



Topic: Compassion

## Searching for something....

Her eyes were searching something. Through the suppressed sobs and murmurs, she was searching....

"What's happening to me! God, my last ray of hope has vanished. My life, my dreams, everything is going away and away from me. It's cruel, to ~~create~~ me like this, cruel fate. How am I going to live now!" She was cursing her own fate, while lying in half consciousness near her mother whose soul had gone away without waving bye at her. What was she searching for?

Excuse me ma'am.... She woke from her thoughts when the ~~reported~~ reporter stretched the microphone to her. "Being the first astronaut ~~to~~ from a 'so called' lower caste to be ~~a~~ part in the most prestigious space mission of our country, what do you have to say to the public?" 'So called' lower caste, she smiled.



..... She always had to face such questions. It was at the age of seventeen that she lost her mother. On that day, there were many people around her, to console, to throw sympathetic looks and of course to talk about her future, days of teenage girl whose ~~no~~ last known relative had passed away, about the days of struggle. Days passed and those compassionate looks took their mask. Nights were the most terrible time for her. Staring eyes peeped through the holes of her shed. People who ~~was~~ once were her protectors, slowly began to change their form. Even though she always got first in the class and was agile, she was excluded from the school because of her name which clearly revealed her caste. At a moment when she felt like ending up everything, ~~she~~ she left the her shed. The ~~gleam~~ of light of the moon whose beauty which she had



once enjoyed seemed unbearable to her. She wanted to live, fulfil her dreams and be a model for all like her, but... Wiping the tears that flowed through her cheeks, she was walking. A silhouette of someone was behind her. She turned and was shocked to see that lady whom she had often seen. Her mother had warned her from talking to her or even going near her. Everyone says that ~~her~~ she is not a good lady. But in the childish ~~an~~ excitement, she ~~also~~ had stared at her glazing dress and makeup. She ~~had~~ always had the sweet smell of jasmine. But at that time, both were speechless, the ~~over~~ overflowing puffy puffy eyes told everything. The lady took her by arm and went to her house. ~~By~~ She ~~slow~~ began to regain ~~some~~ consciousness. "Where "What did I do right now? Why am I going with this women?". By the time, they were both sitting on the couch of the little room in



which she lived. She started the conversation. "Listen to me dear, I know where you was going and why. I know everything. You can live here with me forever. I will be with you." She moved to closer to her and continued, "I am seeing my past in you." After a moment of confusion, she hugged the lady hard, cried a lot, but all of a sudden, she pulled back. The words of her mother came to her mind "no matter we're in any trouble, we must not accept the compassion of those who had never been with us before. Even dry deserts seems to have cool lakes. But listen to me dear, they are oasis, the closer you move into it, the farther it goes away from you, and the final result will be our end".

"Leave me alone, I don't need your compassion. I know what to do." She said to the lady. For a moment she was stunned, but the



next moment she said "I'm sorry if I'd hurt you. I want you. I want your dreams to be fulfilled." But why should you ever be interested in my life? I'm not your anyone. I'm nobody's noone" she cried. Two pairs of eyes were sparkling with water.

"I am feeling proud of myself." That word amazed everyone on the stage. she continued "I have never considered myself weak because I'm from a lower caste or because I have ~~no one~~ ~~no one~~ no one as my own. From a day onwards. From that day when my life was lifted up from darkness by my JaniMa. I calls her like that. She sent me to school again, taught me to be bold and helped me spread my wings. She watered my dreams and fueled my dreams and now.... I'm here. Never think that every day is bad and stop yourself from flying high. There's something good



in everyday." ~~Let~~

Ma'am, let me ask you one more question, she smiled and nodded. "Is it from the compassion to those who are like you that you work for the upliftment of kids from backward society?"

"Compassion doesn't mean that

"Compassionate looks doesn't mean that you are weak and can't do anything by yourself, it just mean that you have to do the power to do more and more and they are our motivation for that." My intuition and hardwork helped

me to find what I was looking for. My dreams, my passion. ~~Self esteem is the key to success, and~~

~~the moment you realize that~~ And Jani Ma, you

are the one behind all these these, she looked

into those wet eyes ~~in the~~ sitting amidst the

crowd. Everything that happens is for some reason.