

CONFESSIONS OF A CORPOHOLIC

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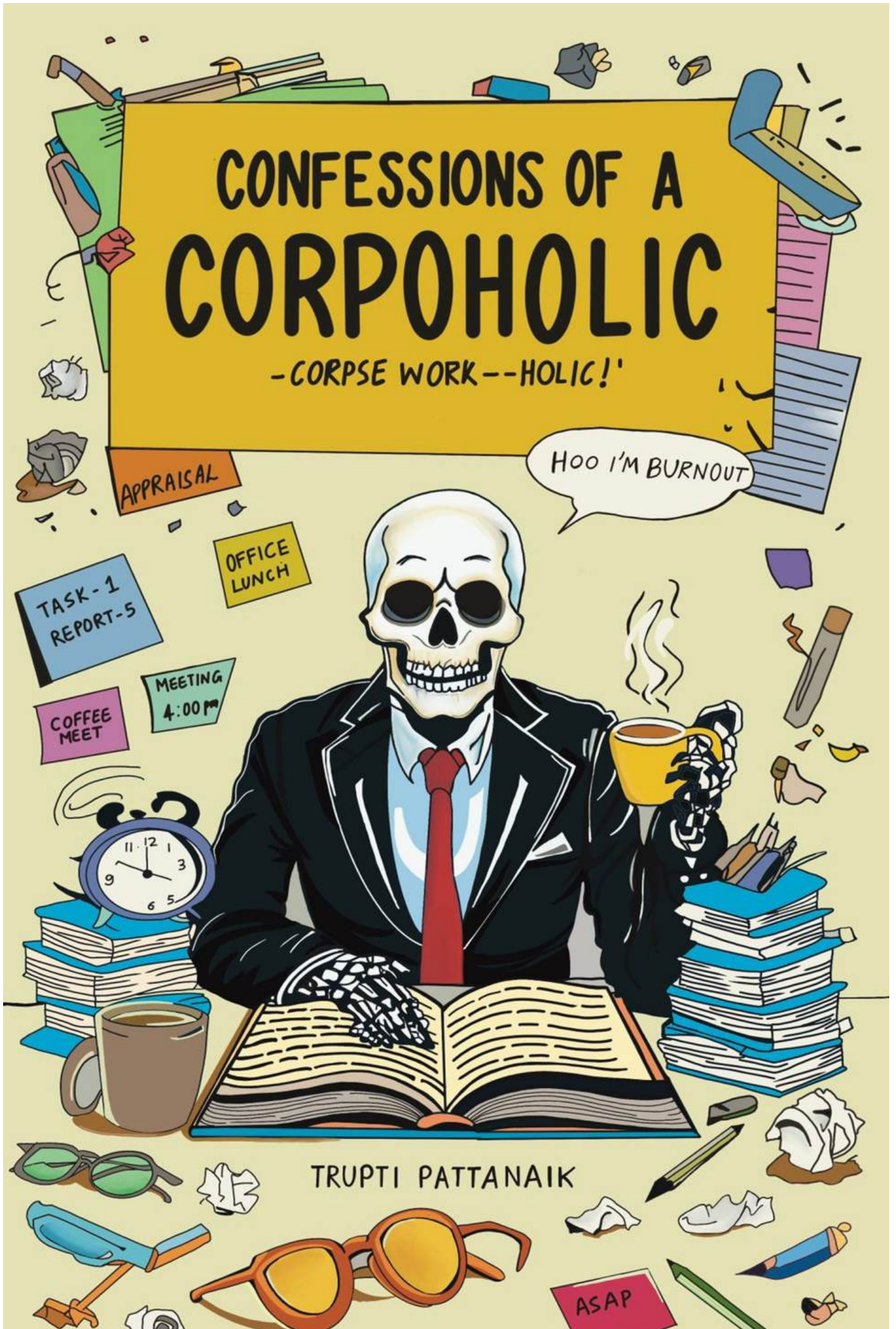
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TRUPTI PATTANAİK

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CONFESSIONS OF A CORPOHOLIC

First Edition

Author

Trupti Pattanaik



Title of the Book: Confessions of a Corpoholic

First Edition- 2025

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Preface

The corporate world is like entering the Mautka Kua, the well of death. Every day, you're on your allegorical motorcycle, racing around in circles, battling gravity, and hoping to stay from crashing. What's at risk here? Cheers if you thrive, and scars (or worse) if you fall. And, like the crowd at the Mautka Kua, your coworkers and superiors are either rooting for you or watching to see if you slip.

But corporate life is more than just stunts; it is an amusement park of personalities and chaos. You've got the snakes, those coworkers that smile at you but sharpen their fangs behind your back.

Some people are like calm workhorses; they never stop working to earn excellence yet keep a positive mindset. Some give up weekends, come first, leave last, and make apologies to their families. Their efforts go unappreciated; however, they are the ones who help others, share knowledge, and do the job without seeking anything in return.

You will also encounter teething and fetching ball dogs following people where there is a benefit. They wag their tails at everyone and follow orders from their bosses. Some keep gnawing the rubber ball (saying ill of others to get that place).

Some men and women, like the sneaking neighbourhood aunties and uncles on the balcony, judge every woman who passes by, slandering their looks, outfits, and

morality. They feel that women are promoted based on their looks, chatting style, and the people they know, and not for skills or contributions. The corporate world often ignores talent due to shallow judgments.

But for every snake, there is a jewel. Rare coworkers that make the monotony bearable, even enjoyable. They bring laughter and closeness, turning everyday tasks into moments of sanity. Maybe a chai/coffee partner! That coworker will always stand by and genuinely want you to succeed.

Then there's corporate discipline—the subtle norms for how to speak, act, and avoid sensitive, political, and spiritual minefields. It gradually moulds you. You speak in official tones, nod slowly, and find yourself saying, "Let's circle back on this." Corporate life teaches you manners, professionalism, and how to exist in even the smallest corner of a global culture.

This book is my confession and celebration of the lovely mess that is corporate life. We've all had wins that felt like discovering a hidden dinosaur egg, as well as failures that etched scars deeper than a Jurassic Park rampage. If you've ever felt like the corporate hustle was like a T-Rex hunting you on, you're not alone. This is your survival handbook, your hilarious sidekick, and perhaps a funhouse mirror that mirrors your own crazy, prehistoric journey.

So, hold on, and let's ride this crazy corporate circus together. Remember, whether you're receiving a standing ovation or nursing a few battle scars, you're not alone in

this. If not, there is tea I am a tea person—call me "T"! - Thank you, *Preetham* (my ex-colleague and an athlete friend), for the name.

With courage, humour, and lots of lessons (and maybe a few bruises).

Trupti Pattanaik

Gratitude

This book wouldn't have been possible without the unwavering support and love of the incredible people who have stood by me.

I dedicate this to my mother, ***Snehalata***; my sister, ***Dipti***; and my loving dad, ***Subash***, in whose memory I wrote this. They have been my immunity system since I began my career. Their faith in me in front of "Char log" was incredible.

I was the cherished, pampered grandchild of my ***grandparents***. I would like to remember them, as they were like the classic Doordarshan shows of the '90s, weaving values and stories into my life, shaping me into who I am today.

To my loving companion/husband, ***Ranjan***. My medulla oblongata—the force behind everything I do, keeping me grounded and functioning through all the highs and lows. This book belongs to both of us, as much as it is mine.

I would also like to thank ***Ishani***, the GPS of my writing journey, who had always recalculated and redirected me. This book wouldn't exist without her steadfast support. She is also a cherished friend. If you are reading this book, I'm endlessly grateful for her role in making this book a reality.

To ***Sajala***—the autocorrect of my life, always there to fix my mistakes and guide me back on the right path, even

when I'm stubbornly typing nonsense. A truly inspiring leader I've mentioned in the book, her belief in me has been the ultimate correction I needed during my professional journey. Also, one of my chai partners!

Yoda of my professional journey—**Sajil**. Whether I was fighting the dragons at work or hitting an emotional racoon, he had always offered the wisdom and perspective I needed.

The list is long, but I would especially like to thank my **friends** and **roommates** who stood by me throughout this journey.

My two fur babies, **Jinx** and **Kiwi**, are among my greatest blessings. In moments when I felt like giving up, they would come running, licking my face to remind me that I'm not alone. Although I worried about how I would care for them during tough times, those concerns motivated me to do better. They have taught me resilience, unconditional love, and the value of companionship, always being an integral part of my journey.

Lastly, this is a heartfelt tribute to all those who have endured the silent battles of mental distress.

High five on the face, those who tried to throw broken pots, rotten tomatoes or set me on fire thinking I was a fragile bowl; little did they know that I'm like **Kintsugi**—a piece of pottery mended with gold. I've embraced those cracks, turning them into my strength. Each break has made me more beautiful and resilient, and for that, I thank

you. The destroyed pieces made me whole in unimaginable ways.

Today, I refuse to be the donkey who listens to those foolish people. Instead, I recognize the donkey-like individuals around me. Ironically, they have strengthened my journey by motivating me to rise and prove everyone wrong.

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ABOUT THE BOOK

I would like to share a few reflections about myself. Writing this book has been a transformative journey for me. What I initially perceived as feelings of resentment, when I began to articulate them in words, no longer felt as overwhelming. In fact, it became quite cathartic. I encourage anyone grappling with negative emotions or lingering thoughts to express them creatively, just as I did with this book. It's amazing how expressing yourself can change your perspective and help you see life in a new light. This book offers a fresh perspective on life, but remember, your story is one of a kind! Life is a wild roller coaster of highs and lows, filled with unexpected twists. While this may signal the end of my corporate adventures, you could be just getting started! The term "Corpoholic" captures the quirky feeling of being a "corpse" in the grind of corporate life, where work drains your spirit. It's my playful confession of being both a corpse and a workaholic, wrapped in this journey of rediscovery. Buckle up for the ride!



A Tribute to My Father: The Do-Gooder Warrior

This book would be incomplete without acknowledging the man who was my first hero—my father. The illustration I created of my sister, dad, and me is revived from a very old photograph. I belong to the generation that transitioned from photo albums and Kodak cameras to the era of illustrations, where memories can now be recreated in new and creative ways. My father was fearless and kind, with a touch of “Let’s get things done.” He had a calm way of inspiring those around him. He never once doubted himself and made me believe in myself too. He never once wrinkled his brow, even in the worst of situations. He stood by people, offering unwavering support. I feel his presence within me as time passes by—17 years of professional experience now. I’ve decided to stand by those enduring burnout. To everyone out there who needs support, I’m here for you! This book is not just mine; it’s like a mango tree—deeply rooted in wisdom and patience, bearing fruit even in the shade.

To the fearless man who taught me to lead with kindness—Dad, this is for you!

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