

An Anthology

A person with a backpack is seen from behind, standing on a rocky shore and looking out at the ocean. The person is wearing a white shirt, brown pants, and sandals. The ocean is calm with a few small boats visible in the distance. The sky is overcast.

LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

You never know what you're
gonna get.

BY HARI LAKSHMAN

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How I felt....

My first true experience with love in any form was channeled through this one kid. In not a romantic, way but in some gray zone. Upon meeting him, we had the worst conversation of all time involving many cringey jokes. In a way, we loved doing it. But I felt a vague sense that we'd become so close in a short time and both would become so fond of each other. Not love, but some peculiar intuition.

I loved him in a dozen different lights.

He's no Greek god. If he were a stranger and a friend sent me a picture of him, I'd probably scroll past, to be frank. He's not tall, he's not muscular, nearly no one swoons over him when he enters a room. He's short, with twine arms and horrendous posture. He's not necessarily a "sharp" dresser either, sporting dilapidated tennis shoes and the odd combination of formal pants and the same two sweatshirts every day.

And yet, I was infatuated by his physical self in a muted way, the kind of love expressed when a preschooler timidly pecks a playmate on the cheek on the playground before scuttling away. I loved his devious, plotting smirk, the way rose nearly perpetually illuminated his cheeks, the way his eyelids open up in slo-mo when he sees me, the way dimples would form at the corners of his mouth when he'd smile, the way his eyes seemed to peer through me whenever we made eye contact. I loved observing the little parts of his physical self like a fascinated biologist, not the places people are usually drawn to like jaw lines or collarbones or biceps, but his neck, his fingertips, his nose, the way it reminded me he existed. I loved grazing against his shoulder or him getting pushed into me or the rare times I'd feel his hand against mine. The accidental touches do have a great impact in our little hearts. I loved chasing him, fighting him, teasing him, arguing with him and screeching over pointless little things.



However, he didn't care the same way I did. Half the time, my observations felt as though I was behind glass, as he was always with other friends or distracted or simply away because of factors beyond my control. He was always far, unreachable, unattainable though I saw him every day. He was like one of the stars that I could never reach. I could never tell him how much he cared, how close we really were, because he'd fade in and out of my life. When he eventually figured out how I felt due to friends meddling and blurting exaggerated versions of my emotions, he was understandably weirded out, I was livid and ashamed, and a mild distance grew between us for a bit.

And thus, I fixated on keeping him around. I got it in my head that the year-long time we were given wasn't what fate laid out, that we were supposed to be close for as long as humanly possible. I let this love consume me.

Everything I did was dedicated to protecting or helping him or making sure he was alright because I saw that him and his feelings were often ignored and somehow, I failed at this task. Long story short, I got exactly what I wanted. And now we're going and everything's theoretically alright. I still love him in an uncategorizable way, he still doesn't return such sentiments, but we're still quite good friends. I still have the burden of guilt from my actions, but I have time to make it up, to be the friend I should've been, to make better decisions and treat him how he deserved to be. Maybe then we can go back to our close proximity before everything happened. We've got time. I just hope it's enough.

by Hari Lakshman R.B

Just a normal guy who always hits for something that's always out of his reach. Yet always satisfied and happy for trying out.

Never give up is my way of living life.



All I ask is WHY ?

There is nothing to be remembered or to be shared specifically but in a certain case the saddest story that I can share is the death of a street dog near my community. He died in the night while he was alive and well and able to play with me. Everyday I used to give him and his friends food instead of wasting it. They loved it. In the morning at 7:30 am, when I was going to give him food as per routine, I observed that he was hit and run by a vehicle. His body was badly cut almost into two shapes.

On first sight, his body was cut while his face and front two legs were separated while his other half had concaved. His buddies were crying and howling for his life while I felt pity for him. One moment, he was alive and now he is no more. After that moment I decided to bury him in the streets of sector 31 very far from the market.

Before burying him I took plenty of newspaper to cover the seats in the car in which his dead body was kept. It smelt but emotionally, I was broken at that moment. Before reaching sector 31 it was hard for me to accept the loss of a friend who usually made my day playing and being happy. Now he was no more. After digging a large hole, I simply buried him and covered his dead body with newspaper.

I moved away afterwards and this was the end of our story.

Recently, I've been trying to restart with a new mind and new heart to forget the moment I saw his limp body lying on the streets.

by Diego

This tiny experience that Diego had when he was about 12 makes us to realize how the life is supposed to be lived. It's not about how low you feel it's all about how soon you rise back just like the nature. Every night has an end so as every day would come to end.

Be fresh Be new, Period.



Keep Ignoring Keep Moving

May 2nd , a lady carrying a baby was suffering from a lot of pain. They took her to the hospital and the doctor said - " baby has turned in the reverse direction. And it can't be treated here. Take her to another hospital- it's 20km far and please do it fast, it is going to be difficult for her to survive. The lady suffered a lot with pains but within a few minutes the baby was out of the womb .Doctor gave the baby to her husband. He was very happy looking at the baby but her grandmother didn't even look at the baby and rushed to see her daughter to make sure she was fine. Later, she came to the baby and took her. That baby was none other than me.

Anyone of you share your birthday with your parents or siblings.

I am happy that I share my birthday with my mother. Every year, we celebrate together. I being the first child in my family ,people used to pamper me a lot. My mother was scared that I won't be studying properly due to all the pampering. She had only two motto- We should eat well and study well., so she used to feed me and my younger ones every night at the same time and insisted that we have to study as well. Few years passed and I joined a college for my Under graduation. I made a bunch of friends who are very close to my heart. Every minute spent with them is a wonderful memory.

I used to enjoy college life more because of their company.

On the other hand I used to gain knowledge mostly through text books rather than from faculty.

I used to point out if they were wrong while they were teaching ,so I had become a villain for my faculty and hence no matter how well I wrote my exam, they never gave me a good score. They challenged my friends that I wouldn't get a job. My classmates also never used to share knowledge nor clear doubts if I had any.

One day they came to me to learn a mobile computing subject ,I felt like shouting at them to get lost from the room. But at that moment I just remembered my parents' words, they always used to tell me "no matter what when people come for help ,help them. don't see whether they are enemies or friends" I helped them understand the entire subject. I mentored my classmates as well.

Knowledge shared is equal to knowledge square. Best example I could think of is I scored 7.7 in first year and by the end of final year I scored 9.46 CGPA.

On the other note, I was trying to be the best outgoing student from my department . However, everything in my personal life had changed. My close friends were no longer my friends because of that one snake in snakes and ladder game where you have to start the game from the beginning again. In the end, I was very depressed as I lost my friendship with them.

But that's where I realized how life and people change around us and matured from being a little girl to a woman.

After a lot of struggle, I Pushed myself to never get stuck in life for any kind of relationships nor any problems and to just move on.

I was planning to do my masters abroad. I had my English language test in Hyderabad. I was staying there with my uncle until I finished my exam. On the exam day he got a heart stroke.

Neighbors helped and took him to the hospital. He was unconscious for 2 - 3 hours. I informed my parents and it takes 9 hours of travel time to reach Hyderabad from their hometown. After a few weeks, I went to Bangalore. I was placed in an MNC with the highest package in my dept.

I proved people wrong who thought I won't get a job, who wished that I would fall in my life, in the last 3 years I couldn't make any friends because I lost trust in people. I enjoyed working, but at my workplace, few people used to judge me for the way I look the way I dressed up.

Bangalore is a very cosmopolitan city in India.

Fashion and modern lifestyle are the only two things that people are always concerned about.

And I never used to wear modern/ sexy-looking/ attractive apparels, I prefer decent formal wear and for being professional my colleagues started to judge me. How funny is that ? I used to ignore them most of the time. Everywhere I go People judged me for my appearance which was sad, it was something which I didn't like. In everybody 's body there will be hormonal changes that could be because of food or genes. As any other human being has changed I had hormonal imbalance too. People started giving suggestions and advice for free before even I asked them for one ,I used to listen to them and just ignore it. I don't want to be rude.

People see the beauty in physical appearance but I see it in the heart.

I do not wear cosmetics or makeup. What I do wear is my self confidence and putting on a smile as my makeup.

by Divya

Divya is a really nice friend of mine, she is from India and such a hard worker.

"Even today, at this point in my life I am going through lot of things, physically, mentally and emotionally and as David moody has rightly said - " Life feels like a game of Snakes and Ladders, but without any ladders.

But I never gave up in my life, I was always hopeful and so am I today! No matter what I am determined to rise above the situation and achieve my dreams".



Keep Ignoring Keep Moving

I know how it feels to be alone. I've been in the UK for three months now, and from the beginning of my journey, I've been struggling with too many things: The airline didn't want me to go into the plane due to the pandemic even though I had my ticket booked, I missed my luggage when I arrived here (I was without my clothing and personal care items for four days). Fortunately, the airline recovered my luggage, but these were only the first experiences from the beginning of my journey alone. I arrived in Bristol, and I think my journey got much better thanks to the welcome week from the university. I felt "greeted". Even though I met many people, I didn't have the usual group of friends I had back in my hometown. The confidence was different, and my entire life, I have struggled with the experience of "how to talk to new people", so that was another issue to overcome by being new in town. I adapt, and I have adapted many times before for different situations to overcome my sentiments and how I feel about it.

Resilience is what has kept me on my feet, not giving up and thinking that everything will be for the better. I know for a fact that EVERYTHING GETS BETTER, be patient and do not give up. Keep doing good things, be yourself, and treat people with kindness. Be empathetic to other people. Probably they are struggling with different problems you are not aware of, just like you are dealing with your own. And finally, try to find the good in every situation even though it's hard. Try to see the positive outcomes. Remember, you can do it.

by Pauli

Pauli is a good friend of mine she is from Mexico and my first foreign friend that I got, She is always enthusiastic and always full of energy. She never wavered away from her goals even she was bombarded with tons of stumbling blocks.



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"The keys to life are running and reading. When you're running, there's a little person that talks to you and says, "Oh I'm tired. My lung's about to pop. I'm so hurt. There's no way I can possibly continue." You want to quit. If you learn how to defeat that person when you're running. You will how to not quit when things get hard in your life. For reading: there have been gazillions of people that have lived before all of us. There's no new problem you could have--with your parents, with school, with a bully. There's no new problem that someone hasn't already had and written about it in a book."

-

Will Smith.



Contact me if you wish to write your own stories, let's make an another Anthology.



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