12th September, 2011.

I am sitting in the middle of night on my way to Delhi- music playing in the background, wanting to write about my journey over the last few months of my life. I am not the writer type and so honestly don’t know where to begin. Random memories come to mind. I had come home for a few days. Unprepared is what I would say I was when I was coming for the break. I had made a decision but didn’t know how to convince ma, papa about it though they weren’t entirely against it. I have always tried to be rational while making decisions- though now I feel that I wasn’t being rational rather I was bent upon planning or rather figuring the shortest path to earning so that I could help my parents. I was slightly aware of my parents’ problems and I wanted them to be relieved of any external burden. I was trying to suppress my interest, my ambition. I had become narrow-minded, running after a settled life (a good placement, job, money), suppressing my actual thoughts- pretending to be open to different fields of study, giving the impression that I was going to explore and do well in a different field, that one has to toil in every field of work, presenting the rational perspective that following my passion is not worth the money when pitched against the rewards of slogging in an entirely new field of study that I no interest in whatsoever before enrolling into it. I had become so money-minded. I read a statement by the Dalai Lama today but don’t recall the entire piece. He was asked what surprises him the most. His answer was Man- he runs after money when he should care for his health and then he wastes the same money on becoming healthy when he falls ill…the Dalai Lama also said something very interesting about how man at different stages of life lives in the future as well as the past but never makes an effort to live in the present though I don’t remember the exact thought. Well, why I am writing all this? Somehow I do relate to the thought. The brain, my rationale would have never allowed me to make the decision that I have. When one random night papa asked me whether I wanted to do something else, I was lost. It is so difficult for a person to convince himself. And here I was the ever calm, rational guy trying to do exactly that over the past few months, trying to fool myself about my passion with the greed (incentive is what I have learned to call it of late) of stability at the appearance of an “unexpected gift”, boxing out the negative thoughts that originated from the heart. I replied to papa’s question with answers that would have convinced everybody sounding so practical, mature, open-minded. Who was I trying to fool? I am not that guy. Actually the practical answers did in fact manage to do what they were supposed to- made the bubble expand till it finally burst. I called up papa again that very night and let out every piece of the rational stacks that had been accumulating for quite some time. I felt so light, so relieved. I had decided to finally do things that I wanted and the way I wanted. I had become the source of my thoughts, the chairman of my council.

It is 2 in the morning. I am feeling so good about life. I have the support of papa, mamma, bhaiya in what I’m doing. It is something which I guess I’ve always had but can now actually feel it and am enjoying it. I’m not really excited about Delhi, but will make sure that I don’t let ma down. I’ve never before been asked so many times by ma to study. When college had started I was enthusiastic- looking to become part of the college, participate. As it turned out I got rejected in every activity that I wanted to be part of. It was as if I wasn’t meant to enjoy college, be part of it. I may not have been desperate to become a part but that is my nature. Adding to my misery was the subject itself with every word by-passing my head. I didn’t touch a book after class or rather didn’t want to for some reason. At that stage I never really gave it a thought on whether I wanted carry on but I guess I always felt like I was studying Economics on a temporary basis for some strange reason. The hard time at managing life in an apartment coupled with the cook’s (at least I felt so) antics only compounded the misery. Anyway, I tried to overcome this not so slight speed-breaker by encouraging myself to learn outside college, read, watch, develop opinions, have an open-minded approach as bhai says. However, as mentioned earlier the bubble burst the day papa called and it was an awakening of sorts which made me realize what I wanted and gave me the courage to pursue it. I feel that I knew that this was going to happen just that I was delaying it. Maybe at the back of mind I always knew that Delhi was just a trial of sorts and that I had something to fall back upon.