

SERENDIPITY

About twelve years ago, on a bright Monday morning at eight sharp a loud and thunderous crying noise filled my house. With the usual buzz there was a new feeling or an aura in the house. Air filled with anxiousness, curiosity, happiness, excitement or even little sadness. Observing with teary eyes and half-heartedly worn school uniform I stood in front of my family. With scrunched nose and pouty lips I was ready to make a wailing sound just like the one I produced a while ago but halted when my mummy started to scold me.

Mummy, who sheltered me in her womb, scolded my four year old little self on her first day of school. I couldn't disagree to agree that maybe it was because I was overreacting or crying too much or not acting like the oldest child of the house which I was supposed to. It may be because I didn't set a good example for my siblings like she expected me to. However, I wore my shoes of motherhood for children who never knew my womb. With all that crowd of family in my house yet I still felt lonely. Growing up, one thing I learned was being alone and lonely are two different things. With occasional visits from papa who brought luggage loaded with chocolates which amused me momentarily and later left with empty boxes full of expectations. Indeed a match made in heaven. Mummy and papa might be a great couple but they are not very great parents.

All these events made me run towards my grandpa. He was only one in my family that was human enough to give me love that I always craved as a child. That's why you can call my grandpa a superhero, best friend, partner in crime, and everything for me. With horrible memories of family which I cannot seem to erase from my mind just because he was in it. I treasure my present because he is present in it and how I wish he would be in my future too. People say you can create new memories but I can't be four years old again sitting in my young grandfather's shoulder giggling with no worries of the world that I fear today. How easily people say that everything will be okay when I see my grandpa, my superhero lying nearly lifeless in front of me struggling to breathe while I stood there like a coward.

Trying to overcome the struggle within me I blanked on about struggle my grandfather was having with time. The mighty time that made the strongest among the strong people bites the dust. Who was I to go against the rule of nature? a mere teenager who knew nothing. I was scared to face the monsters under my bed not realizing the real monsters were inside my mind. Wanting to fight my mind, I unknowingly started war with time. A war I started just to lose. My life was going in ups and downs but my grandpa's life was flat lining. I was trying to win the fight against the conflict that was present within me where as grandpa was trying to fight with time just to see me with that cheerful smile that was lost long time ago. I won the battle with myself but he lost his war with time. Every battle has bloodshed with little reward.

My win was rewarded with self-peace. I had to lose him in my hardest time yet he still left me a present. A life lesson that is incomparable to anything that exists in the world. He was the light that guided me in the dark path of my life. After his demise the light was gone, leaving me in darkness but his loss made me realize I can shine in darkness just like he did. I was blinded in his light that I forgot the light I emit within myself. It was the lesson he was trying to teach me for years. I was too late to understand it. He pulled me out of my void. My life which was battling with conflict is now resting peacefully in garden of serenity.

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