

THE UNWANTED:THE HIGH OF BEING WANTED

The searing pain he felt in his arms, soon became his pleasure. He wildly looked around through his bloodshot eyes. He felt the 'exotic substance' take possession of his entire system. Soon he heard shouts behind him, with blurring vision he looked around to see a gang of men with eerie tattoos and weird piercings. He realized that they were all part of the toxicated trance that took possession of them. They approached him, ready to devour him and leave his flesh all minced up by the roadside. One of them came close and with one large swing of his huge hand he hit him. As he took refuge in ^{the} darkness, ^{of unconsciousness} he

heard shouts, gunshots, clank of metals
and as his eyes slowly closed, he
saw a familiar figure stand before
him.

Roshan stood outside his parents
room overhearing all that they said.
It was too much for a twelve year
old to hear from one's parents. With a
broken heart bleeding uncontrollably
he walked out of the house with
swelled up eyes filled with hot salty
tears. His parents never wanted ^{him} from
the beginning. He was just a 'mishap'.
A burden. That cord which ~~does~~ ^{did} not
strike well. His rich parents never had
time or love for him. The two ^{basic} things
on which ^{the World revolves around} earth rotates about. They
heaped him with all sorts of riches but
he never got a single pat on his back,
he was never kissed good night or
tucked in before sleep. He never went
to his school holding his dad's hand.
In fact he remembers going to the first
^{day of} school on holding his driver's hand.
His parents due to their ignorance
and ever so busy schedule refused

to reach out for him, let alone ask him how his day was. He was nicknamed as the 'rich trash' at school.

When his parents refused to be his shade and support, he began seeking it outside the boundaries of the safe world-^{home}. He became 'friends' with drug dealers to the 'hords' who run the dark empires of the harsh true world. Day by day he took solace in the unlimited flow of drugs. Instead of being high on life he became high on drugs. He no longer felt the warmth of the sun, the fresh smell of daisies, the sound and feel of the wind, the cool whispering wind. Slowly, fragments of him died gradually but steadily. He now lived life on the edge of the huge gorge - death. It was inevitable for him. He knew deep down that he would always be unwanted but he heard the tempting calls of death ready to take him. The feeling of wanting and being wanted is more toxic than any other drug. He was ready for death to take him.

The cold water being sprinkled on his numb face began washing

its magic on him. As his senses returned
he was in for a surprise. He saw his
Principal standing right beside him.
with a glass of cold water. With eyes
filled with disgust, he made an
attempt to sit up straight but in vain.

The surprised look on his Principal's
face slowly took a roller coaster of
emotions. ^{Roshan} As he narrated his story,
Roshan thanked his Principal for saving his life.
His Principal with loving eyes
reached out and ran his hands through
Roshan's hair. Roshan had never understood

that feeling of being wanted but now
he knew the high of being wanted.
His eyes filled up and surprisingly
he hugged his Principal and cried on
his comforting shoulder.

The ^{relentless} crying of his son brought
Roshan back to the present. ^{his}
Gradually moving away the webs of ~~the~~
entangled past, he looked up to see
his present - his loving wife holding
his prized possession, his son. He
got up from the hospital seat and
took his baby who had his first
vaccination taken. He put his hands
around his wife and holding his son

securely in his ~~hand~~ arms, he looked at the drug rehabilitation centre at a distance. He thanked his dear mentor, his loving Principal who brought him back to the reality of life. If it hadn't been for his Principal he would have died ages ago making his life unworthy. He owed everything to that one person who held him close through the therapy sessions, the one person who would make his 'cold-turkey phase' less miserable. It was his Principal who restored in him faith in life, love, hope and gave him that warm fuzzy feeling of being wanted. ~~and~~ He took courage from the relentless love his mentor gave him.

In the end, we are all just mere humans in the ~~sum~~^{run} for the 'drugs' which get us high - love, hope and belonging. Not everyone in this world are wanted, there are millions out there kicked and sprawled about. Let this world be a better one where the belonged can create a feeling of being wanted for the other. For on judgement day we are not weighed by riches but by the what we gave rather than received.