

## The Little Brave Girl!

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On January 5th, 2012, I was traveling with my parents from Delhi to Hyderabad to start my MA at EFL University. All the way long my parents kept giving me their everyday advice, guidance, directions and everything they could afford. Their care was just parental, yet it was special. Special in the way I felt little freedom.

My brief history was meticulously supervised by my parents. I was still alive though, and I got incredibly heavy boots about how relatively insignificant life is. I tried to break free, but there was no way to get away from it.

The upheavals of leaving home and finding oneself on an unfamiliar ground are moving me big. Though parting home and parents, my feelings inside of me spoke of no senses of loneliness or loss, a miraculous opportunity to reinvent the self in the light of the new life, the university life. Indeed, I was overcome by all these weird emotions and feelings. To tell the truth, I walked into the university with a smile on my face but behind was a dreary feeling.

I thought I would come here where the magic is in the air. It attracted me; it must attract others like me as well.

I, at EFLU campus, am having tea at the night canteen in the mid night. All clean and refreshed I felt. Anything could more accentuate my ecstasies of being all alone and self-determined once more.

Suddenly, a boy studying MA second year, joined me. We had a casual conversation.

He asked me how I am feeling about the campus. I told him that it's great and venerated when one is away a little from the family and the societal bondage.

I didn't realize how he felt about it, but that was just funny! Mixed feelings penetrated me on my way back to my room, my parents voice "how dare you stand and talk to a boy", and my sense of crossing beyond oneself for the first time could charm me more than ever. At once, I felt that I was going towards my real self, without the inconsistent limitations drawn before me, as a girl at least. How utterly perfect I am now! Yes perfect. Within the arms of freedom made me feel so alive.

The silent night passed before the crowd broke into applause. The dappled morning light glinted through the window hinting at what was to come. The sun finally rose with dazzling beauty. It was unbroken sunshine. I got myself ready and went out exploring my new space. It was the Freshers' Day. I was all excited. I haven't been to such party for ages. I'd thought

of nothing else of my days before. What had seized my mind and my being the longing inside to experience the joy of being free just once more.

My mind shifted from nervous to excited. I shouldn't have been this nervous; after all I made up my mind to join the party. I looked up to see these tall, castle-like buildings which reminded me of Harry Potter. The buildings looked well built and shaped. The trees fell on my way sides. As I walked into the room the door made a loud squeak. At that time, something might have just dropped me back from this radiant happiness. It was my dad's ringing "motto" in my head "no boys, no parties, no late till night!"

I would have loved Aristotle, Nietzsche or Bradley to tell me what to do that time. It might be hard for nobody but me, only me! I didn't appear any too pleased.

"Why can't you leave me?" I said furiously. "What utter rot!"

I was desperate, just desperate. I was "wild" to go back to my room, but at the same time the other person in me urges me not. I seized my courage. "Would you - would you feel yourself and do it?" I asked myself.

"Yes, yes, I am delighted. That's just what I want, isn't it?" I responded to my inner self.

Suddenly my mobile rang. "O my God! It is my dad." I tried to ignore. I stumbled on my place as I knew nothing what to do. I just had one step forward and backward another. It was as if I saw my dad in front of me. I was so awfully murmured.

"Oh, I don't mind," said I. "I don't want to look seventeen."

I hesitated, glanced, bit my lip, and resigned myself. "Oh well, there seems no way else," said I.

I replied finally. It was a normal talk actually.

It was my decision of making whatever could make me feel better and stronger in my life, even if it meant flying away to the other side of the planet. I didn't know if that seemed pretty like little logic!

I sat next to couple of girls watching what was going on in the stage. At first, they didn't say a word to me. And, I was too shy to say anything to them. A man was in the corner of the stage looking at what was me. Maybe since my first appearance or maybe when I shouted inertly, or.. or..

I was thinking of nothing but what was it to be a real oneself. A sweet music came upon my ears. My eyes moved swiftly towards it. The same guy who was looking at me from the corner of the hall was doing a very touchy and virtuoso performance on piano. I felt my heart smiled before my face could tell anything of so. Suddenly, as a mobile rang, I rushed out. It was only then I realized it wasn't mine. I didn't know why I did so?

Again that sound of enchanting music attracted my ears. I was just listening with deep passion. It was as if it could take me far away from my real existence. I felt so taken by my beyond imaginary space. I felt a strange passion! It's the passion to live and love and be happy. My happiness was quite different that time. But I didn't know what was it I felt a bit strange to my world!

Then there came the same guy with "god's hands", as I called, named Suraj who greeted "Hey" to me. We introduced ourselves and we became friends since then. During the Freshers' Day itself, I and Suraj became friends with few more students who were going to pursue the same course with us and we were even going to be in the same class.

Days passed and the month when people express their love arrived. Yes, it's February! Since Valentine was around the corner, there was an activity where the students can order flower or chocolate for their loved ones or admirers.

I was sitting in the class talking with Jami, a female friend of mine I got to know in the class, while waiting for the lecturer to enter the class. Suddenly Suraj tapped my shoulder from behind. I turned behind and looked. I stared at Suraj and he asked me, "Did you send any flowers for me?" I was astonished and replied "No! Why are you asking me like this?" Suraj politely said: "I'm sorry because I got a message from a friend of mine that the girl who sent me these flowers is a girl from our class and she is wearing a red dress."

Looking astounded, "why would I? I know you are a good person, but really I didn't." Said I.

After that small argument, the lecturer entered the class and the lesson started. But I was not convinced and I kept on thinking about the incident. My friends were all teasing me until the class ended. After the class, Suraj came to my place and said sorry again. We had a talk that day for some time and left.

After that, I had a small respect on Suraj because he was very different compared to other boys. Few months passed and each day I felt I got attracted to Suraj because of his character. I was very heart-thrilled. The feeling inside me was tossing up to my optimistic heart. That moment was the first time I felt with a connection between my heart and feelings. It was as if those moments only I felt happy at.

Yet, I realized what it had to be strange. Really strange! I remembered that I am not eligible to love or be loved. This was beyond my choice. I felt so scared of what might come.

I had that cunning feeling that something would go wrong to my heart. I knew the magic between me and Suraj felt as if I could almost touch it until one day it was gone with my hazy and fuzzy decision to stop it, with no warning and no explanation.

I didn't feel like smiling any more, I didn't feel even like looking at anyone, so they stopped wasting any more smiles on me. The love was gone, the hope was gone. My dream was bigger than me, bigger than my free desire, rather free will. I reached the state of surprise over how was it ever possible to fall out of love with someone, I felt ready to discard it!

This was my "own" world and this was where I am expected, greeted and hosted by my family to live in. I was any more the Lost Girl. In my own world I was the little brave Amy!