

How tuitions exhaust us mentally

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The key source of financial independence for most undergraduate students in our country is tutoring other students. With the pandemic last year, undergraduate students' access to tuition increased as the culture of online tuition grew. But down the lane, tutoring others becomes a burden for most of us.

The exhaustion of tuition has its very own timeline.

At the beginning of semesters, it's easy to afford those extra hours and put it into making a few extra bucks. The academic pressure is a bit less and putting in the extra few hours after classes is worth it. But you have to synchronise your schedule with the tuition, and gradually, in doing so, you lose your freedom. You start compromising on other plans and commitments to fit the tuition into your schedule, and they, in turn, start carving out the plans for your daily life.

However, things get worse as the semester progresses.

As lab projects, presentations, class tests, and quizzes start, the compromise just doesn't involve hangouts or creative outlets but rather your academic progressions. Things start getting less flexible as you can barely find time for the tuition amidst the hectic academic schedule. And when your

students' exams get closer amid your chaotic schedule, you don't have any other way but to compromise on your own studies and cater to your student's needs.

To balance both worlds, you must compromise on leisure, entertainment, or your creative commitments. Consequently, you're constantly stressed out and exhausted both mentally and physically. The bare minimum takes a lot of effort. Just to survive the semester, you have to compromise on your sleep cycle and it takes a huge toll

on your physical well-being.

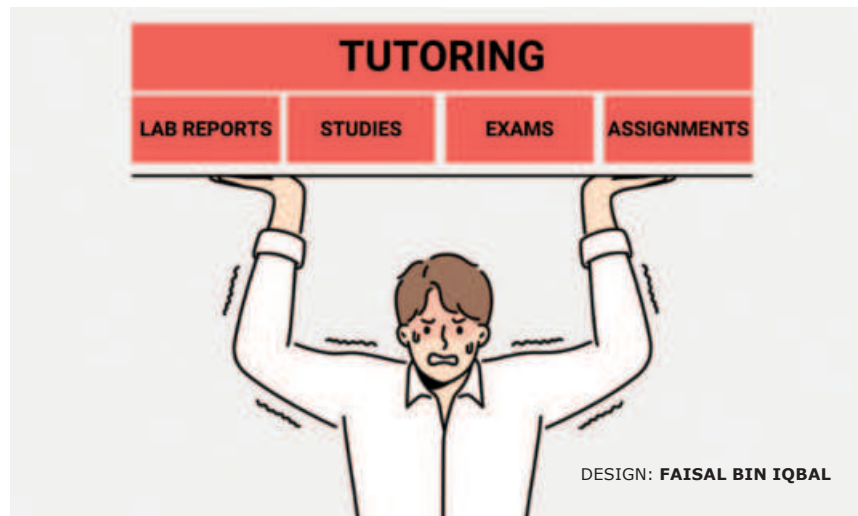
Logically, one or two tuitions shouldn't really hurt. You should be able to afford six to eight hours per week for them. However, things really aren't that simple when you take the Dhaka traffic into consideration. If someone's taking a local bus or a rickshaw to their tuition on a working day, it's at least an hour wasted on the road in the round trip. With twice the time taken, the eight hours per week end up being 16 hours or more.

Moreover, it's not just the hours spent on the job but also the mental exhaustion that comes with it that can affect you. Since you're continuously exercising your brain and your job involves giving lectures and solving problems, it can't get the rest it needs to concentrate on a new topic. This leads to poor efficiency and a lack of attention span. It starts affecting your social life as well since you can't accommodate time for yourself or others.

For most students, tuitions are their only way of survival. Many of them even have their families financially dependent on their tuition, so leaving them isn't really an option, even when it costs them their mental health. For others, it's a matter of financial independence. Once you start earning, you grow out of the habit of depending on your parents for your own expenses. Dropping the tuition would mean having to answer to others for your expenses and losing that independence.

Before committing to tuition, maybe we should try to be a bit more far-sighted and prioritise our work-life balance rather than making heavy compromises that'll impact our physical and mental well-being in the long run.

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The love-hate relation we have with our cities

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A mug of steaming tea and sunlight illuminating the balcony of your apartment. You have a lovely view of the cars, the people, and the roads – mellowed out with sparse flecks of green from plants. Vehicle horns mix discordantly with the calling of birds, yet, to the accustomed ear, it's practically a symphony.

The imagery above is a rather romanticised outlook on urban life. Living in an apartment blessed with abundant natural light will soon become a rare privilege. High rises have started to surround our abodes, looming over us with their mountainous forms, obstructing the path sunlight would have taken to reach our windows. Other than the carefully tended bougainvillea bushes here and there, it's difficult to locate any foliage.

In a way, there's a twisted form of

solace to be found in our bleak habitats. With the arrival of morning begins the day's obligations, not to let our minds or bodies disengage from our tasks till evening. Had nature still been so beautiful, our hearts might have been full of lamentations at not being able to stop and admire her allure.

The night lights are pleasant enough to the eyes. A few hours to ourselves before we must sleep, for tomorrow will likely be an iteration of the same day we've lived today.

We stay awake a bit past what's advisable, sacrificing our sleep for a little chunk of time where we're free to do what we want, breaking away from the predetermined routine. The irony stares us in the face when this short time of lawlessness soon becomes another entry in our daily itineraries.

The weekends may bring relaxation, but not much comfort. The presence of

the upcoming weekday hangs in the air, asphyxiating and scorning our lassitude.

There's nothing like a few days' trip to the countryside to lift our spirits. We hear from the locals there that the majesty of nature pales in comparison to what it once was. But to those of us accustomed to metal and concrete or some unholy combination of both, a few trees side by side can parade as an orchard of Eden.

But as the days roll by, we start missing the comforts of home, the people, and the mundaneness of everyday tasks. Perhaps it's the people with their wildly different perspectives, or perhaps there's not much to do once the initial novelty of picturesque sceneries wears off. Either way, we realise that the urbanisation we loathe has glued our limbs to the threads of its intricate web.

We come back to where we feel most at home. Although debatable, it's where

our hearts reside. The cycle resumes once again, perhaps with a little more fondness than before, a little more tolerance towards the traffic, the pollution and the dullness that grated on our nerves before.

In our attempt at making life more bearable, we find things to admire – a family happily chatting away, a pair of lovers walking down the street with their fingers intertwined, or even the commonplace decorative marigold bushes adorned with yellow and reds.

Sometimes, in these unremarkable days when the sunlight is gentle on our skins or the night breeze soothes, we can almost fool ourselves into thinking the city doesn't consume a piece of our souls with each passing day. We can eke out a smile and say, "I love my city," albeit not by choice.

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