[WHATEVER DREAMS MAY BRING](http://themightyairhead.blogspot.com/2013/10/whatever-dreams-may-bringshamelessly.html)

-Jatin Parkash, BVCOE

"Be the change you want to see in the world and watch closely as the world resists," muttered the old fool, being ironic or just plain sadistic, he'll never know. He never had the courage to ask. But his fate was decided- a college, a degree, a job, a loving wife, and if money permits, a house, his life all set, on a course decided by his old man. The Indian Dream.  
  
"I fell in love with a girl but she's in love with the world, didn't think that was possible," his friend nodded in agreement, as they both chugged down the last sip of beer from the bottle, together. Only if there was an Olympic event for synchronized beer chugging, they could bring India another gold medal. His friend had left, alone he gazed at the moon and she was all he could think of.  Her smile, did not, would not leave his thoughts. They had been friends, were still friends and now she had gone, for a long while at least. He had long thought cowardice was a virtue, now he wished he had been reckless. But maybe he could move on, would be difficult, but just maybe.  
  
"Because I deserve it," he mumbled out to the job interviewer.  
It was his witless response to the, “Why should we hire you?" question.  
"Bad answer." he thought to himself. He had prepared an answer but had given up midway through the interview; he didn't want the job anymore. He was tired of boasting to the interviewer about what he was not- hardworking. He was a serial procrastinator, had been one his entire life, and probably would remain that way for what was left of it.  
"You may leave." said the interviewer.  
"What?" he asked, he had stopped paying attention to the man.  
"You may leave; you'll get the results later," he replied.  
"Okay. Thank you Sir," he responded and walked out.  
He had for far too long lived the life he had been told to, by his family, by friends, now it was his time to follow his dreams, whatever they were he was still to find out.

"Shouldn’t take long now", he thought to himself. He was 22 years old now; they couldn't be that far. He had never been so wrong.

