**“ I am me, I am happy”**

So, this is where it all began.

I was ready to write. A zillion toffees, chips packets and bottles of mineral water were my preparations for a busy period of writing. No clocks. No watches. Not even my cell phone . I was good to go for an entire day exclusive of distractions.

But I had one problem. I didn’t have a theme. What do I write about?

One of the problems with many writers (including me) is that of having a chaotic mind. What I mean is that, although being completely sane, we neglect trying to clear up the mess in our heads. When a thought comes into my head, instead of guiding it to its rightful compartment, I tend to miff it up with all the other existing thoughts, trying to create some relevance out of the process. I must admit, I do derive some pleasure out of having done so, as the outcome of this tangled web of emotions is a unique silhouette, which borders many of my stories. This may not be appreciable always, as a muddled mind has its own consequences.

One of the reasons for us writers not clearing up this chaotic state is believed to be a stagnant pool of fear in our minds. A fear that if the mind is free of clutter, there are no more interconnecting thoughts. No more random gushes of information that can help build a sea of stories.

Well of course this fear ,if believed to exist , can surely be conquered. I’m just not ready to do that, as of yet.

So, back to the scenario.

After minutes of hopelessness, ‘I saw light’. I really did. In some sort of way. I knew what I had to write about. It was there all along. Right in front of me, waiting to be taken note of.

But, writing about this meant, completely opening up to the vast world. This enormous world has a doubly enormous number of judging eyes that has a counter strike to every move of mine. By ‘move’ I mean, my every thought. Well, I had to take the risk.

After all, an honest writer expresses her thoughts. Her own, true to herself.

(Also, writing about my flaws is one of the things I proud myself upon.)

As I began to type, thoughts flew effortlessly, a stream of emotions took the right course and the result was a picture.

A picture that was pure. Clean. Enigmatic.

It was me, from the first word to the last. I felt a faint sense of pleasure that artists claim to experience after having completed a masterpiece.

I wouldn’t want to reveal what flaw of mine that I wrote of in that piece. But I must say, writing it made me believe in myself a bit more. It comforted me a tad when I realized, that I could be contented, by just being myself.