TIME TO MOVE ‘OUT’.

One of the things I’m ecstatic about in life, is that I no longer live at my home with my parents. Not to put it in the wrong way, I love my parents more than anyone else in the world, but my hostel has become a significant part of my life now. Not to mention because I share it with a few hundred others, coming from all over the country! The best part about being in a hostel is that you can get never get bored. Never ever. Not unless you’re the only one locked up in your room. Even then some one does come barging in.

I’ve lived a very protected, secluded life uptill my engineering studies began. Devoid of worldly influence of any kind, I enjoyed being alone. Attending family reunions, movie trips with cousins, frequent visits to granny’s house and so on were my only outings apart from extra curriculars. So, unknowingly, my parents shielded me from various social impacts of the era. It was sort of a good-bad thing.

Well, getting to the good, I turned out a straight ‘A’ student, got into a good +2college and ended up at an engineering institute that is currently the 7th in the country with my preferred branch. Not to mention, my mother’s prodding even made me branch out to procure skills such as classical dance, basket ball and swimming. I always represented my school in every literary competition, be in debating, paper presentation, or whatever random shit we school kids are made to do! This was all going great. I even had some really great friends, who are close to me now as well.

But, amidst a garden full of roses, lie an enormous number of thorns shielding you from them. Similarly in my case. But the difference was, no one realized a thick, hard shell had developed around me, shielding me from the world outside.

This hard shell blinded me from making new acquaintances, exploring unexplored territory and some having basic first hand experiences. Don’t get me wrong here. I meant, experiences such as, socializing with unknown seniors who happen to be club heads( very influential people you see), or hanging out with friends at a local café , discussing random shit. These things were knew to me!I was always the goal-oriented person, thinking of nothing else but my work yada yada. I know, its kind of a weird thing, but you get some- you lose some right?

Well, this is where me and my hostel come in. Living in a hostel, with so many people (I’d like to refer to them as ‘unexplored territory’) helped me break that shell. So what if I could beat anyone in a debating competition? I couldn’t even strike a conversation for 5 minutes with anyone! But staying in a place like I do now helped me get over that. Its given me so many things to think about, and hence, to talk about. Its broadened my perspectives, enlarged my horizon. People LIKE to listen to me. They LIKE to strike a conversation with me. I can yap about random shit for hours together now.

So, if some nosy relative says “Oh so your living in the college hostel-aa? It seems there is no powarr wonly moshtly! And waater shaarrtage also!! My munna is living with me with all facilities at home! Aaraam-se!!”, I don’t give a shit. Honestly, I don’t. Ive got far too many other things to think about. The amount of ‘life’experience I get from out of living here is much better than a cozy shelter bed.

More content on ‘hostel-life’ in ‘**TIME TO MOVE OUT-2’**