

DARE TO UPSKILL



Shubham Nikam

In the Indian scenario, June is a prime month – a time to secure admissions, buy textbooks, new stationary and kickstart a new academic year. But for me June was just a monsoon reminder and how the rains washed away my academic path.

As a school student, I was committed to my studies. The mandatory attendance criteria kept me in class. In 2015, I cleared my SSC Examination.

Then the college gates opened, and the fresh air of freedom hit me. Nobody cared much about attendance. Bunking class was 'cool' and I got onto that bandwagon that derailed! My FYJC marksheet read 'Failed'!

'Education' was not my cup of tea. The best option was to start earning. Incidentally, I was offered an office boy position at a CHA firm. 3 years into this job, Covid hit, leaving me unemployed. Could education have saved my job?

Job hunting was a challenge. A friend then referred me to Cargosol Logistics and I was hired as an 'Operations executive' which involved visits to the cargo complex. Field work sparked my interest to learn and explore air operations. However, I found myself limited and unequipped – lacking conceptual understanding, knowledge and skills.

Seeing my interest, the HR and my manager planted the seed of pursuing my further education. HR emphasized on acquiring knowledge; a certificate is not the end goal.

However, I brushed it off, multiple reasons to dissuade me. The word 'Exam' sent a chill down my spine. Re-focusing on studies 8 years later was a huge challenge. The fear of failing the exam and my people was a matter of concern. Plus, how to juggle my work and exams?

But my HR, manager - Tarannum, and my colleagues at Cargosol came to my rescue. With their support, I submitted my HSC application. The organization was considerate and motivated me by granting time off to study and guidance in projects.

The exam timetable was announced and night lamps were burned. With each paper, the anxiety of awaited results consumed me. 25th May 2023 - the day of truth. As I punched in my seat number my heart raced. The marksheet slowly loaded on the screen and it read 'PASS'.

With joy, I shared these results with my 'Support System'. My heart swelled with pride and my self-confidence was restored. This journey, though nerve-wrecking, also gave me the platform to learn and develop.

My name will now be added to the list of enduring Cargosolites who during their tenure at Cargosol have upskilled and completed academic milestones. Cargosol culture promotes and values learning - without an age barrier. Having crossed this milestone, my fears are conquered. Learning has made me more responsible and enriched.

What's next?

Redefining the month of June

Securing admission for graduation

Diving into the ocean of knowledge.