

Essay on My Native Village Or, The Village I Live In

[Hints: Introduction, Name and location, Description, old things and institution, Conclusion]

Introduction: There are some boys and girls who like sweets more than anything; some like to live in the village and some like to live in towns and cities. But I like my village above everything. And if I am granted life after death I shall refer to this place most. The poet has truly said—

*“Home, home sweet home,
There’s no place like home.”*

Name and location: The name of my native village is Hatkhula. It is in the district of under P.S Homna. It stands on the river of Dowdkandiy Mieghna. Grows of mango, banana, papaw, bamboo and many other varieties of trees. There are songs of birds almost all the time all year round. We get up from bed early in the morning with the melodious songs of “Doel, Koch the Papia”. And there are night birds and insects like the crickets, the Owls the beetles etc. Which calls at our bedtime. Some people go to the jungle to cut wood, some engage themselves in making pots and toys with clay, and some make clothes with homespun thread, and go place to place, market to market for sale it. It is a very old village with an area of about One sq-miles.

It was the home of some old Hindu and Muslim Zemindars most of them have left the village. But their houses are still remaining here and some of their relatives living in it.

Old things and institution: The Bhwgom of Saheb’s Bari come of such

an old Zemindar family. They have now fallen on evil days but each brick of the ruined house bear testimony of their goodly taste, the palm trees are surrounding the house, the big ponds, the Kachari office which now deserted.

There is a high school named Hatkhula High School.

There is a market which sits twice a day. It is an important market for gur, jute, pulses and milk products.

Conclusion: In fine, my native village is one of the finest villages in Bangladesh.

*"Home, home sweet home,
There's no place like home."*