Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**“Rome was not built in a day”**

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Aashna clutched her ruffly curls in despair, her fists clenched, tears of fury and desperation rolling down her fluffy cheeks. As she sat on her couch, pouring her heart out, she seemed to have deserted even the little contact she bore with the world. The whole of mankind seemed against her as she drown in to the pool of solitude, pondering about her grey future.

Suffering from depression had never seemed such a big problem until now. Aashna had scraped through each day of her life; with the tiny ray of hope that one day, all her shall come to an end; she would reform into the ones carefree, happy bird that she was…

But, for the last few days, the glimmer of hope was quietly sneaking off into the background. Her colleagues were subtly tearing away from her, her parents had left her to the hands of God long ago too….Aashna was slowly but steadily realizing that the delicate threads holding her onto this social world were fraying off… and today the full bout of anxiety overcame her as she rolled herself up in desperation and disappointment. Nothing seemed to cure her now… Nothing made a difference to her…She was all alone… all alone.

Overwhelmed by frustration, Aashna sat on the bench in a garden she had come to clear away the cobwebs from her mind. “Is anything wrong, child? Would I be able to help you?” said a kind voice on her right. Aashna looked up with tears welled up in her eyes and was about to refuse when she found herself looking at someone so-like her father, with his understanding eyes and large heart. Confiding everything unto him, Aashna waited intently for the fatherly figure to answer her. “Happiness is like mineral, child” dropped his words of wisdom ” it is present in most of the places, the only effort remains that it has to extracted.” He continued, “Happiness and sorrow are two sides of the same coin. Sorrow is what evaluates the value of happiness. The only difference arises in whether one allows the angel of happiness to take over or the devil of sorrow expand its kingdom. Find joy in the small, inexpensive pleasures of life. Even if the world stands against us, if we smile, the whole world smiles with us. Why let sorrow over power happiness when life is but a small journey; who knows whether the next destination is the final destination—Death? Go home, child and start observing the greener side of grass right away. Everything isn’t perfect, but in course of achieving the perfect, why leave out a thousand good’s?”

Aashna suddenly rose, her face written with determination. Thanking the old man profusely for awakening her to the reality, she resolved to gather joy for simple acts right from then. Aashna began walking on the path of reality—the path were she would find joy… the path she had opened her eyes to finally.

It is said that Nature heals best… Time flew by, years rolled on. Aashna took small steps each day; the driving forvce of happiness leading her.

Writing thank you letter each day for the people who ever made a small difference in her life took up a worthwhile part of her time. Right from the milkman to her corporate colleagues, she thanked everyone each day for whatever they bestowed upon her. Bruno her dog and Mars, her cat, her newly brought pets took up most of her time as she came face to face with love and care and the shoulder of responsibilities she took up. She took up the habit of walking up to the temple each day, and giving alms to a tattered beggar who sat there, shivering in the cold. The kilt sweater she had knitted for him specially too proved the icing on the cake of selflessness and inner peace. Each day, as she watched the sun being reborn, shoving its way through the clouds and the angel of hope within her awakened to a bright new day, full of new possibilities and awakenings. Her anger soon was dipped further into her body as a wave of self-satisfaction and relief took over her. Her insists of the glass being half-empty were now replaced with it being half-full. Her thoughts of ‘Why did I do that?’ were now replaced with ‘what should I do next?’

As time progressed, bit by bit Aashna began to take life and all its optimystics in her stride. Each day of her life was a new chapter in the book of adventure and risks.

Aashna was almost middle-aged when she came face to face with the real essence of life, but to ameliorate, time is just what one needs. Slowly, but steadily, Aashna came over her shortcomings – after all Rome too, wasn’t built in a day.

A few wise words by the one who experienced Life,

Was enough to change the life of one who has to experience life !