

FOR THE LOVE OF FOOD
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Je t'aime Dhaka FRIENDS ARE FOREVER

I have been asked many times by my friends about the next instalment of my encounters with people in Dhaka. Honestly, I have been meaning to write and there are quite a few who I want to pay tribute to. It's just that life catches up in the most unexpected ways and keeps you busy. However, finally, I could make time for another such story of another person who has enriched my life infinitely.

I first met this person in 2014. Early days of my second stint in Dhaka. A very different me. Full of beans. Rearing to go at anything. Looking forward to meeting new people. Doing new things.

One such work meeting was with a pre-eminent FM radio station for some collaboration. Yes, radio was strong and thriving at that time. There was this young person, with incredibly bright eyes and a warm smile who nodded at the right time and enthusiastically laughed at the right moments.

I discovered we have many common connections and kept on meeting for work and socially. Slowly, I became part of a larger group who would go to movies on weekends, catch up over dinner on



weekdays, hang out together and discuss everything under the sky.

Times changed. I stopped being an expat salaried person and transformed myself into a consultant mode. My friend went on and donned quite a few marketing hats specialising in the thriving start-up culture.

I ended up working for an organisation, albeit as a consultant, where, plainly put, I was unhappy. I used to stay for fifteen days



at a stretch in Dhaka in one room of an apartment and was generally depressed. But the one thing I used to look forward to was our movies on Fridays.

By this time my friend had taken on a senior marketing role in possibly the most vibrant and talked about start-up in Bangladesh but never failed to make time for me on Fridays.

Possibly, my friend intuitively could figure out my despondency. In the middle

of what must have been an insanely busy schedule to make time for myself so I can have a couple of hours of respite will always remain with me.

In the process, I got close to my friend's family as well as realised goodness runs in their blood.

Today, my friend, having been through a lot, lives in a different country, in a different time zone. Today, if I am in trouble, I really cannot catch up over a movie or a meal. Now, we make do with social media and occasional calls. Such is today's reality. But nothing can take away the fact that this person stood by me steadfastly when I needed the most.

Undeniably, I miss my friend. Gems do not come into one's life every day. When they do come, we must do our best to hold on, really or virtually. Friendships like ours are precious and few. I wish there would be more such friends but I guess my expectation and reality are not the best match.

Life is too short for bad lunches.

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ডিশওয়াশ লিকুইড

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Xpert Just একবার