authority on Tagore. They are a very progressive family; they understood the situation with rational judgment. I gave the responsibility to my Bhabi to save my daughter from relatives' gossip. She did it with love, she phoned her every day, sent food from Dhaka club, frequently visited our house. I was very relaxed, that my eldest brother and Bhabi would resist social issues. My dear elder brother, freedom fighter Mujibur Rahman Dilu said-there should be no question arising in anyone's mind about kizzy-if kizzy came back it is justified, because she is a bright star and soft spoken and passionate girl.

Telephone Conversation with the Guy

I thought before Kizzy left him I should talk to him, if there is any ray of hope. Hello Mishu, his nick name, how are you". He said" good, I told you you were like my son. Say everything clearly. What do you think? Why is she leaving you? He replied," Ma, she is an angel, that is why she stayed with me about 6 years and gave me time. No one else would stay with me more than 6 hours. Next vital question-did you lead any conjugal life, he said once? I tried but failed. Next question, are you: porno addicted? He said yes, I opened three windows at a time. That is why I used to be bullied in the office and not upgraded. Next question-do you bathe once a month? He said yes. Did you throw bad words when she got coffee for 5 dollars? Have you enjoyed a cup of joy with her? He said yes because he didn't have money. I told that was Kizzy's money she was earning. I asked," Did you take her on a honeymoon or to any good shopping mall? The answer was no. I asked him if I asked him to rate Kizzy how will you rate, he said 95 out of 100. I asked, despite that you ruined her life? Why did you hide all these things? He stood silent. My last but the vital question was - who are you to her. Are you a husband? A friend or housemate? He replied to his housemate," I said no you were not that" too". The housemate sometimes holds his mate's hand. He said,"" Ma, I am changing myself". I bathed every day, I pray 5 times, I have watched porno prone for a few times. Please give me some

time. I say you are such a stupid person who doesn't understand the basic biological and psychological problems with you. I told my dear son, I am not angry with you, because you are sick, take care of you, but time cannot be given, because the problems with you will never be rectified. When you had a time, you did not care. Take care and bye. I was relaxed that Kizzy was coming because it should be. I never shared that recording with anybody except my two best friends. They were crying loudly, because Kizzy is like their daughter.]She was becoming restless to come to her Ma's lap, I told Lipi to make her stay for one month, but she failed. My first public lecture was scheduled on 23 October, 2013. My topic was very unusual-Beauty Versus Women: Camera Eye camouflage women in a Provocative Manner. Actually, I was serious about making preparations with huge audio-visual support. That is why I wanted Kizzy to come after 23 September. I knew that after seeing my Kizzy , I might be sick or over-emotional , which would hamper my commitment to my first public lecture. One day, Lipi called me and said to Bhabi to go. It was getting impossible to keep her in Australia, she was getting ready to go to her Ma. I said no problem, please arrange her departure and necessary arrangements. They booked an air ticket, and her father sent the money. She distributed many sarees and kept her shoes and bag at her Fupu's house. She was getting ready with her four suitcases for her journey to KL. My yonder daughter was taking extra care of me. She got scared about my situation, which could ruin me, but no such things happened. I am brave like my Baba and optimistic like my Baba. Lipi and Finki Bhai said not to take four baggages because she could not carry this burden because she became ill health from mind and body, but she was rigid to carry her things given by her Ma. They went to the airport to see her off. Muhidul Alam's many friends and their wives, including Muhidul Alam, went to the airport. Muhid was crying, Sony and Sohany were crying, Lipi was crying and rolling on the floor. When kizzy became stone from mind and body, when I called them to the airport, I heard the sound of crying which was reaching the sky and the sky was crying with rain because of this innocent girl. Kizzy started with four suitcases on two trolleys. I requested Asikh , a friend of Breity, to receive her at the airport. Ashike is a late riser. He went to the airport at midnight, slept on the bench and, early in the morning, she received his Bubu, his sister, and started towards my condominium. I cooked for her, Breity made dessert for her, her father gave me a dollar to buy a good cell phone for her. I prepared for my office and waited for her. When she came, I received her happily. It was very difficult for me to hide my sea of tears. She came with a red suitcase, a similar story to her mother's with a red suitcase unsheltered by her second brother. Kizzy came with only a thousand dollars, Muhidul Alam kept 55 thousand dollars in her joint account because she used shampoo and toiletries and took little food for about 6 years.

This is the irony of fate. Ashike asked me a gesture why much luggage, I told please call me at office. I settled her down in my bedroom, told her about the foods and everything. I told her after taking breakfast to please sleep, for sometimes, I would come back by 5 pm and would take her to the shopping mall to buy a cell phone. She locked the door. Her mother, with heavy pain, started towards the office. I came back from my office, Breity also came back from her university. She hugged her but nobody cried because we promised to make her strong. I and Kizzy went to the Mid Valley mega mall and bought a Samsung note-2 for her. We had our dinner at Nando's. Breity could not accompany us because she had an exam the next day. We three became good actors for hiding our emotions. At night Kizzy slept with me because it was a 5-star suit, one very small room, Breity was staying in a big master bedroom for me and one big drawing cum dining room with two washrooms and one open kitchen. The whole night Kizzy was saying, Ma please message my neck and back. It was too much paining and my shoulder became inflamed from carrying so much luggage and suppressed emotions. I was crying silently that night and the whole night I messaged her back. The next day, from my office, I made an appointment with a famous Chinese Physiotherapist. It was outside of KL, far away from my condominium. I took her there. Only one sitting removed her pain. It was 24 September, my public lecture day. It was my best speech for me. The Chinese Professor, who was the moderator of the session, said your speech was undoubtedly excellent in an innovative way, but your question-answer session was the best part. There were many Indian professors of Gender Study present. They were all radical feminists. I was attacked with questions. I replied with satisfactory answers, by saying I only covered cultural or liberal feminism and I believe beauty lies in the eyes of a beholder. Everybody is satisfied with my answers. I thought it would be a very bad speech of me because I was floating in pain, but my private life did not hamper my public life. Gratitude to my God for giving me such strength. We enjoyed the whole day with lunch together. Kizzy, Breity, and their father were very happy with my speech. I was thinking it was my last month in KL because my tenure was for six months. The next day in the office, Chang, our research officer, told me, Dr.Zobaida, do you want an extension? He conveyed the message from the VC that he liked your public lecture and wished to give you a one-year extension. I was so happy to hear the proposal. I asked for how many months. He said it was for one year. Again I should say man proposes, God disposes. When I gave the good news to my family members, they were very happy and Breity was able to carry out her studies. Kizzy was staying with me in the same room, I understood that she wanted some space to live alone and Breity was facing a long. crisis journey from our condominium to her university. I started to connect with the agent. Almost

every day we were seeing the house but we were not happy with the accommodation. Finally, we selected a condominium in Bukit Jalil. The name of the condominium was Endah Promenend. It was very near to Breity University. In front of the condominium there was a taxi stand, within 10 minutes' walk there was an LRT station. Near there was a big shopping mall for groceries and other things. Inside Endah there was a grocery shop for essential needs. There were 6 restaurants inside my condominium from 6 countries. The main attraction was a swimming pool with an amazing small seafood restaurant . It was absolutely a place that is. The last day on PJ 8 was very memorable. Michel and my homeowner came to take their keys and to bade me goodbye. I called the taxi, Nor, a lady driver. Fortunately, I ride her taxi many times. She came to pick us up, but a problem arose with my staff. She said that we had to hire a lorry. She called the lorry. In the meantime, my two daughters went for lunch. They knew their mother could manage. We reached Endah and it was also a free furnished house. But unfortunately, the furniture was very old and dirty, so I had to buy a sofa set and other things. It was a four-room condominium on the 14th floor. I became an expert in shifting. When a visiting Professor asked Chang to help them to find a condo, he said please ask Dr.Zobaida. She is an expert. Our life started in Endah, where life was amazing. Kizzy got a big room and metal space and enjoyed the swimming pool restaurant, Arab's restaurant. She was becoming joyful as she was originally. Breity was happy to go a short distance to her university. One day, I rode in a taxi and asked the taxi driver to start for Kirinchi, at my office. He asked me, Dr." Are you mad? You are working in kirinchi and staying in Bukit Jalil near the stadium? I said the same thing that happened with Breity when I stayed in PJ8.I sacrificed for my daughter and I am enjoying a long time on travel because I love to socialize with people on LRT and communicate with the taxi driver. I loved talking to them, they shared talking about the hidden racism between three races -Chinese, Malay, and Indian. They asked me about my subject etc. One day, Breity was laughing and saying," Ma, you talk to the driver with the fullest enjoyment, I love to see the world of others through my lens. One day, it stroked me why, in the Chinese building, in the lift, there was no use for the number 13. I asked Chang He said," The Chinese believe number 13 is the symbol of death, that is why they don't use it, so many prejudices work inside the people. My husband came to KL with a suitcase full of cooked frozen foods cooked by our cook. Modhu He was a professional cook.My husband came to take Kizzy to Bangladesh. She liked to stay in Bangladesh.I called my known Taxi Driver Zain to take them to the airport, we all came to the ground, Kizzy and her father inside the car, I and Breity were standing outside, I hugged my Kizzy and when the car started, I body roll and I fall down, I never get senseless, but I was in half sense, my heart was overloaded

with pain. Breity called the lady receptionist, both of them hold me and took me to my room, Breity gave me saline water, after some moment, I realized I am here without Kizzy. Kizzy's departure is the history of pain and suffering will be written. In Bangladesh, her father cared for her just like a baby doll. He used to bring fruit, food, cheese and insisted fruit get food properly. After Kizzy was back to Bangladesh, many parties were held at my house, with my husband's media friend and her friends at the time and we enjoyed the parties. Modhu, my cook, understood everything, that was why he cooked her favorite food: Kacchi biriyani, Chinese, etc. Kizzy got the space to breathe, becoming the bleeding heart of her parents. After she came to Bangladesh, we completed the divorce formalities so that she was relieved from fake bonding and enjoyed her precious life which was almost going to be ruined. I was running my routine life with the next public lecture -Perception towards Delayed Marriage in Malaysia and Bangladesh. It was a research-based speech. I have conducted a gender for many international publications. One day in my office, Michel, an Australian director, called me and expressed his desire to take my interview with video support on Vimeo. I was very much appreciated after my first public lecture. I said yes, I agree. I bought a long brand shirt and trousers for this interview. I did not wear a saree because Malaysian people discouraged me from wearing a saree. Indirectly, I gave them the condition before joining that I would never wear a Hijab. They agreed, though I wore a saree in my first public lecture. My interview was recorded and it was on Vimeo. I could watch it in Malaysia but I cannot see from Bangladesh because of its copyright issue. From my office, we three Bangladeshi colleagues frequently visited Little India, to enjoy Thali Indian food and buy Indian clothes and herbal products. From my childhood I loved Christmas, copying this tree I used to make an Eid tree with my daughters when they were little. I enjoyed the Christmas sale and decoration in decorations Mega mall. I saw Santa, who is my favorite character. I mocked to be a Santa for my daughters and kept the gift under their pillow during their childhood. When they woke up, they believed that Santa gave these gifts. When they were growing up, they discovered Santa was none else, other than their ma. I bought many sarees from an Indian fair in the stadium and from the Mid Valley. Life was beautiful, it was charming. I enjoyed the night from my window. Every day there were fireworks, just like a rainbow. I woke up with the sound of cuckoos, and thought, why is Malaysia a country of spring?" People are very materialistic and calculative and less emotional. In 2013 I got an offer to attend the Pan Commonwealth Conference in Nigeria. As a speaker and resource person, I got full sponsorship. I had to take a yellow fever injection from the Japanese Health Center. It was a very expensive vaccine. Breity and her friend Sandra stayed at my house for seven days.

Experience in Nigeria Journey: With Disappointment

I was so excited about seeing Africa for the first time. I thought if I visited Africa, I could see six continents. It would be an amazing experience for me. I flew to Nigeria. My transit was in Johannesburg. It was a very bad experience for me. When I was at the airport, I found my other colleagues from Bangladesh. They were getting visas because, in Bangladesh, there was no Nigerian commission. I was fortunate that I got my visa from Malaysia. I found the airport like a bazaar, no air cooler, the people were crowded and trying to do freakery. There were many collaborators, one came to me and told me. One visa was not genuine. Give me some money, I am doing your visa. I asked "Do you think your high commission in Malaysia is fake?" Don't try to make me a fool. My colleagues were struggling with extra money as a bribe. After they completed their visa procedure, we all started together on the bus. The African crowd were pushing us, and throwing bad words. We rode on the bus and reached our hotel late at night. It was a five-star hotel, but it seemed to me below standard. I was very hungry after a long journey so I wanted to order food at home service. It was another surprise to me. Nigerian money's value is low in comparison with the dollar. When I saw the menu, I saw only rice was 11000, the egg omelet 16000. I just got confused. After that, I started to save money and found it was about 5000 BDT to have one plain rice, one dal and one omelet option for me. I ordered the food. From the next day during the conference, all the food will be provided by conference management. After getting fresh, when I was ready to get food, one of my colleagues and younger brother came to my room and said, Apa" I am very hungry but I don't have much money to buy such expensive food. I wanted to share food with you. We took the food together and went to sleep. Next morning at the breakfast table, our Pro-VC was saying to me, have you found the foods have a wild smell and not well-cooked? I replied yes. We only had bread, butter and an omelet. Other foods were impossible for us to eat. The session started, the participants and host of this conference were very well-behaved. I wanted to see Nigeria, as I know I will never visit this country again. But the conference management said it was not safe for you to go outside because one airport was raided by terrorists. We all requested, finally they have arranged a bus with armed support and volunteers. We did not find any big malls, we had noticed signs of poverty all over in Nigeria. They took us to a separate shop, like a hut, where only handmade local things and wooden masks were available. I only bought some masks and a flute, nothing else to buy. At least for a few hours, we saw the outside of the hotel and a portion of Nigeria. I was counting the days of my departure, could not get food, could not go outside,

it was just like a prison. The only good side is one new continent was added to my travel list. I and another Indian lady went to the airport together because our departure time was closer. I bought some chocolates from the airport for Breity and Sandra. When I was climbing the stairs of an aircraft with my trolley bag, I could not move because I had a fever, despite taking the yellow fever vaccine, I was caught by a fly with chest congestion. Suddenly, I heard the voice of a foreign young man, who took my trolley bag forcefully and told me to please move on. He realized that I was not okay. I extended my gratitude to him. I reached KL in my condominium with a high fever and cough. My daughter Breity's exam was going. Sandra cooked for me. After eating food, I went to the University University Hospital, which was similar to a five-star hotel with many restaurants. They started nebulizing me and advised me to be admitted to the hospital, but I could not because I am an Asian mother, my daughter's exam was my priority. My husband and Kizzy I was so excited about seeing Africa for the first time. I thought if I visited Africa, I could see six continents. It would be an amazing experience for me. I flew to Nigeria. My transit was in Johannesburg. It was a very bad experience for me. When I was at the airport, I found my other colleagues from Bangladesh. They wanted to come to KL but I told them not to come. I was confident that I would overcome the situation. After taking a nebulizer for some days and with anti-antibiotics, I recovered from the illness. This is the end of my Nigeria story. As I had no leave, I was working with this illness. God always helps me to stand on my own feet.

Some Memories in Malaysia

My husband along with my elder daughter came to KL on my Chinese New Year vacation. We went to Penang that time. We also visited Langkawi and Cameroon highland three times. Amongst these places, I loved Cameroon Highland with its soothing weather and soothing beauty. I wish I could visit it again. We went to a French village, I went to the gold coast with Ashik. I enjoyed Malaysia with my potentials as much as I could. Eighteen months in Malaysia was the golden time of my life-that was the rule of my self-identity, empowerment and to stay in my own shelter, which I earned with respect, dignity, happiness, and blissfulness. I was habituated to enjoying the touches of melancholy life with the sky, birds, and nature. Sometimes I felt I was talking with God when I saw the sky from the 14th floor. It gave me to know myself. I am thankful to those who created an opportunity for me in Malaysia. Malaysia has given me a profound opportunity. One day, I received an email from Dr.Jayati Dhingiraj, who offered me a short-time consultancy for 20 days as an international consultant for the Foreign Ministry of the Netherlands. I asked her where she had found me. She told me

that from LinkedIn, it was a prestigious job responsibility to evaluate MDG's goal funded by the Netherlands Government for gender issues. I had to work with CIDA, the high commission, the embassy, renowned NGOs. I was introduced to Geert Philix, the CEO of the funding firm, and Hannelore as a consultant. I worked for one month in KL, using people to collect data for my desk work. It was a huge job with challenges to fulfilling the demand from a distant place. But I achieved it 100 percent because the Netherland Ministry says if there is any provision to award the consultant, I must receive this. When the time came for fieldwork in Bangladesh, I took leave without pay from my University in KL. I came alone because Breity's exam was going on. The day I came, my husband flew to Breity. He loved to go to KL. That was the time of World Cricket when he reached my condominium. He just kept the luggage in my house, and went down into the open space of our condominium, where many were enjoying games with juice people, because there are 6 restaurants inside and another was near a swimming pool. It was a fairy tale in dreamland. I came to my Kizzy and started work with Hannelore and went on a field trip to Bogra, Dinajpur, and Rajshahi. During that In that period, I was healthy in mind and body, my weight was perfect, I never walked, I used to run. Actually, everything comes from peace. My husband and Breity came after five days, Hannelore came to my house, Modhu cooked Kachhi Biriyani, and she went to the airport. She was crying when she was leaving me. Very surprisingly, I got all the recognition internationally and my fresh friends are foreigners, I did not get that much acknowledgment from Bangladesh, because I could not publicize myself or capitalize on myself, it was beyond my nature. We came back to KL again and started my routine job. Again, after one month, my husband came with a full suitcase of food. Kizzy did not agree to come stay, her friend stayed with her. We were surprised why Kizzy neglected the proposal because she loves KL. Afterward, we understood. One evening, my husband and I were in Mid Valley Mega Shopping Mall, suddenly Kizzy called me and said, Ma I have got a UN job. That is why I did not come. I wanted to give you a surprise. I started crying in the mall. Those were the tears of happiness and winning the battle. She said I was selected to lead culture. My daughter has proven to the world that being with a wrong person is better than living with earned dignity. That day was a memorable day for me. My husband left KL. I sent a gift for Kizzy, a watch for Modhu and the driver. My second public lecture was scheduled in June -Perception towards Delayed Marriage in Bangladesh and Malaysia, which was research-based. It was a successful lecture. I have conducted a gender workshop in high school. The girls and boys enjoyed my seminar and they promised me to be gender-neutral. Again, Kizzy came to me alone, stayed with me and we went to Cameroon Highland. The time was very close to finishing my tenure period. It was July 2014. Suddenly, I got another

opportunity for consultancy in Bangladesh. It was the largest educational project of the Ministry of Education funded by the Asian Development Bank-Second Teachers Quality Improvement project (TQI-II).I received a letter from the renowned consultancy firm to submit my CV for this project. I have submitted it and DPC got the opportunity along with other firms and international firms in the Philippines. The designation of my consultancy was Gender and Inclusive Education Specialist. I was a little bit hesitant about the responsibility of inclusive education because earlier I worked as a gender specialist only. It was a 4-year tenure period. I started to learn about inclusiveness in education. It is my patience to find out something new till I become an expert. Mr.Ebadur Rahman, Additional Secretary of the Ministry of Education and the Chief of the education sector of the Asian Development Bank gave me the best compliment, which proved that I was inclusive. In one workshop when I was giving training on Gender and Inclusive education in Chittagong Division in front of 5000 stakeholders, after my speech, Dr.Ernesto, my International counterpart, was supposed to come on stage. Ebadur Rahman called me and said Zobaida , Ernesto does not need to give a speech, because after your training speech no one will hear him. You were born for inclusive education. I will remember this appreciation and acknowledgment in my lifetime. Ernesto got angry and asked me," Madam, did you cover my part too? I said no. Dr.Ernesto was poor in English. I had to correct his report confidentially because I did not want to degrade him and save him from being fired. He needed money. I was scared about whether, after joining my university in Bangladesh, I would get further leave within a short period, but I did not lose hope. Before my departure from KL, I gave my sofa sets and kitchen utensils to Ashik, my daughter's friend, and some to the homeowner. The day we departed, Ashik got in his car and I called taxi driver Zain, Hossain, a Bangladeshi shopkeeper in my condominium, riding Ashik's car. I and Breity were in zain's taxi ,Zain said goodbye to KL that day. It was raining. That, KL was crying for me as I was. God has given me the best opportunity in my life to lead my life with respect, dignity, beauty, blissfulness, success, and acknowledgment, and financially too empowered. I could see the blue sky, I enjoyed melancholy, I responsibilities, Talking to my God, I identified my potential. That was the time for me-know thyself-which Socrates says. We reached the airport, but no trace of Ashik. Many times he lost his way. We waited for ten minutes. He did not receive my phone, even though he restricted Hossain to not receiving my phone. Breity was getting impatient because her all-brand items and favorite thing were in his car. I told her we could not wait outside, we had to proceed with airport formalities. When we had collected our boarding passes and started towards immigration, Ashik and Hossain arrived. They said sorry because they missed the entry gate and went near to the

terminal. Ashik was saying " aunty". I did not receive the phone because I thought you would get angry. I told you I always consider you as my son. You should receive the phone in any emergency, otherwise it creates tension among people and the airport is a very time-constrained place. When my daughter's suitcase weighed together with my luggage, it was about 100 kg, 65 kg overweight. They claimed an extra charge, I talked to the officer, I said I was a Professor in your country and had stayed for 18 months. That is why my luggage was huge. I asked him to consider. He considered me 50 percent. I was happy with that. After that, we four took some food to the food court and said bye to them and moved towards immigration. Again, another problem arose when I completed immigration. In my laptop bag there was heavy junk jewellery and I was walking a little bit bending. The officer called me to tell the professor what was in my laptop bag. I opened the bag and showed them. They smiled and said please go. Breity was saying the whole Malaysia you bought. I said everything to my family. My things were few. We flew to Bangladesh. The next day, I joined my university after 18 months' leave. My new life started with my people. One day, I visited the TQI-II project. I met Richard Gonzales. He was very happy to see me. He was our team coordinator, he was Pilipino, CEO of the international firm, but he studied in the USA. He requested me to join as early as possible because my international was the most important in this project. I told Richard I could not, because I said to DPC from December I would join because, for at least one month, I had to serve my university. After that, I could apply for extraordinary leave, that is without pay leave. There were 4 years allocated for us to take leave. In that case, I could not serve a 4-year tenure period at TQI-II, but I wanted to stay. In this project, because it was the best project of my life and my success rate was high, I developed three policies for the government that were approved and implemented. The workload and fieldwork were very great, but Richard made the environment energetic with his gifts, chocolates, a celebration of a birthday and many things t great things we became a family. Then Richard requested to work some days unofficially because the project was suffering. I told him to replace me. He did not agree, he considered me the most eligible for the post. I started working with them unofficially. After one month, I applied for leave and it was granted for one year. It was the system, and after one year again, to renew. Everybody welcomed me. Every day Richard kept flowers and chocolate on my desk because he had seen them sometimes. I was typing and tears were in my eyes. He never asked me. Those tears were for Kizzy's wrong destiny we chose. Malaysia geographically kept me controlled, but with Kizzy in close contact gave me the feeling of pain and guilt. The first month after joining, I could not professionally perform my job responsibilities. It was because of my deep pain. For this reason, I wanted a month's space to join TQI-

II, but the demands of the project did not allow me to take mental and physical rest. On one of my field tours when we were talking at our dinner table, Richard asked me "Dr.Z". Can I ask you one thing? I said yes you can. What happened to you for the first month? I noticed you were writing inconsistently, and always had drops of tears in your eyes which you wanted to hide. He also added that you had now become an asset of the project with your training abilities. Report writing moreover, you produced three policies. It is not a matter of joke. I said, Richard, I am going to tell you a story of a young girl". I narrated the story of my Kizzy in detail. Suddenly, I saw Richard was crying and stopped to get food. He said sorry Dr.Z for pushing you to join, During the project period, I covered all divisional towns and remote areas also, including Sunamgonj, where boat riding is necessary, and I am afraid of water. The roads were muddy and slippery. I walked mile after mile with my team to visit schools and madrasas, but I never felt tired, because there was job satisfaction and a motive to improve the teacher's quality. In every place, we enjoyed the circuit house with VIP me" inclusive treatment and we used Pajero. We enjoyed the fresh food and hospitality of the DCs. I have trained more than 50 thousand teachers on gender and inclusive education. I think it is the best return for my good deeds for the welfare of the people. I love to socialize with people, to know their lifestyle, and the project work gave me the best opportunity to fulfill my desire. Another of her very important words from the Education Minister, Nurul Islam Nahid, said I remain half-educated because I only listened to half of Dr.Zobaida's speech on policy. So many showers of the blessing of God on me, I could not write on paper but can feel in every moment. God has chosen me to do a good deed with hard labor and honesty. Once, I felt pain in my hand and shoulder, which is called frozen shoulder. I went to a doctor with Breity. The doctor said to Breity," Your Ma has done three times more work"" till now compared to other people. He advised me to stop computer work for seven days, but my commitment towards the project did not allow me to stop work. Sometimes I worked for 14 hours, but at the end of the day, I felt satisfaction, peace, and tranquility. I like to share a very interesting memory of Sunamgonj. We, as a team, flew to Sylhet, our Pajero car was ready to welcome us, many high government officials came to receive us. Our. A flower bouquet. I asked Dr.Richard. I wanted to stop for a while at Shah Jalal's Dorber, he agreed. I and Dr.Rehana both of us went to the Mazar. One Khadem received us. He was informed by Amir Ali, then my brother. Khadem helped us to perform all the formalities, we gave money to him and left the Mazar. We started towards Sunamganj. We reached night. The accommodation was a very old house. We had separate rooms to stay in. After eating our dinner, we were very tired. We slept because the next day we had a very big training program. In my deep sleep, the ringtone. My cell phone was

ringing. I thought of my home, but I saw the unknown number. I received a phone call from another person. Someone, in a deviated voice, was saying I am a Jin. I asked how you got my number. Jin said there were many pitchers with gold floating. In one gold pitcher your number was floating. I told him to keep the phone. I just kept the phone and slept again, because I am not a fraidy cat. The next morning when I, Dr. Ernesto, and Dr. Rehana were moving for our breakfast, I said the story happened to me,, Dr. Ernesto said it might happen because the house is in a remote area and very old, Dr. Rehana said I also dreamt my diseased brother-in-law. I phoned that number, the Imam of the mosque received the phone. I told him that I received a phone call from your number. He got very agitated and said I did not call you , it was in my pocket. I called Khadem, who knew my number and told him why he gave others to others. He remained silent. They did not understand that I was so brave, they thought that, becoming nervous, I would give money to them. They could not control their temptation by seeing Pajero's car, foreigners, and other high officials. I realized that I am a little bit brave too. My one-year leave was on the way to finishing; I went to my university with my application for further leave but my VC did not give me leave for more than 6 months. That VC never liked to see women be empowered and straight forward, he loves his master's voice, which I am not. One day, I got a call from the UK. A lady called me to fix my interview date for Bett Asia Conference in Singapore. Bett is the global community for education. It was based in the UK. They took my interview and selected me as a speaker sponsored by Microsoft, which was a technology-based conference, as I was at a digital-based university and my experience in inclusive education made me capable of attending. Dhaka Microsoft one day called me and said would you mind if we would sponsor your air ticket and a five-star hotel. I said it was my pleasure. Again, I went out of my track conference to counterpart, spoke. After my speech, the media of Finland took my interview. I was just surprised and it is on YouTube. Finland is the best for education for children without the pressure of a textbook burden, has a short amount of schooling and innovation of talent. I attended Bett Asia in Singapore and Malaysia in 2016 and 2017. In 2017, I accompanied my husband to Chiangmai to attend a conference of the Asian Broadcasting Union (ABU). It was a wonderful place. I enjoyed it a lot. We saw the elephants playing, we enjoyed a portion of food in Le Meridien where we stayed. This is one of the best branches of Le Meridien. As usual, I bought something for my daughters . After coming back from Chiangmai, there was only a week remaining for me at TQI-II. I was in pain thinking about leaving the project where I could work another three years but could not because of my authority. Richard was upset not to see me on the project. On the last day of my office, when I was clearing my desk and giving my important documents to the

manager, suddenly Richard came behind me and asked me why I was cleaning the desk. I said, Richard had come to reality. I am leaving today. He went back to his desk. I was trying to control my tears. From top to bottom, national and international people loved me and we became a family. After lunch, I saw there was a surprise farewell party for me, cake, snacks and flowers. I cut the cake, I said something about my feelings and acknowledgment. After that, as the team coordinator, Dr. Richard started his speech. First, he said we were losing an asset and the project would suffer. After that, he said, without Dr. Z, the room would become lifeless and meaningless. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and started crying loudly. He was like my younger brother. Everybody cried speechless because Richard never cried for anybody. Sometimes his cruelty and short-tempered anger hurt many people, and he sacked our two elderly bright consultants and Shirley Randell, an international consultant. The cause was their output was not acceptable. Richard presented me with a pair of pearl earrings with gold, which his wife made. She was an entrepreneur in the USA. When I moved to the lift, Richard and Dr. Rehana, my counterpart, held and held the door as if they would not allow me to go but time and tide wait for none. I had to go, and the next day I joined my university.

Travel became my Routine

In 2017 again, I got the opportunity from the Commonwealth of Learning to attend the conference with full sponsorship as a Chair of the session. 2017, I have visited 2 times in KL, one in Bett Asia and another, at the Pan-Commonwealth conference. In the meantime, I have visited Kolkata, Lakhno, Lakho, 3 times, three times, three times, three times; Lakhno, Delhi and Bhutan. In Delhi, I was a chair and presenter of the Indira Gandhi Open University. I and my Pro-VC were surprised to see my photos with the Professor of IGNOU on the wallboard which we took at the Pan-Commonwealth forum in KL. My days were moving very smoothly with international exposure. 2018 and 2019 were the most memorable for me. I have traveled 4 times in Asia and Europe. In 2018, I accompanied my husband to Rome, not as a spouse, but the Asia broadcasting Union gave me the status of delegate. After meeting with myself in Chiangmai, I gradually got touched with the media-related conferences in the area which I already have related to gender issues. ABU and AIBD became a family to me. Everybody knew my name personally. Rome was my dream; God has sanctioned this dream to be fulfilled. The most entertainment in travel for me is the silent accompany of my husband, we are staying together for 43 years, most of the time I don't find any special emotions or friendship in the family, because family is full of a substantial where emotions have less priority. When we step into the

airport, instantly we become friends and enjoy every moment, even a cup of coffee. In my family, I am the central character of responsibility bearer. Sometimes I want to care. That care I get abroad, I intentionally keep myself in my leisure time and frequently ask my husband to give me tea or water. It is my way of care which I enjoy a lot. We enjoy the VIP lounge in the airport. That is why Tagore says to whom you love, don't marry him, it will go far away. We flew to Rome. The hotel was small and cozy in Italy, but well comfortable. The weather was cold with rain. We bought a rain coat and umbrella with us. At night we took our dinner and went to sleep because from the next morning our conference will begin. The next day morning at the breakfast table, I met some a unknown person and my husband introduced me to other person. My dream and illusion of ancient Rome had come true. During conference time the management team took us on a city tour. They took us to Domas Aurea and had dinner in another palace with the essence of ancient culture.

Domus Aurea

After the Great Fire of Rome in 64 AD, Emperor Nero ordered the reconstruction of his residence, the Domus Transitoria in the Palatine. Nero made the most ostentatious palace ever built that no king, consul, or emperor of Rome would ever have thought of. The Domus Aurea was part of the project that Nero had devised to convert and transform Rome into a new city. The "Necropolis" follows the Hellenistic model in the manner of Alexandria. That is, a city with an orthogonal plane with squares and wide rectilinear streets. With this same ideology, 60 years later, Emperor Hadrian built the gigantic Villa Tiburtina 30 km from Rome. The Golden House reopened in 1999 after more than 20 years of restoration. However, six years later it was closed due to detachments and security problems. Its doors were opened again to tourists in February of 2007 restricting the number of visitors and requiring the use of a helmet. A few of the 150 rooms that were discovered were opened and the octagonal hall was not included. On March 30, 2010, the return of the entrance of one of the galleries was added, extending the period of closure to the public of the archaeological site until 2015. The Domus Aurea of Nero has finally been opened to the public after a long period of restoration and is accessible only with a guided tour. It has 300 rooms and occupies 50 hectares between the hills of the Palatine and Esquiline, with a total area of 25 times. The Colosseum was fortunate to enter every room with 3D effects. We just felt the members of the royal family were eating -a musical sound with knife and fork, it was dark like a cinema hall, we were walking holding our hands with the guide. We couldn't see these things without the permission of the ministry of culture because it was the partner of

the conference. God has shown me many wonders which I might not be able to see. We stayed 2 more days to see Rome longer. We had a Pizza, which was amazing. We went to the Colosseum. The Colosseum is the largest amphitheater built during the Roman Empire, inaugurated in 80 AD. It offered gladiator fighting, executions and animal hunts. The most important memory was in Vatican City. Vatican City is surrounded by Rome, Italy. It is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church, it's home to the pope and a trove of iconic art and architecture, its Vatican Museum houses ancient Roman sculpture such as the famed "Laocoon and His Sons" as well as Renaissance frescoes in the Raphael Rooms and the Sistine Chapel, famous for Michelangelo's ceiling. We enjoyed the Vatican Museum with our full breath. Rome is not a city to buy anything, it is too customized for its people and too expensive. In the evening, we flew to Istanbul, Turkey. It is a major city in Turkey that straddles Europe and Asia across the Bosphorus Strait. It is an old city that reflects the cultural influence of the many empires that once ruled here in the Sultanahmet district. We stayed only three nights and four days. The hotel in Turkey was just a royal palace with royal decoration. It seems to me, the Turkish are very optimistic because they love red, golden color and too much color full lights, even their sweets and food are decorated with color, sometimes my eyes were shining with lights. From our breakfast table in the hotel, we could see the Bosphorus sea, the ship, and the seagulls. Sometimes they were sitting at our glass windows. The food in Turkey is unparalleled at night. We went to a kebab shop, sometimes platters, sometimes beef or mutton or chicken kebab we took. Istanbul smelled of the smoky flavor of kebab. I am not a food lover, but I will never forget the taste of kebab in Istanbul. In Istanbul, we took a guided tour. We have covered Blue Mosque, Topkapi Palace, Grand Bazar, Sulemaniye Mosque, Dolmabahce Palace, Spicy Bazar in one day and the next day in the Bosphorus straight on a river cruise. Topkapi Palace, first built by Mehmet the conqueror in the 15th century, this Glory palace beside the Bosphorus was where the sultans of the Ottoman empire ruled over their dominions up until the 19th century.

Blue Mosque (Sultan Ahmed Camii)

It was built between 1609 and 1616. The mosque caused furor throughout the Muslim world. It was finished as it had six minarets (the same number as the Great Mosque in Mecca).

Sulemaniye Mosque

The most interesting part to me is because, during that time, we were watching Sultan Suleiman's Bangladesh television in a Bengali version. Everybody was

watching to find out the history of the Sultans and their lifestyle. This mosque is the landmark of Istanbul. It was built by the Ottoman architect Sinan between 1549-75. Outside in the tranquil garden areas is an interesting Ottoman cemetery. That is also the tomb of Sultan Suleiman and his wife Spouse(s): Mahidevran Hatun (consort), Hürrem Sultan (consort and, later, wife) Which struck me a lot, Sultan Suleiman tomb is very big with lots of bright light which is sparkling but the sultan's tombs were very small, no light no decoration. It seems to me, after death also, it is necessary to make them subordinated, degraded, and in the dark, as they were in their lifetime. There was a studio which was famous for making up a woman, Sultana, and a man like a sultan with their dresses and superimposition of royal background pictures etc. As I am a lover of fairy tales, I took a snap as a sultana and had fun. We had our best food there, a platter of kebab with an amazing taste. The next day's trip was a river cruise along the Bosphorus straight. It was a guided tour, the guide was very smart and we had a pleasant trip to the sea by ferry. On one side, Asia and on the other side, Europe, it was an unbelievable feeling that we had. Many Jewish women were with us, they got introduced to me and they were very friendly. We had our breakfast and lunch on the ferry. I saw nature and seagulls. My eyes were floating with tears. The Bosphorus runs south to north, connecting the Marmara sea (to the south) with the Black Sea. Several ferries run up the Bosphorus. There was a bridge over the sea which connects Asia and Europe. The guide told us a romantic but sad story about this bridge. The couples who cannot stay together because of some barriers decided to commit suicide by holding hands and jumping from the bridge. Many couples and pairs commit suicide. After that, it was restricted to riding on the bridge. After a river cruise on the way back, we went down to a spicy market and bought some spices, saffron, souvenirs, and we went back to the hotel. When we returned to the hotel, I met a beautiful girl similar to my elder daughter's age. She worked in the hotel. From the beginning, she liked me and talked to me with a smiling face. She saw traditional silver bangles in my hand and appreciated them, she loved to have them. I gifted her the bangles, she hugged me and said goodbye with the expectation of meeting again. Sometimes affection and love cross the border. The next morning, we flew to Bangladesh with a bag of golden memories. Again in 2018, we received another invitation from the AIBD conference in Venice. Within one year, two times in Italy? Unbelievable! We had a visa. That time we decided to cover Greece too. Because we love to utilize the opportunity as much as we can. I was very excited to see Venice, a land of water, glass, and gold, because it is an enchanting place about, it was to me like a dreamland. We stayed in a glass-surrounded hotel, on a front artificial canal with a boat, amazing to sit outside and view the beauty. Two kilometers away were

our conference venue. Venice, the capital of northern Italy's Veneto region, is built on more than 100 small islands in a lagoon in the Adriatic Sea. It has no roads, just canals – including the Grand Canal thoroughfare – lined with Renaissance and Gothic palaces. The central square, Piazza San Marco, contains St. Mark's Basilica, which is tiled with Byzantine mosaics, and the Campanile bell tower offer views of the city's red roofs. That is why there are many bridges. The travelers have to walk all the time, ups and downs, which is a hardship for me. The name of the bridge we walked through is Ponte de Rialto or Rialto Bridge – the site of the famous Rialto Market but also the site of many shops and artisans. Before taking the name from the famous market, the Rialto Bridge was called Ponte della Moneta, due to the proximity to the Mint that once stood nearby. The current stone bridge dates back to 1591 and follows the route of the original wooden one. Dal Ponte, the architect, added a colonnade and maintained the shops on the sides which, through paying the rent to the city, participated actively in the preservation of the bridge. Every day we walked for one kilometer on a flat road and another kilometer climbing the bridge with so many stairs. Alexander, it seems to me Venice is suitable for young people, but our age and pain can not stop us. We walked and ran together with other delegates. When we walked on the bridge, we saw canals beside us and the ferry was moving. In front of the conference venue, there were many souvenir shops, with glass pieces of jewelry and other things. We enjoyed ourselves a lot with hardship. One day, conference management took us to one of the biggest glass factories where glass molded in 5 gram gold was built. The rich person uses these tiles in their house, even in their bathroom. There were about fifty delegates. A lady from the glass factory was demonstrating to us the glass and gold tiles. She showed how they were making, molding and finishing. We used gold bathroom tiles, commodes, basin tiles and all were gold molded. How fortunate I am. I saw a gold molded washroom too. The lady was saying the rich people of Venice use these terraces in their terraces too. Venice is a city of riches. The most memorable moment was suddenly when the lady gave me a square-shaped small glass block. One side was blue glass and another side was 1 gram gold. I asked her repeatedly, are you giving me? She said yes, my dear, because you learnt about these things before coming to Venice. It amazed me. I was so happy to get this unique prize among 50 delegates, whereas I never won the lottery. Afterward, I made a pendant in an Elizabethan style by Abrarur Rahman, our family friend, and jewelry artist. After concluding our conference, we decided to go to Murano and Burano island islands. It was the happiest memory and a feeling of heavenly beauty I will never forget. Murano is a series of islands linked by bridges in the Venetian Lagoon, northern Italy. It lies about 1.5 kilometers north of Venice and measures about 1.5 km (0.9 mi) across with a

population of just over 5. It is famous for its glass making. Burano is an island in the Venetian Lagoon, northern Italy, near Torcello at the northern end of the lagoon, known for its lacework and brightly colored homes. Venice is famous for its UNESCO-listed lagoon, but the city's islands are also renowned for their handicrafts. This half-day cruise by private boat stops at Murano Island, to watch a thrilling glass-blowing demonstration, and Burano Island, to visit a lace-making factory. I bought a souvenir from Murano Island. After that, we went back to the hotel and prepared for our departure for Athens, Greece. As a student and professor of Philosophy, it was my profound interest to see Athens where all the ancient Greek Philosophers flourished-Socrates, Plato, Alexander, Sophocles. It was my place of interest to see Greece, which I read in books. Athens was a city of architecture. No natural beauty is there, it stands as a symbol of civilization which speaks about philosophy, wisdom. Athens is the capital of Greece. It was also at the heart of an ancient, powerful civilization and empire. The city is still dominated by 5th-century BC landmarks, including the Acropolis, a hilltop citadel topped with ancient buildings like the colonnaded Parthenon temple. The acropolis museum, along with the national archaeological museum, preserve sculptures, vases, jewelry, and more from ancient Greece. We visited the Acropolis. I asked the taxi driver to see Socrates, Plato, and Alexander's place. He said all you could see in the acropolis. There was a theatre hall also, where Greek theatre was performed. The Acropolis of Athens is an ancient citadel located on a rocky outcrop above the city of Athens and contains the remains of several ancient buildings of great architectural and historical significance. It was also a hard trip, climbing and climbing stairs, but no way, my thirst to see history in my own eyes could not stop me. On the way back to the hotel, our driver stopped the taxi in front of the Prime Minister's house. We got out of the taxi, the scene we saw we had never seen before. Four-armed security to shift their duties in a mythical manner. They were moving by marching past, holding their guns and saying something in the Greek language. Another four security members were coming in the same way. They came face to face just like a statue, one party handed over their arms to the next. After that, from the statue they became beings and walked away in a normal way. The strong discipline I had never seen in my life. I made a video for a few minutes but they restricted us because of security. We came back to the hotel and slept a good . In the morning, we went to the airport on the way home. In 2018, I got a different opportunity from the Asia Institute of Broadcasting Development (AIBD) as a gender trainer for media journalists. It was an exciting opportunity for me because, since 2013, I have diverted much of my research and speech to the media and gender. It seems to me, media language is sharper than a weapon and able to transform society into an equitable position. This opportunity was

for me to get off of track because I worked in gender in education and society. In 2019, both of us got an invitation to attend a conference in Cambodia. We added a Vietnam tour along with this trip. We went to Siem Reap city in Cambodia. It is a nice place for tourists because of Angkor Museum, which is vast and difficult to cover in a day , it is also famous for handicrafts. It was too hot with high humidity and not comfortable to go outside sweating all the time. We were sweating, but the interest in seeing something new could not stop us. I enjoyed the conference with the diversified delegates from different countries. Information Ministers from different countries participated in the conference. Among them, I could mention ministers from Bangladesh and Myanmar. A memorable event happened to me. One day, I saw my husband talking with the Minister of Myanmar. He called me to get introduced to the minister. I saw that the minister was standing with a gift box in his hand. All of a sudden, he gave me the gift. I was surprised to open the box of a genuine Jade bangles. It was too expensive because of the price, delicacy and of the receiver's dignity. That was one of the best gifts I ever got. The conference was pragmatic from its discussion point of view, the gathering was rich and dignified with participants. The conference management kept a one-day tour for us to Angkor Wat Temple, which was a unique experience.

Angkor Wat is an enormous Buddhist temple complex located in northern Cambodia. It was originally built in the first half of the 12th century as a Hindu temple. Spread across more than 400 acres, Angkor Wat is said to be the largest religious monument in the world. Its name , which translates to temple city in the Khmer language of the region, references the fact it was built by emperor Suryavarman II, who ruled the region from 1113 to 1150 as the state temple and political center of his empire. For us, the ministers were associated with us. Some first secretaries from different countries also took part. Angkor, in Cambodia's northern province of Siem Reap, is one of the most important archaeological sites in Southeast Asia. We enjoyed the day in high humid discomfort. In the evening, I went to a handicrafts shop with an Indian lady to buy some souvenirs. The next morning, we started for Vietnam, where our daughter Phuong was waiting for her dad and mom. That was another story. My husband met this girl aged 35 in South Korea on a training program for three weeks. Phuong found his loving attitude in guidance and affection. She called me mom. She is a beautiful girl working for a television channel in Vietnam. We went with Phuong to the night market and shopping mall. We could not go for a tour because of the very humid climate. When we step outside, we get fully wet from sweating, which creates a cough and cold for us. But we enjoyed the souvenir shops in front of our hotel and the night market too. I took some gifts for my daughter and her husband; she gave me a very expensive authentic jade

necklace and some other gifts. We had our lunch together; she took leave of us. When we were leaving, she almost cried, hugged me and said " please come again." Our short tour to Vietnam. We started for our destination",. In Bangladesh, In 2019 I will go to Kolkata and Lucknow. Kolkata for some reason. I enjoyed Kolkata and Lucknow. 2019, again I was invited by the Commonwealth of learning to attend the conference in Edinburgh, Scotland as a paper presenter and chair. Above all, I reviewed more than 10 papers for the selection of the paper presenters. Amongst them, the papers from Europe, Africa, and India were there. I was so excited to hear the name of Edinburgh, which I learned from my Anglo-Indian teacher, Edinburgh. All of my colleagues and Vice-chancellor got tickets for Qaterr Airlines, but I got a Singapore Airlines ticket because my funding source was different. I tried to change but it was not possible. The problem lies with my ticket was a long journey, almost 30 hours, because there was a long route in Singapore and only 45 minutes from Heathrow to Edinburg, which I could miss but did not, because not, because I rushed to get the plane. On the plane, I met Listra and her husband from South Africa. They were also going to the same conference. I met Lystra in Vancouver in 2007. She was working for the government in the education sector in the USA. I arrived at night in Edinburgh. I saw my luggage was wet. I asked them. They said it was because of rain. I told Listra we could hire a taxi and go together. Though our hotel was different, they said they would wait for the bus. I understood they wanted to save money. I asked a person to hire a taxi. It was dark, cold and raining. The person said you have to go opposite side and there you would get a taxi, I just put my Stoll on my head to save my head from rain and run with two luggage to the taxi stand and finally, I reached in hotel. Fortunately, I got a big room like my VC got. My colleagues' rooms were small. Two of my colleagues came to meet me. I was so tired, I slept and had a good sleep. The next morning, I met Frances, my friend from the Commonwealth, our VC, and colleagues, and a known face from other countries, especially from India. Our conference was scheduled in the national stadium auditorium, which gave us a new flavor of openness and compactness. We rode on the bus and reached the conference hall. After completion of registration, we had a tea break and, in the evening, welcomed dinner. That was in an European style. Many types of food were served -Indian, Chinese and western. We took our evening tea outside, sitting on the stairs of the stadium. Many of my colleagues skipped the sessions and went outside for shopping, but I did not get a chance to do my huge responsibilities. I was also a member of the gender group; we had several meetings with dinner and enjoyment. I went shopping for one day only but I did not find anything to buy, it was too expensive and suitable for winter. I bought some cosmetics and souvenirs, that's all, and bought many things from

Singapore Airport. After completion of the conference, I stayed one day more to see Edinburgh. Azad and Sadia, my colleagues, also stayed for one day more. They proposed me to accompany them to visit the University of Glasgow suggested I was interested and went with them. We enjoyed a lot seeing different departments, architects, and the campus. I loved the place because many English philosophers, including John Lock, studied at this university. I was enriched to see the place of scholars. We returned in the afternoon and went to a departmental store to buy something and have dinner. In the morning, I caught my flight and came back to my home, the place of comfort. In March 2020, I went to Kolkata for my follow up for urticaria. At that time, I heard a little bit about the corona. I asked my doctor, Dr.Saibal Maitro, an Immunologist of Apollo. First he restricted me not from coming, afterward he gave from it. Afterwards, they went because the suspected patient who came from abroad was not a corona patient. I went there. I did not understand any abnormal situation in Kolkata, but in the airport, it seemed to me something was wrong. Some Chinese passengers put on a mask. I came back on 7 March and from 8 March, 2020, lockdown started in Bangladesh. I realized the reason for my time travels within two years, that I had to be imprisoned by COVID precautions for an uncertain period.

My Life in Pandemic

The recent pandemic has been a hot potato because of uncertainty. The pandemic situation itself is a burden for the person. An imprisonment without any notice, everything stopped-mobility, entertainment, isolation, safety measures, joblessness or financial crisis, and the fear of COVID and death. I came from Kolkata on 7 March 2020. Since then, I have been confined within four walls of the house, with too much physical work and mental burden. On the one hand, safety measures, sanitization, online shopping, not touching money for 7 days, using Bikash, preparing special and healthy dishes for the family, to lessen the boredom of the family, everything lies on me. Why? Because I am a mother, one of the earning members, and well informed about groceries, medicine, and doctors and habituated to collecting information necessary for life. I have 50 online links in my phone, I became the warrior of the COVID battle, everybody trusts me, relies on me and they feel safe. Physical work becomes double because no outside helping hands are not permissible to enter the house. I have the contact numbers of the chicken seller, fish seller, Pharma, everything. I trust everyone, that is why I can carry huge responsibilities. The chicken seller is keeping many chickens outside my door in a big bowl. I keep the money in another basket, he takes the money and keeps the change. After that,

we put on the masks and carry the chickens, pour in water for two hours, then I keep them in the freeze, and spray the money, and touch them after 7 days. Everything is going in this way based on trust, the chicken seller keeps my respect by giving him the best chicken. Neither I saw him nor him. Only when I passed, one day by car, did my driver say, Madam, he is Chan Mia, your chicken seller, but in my imagination, he is a lean and thin person. But actually, he is fat and short, but seems a very happy man. Days are going in a robotic way. I lost my dear freedom fighter, actor Brother Mujibur Rahman Dilu, on 19 February 2021, the same day my father died. That was 19 January 1985. My Choto Bhaiya was sleeping with his father in the same grave. It is a permanent shock for me. I cannot forget him for a moment. Now I cannot differentiate the weekdays and weekends, same work, same people, similar food, same places, no calling bell except driver and delivery man. If anybody says tomorrow is Friday, I am just surprised because I think it is Tuesday or Wednesday. Time and space have become on the same line. We passed 4 Eid celebrations inside the house; we are four that have become the real truth. Our Eid birthday celebration is limited to photos and some special foods. Everything is the same and there is no clue to differentiate the situation. We four are working online and doing physical work. Sometimes I put Kajol in my eyes to have a feeling. I use Kajol. Therefore, I exist. Everything changed, we became technology-dependent. May I call this a Digital Bangladesh. Yes, I can ,automatically it has become, BIKASH becomes a wallet, the delivery man becomes an expectation, an unknown person becomes a known person and, interestingly, we become an alien to our security guards. Sometimes they cannot identify us in the mask, sometimes they ask which floor we will go to. This pandemic has taught us to be passionate, to be tolerant, to be empathetic, and to be satisfied with the things we have. The greatest lesson COVID gives us is the lesson of humanity and makes us understand the desire of God is above our desire. Naturality goes in its own way. Everything moves according to the direction of God. To me, it combats extravagances which people do in normal times.

My Innovations During the Pandemic

It is my habit to make my crisis period into a productive time or in a normal way. In 1971, during our independence war, my mother had a nervous breakdown because my two brothers were in the war. I was the only female, though a teenage girl of 15 years took the responsibilities of the family. All of our domestic helpers went to the village with their own families. I have a five-year-old brother, Tipu. I took care of him especially and cooked along with other work. I did it with pleasure, with the feeling of a part of freedom fighters. Only visible

freedom fighters did not fight. Many women and teenage girls fought with their family members to keep their moral strength. In any surgery which predicts cancer too, I signed the bond myself and alone went for surgery. I love to live a full life, not with the disease. That is why I never get afraid of surgery or treatment-because I want to do or die, I always wanted to remove the root of my illness. Because I love to travel, love to work, love to read, and love to see the world in color. The pandemic situation, not for a moment, made me depressed or scared. I took it easy, though many homemakers cannot. I used to go to my university almost every day, go for groceries, or to a friend's house, but I don't despair of this stagnant situation. I always analyze the situation. Logically, if we want to be alive, we have to be at home. I have started to search for my area of interests-I found many. Most importantly, I started writing my autobiography-Third Life. Initially, I was hesitant to write it because I am not a celebrity or politician or any famous person. But I read on Google ,anybody can write an autobiography. I thought my writing would help many women who think themselves vulnerable and helpless, who are suffering from an identity crisis, lack of confidence, and determination to become human beings. During the Pandemic, every day I cooked several items, snacks in the evening despite that I started writing my autobiography, which is running with my typing, a maximum of three months will be taken to complete this. I did a lot of paintings and crafts-Madhubani painting, Mandala art. I bought Mandala tools, broken bangles, bangles, lamp shades, and jewelry boxes, painting on my sarees, stitching on my sarees. I learned Brazilian stitch from YouTube. I made many pieces of jewelry with cracked glass. The inspiration I got from Venice, the land of glass jewelry. The most significant and delicate work I am doing with resin is what I learnt from YouTube. Resin is a strong chemical. It is also harmful to the skin and lungs, despite that. I took full protection, with a mask, gloves, and glasses when making the jewellery. I made bangles with transparent 3D effect, jewelry boxes, pendants and earrings and waited for clock mold imported from a m China. I have a desire to make a wall clock with resin. Resin work is very hard and technical, but my tenacity made me successful in doing this very professionally. I have learned it from YouTube for one month. I believe nothing is impossible in front of desire and dream fulfillment. I was purchasing very unusual things with which I was not acquainted in a normal time-food, fish, chicken, vegetables, grocery. These are normal buyings. Unusual purchases are button mushroom, homemade cheese, ghee, butter, dry mango, pickles, kitchen utensils, and many other things. I am passing my time with a tight schedule of diversified and innovative work which does not give me the space of boredom. Life is going easily but what I miss is flying abroad. I was a frequent traveler but

I never lost my hope-I believe that the day will come which will take us from despair to hope.

Epilogue

I am standing on my feet with financial solvency, strong decision-making power, and the strength to take care of my body and mind. The situation of my early life, midlife, encouraged me to lead a life as a human being, not a female-only. I have minor niggles in my life. That is why I have earned the encouragement to write an autobiography. I must say at the age of 65, I am strong enough, I have a nerve of steel. I will never retire from my work, though officially, on 14 November 2021, I am retired from public university. I believe that it will not be my ending. I know the art of living within myself towards dreams, and sophisticated culture will keep me evergreen. I love craft making. I love painting. I love to play with polymer clay when I watch TV. I make many roses, which gives me the essence of beauty and tranquility. The great gift God has given me is the youthfulness of my mind. Still, I feel I am 25 years from my mindful happiness. This is the mystery of my life. My body does not always permit me to work, but my companion friend of 25 years pushes me to move to fulfill my dream and to take the essence of life. I can say this biography helped me to understand -know myself to a certain extent. I loved reading Socrates's famous words to find out Thyself. When I wanted to start my autobiography ten years back, something stopped me from writing this, because that was the period of my mid-life crisis with the fear and anger of loss, emotionally disrupted by the emotional expectations. It seemed to me I had lost my emotional world, which we can say romanticism. I was shattered in 2003, on my 25th marriage anniversary. This was the end of my diamond story. First, I want to clarify my lifestyle and choices. If anybody wants to tell me if it is fashionable, I am not. If anyone says you are a stylist, I am that. I love to wear a cotton saree, even at a marriage ceremony, where my relatives wear 10000-20000-- price sarees, diamonds, gold, and precious stones. I never bothered about all these things. From my childhood, I was like this. I love to wear those things which I can carry; a cotton saree or plain silk saree with traditional semi-precious jewelry. It seems to me clothes and jewelry hide the personality. This is my own opinion. I respect those who wear precious things. I rarely put on gold jewelry. I love to wear a big junk, in the office too, with a cotton saree. I never go to the beauty parlor for facials, only for haircutting. My life is going with my inherited beauty and my reflection. I am not a so-called beauty, but many say your attraction is different, your eyes always speak, and your enlightenment is always exposed through your lifestyle. I am happy with the accessories, but not to be a so-called artificial

beautiful lady. I believe that on my 25th marriage anniversary, I will get a diamond ring from my husband, who desperately loved me once and married me when both of us were a student. I believe that I do not have any gifts or memories on any anniversary but on the 25th anniversary, God will definitely not disappoint me. The day was 16 June 2003. I just visualized things like a movie. My husband was sitting on the sofa and wearing shoes, I said innocently, I thought you would give me a diamond ring. He was silent. I justify the situation with his inherited nature of cruelty and to be too much practical like his father. My mother-in-law cried till the age of eighty that her husband was never romantic and never encouraged her to flourish her qualities in crafts, there was only a fear of religion and sin. Fortunately, I missed some emotions after twenty years, but the son of my father-in-law discovered my talent and became a very good friend. We had tremendous romanticism, but most women had to suffer from some negligence. The renowned writer Sankar of India says in his book that almost all the marriage in this sub-continent is marriage for the sake of marriage. But in the western world, marriage continues till it is full of attraction and romanticism. I heard from someone, a husband who even loved a prostitute's wife but not an argumentative wife. They love a nagging wife but not a straight forward wife. That was a midlife crisis. If anyone cannot discover my beauty of uniqueness with simplicity, that person is unfortunate. To me, the diamond ring is an acknowledgment of our relations. After getting the silent treatment, I cried the whole day. This pain sustained for long time. Once, I discovered, I am so valuable that it is beyond his capacity to acknowledge me. From that day, my thirst for empowerment started with no expectations. From that day I became only a giver, not a taker. I wanted to pierce my nose in my young life, as my husband did not like it, I never expressed a second time about my nose piercing. But the diamond story and nose piercing never came from my mind. When I was in Malaysia as a professor with a high salary, I sometimes stopped in front of Habibs, a famous diamond shop. One of my Bangladeshi colleagues said, Zobaida Apa," You always see a diamond ring but never buy it. Why, I could not answer. She forced me. One day you have to buy it. Therefore, I bought a ring worth 70 thousand takas. That was my first diamond with my income. Maybe God wanted that. I can buy it myself. Another dream of nose piercing was fulfilled in 2015. My daughter Kizzy insisted on me. I did it, and I bought a nose pin of diamond worth 90000 taka. These were not diamonds to me. These are the lessons I want to teach society. Any woman can fulfill her dream, and doesn't need to beg. Now is the time to evaluate my husband-what he is and why we're able to stay 43 years together, hopefully, we will stay till my death. He was and still, today becomes the happiest man in my any success in my professional life. He loves to see me in the sky as he committed in his first

letter before marriage-that he wants I will fly on the sky, he will never allow me to drop in the ground with failure.If he was not so practical and foreseen my future, I could not appear for cadre service with post-operative pain, workload, two daughters care, one is newborn, when I throw my note, he collected that and joint with tape. he understood without me he could not be able to give a gorgeous life to my family.He insisted me to do a Ph.D., that was a very tough period with my family, job, but I could complete a thesis within two years, whereas as four years is mandatory.When I get a DAAD fellowship to go abroad, he smiled a lot and cooperated with me to make my journey smooth. When I was playing Tom and Jerry with my appointment letter for a Malaysian job, he stole my passport and gave me a visa-said me don't sacrifice my whole life for us, this is a golden opportunity.When I faced any crisis in my job, that was the victim of personal politics, he took the burden from my shoulder He cried, the person never cried, when I was hurt from my very close person He identified me as the best honest person, he ever seen. Finally, I can say, he discovered my brain, not my heart as much I expected, he has created a different world of academic work for me, he wanted to keep me aloof from television performance. It seems to me, he discovered my best ability to become a human being, who can stand on his feet, who can sign a bond before his critical surgery, who can be alive on an island or battlefield too. Sometimes I am confused whether his dream is similar to his father's dream. We are culturally, intellectually, and the political ideology same. John Stuart Mill, the British Philosopher said, if the partner is intellectually the same, that marriage sustains. Sometimes he became my friend, especially when we were abroad. We complement each other in building a career. I did everything to make him a famous person-that is motivation, appreciation, taking care of his health, financial support, and most importantly, when he faced any unjust situation, he kept silent, but I took the initiative to make them understand about their fault.In the third span of my life, what I found within me the effervescent, very active, positive and full of energy. my passions, and determination are getting higher. I never get disappointed, I wait for the result and believe it will come. I forgive all grievances of people who hurt me a lot, I learnt to forget and love people. I don't want to make my inside a dustbin where many unpleasant events were persisting, I want to make it a flower garden, for my happiness. I forgive people for that reason. If they did not hurt me, I would be a parasite lady and his master's voice. I have tuned my voice finely with my desire and culture. We are a successful family. My daughter Kizzy is leading culture for UNESCO Bangladesh, my younger daughter is the Co-Founder and CEO at the marvel- Be You. Kizzy is an eminent writer with her unique expressions of language. She is magical. When she holds a pen, her simple observation or event becomes a thoughtful

story-which never ends. The reader starts because the reader starts to think about where she ends. She is a different writer compared to others. She is a student of Economics, but she conceives Philosophy, Being, and Nothingness more than a student of Philosophy. Both of my daughters are hard-working and true within themselves, they are empathetic to humankind and they love to dream like their mother. They are introduced to the books of Feminism from their very childhood. They are not radical feminists; they are cultural feminists. I concluded my Ph.D. thesis by saying that only cultural transformation can make men and women equal. They are still single because they are not getting proper matches, guys are becoming traders in the marriage market, they are considering women as a commodity. By misusing technology, they lose their interest in their partner after marriage. It has become a give and take situation. At the same time, guys are asking for fair, thin, and beautiful women at the same time as they want money too. But very interestingly, they are very scared to marry a qualified, self-respected, woman in a higher position as a woman. They are suffering from an inferiority complex. The present situation has become very complex in the marriage market. No one can guarantee a successful marriage. It has become gambling. Most educated families and their empowered daughters are single because people are scared to live with a strong voice. We are four people living together with our own separate identity, outlook, dreams, and lifestyle, but at the end of the day, we are the same because we are from the same cultural and political ideology. Plato says justice is a harmonious relationship between a person or groups without interfering or interrupting another's life. My life is so far so good till now. The last words I want to utter, at some point, we are happy, fortunate, and successful. Lastly, I want to express my gratitude to my God, my parents, my husband, and my daughters for being with me in my every struggle and success. I laud the person with me in every crisis. I have inherited a bleeding heart as an empathetic towards the miserable condition of people. I love to tune my voice rhythmically in concluding my writing. This time I also cannot resist myself using some poetic words.

**The skies have filled me with radiance, I shall fill
the skies with melodies.**

Shall imbue the air with melody's holy red dyes

Red dyes of dance imbue the air.

Your aroma in my voice-my heart allures and cheers.

**I promise to fill the sky with radiance because it gives the whole sky to be the
girl who sheltered less at the age of twenty-two. (Tagore)**

