



#FOOD & RECIPES

Fine Dining What? Discover the Gulshan Street Where Real Dhakaites Feast Like Kings

In the heart of Gulshan-2, a stone's throw away from Dhaka's high-end establishments, my colleague, Orchid Chakma and I stumbled upon something magical — a street that felt like home. You might be wondering, what could possibly exist in Gulshan that does not involve overpriced real estate and the type of fusion food no one asked for? Well, let me tell you, dear readers, we found a street food paradise, and it was not just any street food; it was the kind that takes you back to your roots, where flavours speak louder than décor.

It all began on a typical post-workday, on one of our many “field adventures,” where we are supposed to find the next big story. Orchid Bhai was snapping away, hoping to catch some candid moments of Gulshan life — cue shiny cars and people sipping artisanal coffee that has cardinal directions on the cup.

Fate, it seems, had other plans!

We somehow got off the main road, and before we knew it, we were in front of a group of carts, temporary eateries, and individuals who appeared to be much more joyful than they were entitled to be.

This was not the usual Gulshan affair. There were no marble countertops or Instagram influencers balancing matcha lattes on one hand while posing with a pout. No, here, the stars were “Fuchka Bhai” and “Fuchka Mama,” holding down their respective fuchka



and chotpoti stalls like the legends they are.

With a confidence that only comes from years of street food mastery, they

served up plates of crispy fuchka and fiery chotpoti, making you forget that just minutes ago, you were contemplating whether truffle oil really belongs in everything.

One bite of that tamarind-soaked goodness, and suddenly, we were not in Gulshan anymore. We were transported back to the chaotic street corners of our childhood, where snacks came fast, cheap, and utterly delicious.

Further down, “Rubel Mamar Shahi Halim” had set up shop with an assortment of deshi comfort food that could cure even the worst of days — halim, nihari, khichuri, tehari, duck curry — you name it. The kind of food your mother would cook when she was feeling generous, except here, it's ready in minutes, and costs less than your favourite café's caramel frappuccino.

Honestly, Rubel Mama might just be the unsung hero of Dhaka's food scene, offering bowls of soul-soothing Halim while you sit on plastic stools, not a care in the world about aesthetics.

But the real treat was “Kabab Station.” Here, the smoky aroma of chicken reshmi, beef sheek, gurda, and khiri kebabs filled the air. And to top it all off? Motka cha — a steaming cup of tea served in a humble clay pot.