

The Life You're Meant To Live

A Journey of Self-Discovery, Authenticity, and Purposeful Living

Vimal Pravin

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Chapter 1: Discovering Your Why

There is a quiet knock that life makes when everything looks "fine" from the outside but something feels unclaimed on the inside, a soft tapping behind the ribs that begins as restlessness and grows into an ache that no weekend plan or scrolling ritual can soothe. It rarely arrives in thunder or fireworks.

It comes on an ordinary afternoon, a commute under a sky the colour of dishwater, a mild Tuesday when the inbox is under control and the calendar is full, and yet, a thought presses like a fingerprint on glass: is this truly the life I chose, or the one I drifted into? The first time I noticed the knock, it sounded like a sentence hummed on the edge of my mind—if I keep living this way, I will become a stranger to myself. I didn't detest my life; that was the slippery part. It was respectable. Predictable. Pleasant at times. But it wasn't mine in the way a song belongs to the one who wrote it, the way a path belongs to the feet that wore it smooth.

It wasn't the life I would beg myself to live if time suddenly felt very short. The awareness did not roar; it whispered. And in that whisper was a dare. "Change something," it said. "Change the direction, if not the destination." "Your life does not get better by chance, it gets better by change." Most of us inherit a choreography long before we pick the music. We absorb a thousand subtle instructions from living rooms and classrooms, from well-meaning voices that want us safe and well-positioned in the world: be practical, be agreeable, be useful, be efficient, be realistic. The word should learns to wear a parent's concern and a teacher's tidy approval, and so we obey it for years, sometimes decades, until the cost becomes visible in the mirror. Approval, it turns out, is a lovely coat for winter, but it is not a home. And when the snow melts, a

different question opens the door: what would you choose if no one clapped, and no one criticized, and you could not betray yourself without feeling it in your bones? There is a museum of expectations many of us curate without noticing. We polish it each week and walk through its exhibits with reverence: the job that photographs well, the opinions that win nods, the relationships that are easier to explain than to inhabit.

The museum is impressive to visitors; it is also eerily quiet after closing time. The silence of those halls asks a single, clarifying question: what in here truly belongs to me? The longing for a deeper why does not always announce itself through catastrophe, though sometimes a crisis cracks the shell and the truth spills out with relief. More often, it arrives as a low grade fatigue that sleep does not fix, as a repeating dream you keep postponing, as the sensation of achieving a milestone and feeling your joy evaporate quicker than morning mist.

The applause lands, and then it leaves, and your hands are empty again. You look at what you have built and feel privately proud, but somewhere in the quiet there is also a tender, almost guilty wondering: for whom have I built this? If the honest answer is that you built it for love that could be withdrawn or for fear that could be ignited, then no wonder your heart refuses to settle. This is not a failure to be remedied; it is an invitation to listen. "The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why."

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