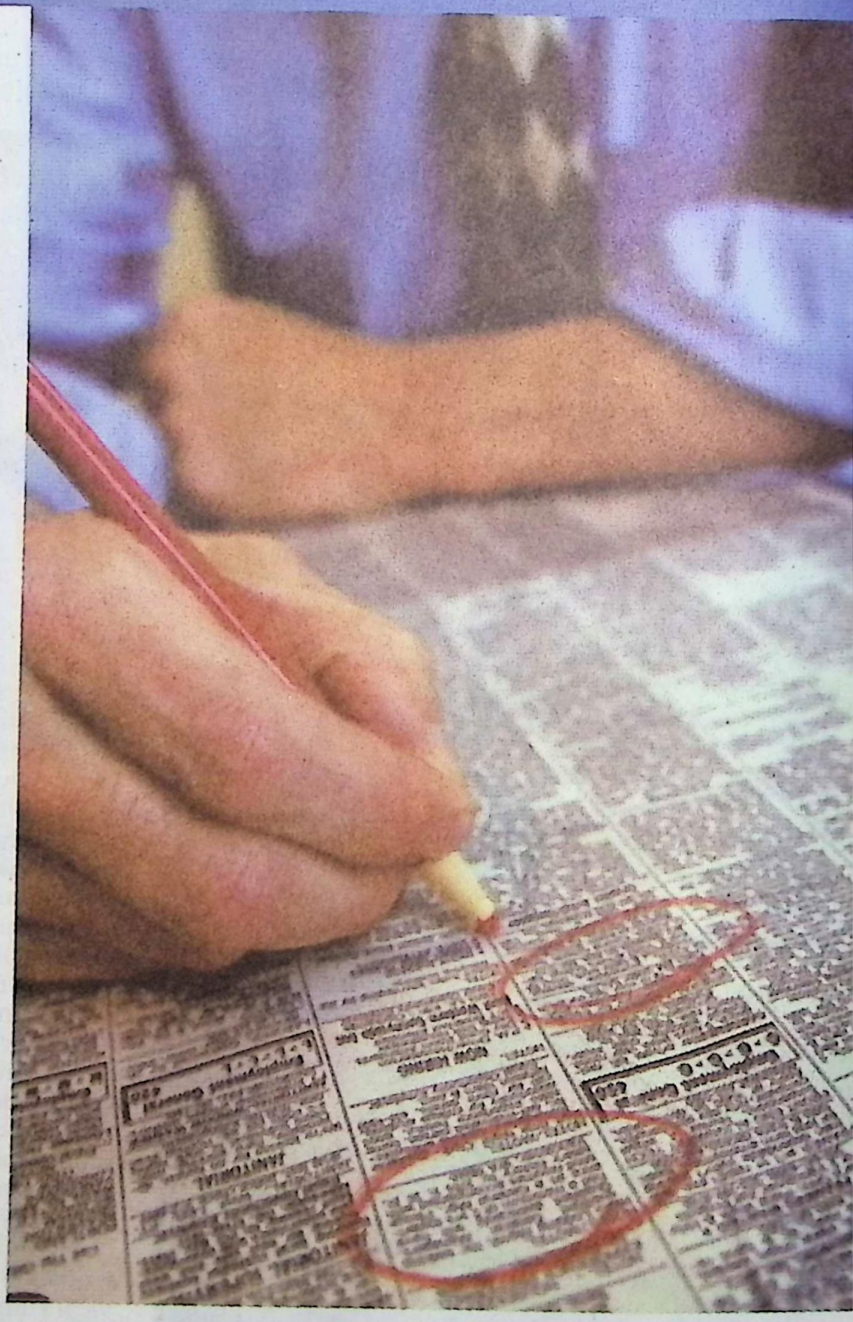
Soaring Up to Cloud 9 and

NARMIN TARTILA BANU



My eyes bulged seeing the 5 digit numeral on the price tag! Was I mistaking the code number of the kamiz for its price?

No, it was indeed the price!

The set I was admiring so far, didn't look all that appealing now. The fabric was quite ordinary, so ordinary in fact that even I could make it.

All it really takes is finding time out of your busy schedule. Then you mix a little bit of this with a little bit of that and clamp a scandalous price tag to the fabric and pray for a rich dimwit to come pick it. Five such sales per day, and you can actually call yourself a successful entrepreneur, running a successful boutique!

Hmmm... Now there's a thought. What's stopping me from launching such a venture of my own? Time! Where'd I find time out of a nine to nine job?

Why not quit?

Quit?

Yes, quit!

And then what?

I could take a bank loan as start up-capital. I have some knowledge from b-school. I just might convince my mother-in-law to let me borrow her garage for floor space. I could get an aunt I knew from my dad's village to send me a few girls to do the sewing etc. -- all put together, it'd not be so difficult... and at the same time I could also run a fast food joint -- my mom's cold beef sandwiches are a class apart. It'd be such a shame not to make business out of it! So people can shop for clothes upstairs and eat food downstairs... my brain cells swung to hyper gear and started churning out ideas so fast that I almost felt dizzy. And eventually I chided myself for not having this brain wave a lot earlier; I could've become quite a rich lady by now who could afford skiing vacations in Switzerland every six months!

I didn't meander through the boutique anymore and quickly made a getaway, eager to reach home and start working on a sole proprietorship business plan and writing my resignation letter. I googled for a while and came up with an exhaustive list of items to keep in mind before plunging into a venture of one's own.

Eventually, I was tempted to check out a high end model of a cell phone that I just might be able to afford after I pocket my first million from the thriving bou