

DISCOVER BANGLADESH: THE BIGGEST DELTA ON THE PLANET

Star HOLIDAY

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Googleing around unknown

We came here to paddle around the unknown green territory of Sylhet. Our five days programme started from the night of Eid, relishing the happiness of Eid in the shape of adventure. We are, after all, "Kewkradong," a community biased to adventure.

Nine bicycles were stacked close to that boy. David came up with an idea to help out that kid, who is just the same age as his own kid Sheshthoo. This veteran super commercial photographer could sense it before us as he is a father of two kids. He requested us not to capture the child's face, the light and the scene! You might get an award out of your click, but does it really make sense to that pure soul?

"Let's do something for the kid," says David.

We tried to do as best as we could at that time. That made him happy! What else could have been that great as his silent smile? We loved that.

We started paddling. It was dawn. Perfect soft sunlight and gentle sweet breeze was blowing in our way. We were heading towards Komolganj following a sandwiched metalled road though Lawachhara reserve forest. Tropical green forest was welcoming us. Dew drops were logged on the leaves. Mist-covered road took turn to give us a closer view of a tea garden belonging to the Duncans. Pin-drop silence was only interrupted by the bhooooobhooooo sound coming from the friction of tyres and road. Drizzling weather made some delay on our sweating as the path is scrolling up and down. It felt like heaven on the wheels while following any slop and let the wheel roll. It was awesome when air was passing our ear making a hissing sound!



The sky was covered with black cloud that resisted us from pulling out cameras so nothing could stop us from enjoying the chill green Lawachhara forest. We were drifting quite gently as few of us were not that used to in regular cycling. But the "joss" of cycling inspired all of to run with fresh zeal. While resting, we communicated with local enthusiastic faces watching us as if we were some kind of aliens! Our helmets were the most attractive of all our apparatus. We fixed panniers on our bike-carrier to keep all necessary things -- food, repairing tools and accessories.





By this time cloud moved away for some time. But it was not that sunny as we were expecting. We went to local police station of Kulaura and checked the places where we can dwell for the first night. At last we got a place to pitch our tents. It was raining and the grass field was muddy that's why we rested ourselves over a long balcony of Kulaura Degree College. The news of our arrival spread like anything so many people joined the party while managing all loads and many more were standing outside the college boundary wall. Head of the Department of English came and let us use the compound.

Next morning we were riding towards Juri, a new upazila of this territory, as a resting point. The roads were nice. We had to encounter very few vehicles on our way. Drivers waved and provide space for our safety. This is a beauty, beauty of nature as well as the people and certainly it is a bit unorthodox in a city like our beloved Dhaka!

The road to Bianibazar was very charming. Most of the time we faced uphill and downhill roads and we enjoyed a lot while running down though any slope. Daylight disappeared when we hit Bianibazar. Local people are well-off, which can easily be understood by seeing the stores. But all of resting inns were closed due to Eid vacation except Hotel Al-Fatah. As usual sub urban hotel, not that clean, not that good but ok.



Today we had to ride our longest way, from Bianibazar to Jointapur. At first we decided to halt at Kanaighat but favourable weather helped us do more. We took a turn while crossing Shahbag, where we saw a massive banyan tree adjacent to a beautiful mosque. We reached there by midday though it was raining. The bank of river Surma was muddy and we had to struggle to load our fully packed bicycles. Like other sub-urban cities, it was crowded and packed. We took lunch in a local restaurant. We were about to ride to Borochutul as everyone was saying that could be a place for tonight. But few members went on and there was no other alternative but to catch them up again. They have already reached Jointapur. We were far behind due to taking pictures. It was beautiful out there, scenic, spectacular and very picturesque, and very tough to resist anyone having a camera. So again we spent almost an hour and a half. Scout team confirmed the boarding and it was getting dark too.

We came up with an idea of changing our pre-fixed course and followed the route to Gowainghat. We were slow like snails because we had no fixed destination for tonight. So literally we were google-ing around unknown, where we can spend the night. Got it! A beautiful grass field surrounded by bushes, with a long canal beside. So we settled at the eye-catching campsite with three tents and nine bicycles.

Next day we ended our trip via Salutikor and caught our bus from Sylhet.

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Story: **Muntasir Mamun Imran**

Photo: **David Barikder**

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