SYMPHONY OF LIFE

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Life for her was nothing but mundane. She was just any other girl who went to a not so hyped college trying to lead a normal and uneventful life. Change was never her forte. From school to college was a change. One which was welcome but not appreciated. She had a group of people she called “friends” but deep down she knew that friendships don’t develop this quick. Life was going smooth and fine. No worries and no tension.

The nature’s rules however are different. The concept of entropy states that every system exists in a disorder. Her system decided to do the same. She decided to change. She started embracing the people around her. But that never meant that she compromised on her morals of being honest and sincere. However now she started to expect the same from people and that’s when her world came crashing down. All it took was one accusation and one friend. Things changed forever.

She realized she expected a lot. Although expectations towards friends was a given, not everyone can be a friend. But she was proved wrong even though she wasn’t. Deep down she knew that not everyone is going to be there to catch her when she falls. She realized people who listen to their hearts, talk to it and understand it are quite rare.

For all those who believe they have found their “one true love”, look at your parents, and think what they do for you, and you’ll realize what true love is. The girl had seen people live under false notions of "being cool". Betraying your parent’s trust, however trivial it might seem, and then giving hyper talks on trust, was something she despised, and could never relate to.

People started calling her an over obedient child, but she took that as a compliment, she thought everyone should. In the end, she had learnt to stay alone, survive alone. At first she thought there was something wrong with her behavior. Whatever she did, she could never fit in like her other friends did. But taking a look back she wasn’t a complete misfit. Was she?

Thinking of the misfits that ever existed, be it Einstein or Picasso, she realized the path of correct and righteousness was the one where you walk alone. After all who wants to be a part of the crowd? And who is to judge? People could care less about what she did in college or the people she hung out with. The only thing that matters is how you live your life. How true you remain to yourself.

"Anyone can survive. Despair is what one should avoid. Take life as it comes and it will surely give you moments to cherish that no forced or false friendships can."

She was a tough one. Nemesis Medusa was her name.

