

Third Life

JOURNEYMAN
BOOKS



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*My autobiography is dedicated to the women over the boundaries
who loves to transform a bed of thorns into a bed of roses.*

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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.

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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 Cinderella. 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.