Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**Self-Help is the Best-Help**

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The night dragged on, it had been hours or maybe just moments, I had lost track of time long back. Insomnia gulped me in. I was already acquainted with the feeling of void in the pit of my stomach but each night I felt more depleted. Each night, I amplified the girth of sheath that spared me from vulnerability. Strange though, it always lead to me being even more defenseless and assailable. When I was younger, I always thought that when someone cried beyond the capacity of their eyes, there would be no more tears left to shed; eyes completely drained. But here I was, yet another night, crying myself to bed, imploring earnestly for sleep to take over me and engulf me into oblivion. Perhaps the alleviation was not in my fortune. I could hardly remember the time when I used to be a happy innocent girl, contradicting my current self.

When the night extremity of mourning was attained and I was on the verge of exhausting myself to bliss, I heard a voice. I sat still, but after a moment or two, when nothing else could be heard, I was convinced that the voice was a hallucination caused due to my anxiety. When I was about to bury myself in the warmth of my comforter which momentarily made me think that all of this was a nightmare. I was soon going to wake up from, I heard the voice again. It seemed to be coming from my heart. It sounded almost like that of mine, just more ecstatic and less hoarse. It vaguely conveyed the unspoken message and courage which I had heard infinite times from well-wishers but it had the impact as never before. The underlying warmth of my own sub-conscious was so intense that it pushed me to gather all my will-power. It made me want to fight for my life. It made me pick up my lost optimism. The dawn broke, giving me a new ray of hope.

Gone are the nights of crying myself to bed, gone are the days of blaming and getting upset about things as futile as the ant breathing or the people being able to keep a smile etched on their faces irrespective of the circumstances at hand. Now, I am entirely perfect with no evidence of the cancer germs that prevailed in my body mere months ago. I have stopped considering myself as a grenade and more of all, I have not cried since the night that changed my life.

One thing I had learned from this mortifying experience is that only you can help yourself in dilapidated even the most extravagant problems in life. No doctors could have cured me the way I myself did. When the ingredient help arises from within you, it enables you to complete lip-smacking recipe of joyous life, it enables you to beat the greatest chefs of the world with an incredible ease.