She is my best advisor and my greatest critic. I have some of my best conversations with her, on my way to work, or while sipping chai on a dull evening.

She is my teacher and guide, and provides me with some of the best of life lessons.

She mocks me when I wear that dress which she thinks makes me look fat. She however gets me jum-ping with joy when she thinks I look good in it.

She gives me guilt trips when I spend too much in shopping sales, but understands and encourages me when I need a retail therapy…and is reassuring when I splurge in those shopping sprees.

She encourages me to be wild and crazy, to be adventurous, and experimental in life…while quietly reminding me about my responsibilities towards my family, and towards society on a whole. She also prevents me from going too far, so that I remain unharmed and have fun at the same time.

She instils courage, belief and a relentless zeal in me. She pushes me towards being at my very best, and helps me discover a ray of hope every time I am on the verge of giving up.

She accepts me as I am, with my flaws, my childishness.

We often have arguments where I tell her how being selfish in the big, bad world has become a necessity, and she urges me to continue believing in magic, in the goodness buried in the hearts of people and to let go of all bitterness and hatred for others.

She takes me to various places, when I read a novel, or watch a movie…and brings me back to reality when she believes I need to go about my daily chores. .She keeps me going no matter how weary some days seem to appear.

She offers me a comforting shoulder when the world has turned it's back

on me, and tells me it’s all going to be alright, when I need to hear it most.

When the monotony of the week drains me out completely, she softly asks me to go on and dust that guitar under my bed, and strum a song..

She is my my constant companion, and the answer to all my confusions.

She is the voice within me.