**PERSPECTIVE**

Life is really fascinating, if we introspect deeply. And it is a matter of heavy inculcation of countless experience, happiness, grief, smiles, tears, excitement, anxiety and many more. The list can surpass the word limit of the article. But deep down we know that at the end of the day, things come our way. It is a hope, a statement, a promise.

Deliberately, let me grab your reading to a synecdoche, a part of my life, probably describing events as a whole in a nutshell. It was a warm evening, and I was excited for the summer vacation. Everyone gets, but I was a girl with enthusiasm, because there was a scholarship exam for my seventh grade; and father hyped it up for me, since his brother was the state topper in that exam. And I believe it is okay. We all have a little moment which is significantly important to us but not to others, don’t we? To my surprise, my mother had a mild stomach ache. Trust me, I believed it was mild. But it was not.

Moments passed by and she was taken to the nearby hospital. Mild aches are common, aren’t they? To my misfortune it was not. Complications continued to enhance with her and my father made me totally unaware of it, as all fathers would have done. He had strong reasons; I was preparing for exams, I had a little brother to take care of, and an old grandmother. I was assured that my mother was doing well, and she will be discharged really soon. And I was suggested to prepare for my exams, take care of my little brother, and make sure that he does not get panicked. I followed my father’s words, really, to the pin of his words. Since I was unaware of my mother’s condition, I was cool about it, prepared really well for my exams. Days passed by. I smelled something fishy, and I ringed my uncle to ask about my mom, and I was astonished to learn that it was the last day of her laparoscopy, and she had three operations, and even he was surprised how did I keep so cool (obviously, because I did not know) and was so merged to my studies. But that moment, kind of shattered me.

Few days later as she got discharged, I finally saw her. She was still beautiful, she always is. But I was not allowed to visit her or even talk to her. Then the day of my exam came. Think of a little girl whose mother has been hospitalized, has been eating boiled meals cooked by the fragile grandmother, a little brother to handle who always craved for his mother, and was totally unaware of what is going on. And she is going to give one of the most important exams of her life.

As I returned from the exam, my teacher pointed out seven mistakes with a tight slap. I still remember his words that I can do nothing. Later that night my mom saw my little face covered with tears, and immediately called him to confront him. And he said that I did really well, and those were my only mistakes, and there is a high chance that I can crack it. In the results day, I remember I was the topper. This is a different story all in itself.

Looking back to those days, I learnt a lot being too little. People say a lot of things without knowing the underlying stories, like no one ever could know what kind of phase I passed on from. People saw the surface that I was cool and was preparing for the exam and coined me selfish, careless to my mother, they never knew that I was unaware of it. Sir never knew what kind of situation I passed through and said me things that I still remember, my friends always keep on telling me that I always am intelligent enough to crack any exam but never see the handwork behind it.

But I am happy. And I still am learning. People will say, maybe we say to others that we never know the impact. The equation is simple. Keep a good heart, and work hard. It is okay to fail, it is okay to learn, it is okay to fight for what is right. After all, it is life… It moves on.

-Pragyan Mahapatra