

DONâ??T GIVE IN TO YOUR FEARS

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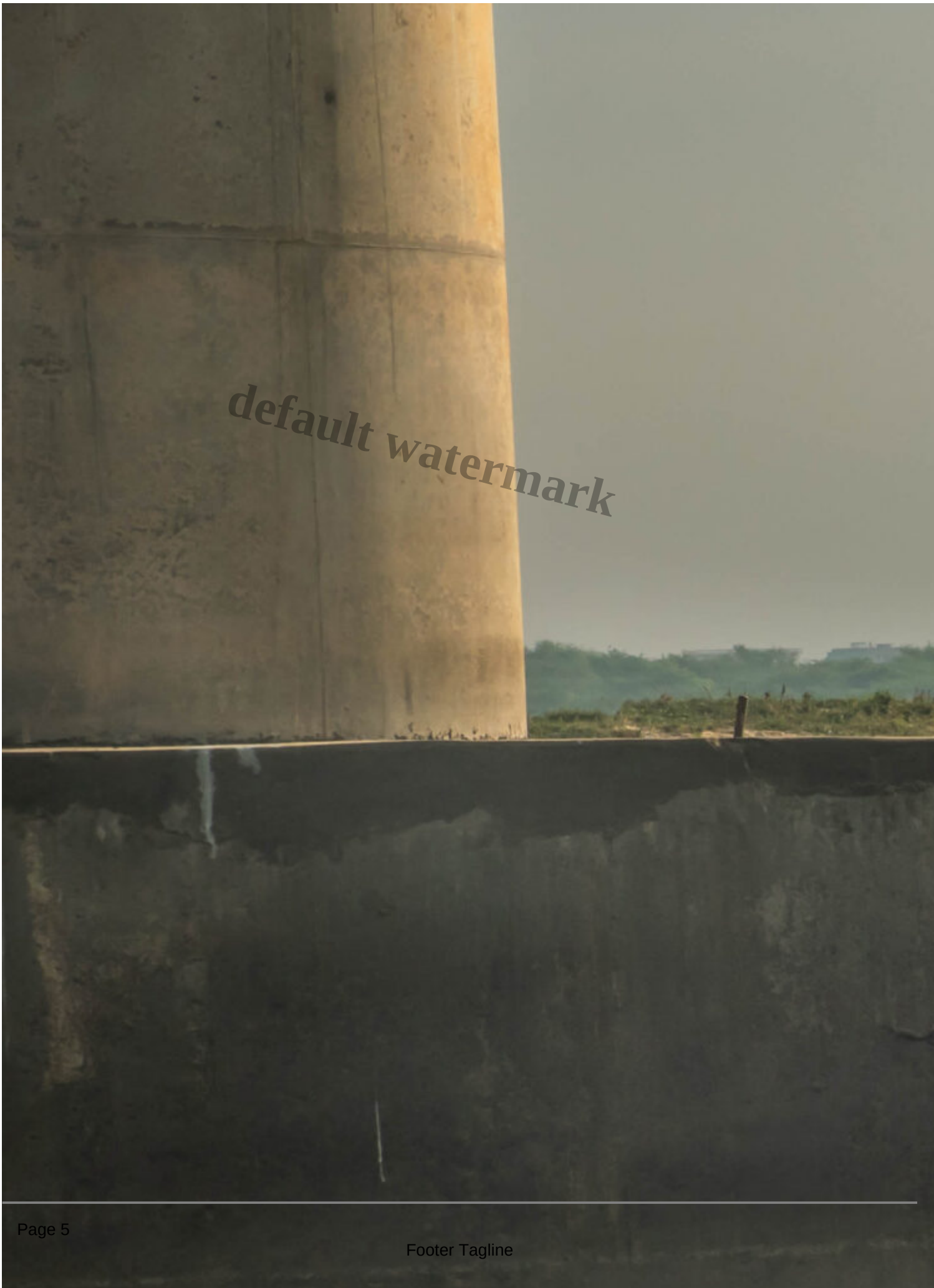
Fear and happiness behave like intimate companions. If you challenge your fears, the prize is happiness. Itâ??s a guaranteed reward although, sometimes, it arrives late. I would validate such a promise, though I know that timidness is the case of my character. Nevertheless, I have gained in many favorable ways from such eventualities.


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I have fears â?? mostly imagined; even the memories of the past would trigger a kind of amorphous apprehensiveness. But this is how I fight back. I have designed a mindly easy way out â?? something like a psychic armour, which would fight back any â??fear attackâ?? that insists on lingering past my toleration. Meanwhile, I assume a â??whatever it takesâ?? restraint and say on its face â?? thatâ??s enough. I allow the raid to take its time to confuse me and bully me for a while. Then, my rebellious intuitive nerves would kick-start themselves and turn on the necessary mindful juggling and rational wits to neutralise the assault. Maybe I have to endure a few stretches of worry, but sooner or later, I feel lighter than a feather, and I see myself unburdening my distress.

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Then, I stand outside, and I dig into my past. I bring forth my experiences and episodes â?? the same threatening flogs that had plotted against me and take a minute to ponder on them. Most of the events, I tell myself, are imaginary, caused no harm, and some outrightly invaded because of my brainâ??s hyperactive chemicals and stress hormones.

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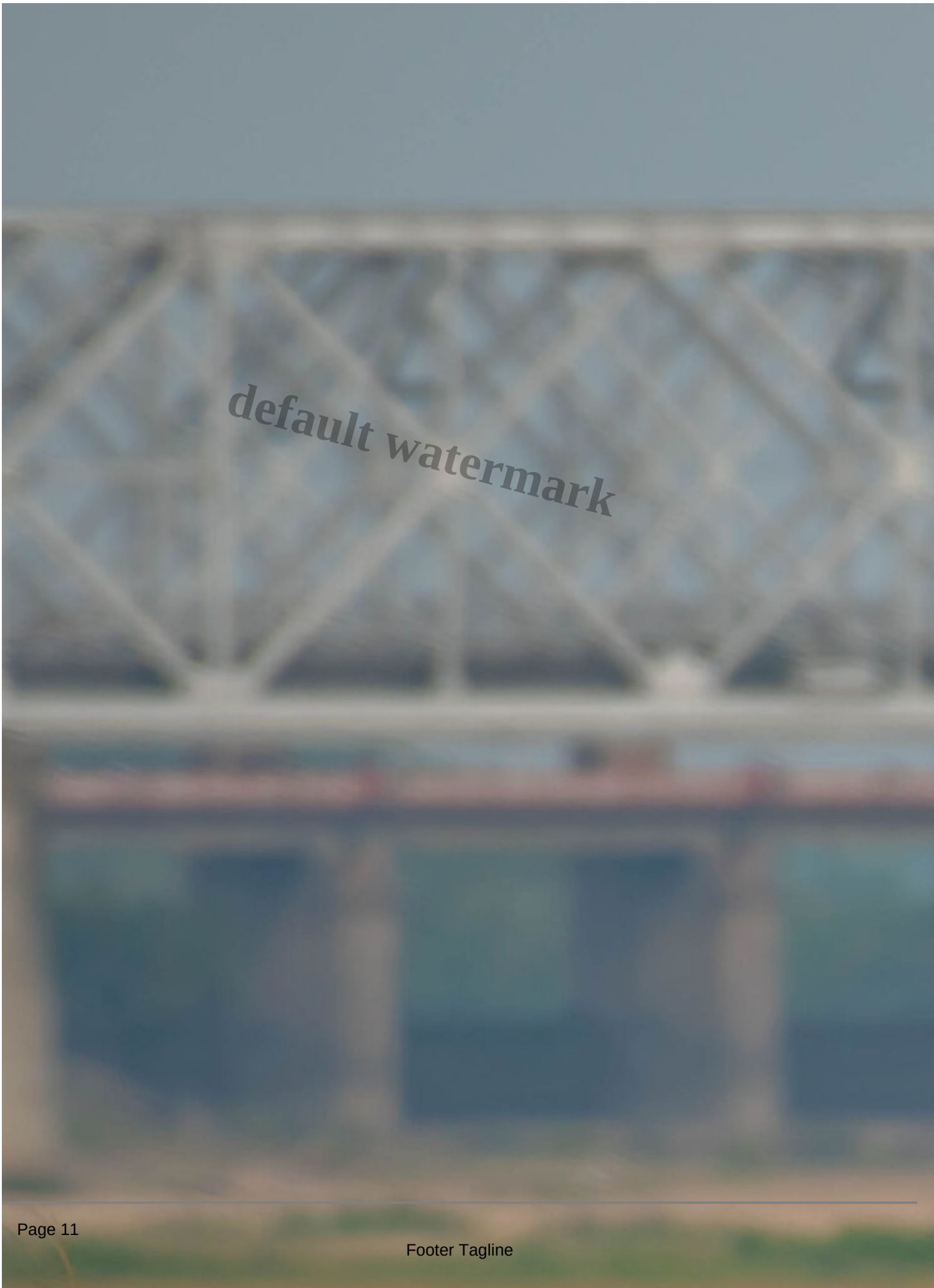
Again, I step into the present situation and ask myself, â??How should my self-esteem respond?â?• to face them, protect myself from damage, and make better choices. And I always benefited from this â??pause and reactâ?• arrangement.

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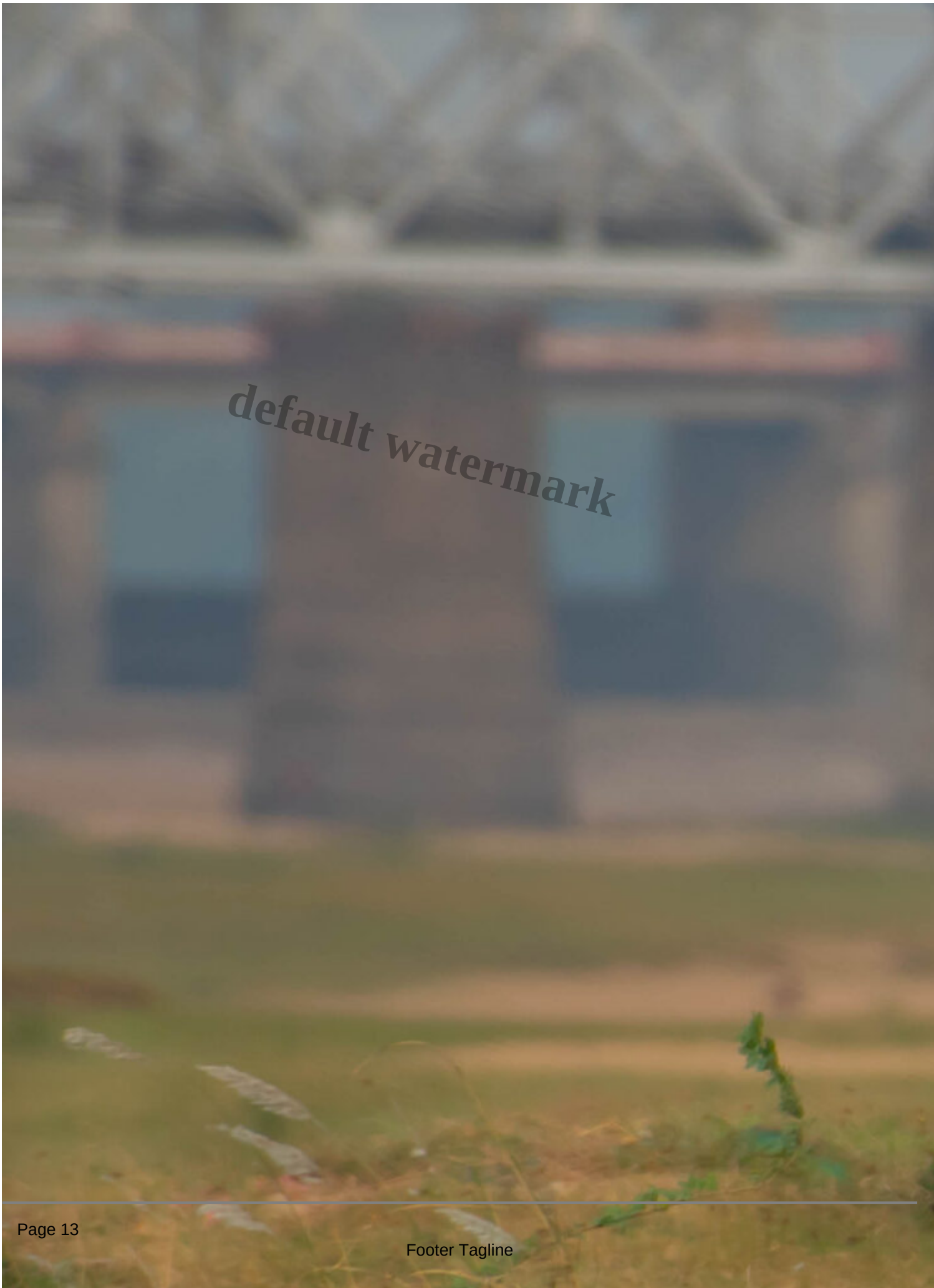
And the happiness is the prize I got for not allowing these hollow threats that seemed bent to manipulate and pull me off from leading a balanced life.

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I thrive on this sermon; I tell myself daily â?? a meditative drill that fully opens up the needed passion, excitement, and a flexible character to embrace the challenges that make me better.

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A week ago, on a foggy Sunday morning, these weird chunks of past deeds hollered out as running commentary inside when my camera requested three fearless old timers, wearing shrivelled outlines, to strike a pose. One collected fish with the help of a crudely made raft of an inflated lorry tire, the other just loitering along the bunds of the Krishna River, and the third a solitary sadhu in saffron robes and a flowing white beard wandering barefoot among the small puddles spread across the vast expanse of glistening sands.

After three hours of jumping about fixing my lens on one or the other, I heard a murmur of ruffled backlash that I almost stopped the task at hand. I took a long stare at the triple masters of destiny. And I felt likewise:

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â??Itâ??s not that the existence of the threesome seemed sheltered from dangers. But they have demonstrated a raw fact that fearlessness is the perfect gift they seem to have received in their lives. I further felt how they carried themselves in such a collected and sedate manner, giving me an impression that they cared less to judge beyond their revolving realities. Their bearing suggested that, perhaps, it was a part of their â??Iâ??m OK for todayâ?? and â??never give upâ?? survival mode. You can find their unseen coping skills flowing freely in all my frames. Through my confused sense of timidity, I saw them as much wiser than my prejudiced perception at that moment.â?•

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Category

1. Places

Date Created
2023/12/09
Author
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