

IT IS EASY TO MISS UNDERSTAND

Description

A short story of a young woman who chose free will, good future, and happiness over an irritating boyfriend

Lakshya's eyes seemed not in a mood to give her a comfortable sleep. She is tossing around in her bed impatient with the buzz of mosquitoes and the low hum of the air conditioner. Every passing minute she could find a growing squeeze in her stomach and anxiety coursing along the nerves.

Can I handle this event? Lakshya whispered to herself struggling to catch a wink.

She is the chief coordinator of an international school she had joined a year ago. Next day she has to organize a parents meeting. What's causing her cramps was the feedback given by the senior staff about the uncooperative parents' body. How unruly they were during the previous meetings. How the management was not happy with the way it got handled by the former head.

Lakshya, a thirty-year-old postgraduate in Psychology, is at heart a dedicated teacher. Given an attractive personality, she has an innovative attitude, pleasant demeanor, and sympathetic eyes. All with which she had endeared herself to the children she controlled and teachers she guided.

I'm paid to do my work sincerely and I'm not to let down my superiors is the daily prayer she chants to the portrait of God before she leaves to catch the school bus. She has only one complaint; she has to start as early as seven in the morning. And her daily commute involved more than three hours. The final tally: she is dead tired by the time she reaches home way past seven.

As a psychology student, she is good at popping herself with autosuggestions.

I can do well, I can face any complaint from any parent, and I'm prepared to deal with them confidently she half-loudly spoke to herself, while she packed her backpack with laptop and other school materials.

Once she made to the bus on time, her head began reeling with growing unease thinking of the likely scenario of the meeting. She imagined about more than two hundred parents ready to assault her with their queries. Will the management standby me, when the heat is on me by the parents? the thought scared her. Certainly yes, I know they have faith in me she comforted herself as the bus horns blasted racing on the highway.

Suddenly: oh my, how could I, my goodness, it's awful of me, she cursed herself, How can I forget? Today is Rajesh's birthday. I forgot to wish him.

Rajesh, her long-time boyfriend, is a self-styled businessman. She knew very well how quirky, impatient, and I listen only to my point of view attitude Rajesh carried.

She called him promptly. "Happy birthday Rajesh!" she blurted out the moment he lifted the phone. Further, she with an apologetic tone tried to explain, "You know, this parents meeting is a little tense, last night I couldn't sleep well. Meanwhile, your birthday slipped my mind; I'm sorry honey!" She tried to make all appeasing sounds to compensate her delay in wishing him.

"Fine it's ok!" was his blunt response; after a long pause, he cut the call.

Rajesh got badly upset with her for not wishing him first. He figured her excuse unreasonably bossy that she was busy with her school work. All at once it made him jumpy.

Rajesh is a businessman, more a self-centered thirty-five-year-old guy. He has a strange character who believed that he could maintain his psychological superiority only when he stayed guarded and tough. Thus he quickly snapped and gave hurting retorts if Lakshya caught unawares ignoring him.

The self-seeking words conveyed his protective and defensive feelings. He's strongly fixed with the idea that he has no time or sympathy or any inclination to go into details of the situations and hardships. To whatever Lakshya is facing in her professional milieu.

He maintained a weird opinion of his relationship with Lakshya. "She is the prisoner of my love, and she has to obey me." Implying that giving due of her independent space and professional latitude are not in his terms of the affair.

Already Lakshya preoccupied with her tension at hand; she had put off the rebuff by Rajesh not responding to her call. A week ago they had agreed to meet for dinner on his birthday. She bought him a costly T-shirt. She assured herself things would cool by the dinner time with Rajesh.

"I have to prove to everyone I'm as good a coordinator as I'm a teacher!" she pumped herself an extra dose of mental adrenalin before she stepped into her school office. She wanted to crowd out all the irritants for now. But she couldn't.

She, doubtfully, made a call and as she guessed, Rajesh didn't pick up the call. A tiny rush of worry made noises in her stomach.

She came out of her office to check the final arrangements for the parents meeting. As she walked towards the huge podium, she couldn't help thinking about her on-going relationship. "When I don't feel the real sense of security and peace, why should I continue with this unpredictable friction in the name of being together? Why should I always stay at the receiving end of this relationship?"

Her phone gave a buzz; she felt scared to look at it expecting what manner of rudeness she has to listen. But the call was from her Chairman, enquiring about the plans and preparation for the meeting.

Lakshya is a self-educated woman. She came from an economically disadvantaged family. By sheer grit, she has gotten to the highest level as a school administrator. Earlier she worked in leading International schools backed by comfortable paycheque.

By half-past ten the assembly hall looked almost packed with two hundred parents. For Lakshya, they appeared like an army ready to charge the moment they see her on the stage. She took deep lungful breaths and with a sheaf of notes in hand took her place before the lectern, mike in hand.

She is aware of all her colleagues are there to support her, staying close to the podium. She observed her chairman watching the whole show from a distance. She was to present the introduction of the international curriculum in the school for the first time. Most of the parents and a few of her colleagues seemed not convinced of its practical implementation. But Lakshya is strong in her emphasis, and her confidence came from her last six months of hard work. Through, in the form of meetings attended, seminars participated, hours of conversations with authorities, and thousands of bytes of e-mails exchanged.

For the next two hours, the meeting with the parents went on with fewer questions. And they are far less aggressive in unanimity while accepting her proposals. She could defend her plans with a genial approach. The whole event she pulled off all alone for which she received admiration from her colleagues. The gracious approval from the chairman floated her in cloud nine.

Lakshya's mind is like a cauldron. The meeting concluded more amicably than expected. But the irritating behavior of Rajesh disturbed her. She reasoned impatience showing on her face, "How many ways I have to readjust my life to suit to his freakishness." her eyes turned misty.

"I have my priorities and certain self-respect, and my happiness to care about" she argued within herself; when she sat for lunch with her colleagues. But her appetite seemed shrunk since morning.

Somewhere it sounded optimistic that when they sit for evening dinner, she could clear up the whole cloudy episode.

She checked her cell phone for any missed calls. Finding none, upset, she cursed, "What an offending guy I'm dealing with."

More meetings, staff discussions, many congratulatory handshakes consumed the entire post-lunch hours. A mild throbbing headache is gathering in Lakshya head. She felt sick inside. She has lots of paperwork to complete before she can call it a day.

Two days of late night preparations combined with tension she had built up expecting possible fireworks during the meeting. It had resulted in seeing her drained nervously and physically exhausted. Her body is shouting for deeply restful sleep.

Somehow she dragged her fatigued body into her house, and flung herself on the bed to relax, but zipped into oversleeping. Her exhaustion never allowed doing anything otherwise.

Rajesh, little irked, but according to him, high-handedness, as he perceived her behavior, hit his ego. It was his birthday, and he reasoned, to justify his hurt "I expected the first call from her."

Mostly he behaved with a tendency, quick to condemn and slow to comply. His normal reactions seem to carry an impression that being a man should guarantee a faithful love from Lakshya. As a man, he expected it as his right.

He arrived a bit early for the dinner date hoping that Lakshya would be waiting with a gift in one hand and flowers in other. He didn't find her around in the restaurant. The residual spasms of irritant he had in the morning seemed to simmer once again somewhere inside. He felt damned, "She is becoming too carefree."

As minutes ticked, he was unable to handle his irritability over the waiting. He called Lakshya again and a long ring. He jumped like mad when there was no response from her. He could see a few sneaky glances at the open show of his temperament.

What the hell she is thinking about herself? he made his fourth call to her, but, as if to torment him, no reply.

Lakshya, oblivious of strife that is looming widely at her relationship is dead asleep crashed. Her phone left in silent mode doing its bidding since last thirty minutes buried deep under cushions.

Rajesh is hissing with rage. Fury mixed with impatience jerked his entire body and made him tremble.

Lakshya woke up an hour later her body heavy with laziness. Not a trace of energy left even to lift her eyelids. As if someone shocked her; she jumped out with a fit. She noticed fifteen missed calls that indicated a stormy duel imminent with Rajesh.

Not prepared to speak she messaged him, I'm sorry, I'm tired and exhausted. I slept as soon as I returned from school. I'll speak to you later. She punched the sent button.

The bark of his voice came in as a message, fast, like a burning missile. Lakshya read looking at those words bitterly. I had enough of your arrogance in the name of your work. You don't care for me; neither had you had anything left for as concern after your busy schedules. Today you crossed all your limits having not bothered about me on my birthday. I wish I never met a stupid girl like you. Goodbye to you.

Lakshya knew she was an easy target for him. She assembled her thoughts and decided it's time to take control of her life. And she firmly decided she doesn't want to reconcile anymore with him.

She thought, I'm not prepared for any unhappiness in my relationship. Trust is what she has invested in the last five years. She expected in the shade of his nearness an assurance, I'm safe, secure and taking care of my wellbeing. My future and my progress enjoyed and appreciated. I don't want to become an emotional dustbin for anyone's whims, peculiar moods, impatience or their stupidity. I don't wish to bow to anyone who is a selective listener. And who has a deaf ear too often kept in the direction of ones who most need to be heard.

All though she was aware she was risking her freedom and her privacy by asking for closeness to Rajesh. She did so with a hope he would reach out with a promise that he is for her. Nothing that sort had happened except he selfishly turned out to be more demanding: more of her time and physical presence. He acted more like a taker than a giver. I don't think he deserves me. She took a determined choice with a sigh of relief.

I know my strengths, and I don't get intimidated by anyone's dominance or dictates. I know how to carve out my future. I know how to keep my self-respect and actuality secure. I wouldn't allow anyone to damage it in the name of love. If I find situations don't go my way I would take as a challenge to tackle them but never feel threatened. I have every right to be happy; productive and this is my vision of my strength and my future. I'm what I am and do what I feel right for me.

These consoling thoughts gave her enough emotional sedation that she slipped into a deep sleep feeling much fresher now. And after many days she gave herself a strong punch, I'm a

warrior.â?•

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

2018/07/28

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