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different

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



BORNAND MARRIED INTO ARMY A fewmonths back, I learned from my mother that a score plus five years back, I hadlived in the very same place that I call home (would continue calling it home tillJune 2018, unless MES renovates the next block quicker than rumored). Sotechnically in a different time and space I have lived here, only in adifferent capacity. If explained in a hierarchical manner, I was my father's daughterback then and now I am my husband's wife.

It's quiet fascinating - the cycle oflife. I havelimited memories of my time here in Quetta as I was only 2. 5 or 3 but I do rememberdoodling on the very same walls and being told off for doing so. Those times, when I would fill my pockets with nut shells but mama had told me to dispose ofin bin. Memories of my toddler brother wearing my father's uniform, andmemories of a beechen tree log in a stream in Chamman that scared the wits outof me. I remember wearing a yellow frock, holding a bouquet for a group ofaunties and posing for a photograph. Andthen my memories evolved with age. I distinctly remember going to a variety ofschoools, wearing a variety of uniforms, having a hundred plus teachers, mentorsand even more friends.

Themost vivid memory of my childhood started at five. My father was posted to Bhawalpurin a newly raised unit which he would later command. The globe shaped swimmingpool there never failed to amaze me. I remember going to my father's officequiet often and being treated with tea breaks. What a memory! Laterwe moved to Okara.

That was the first time, dish was introduced and installedin our houses. I remember growing up watching Captain Planet and Scooby doo. Inevenings,

we would play in our lane. A group of 30 plus kids of the same agegroup, all playing and frolicking. I cannot remember a day in my adult lifethat I felt the way I did back then. I remember giving and receiving Scrabbleand Monopoly as present for birthdays; for there was always a birthday everyweek.

From there we moved to Muzaffarabad. I don't remember being perturbed onmoving, shifting and leaving old friends and acquaintances behind. The idea of movingnow as a wife just brings creases on my forehead. Whereas back then it was anadventure. Backthen everything was an adventure. The dripping tin roofs with all the pots, tubs and crockery employed to prevent carpets from getting wet, the helipadnext to our house where we cycled all day, the haunted isolation of our housein a valley.

But now I really feel for mother whenever I put myself in hershoes, because for an adult these all are irritants. Trustme my first house as an army officer's wife was by no means better. In fact, wehad an impending danger of uninvited guests pouring in, whose abode was theroof of our house. Yes! we shared our house with snakes.

The house was aperfect little oven in summers and you could touch the roof while standing onbed. From therewe moved to Gujranwala. It was the first time when I sat in a tank. Only abunch of girls in our country can boast about that.

I remember going to Hathipark, pedaling in the lake at Nishan-e-Manzil in evenings, attending stringsand various concerts, writing off chips and cold drink on our father's PAnumber. There were no inhibitions, nothing to stop

us. We had nothing to worry about, even our homework and tests remained our mother's headache. After a lot of adventure and exploring many new places I grew up.

It was time to say goodbye to my status of being daddy's doll. But I couldn't imagine any other life than Army life. I couldn't bear the thought of living in the same place for longer than a year or two. I couldn't bear the absence of our NCB for doing my chores, I couldn't imagine my life any other way; so once given option to select my marriage proposals, I opted for the Army proposal. Soon I had my coronation. I realized that power and authority has many strings attached to it. With responsibility comes worry. You have to manage everything from finances to the well-being of every family member.

You shoulder every happiness, grief, success and failure with your spouse. You think about your child's secure future, education and health. You worry about your husband when he is out there defending borders and serving the nation. You take on all the downs alone like a sponge without letting your children notice. But this, by no means, has ended the adventure I enjoyed and craved in my childhood. Here I am, more matured and seasoned learning from and tremendously enjoying club activities, one dish parties, meetups with friends and neighbors, making everlasting bonds of friendships.

Enjoying three most mood-lifting facilities here in Staff College i. e. Al Nisa, Barki Park and Link Up Café. When I look back to the time when I decided my future path, I always pat myself for choosing this path. 1. BORN AND MARRIED INTO ARMYa. Positives: 1) Autobiography of an army BRAT2) Childhood reminiscence and adult struggleb.

Negatives: 1) Missing name and L/No2) Non-coherent flow of ideas3)

Lacks information content for a generalreader. c. Recommendation: 1)

Accept