

# I am proud of you essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The strange tide of feelings reach a different altitude in me whenever I hear these words anywhere. Though I never have had the chance to take that exuberant trip these words might give. I do not know why but deep down there is a burning desire to hear these string of words that can alter one's soul completely.

I want it so bad from the people I love, from the people I respect, from the people who know me and most importantly from the people who have a skeptical vision. To be really honest I have not done anything yet to deserve what I desire but I still can feel that euphoric feeling of having another soul born into you. The feeling of touching and tasting your desires. I am not sure if it is my ego or superego or that insatiable need that is driving my mind into delirium.

A state where nothing is enough and you do not know what is enough. This thing has brought me to a realization that what a frightening thing is the 'human', so accurate sometimes yet so blurred with his vision. I would love to experience the feelings that the words madness, obsession and passion cranks in you.

But there is a constraint that I have not journeyed enough to be clear of these definitions and I am sure this journey is going to be harrowing. I am not going to lick my wounds of desire. If there is nobody to be proud of me, I myself will be proud of me.