

Dorm Room Diaries

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“Oh! Mysuru, what a beautiful city”, was the first thought when I received the joining letter from SDMIMD. Born in Hyderabad, I have lived there all my life. Now relocating from a busy city to a peaceful one was quite the adjustment I had to make. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to make the little adjustment necessary and joined the institute. I packed my bags, got on a bus and reached Mysuru.

I always thought that a busy city life is what keeps you on your feet, but, I soon realized that I was completely wrong. I entered the girls’ hostel and there was a sweet lady who greeted me and showed me to my room which was in the west wing. I thought to myself, “Ahhh! I will be living in Westeros”. I saw a few girls in the hostel doing their chores while few were completely lost in thought. I could easily guess who the seniors were and who the first years who came in that day were.

After I moved in I had a lot of questions going on in my head and to stop this chaos I turned on some music. I was saying to myself “this is going to be your life now”. Frankly, I did not like the deafening silence in the hostel. And then, came the first day, supposedly the most dreaded day of the management program and a series of events followed.

It was maybe the first week after the induction program that some of the girls of my batch assembled in my room and we started talking about our life before coming here and how much we missed the home-cooked food, our rooms, friends, boyfriends, pets and above all family. There was an instant sense of connection there and friends were made.

Weeks passed and the course got tough. Everyone’s ‘WhatsApp’ statuses changed to do not disturb and ‘Instagram’ stories were filled with the hashtags of *#mbalife #stressedbutblessed #notimetochill*, as our academic program started. Even after living in a busy city all my life, this seemed more chaotic to me, but you as they say sooner or later you have to learn. Now the small dorm room sessions that we have, the chats we have with our seniors, the smiles we exchange with each other in the hallways or on the stairs, the music from the north cluster that wakes me up daily, is that which keeps me going, because this is what I have now learnt to love as I continue to love my learnings here..