

RELOCATING LIFE:

The oasis of an out-stationed employee



given behind it. I have somewhat found the same solace I used to find in the chicken curry that my aunt made, at the fingertips of our office chef. Initially unsettling? Yes, true but beyond that is a meal shared with colleagues who are no less than extended family. It all made sense and would make one's heart full.

that went down that line. Moreover, I was someone who would never initiate a trip or anything of that sort. Fast forward almost a year, I would like to self-proclaim the title of 'the fastest travel packer of this century.' Jokes apart, I do have quite the travel tips up my sleeve and I sort of love it too. Glaring at the roads that lead you to beautiful destinations, waking up to a bright new sunshine every other month or just befriending places that once seemed like a dream, it all makes it worth it. Don't know about the tassel is worth the hassle but it surely helps you set perspective from a very different horizon. If not anything, long car journeys are great for sleeping. Do try!

I have always believed in a phrase that is the motto for my life. It goes something like 'So what if you need to regrow your wings? You will soar higher and rise above such things. The past year of being an outstation employee was challenging yet a wonderful catalyst for self-growth and self-discovery. So, take that job outside of your comfort zone/place/home/people because you never know what magic the other end of this world holds!

By Zeba Fareha Hossain
Photo: Zeba Fareha Hossain



Tricky travels

For someone who would rather sit at home and Netflix her life away, being an out-stationed employee had a 360-degree effect on my lifestyle. Prior to this job, I disliked packing, travelling and anything

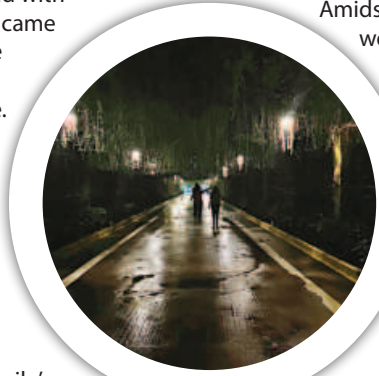
"Home away from home" is a term we all are somewhat familiar with. However, for an outstation employee, this statement fits better than that glass shoe we see Cinderella with.

Staying in Dhaka all my life, I have seen a very different viewpoint of living. Guarded against all odds by friends, family and well-wishers, life seemed relatively easier. Once I left that safety net, the waves of realisations hit and they prevailed offshore. I was well aware of the fact that I will be on my own but what I was not aligned with were the challenges that came along the way. They were both overwhelming and exciting at the same time.

If I would have to map my journey as an outstation employee, it would be in the following order:

Delightful dwelling

Since my late teen years, I have been inherently independent. Be it my family's tough love to prepare me for the real world or my mega ego to grow up faster than the nano-second clock, it had kept me on my toes. When I decided I was willing to opt for an outstation job, I knew that this meant having a house all to myself that I had to turn into a home — my home. A humble abode that reflects my soul and energy as I head back after several long, tiring hours. From managing a kitchen that has a rarely used stove top to a small cubicle that turned into a dance floor on Thursday nights, I had to be adulting through it all. If anyone asks me today if I'd



change a thing about my halfway-messy, halfway-pretty home, I would say not in this lifetime for sure. Yes, it does get lonely at times, but those are the times I remind myself that this was one of the 100 bucket list wishes I have had. That this is just the start and I will be doing harder, more overwhelming and soul-changing activities in life that will only help me to grow. After all, being the master of your realm has its perks.

Full-bodied food

Amidst my innumerable weaknesses, the one that triumphs over all is my love for junk food. I never believed in the concept of healthy eating and would sneer at homemade food all the time. Well, I should have understood to never say never because once I started my outstation journey, I would wake up from sleep with the ailing wish to have all the homemade delicacies. Starting from aloo bhaji to shorshe ilish, home sweet home started to feel like a farfetched heaven. Nevertheless, our office chef did not disappoint. With us outstation colleagues deliberately trying to compensate for the lost fried chicken meals with flour batter fried chicken, it all came full circle. Now I have junk food but the love for deshi food is endless along with the respect regarding the three meals I received on my dining table so conveniently that I did not bother to know the effort that was

