The man behind my

Cravings

Parenthood should be considered an essential part of one's life. Building lineage may be considered as an easy task by most of them, but it is one of the crucial jobs which should be done with proper attention.

During the last vacation of my college, while giving a glare to my old books, my visit stood at an old torn photograph of my age eight, which was taken by my father. It was the one which was taken due to my insistence. I remember the day when the photograph came to my home, my parents were laughing at me. I couldn't get a good look in that picture since I had projecting teeth at that age. I could memorise me as a little girl who craved her father's approval of her good looks, even though she was not so.

My father was working in the Middle East for the last two decades. Staying in our hometown didn't earn him much for the living of my family and my education.

Although I was attached to him when I was an infant, we couldn't make a mindful connection since then. I remember the days when the recession made him be with us for a few years, the days when our family quenched for money. The days when I couldn't spot him in our home even on Sunday's, which eventually led to a large space between us.

Years passed and nothing could make a change, he again went to the Middle East in search of a better job for our living. I don't know if he had ever thought of speaking friendly with me to make a connection within us.

I craved for love, care, and affection. The manly figure who should be present in every daughter's life for support was missing with me. Nobody to replace his position, nobody to lend me the feeling of being safeguarded.

Finally, the day came when I understood the feeling deep inside me of not getting proper affection of my father during my childhood days, the behavioural changes in me of not having a manly figure for support as a daughter. I started to heal myself, motivate myself in front of a mirror to recover from that unsatisfied fatherly feelings. I began to let it go, and overcome the fears of being abandoned,

for my good days to come.

Even though my feelings get better day by day, my pillows drench with tears, and my dimples lust for kisses.

Every daughter should be cared, loved and protected by her father. The unsatisfied fatherly feeling will make changes in her behaviour, which will dangerously affect her ,unless she cares about it. Every man should provide his daughter with affection to bring her up to a strong woman.