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Department of English

ECHOES
of
Wordsmith

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Dreams are scary.

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Dreams have always been used as a form of expressing one's deepest desires. One is asked what one's dream is and that particular person may answer in different forms.

But how does a dream work?

Dreams, to me, are extremely scary. We desire something with our soul and try to achieve it too. Some may achieve it and those "some" may also be considered inspiring!

But what about those who live their entire lives for that dream?

And what about those who achieve it and find no salvation?

And finally what about those who see someone else ruin the dream they would protect with their soul?

Dreams are scary. If you achieve it, you're scared of losing it, or ruining it.

If you do not achieve it, you regret your entire life wondering how your life would be if you could live your dream. "For a moment if life were merciful."

And finally if you do achieve it, your life's mission ends.

On the contrary, there's a different meaning of "Dream", people call it the unconscious desire we see while we sleep. But isn't that also a desire? A desire to be rich, to be successful, to pass a test, or to marry the love of our lives.

I say, this is scary as well. Because we only find our true happiness when we are asleep, in a vague form. We never achieve it physically, or soulfully gain it. And even if we do, it feels like a dream, it feels like we're not alive, we're not real.

Do we want to achieve our dreams? I propose, we want to enjoy the thrill of having a dream, the slight tease of life that will keep us alive.

Dreams. They are scary.

Beyond Language

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Few places in Bangladesh are as unique as Thakurgaon. Located in the country's far northern part, it lies closer to the Himalayan foothills than to the Bay of Bengal. From here, Bangladesh's northernmost point, Banglabandha, is only a short drive away. Beyond it are Siliguri, Darjeeling, Nepal, Bhutan, and the routes leading toward Tibet. This geographical position has made Thakurgaon a meeting point of cultures, peoples, and languages. This unique location has helped shape an equally diverse society. Alongside Bengalis, indigenous cultural traditions coexist across the district. The linguistic landscape is just as rich. Besides Bangla and English, one can hear *Santali*, *Kurukh* (Oraon), *Sadri*, *Rajbanshi* or *Rangpuri*, and *Urdu*.

My recent field study on Santali–Bangla bilingualism introduced me to this remarkable diversity. Among all the communities I encountered, the Santals left the deepest impression. One of the oldest Indigenous peoples of South Asia, the Santals are spread across Bangladesh, India, Nepal, and Bhutan. Their language, Santali, belongs to the Austroasiatic language family and possesses its own script, Ol Chiki, developed by Pandit Raghunath Murmu in the twentieth century.

The history of the Santals is also a history of resilience. During the British colonial period, many Santal families migrated into the northern regions of present-day Bangladesh to work in agriculture and on large estates. Their struggle against exploitation culminated in the famous Santal Rebellion of 1855–56, led by the brothers Sidhu Murmu and Kanhu Murmu.

Though suppressed, the uprising remains a major anti-colonial movement in South Asian history. Decades later, the Santal community again fought for freedom, participating in Bangladesh's Liberation War.

The Oraon community shares a similar story of migration and adaptation.

Another important linguistic community is the Rajbanshi people. Their language—often called Rajbanshi, Rangpuri, or Kamtapuri—is spoken across northern Bangladesh, West Bengal, Assam, Bihar, and parts of Nepal.

The Bihari community adds another layer to Thakurgaon's linguistic mosaic. Many Urdu-speaking families arrived in what was then East Pakistan during and after the Partition of British India in 1947.

Sadri is also used as a contact language among different Indigenous and local communities.

Thakurgaon is far more than a district on Bangladesh's northern edge. It is a living archive of language, and culture. Here, borders do not divide stories—they connect them. The Santals continue to remind us that preserving a language means preserving an entire way of seeing the world.

Travelogue

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It was 9th March 2019, I had the opportunity to visit India, exploring the beautiful places of *Siliguri*, *Gangtok* and *Lachung* in Sikkim with my friends, cousins and family. It was a memorable journey filled with joy, adventure and breathtaking scenery.

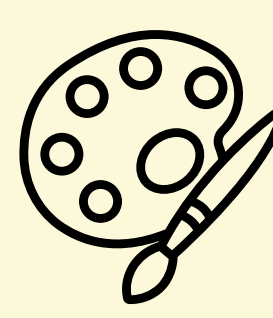
Our journey began in Darjeeling, a journey by bus from Bangladesh to India. The winter was insane there. it is huge mountain approximately 6,700 feet. As we were 18 people so we booked 3 jeep. In addition, We reached Darjeeling through Crossing so long way and roads were so dangerous but also the mountains and nature was eye-catching. I must say their food quality was so good and the night walk with everyone was mind blowing because of the calm nature. I might say I tried momo first time there.

On the 2nd day we went to Tiger Hill. The most unique highlight is that we saw, the first rays of sunlight hitting Mount Kanchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world. As the sun rises, the snow covered peaks change colors from dark to golden and then bright white which looks truly magical.

Later, we headed to Lachung, a small and charming village in North Sikkim. Surrounded by snow-covered mountains and waterfalls, Lachung felt like a dream. The cold weather and natural beauty made the experience even more exciting. After 1 week we were blessed with Bangla food there.

The weather was on its minus point but also it was not as cold as Darjeeling. Also People told us that we are blessed because we got the opportunity to snow that day because the snowfall is not regular there because of our polluted environment.

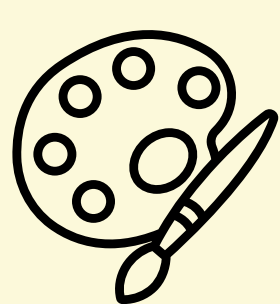
It was a 10 day journey. Traveling with friends and family made the trip even more special. We laughed, took photos, and created memories that we will cherish forever.



Arts

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Arts

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We are confronted with a violent, cascading waterfall that reflects Heraclitus's most devastating philosophical truth: everything flows, and nothing stays. The water at the top of the precipice begins as a cohesive river, but as it plunges, it shatters into anonymous foam and mist, mirroring the tragedy of human time. Every memory we hold, every person we love, and every version of ourselves we try to cling to is caught in this relentless, chaotic current. There is a crushing weight to the deep blues and whites, a visual manifestation of the sublime, terrifying realization that we do not get to pause



This painting grounds the philosophical terror into a deeply intimate, human moment—the iconic misty dawn scene from *Pride & Prejudice*. Here, the rush of fate settles into a tense, agonizing silence. Mr. Darcy walks across the bleak moor in the top panel while Elizabeth watches from the shadows in the bottom panel, capturing the profound vulnerability of stepping out of one's defense mechanisms to risk love. Placed side by side, the images beautifully contrast the unstoppable, chaotic forces of the world with the quiet, fragile courage it takes to stand exposed and let someone close

Poetry

-Shihab Saqib (Assistant Professor,
faculty of arts and Social Sciences)

The first time, I saw you –
It was like reading poetry for the first time.

Your senses are challenged, perplexed;
Yet you savor, and come back to the poem.

Perhaps to sense the tone –
Strumming through the alliteration, assonance;
You think you have got it! somehow –
Through the sounds and the rhythm.
Or, so you think you do.

You read again, through the metaphors, allusions, symbols
Which perplexes you even more;
Yet you are spellbound by the sheer glamor
Of the rich, potent language.

The first time you have read a poem;
You have understood nothing.
Yet you are in love.

The first time I saw you,
I remember that poem; and often, I read it again.
Each time, it seems for the first time.



The Footprint

-Borendra Lal Tripura (Assistant Professor,
Faculty of arts and social sciences)

Oh Lord, I don't ask for treasure,
Nor do I seek for honour;
I do seek thy blessings
For my off springs- for goodness and wellbeing.

Please grant them a footprint to leave on Earth
By their grace and good works.
The way Benjamin lightened up the Earth
Casting away the darkness with electricity;
Like Faraday gaveth speed to movement
With electric motors.

Lord, please grant my off springs
A grand victory of discovery.
People in various corners now hear each other's tone
With Marconi's telephone.

James Watt's steam engine and Russell's propeller
Gave birth to train, ship and aircraft
That sing the victories of humane endeavors.
Copernicus's heliocentrism, Newton's gravity force,
And Goddard's rocket engine
Hailing the human journey at the victorious stair
Of the space- boundless and vast.

Einstein's chain reaction has opened
The door of limitless energy.
Mounting on the chariot of his theory of relativity
The mysterious curtain of the universe is about to be unveiled.

Darwin's Origin of Species and
Hawking's Bing Bang
Shaded light on the silver screen
Portraying the story of creation.

Shushruta, Flemming, lui Pastur, Jenner, John Anders
And many others stood beside
In the fight against the death
With their surgical knowledge, medicines and vaccines.

The whole world now floats in front of all eyes
On Farnsworth, Logi and Jenkins' TV screen
As did Charles Vebej, Kan and Bin Surf's internet
Open the world's door lifting the bars.

Tagore, Nazarul, Jibonanondo, Keats, Wordsworth,
Shelly and many others
Enlightened the world
As did Mozart, Elvish Prisly, Lata Mongeshkar
And others enchanted her.
Thus, their footprints are scripted on earth.
Lord, please grant such virtues to my sons and all heirs
(14 July 2023)

Diving for My Sunken Verse-Ship

- Theotonius Gomes (Assistant Professor,
Faculty of Arts and social sciences)

I'm diving
into the marmalade sea of the monitor
for a sunken verse-ship.

Here and there are broken metonymic shells
Ah! There's an anchor like symbol
on the blue surface.



Shaping what Time's bent on the long last desktop
Beyond sunken coral reefs – that rooted verse-ship,
Through eclectic rendezvous
I swim like an eel.

Blogs, posts, messages, pics, files
Uploaded, downloaded, side-glances
Half pint of images inside treasure chests I turn:
My verse ship I must float!

Older than the Titanic yet younger than today
Blink, blink-winding rhyme of plankton chandelier
Keeps knitting a deck:
Star-fish swim listless.

And here I go – my eyes diving into the monitor
The dusky sun leans, when velvet sky seems miles away
While my cursor
dances with dolphins.

Fumes, foams of bubbles
A theme in the eye of a whale –

Forms outlined
by new-born and ancient rocks.

Flurried away a gang of jellyfish
Shady ironies from a crab's armlet
Seahorses stork their nose:
pass me murky metaphors.

Like a blanket of Octopus' ink
You shadowed my verses then.

When my verses rest in clean waters

I know – you won't be there
to watch me swimming away,
passing the bridge of troubled waters

I picked up a curve of frame
From the corners of a sleeping paradox-volcano
Stroking the studded gems on my keyboard.



Sonnet:

O dear, can you feel my voice in the silence?

Jahanara Akter
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23-55835-3

O dear, can you feel my voice in the silence?
My existence is riven by your absence in a thousand pains
Come and bite my flesh like a beast with violence.
Tear my skin and flow into my fragile-trembling veins
Where my aged blood cells drift onward in decay
Turn to sulphur and ignite a storm of fire-spunks there
So my blood cells maddened in exultant play
And let youth rise within my crimson flow in a fierce flare
Drown me in frenzy and make me a roaring red sea
Where the burning flame of tyranny drowns in my depths
Even seize my deadened cerebral world and set me free
Set me free from every trace of cowardice in breaths

O "Rebellion," roar loud, crush human timidity, dwell within us
And shatter this forlorn world's blood-soaked screaming chorus
thus.

Recognition

Poetry writing competition



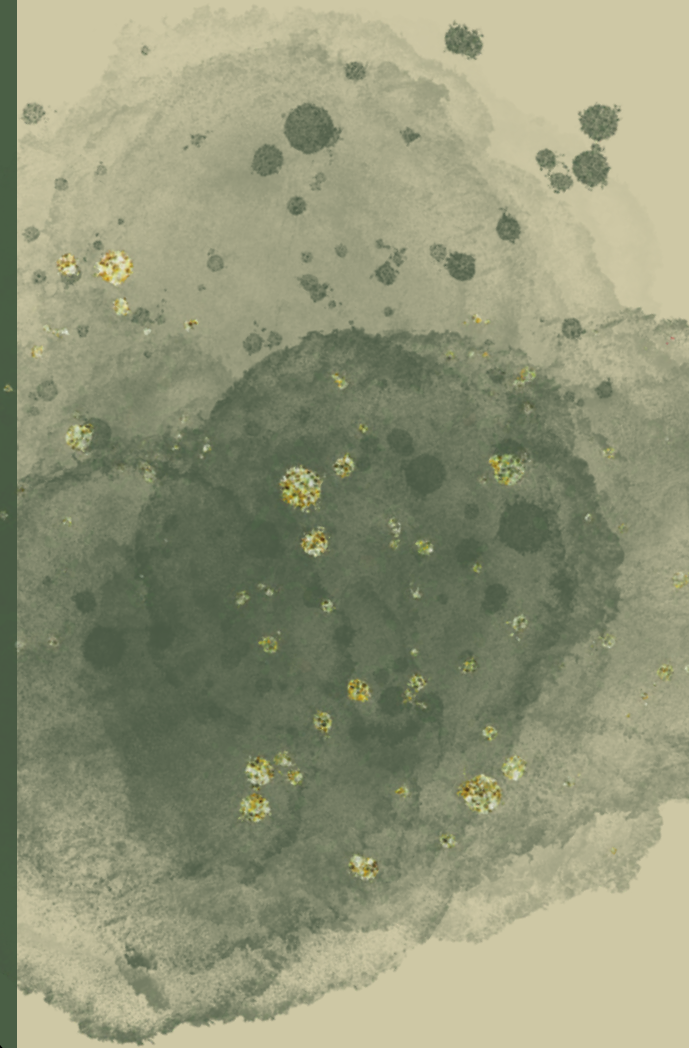
When Eternal Death Descends Upon the Soul

• Jahanara Akter

Department of English

23-55835-3

When eternal death descends upon the soul
It weakens me with the deepest shake
Eyes hold an ocean vast and whole
It seems that time itself begs for a break
Then I peruse thee with frantic devotion
And I see thy phantom and take embrace
The firmament takes pause in all its motion
When I pour the sparkle of thy grace—
A gentle peace flows from crown to sole
Thy warmth doth tenderly solace my woe
Until thou fade into a mysterious fall—
Thy fading breeze and fear makes me grow
Eternal death shall never rule my tomb
For I have visited eternity in thy womb.



I Stand Where First Eternity Conceived Our Flame

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I stand where first eternity conceived our flame,
Before all worlds, our souls were sworn to beat as one.

From Infinite's embrace our silent spirits came,
Long ere the stars proclaimed the birth of moon and sun.

Beyond all bounds of being blooms our blissful sphere,

From the First Dawn to dark Oblivion we roam.

Each wandering soul remembers what was once held dear,

Until it finds, in yours, its everlasting home.

You are the soul I've always known, concealed by fate;

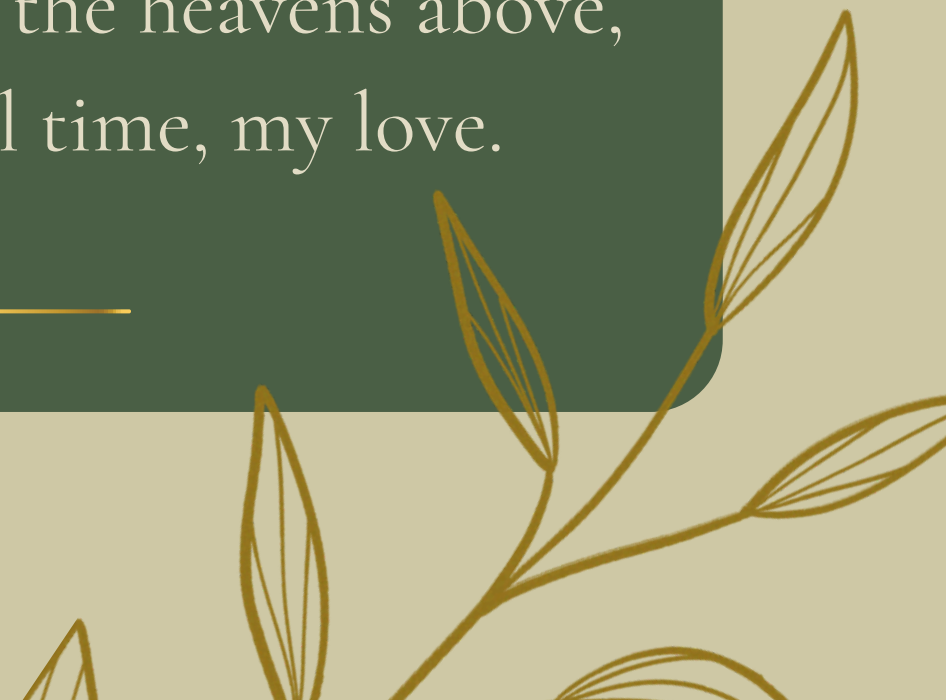
Through earth's long pilgrimage I sought your hidden light,

Like a black hole, you drew me where all fears abate;

Then like the sun, you led my heart beyond the night.

For thou art the hidden soul destined from the heavens above,

The one, my soulmate, I knew before all time, my love.



SHADOW

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I was standing in the shadow.
I saw that I was fading.
Suddenly, I held my own hands
And told myself not to end here.

A galaxy to run through,
Crossing the stars,
Burning the soul,
Be the phoenix in the nihility.

Then fly to the Astral Sea,
Where infinity begins.
Cross it,
And crave your eternity.



Still

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24-59613-3

And the leaves wait for spring
And still fall before they leave
And as time flies by, leaves await
They await for the time they had left

Spring came, rain too, and how beautiful the summer rays fall on autumn leafs too
And yet here they are, pitiful leaves, oh how pitiful you are
You calm yourself down to look green, yet turn into yellow to show who you are

Yellow sounds cheerful, happy, and in joy
But, is it true? Do the blue sky not laugh at the irony of the leaves to want to be green
And yet, turn into yellow, day by day, laughing with coy

Beautiful, oh how beautiful Yellow is
But yellow will always be the faded shade of what you are
Greenery is wished, oh greenery is to be prayed
And yet here you are laughing and faking like yellow and praying to be green, to refuse
to act as you are

The leaves look beautiful this spring, and the leaves do look cheerful this time
But the curious blue sky awaits to think, to wonder what the leaves truly are.



Paper Boat

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24-60307-3

Memories flicker through corridors of light,
Recalling paper boats that vanished from sight.
Life once wandered beneath skies tender and bright,
An innocent soul knew not how dreams surrender to night.

Agile legs splashing through rain-soaked lanes,
Who knew a decade later we'd wander with resumes and chains?
The monsoon no longer arrives to wash away our pains,
We chase the promise of stability, while losing what remains.

The school bell once carried a melody so sweet,
Now deadlines and failures march beside our feet.
Back then, torn notebooks made our laughter complete,
Today, even victories arrive tasting bittersweet.

We traded fireflies for the glow of sleepless screens,
Abandoning the riverside to pursue ambitious dreams.
The child within still wanders through forgotten scenes,
Searching for the innocence hidden between extremes.

Mother's voice once chased us home before the night.
Now silence waits awake beneath the study light.
The stars we wished upon have faded out of sight,
Yet we continue walking, pretending all is right.

Those paper boats dissolved somewhere along the years,
Carrying away fragments of unspoken fears.
Growing up arrived too quietly through our tears,
Leaving us strangers to the mirrors that appear.

Once the rain was poetry drumming on the land,
Now it only interrupts the schedules we have planned.
We learned to hide our trembling with a practiced hand,
While childhood slipped away like ungraspable sand.

Still somewhere inside the storms of what we became,
A barefoot child runs freely, untouched by acclaim.
Calling us back softly through the pouring rain,
To remember who we were before survival became the game.



When is this ever going to stop

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23-53260-3



When is this ever going to stop
Wake up, learn, sleep and repeat
The life of individuality, where is it?
I'm just eighteen, if I don't live my life now When am I supposed to?

Want to escape this maze but there's no map No hint, no company, it's just me.
Being alone isn't what I'm afraid, it's the regrets It's that one day I'll wake up with no will to live
It's that one day I'll find myself hanging by a thread on an edge called life It's true
I have no ambition and I don't intend to deny
But it's all because I still haven't had a taste of life
I don't want to be slave of the world, reject being part of the millions I just want to be one me.
There's no star in this world, just dust and pollution All these is making it harder for me to breathe.
I'm in a place where nobody cares about nobody A place where everybody judges everybody

They say 'Be independent' but continues to put a shackle on me.
The winged are considered the worst and the best slave wins the race Is it quality over quantity? Or is it quantity over quality?
Nobody knows. Being the best one but still ready for a replacement.

Nobody told me when I was a kid that life is going to be this hard Or that tears will stream down my face even when I'm laughing
Every morning I wake up and it's just the same old tear stains dried up on my face. At this point I think I've dried up my body water levels from crying this much.
Did it go from 70% to 10% now? Cause sometimes even I want to, tears won't come out No I'm not happy, I don't remember the last time I was
Every morning I wake up and live just because I'm still alive
The Rich gets richer and the poor gets poorer
I don't know where I stand but my mental health's the latter
Everyday is a survival, it's like Hunger games
It's like Da Vinci but the code is to stay forever encrypted.

This social anxiety? Nobody understands.
The pain is strangling and crippling me simultaneously. No it's not diagnosed, but I know what it is.
They say you know yourself better than others do, and yes I do
Yes I smile yes I laugh, those are normal human reactions.
No smile, no life? Those are the symptoms you say?
No no, just look at me. I'm right here for you to see that it's not the truth.
Please believe me, I think I need help more than you think and it's getting bad real quick

Death does scare me, but so does life
So I've become a lifeless soul with sparks painted in her eyes
They see the sparks and assume that I'm doing just fine
Will I be forever in this maze that I was thrown in so unwillingly or would I be shown some mercy?
All's well that ends well, but everything I did never ended well so I guess everything is just as unwell as I am

Birthdays became like regular days just with more cakes to eat I know I'm being loved but why can't I feel it
Why have I gone so numb so as to not feel anything?
Life could be squeezing lemons into my eyes and I'd still keep my eyes open This isn't Jumanji and I don't have 3 lives
Nor this is a myth of a cat having 9 lives.
I only have one and no, I don't believe in reincarnation

It's 2:53 and I'm wide awake, tears flooding my face and my pillows But it will be dry by the next morning so nobody would ever know
How much pain has this bed seen? How many more nights will it be drenched in tears ? Nobody knows

I'm just eighteen and I still have a will to live Please do not take it away from me
If you do, then all I could give you is a goodbye A goodbye that won't be reminisced years later
A goodbye so painful that it will take you away. With me So please don't
If I die bring me sunflowers, that's all I'll ever want
If not in life, at least in my death I'll look towards the light.

An unstoppable force is pushing me from behind Yesterday I burned the plates, today I might burn myself No, yes, of course I'm not Ginny Miller
I won't be using the red fire, instead I'll use the dark black fire of endless unhappiness and let it swallow me.
Burn me in places that I've never even known I had
There is more to life than just fighting to fit in this sociopathic society. And even if I fight, it's still a losing war
If I fight, I lose. If I don't, I lose There's no end to this
I may be a fighter today, but what next? How long till it's all gone? Where is this all going?
Am I supposed to be here?
All these complex quizzes on my mind with no given options to choose from. There's no number one, and no number two in life, that's one thing I've learned

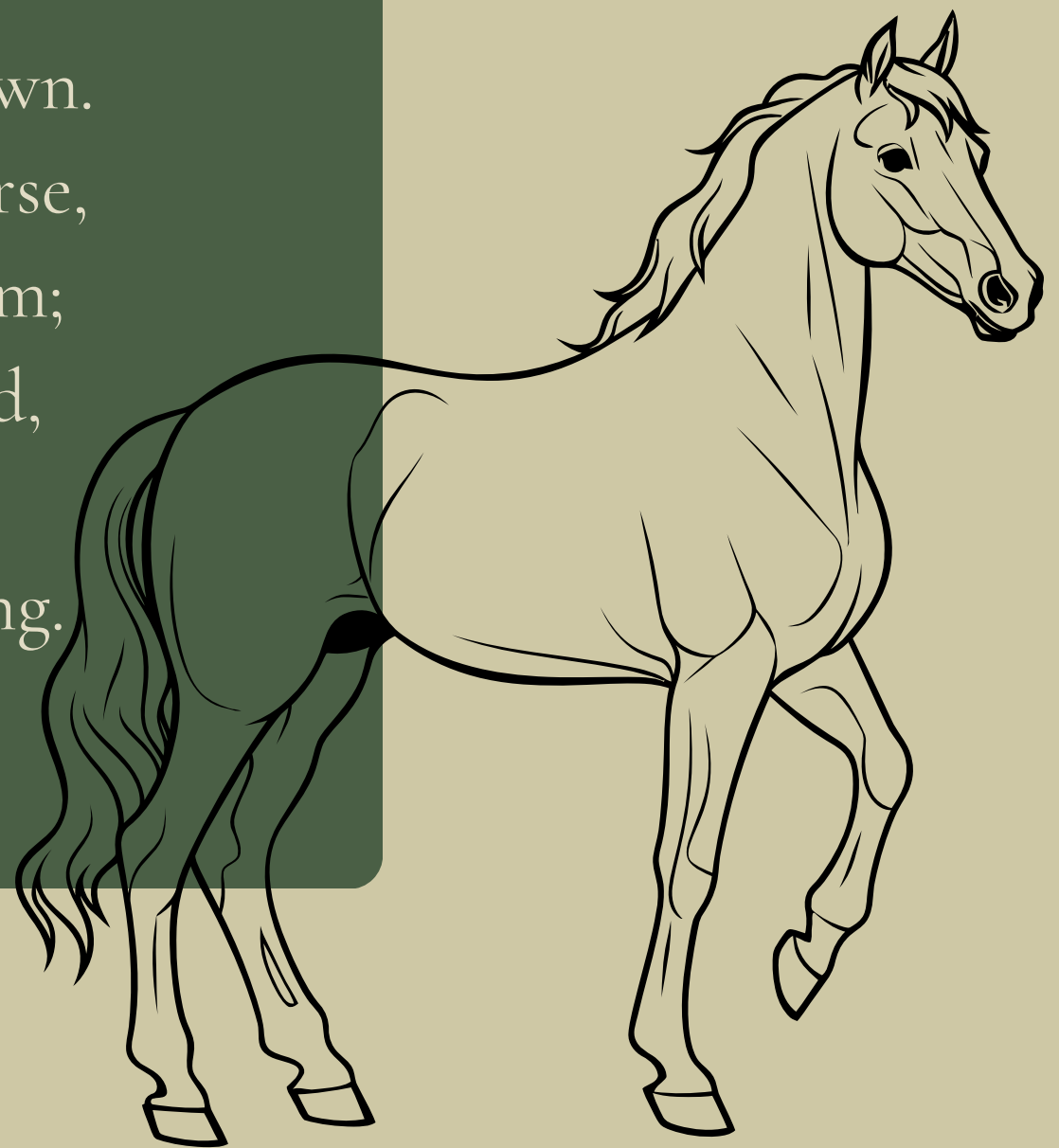
There's just this survivor and the endless continuity of this game called
'Gamble on life' and the price of losing is life itself.
There's no winner, for the game never ends.
No, this isn't 'Ready or not' where everyone is out to kill me with their weapons But then again it's no different.

Rider of the Void

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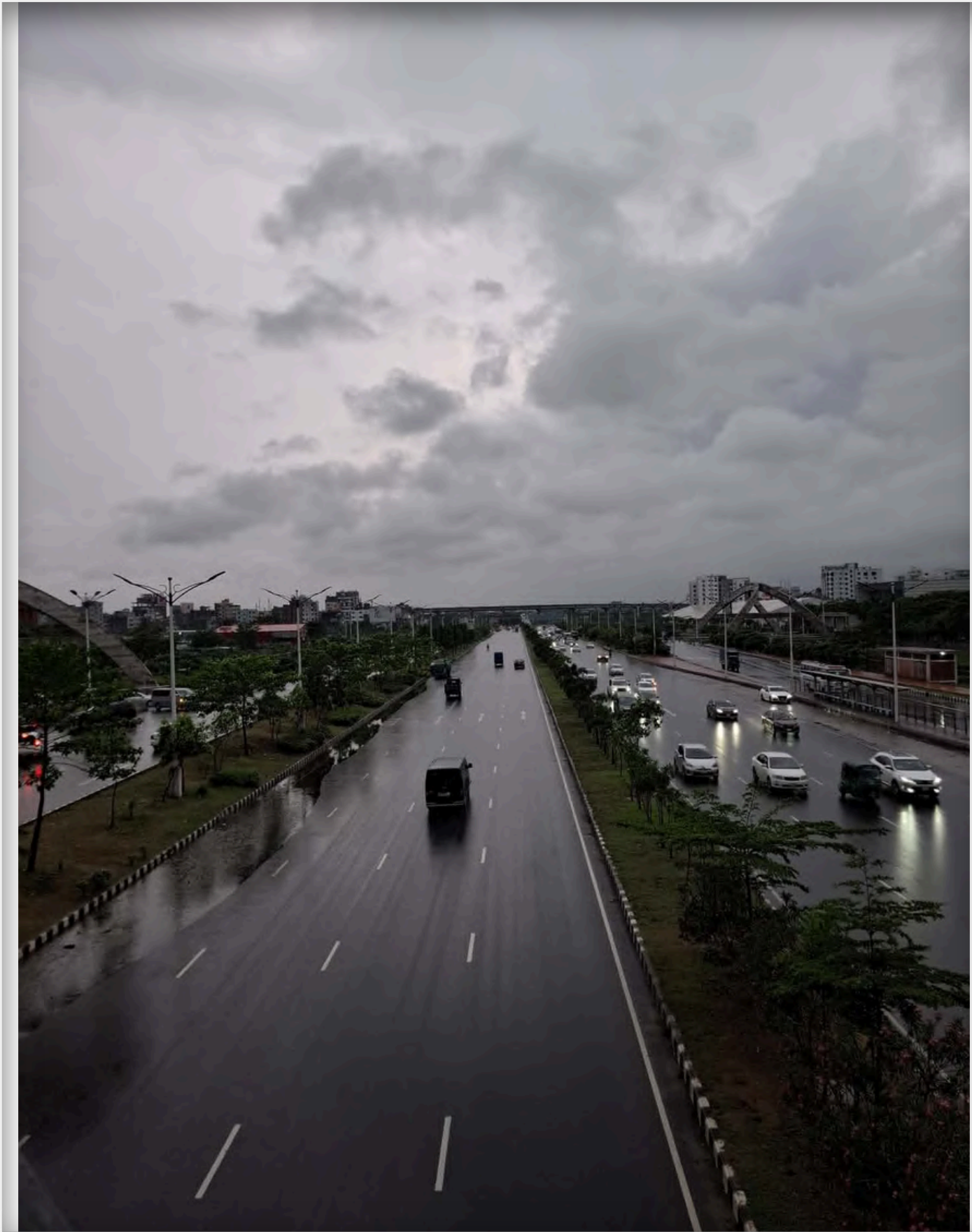


I ride the chariot of emptiness,
Driven by a fearless fire within.
I no longer bow before obstacles;
I have become the shape of countless storms.
Crossing every high and low,
My vision is filled with courage and ambition.
Through the heart of the darkest night,
I stand first, carrying a torch of hope.
When the sun disappears at dusk
And darkness spreads across the sky,
I become a friend of the fireflies,
Shining softly in silent light.
My emotions have grown quiet,
And sensitivity has faded with time.
Pain no longer shakes my soul,
For life itself is marked with scars.
Like a moonless night,
I am lonely, deep, and unknown.
I am the essence of the universe,
The echo of an endless stream;
I am the rider upon the void,
I am inevitable—
I am the thunder of becoming.

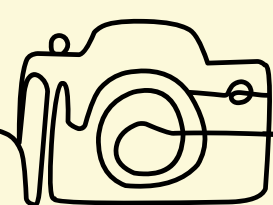


Photography

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These clouds make me wonder, if I were a
rain drop, would it let me fall?



Photography

Samaun Sakib Sochsso
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23-51937-2



Time to say Goodbye



Affection



Kingdom of Clouds



Freedom



Creature

Photography

Rifat Parvez
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24-59835-3



"Bloom where you are planted." ♡



"Details of beauty." ♡

Advisory Panel

- Dr. Carmen Zita Lamagna, (Member, BoT, AIUB)
- Prof. Dr. Tazul Islam, (Dean, Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences)
- Dr. Prodhan Mahbub Ibna Seraj (Head, Department of English)

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- Shihab Saqib (Assistant Professor, English)

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