

HOW SHOPPING STRESSES ME OUT

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"Shopping is my messiah to stress relief!" - said every girl ever.

It is said that whenever a girl's sad, shopping helps. The fancy, more materialistic term to it is known as "retail therapy". It's not like I hate shopping, I do love clothes and fashion as much as other girls but I fail to perceive how it can be therapeutic in any way. Instead, it stresses me out so much; I often refer to it as "retail injury."

When you live in Dhaka, shopping can hardly ever be a smooth ride. It's a rocky road with a huge array of bumps that you need to overcome to reach your retail destination. The journey will be hectic I assure you, and here's how:

1) Where to shop: Now one of the most crucial parts of shopping in Dhaka is to decide the place. It really depends on your location, budget, and what you intend to buy. Some places will be wide staffed with aerated rooms and others so overcrowded, that you'll barely have room to breathe.

2) Changing Rooms:

Changing rooms are where you decide your potential buys. You pick up all your 37 prospective

choices and head to the room when the sales lady comes up to you and tells you that 5 is the limit. You stare at her with astonishment and argue how these aren't just clothes but outfit creations you have assembled in your head. Also, there's like 5 different kinds of new jeans to try-high waist, low waist, jeggings, gabardine and what not! The choices aren't that easy. Also, the changing rooms might be a little too small for you to function and sometimes even without a door. It might just have those huge, hefty curtains that you consistently worry someone would pull apart. Even if there are doors they might be so high off the ground that it might just make you uncomfortable to change at all.

3) Mannequins: So you see this totally rad outfit on this mannequin and you fall in love with it. You run to the counter and demand to be allowed to try the whole thing. You do so in excitement and then...you turn to have a look at yourself in the mirror. You have certainly never looked like a bigger joke in your entire life. Furthermore, you fail to understand just exactly how you

missed the substantial differences in height, weight and literally everything between you and that mannequin to have caused yourself this pain of shattered self-esteem.

4) Absence of what we want: There are certain things that are just not available in Dhaka. Stockings, for one. I remember having to go to this Christian wedding one time where I was supposed to wear an LBD and needed stockings to complete the outfit. I had worn out my old one and so went on a mission to search despite having no expectations. I eventually did find a pair, just two sizes smaller. I still bought them and tried my best to fit in cause hey, no pain, go gain. Also, why can't Dhaka ever have decent stilettos? Why?

5) The Tailor: Shopping in Dhaka is incomplete without at least one monthly visit to the tailor. They are almost next to doctors and teachers in our society, since they are doing a noble job of maintaining the creative sanity of women. But they are dangerous, okay? They are the Darth Vaders of our world - they can either make or break us. Either they'll help us look like movie stars or an absolute gag - all depending on their mood and skills.

6) The Price: Your potential purchasing want is inversely proportional to the price you are willing to pay for it. I mean it's hardly ever that you'll find a beautiful, tasteful full-stitched kameez (or anything for that matter) and when you finally do so, it'll be so outrageously expensive that it'll make you question why you even set for this mission in the first place. I already have a headache by just thinking about it.

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