

Paragraph on First Ten Years of Life

I am a teenager. Precisely, I am 14 years of age. I was formally named Tareq Ahmed which now occurs mainly in my school records. Almost everyone, including my father who chose the name Tareq Ahmed, calls me Shujan. I don't remember who first called me by this name. I only know that all my friends and older relatives will always call me Shujan. As I don't remember who first called me Tare. So, I do not remember the very early days of my life. Grandmother tells me I was a healthy and jolly child. When I was four years old my father began to teach me the Bengali and Arabic alphabets and the number and how to say them. I am told that I made slow progress. After a year or so I started going to the local primary school. At the first, it seemed great fun to go to school, for there were many boys of my age and I could play with them. I was in class two; I began to prefer playing to giving time to studies. By the time I was in class three, I came to be regarded as naughty boys. In the annual examination, I did rather badly. I was, however, promoted to next higher class with a warning. I was really sad for a few days and then made up my minds to do us as well other boys in my class. I started giving more time to studies. As a result, I did fairly well in the examinations that year. This encouraged me and I did fairly better than any other boys in the terminal examinations finally. I was selected for taking the primary scholarship examination. What happened next falls outside the first ten years of my life.