

Where did i go wrong
in life my independent
life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I was just 20 years old that time, yearning to be independent both financially and physically. I was in the look out for a job which will give me the much needed freedom in doing whatever I liked and be the master of myself. I hated the confinement of my parental home with my two bullying brothers and a mom who while always accommodating, wanted everything to be meticulous and perfect. Life was too perfect and boring with no sense of adventure and excitement. Finally, my fervent application to numerous agencies bore fruit and my first joining letter came with an attractive pay cheque, with separate room rent. Informing my parents about my decision to move out to a separate apartment in the proximity of my office, I landed into a studio apartment. The feeling was one of elation and ecstasy, for there won't be anybody to check me litter the house, nor will my pa be here to switch off the music when I listen to it full blast. I can watch my favourite TV show, without having to battle over the remote with my brother. I am finally on my own and nobody can dictate me what to and what not to do.

With a feeling of euphoria, I started my independent life, which lacked discipline and a complete chaos prevailed at my apartment. I often reach home late and called friends over, partying away the entire night, and go to work the next day without sleeping a wink. Sometimes I used to sleep the entire Sunday without bothering to answer the doorbell. Life was total chaos since I have mis-utilised my freedom and didn't do any constructive work to make the best use of my spare time. I completely forgot about my study. Although I was routinely going to the office everyday, my heart and mind was telling me that I have not taken a wise decision at all, leaving the safe surrounding of my parental home, and leaving my study half way. I soon realised, though in a hard way, that there is no short cut to success and that

I have to work hard to complete my academic degree to ensure a job which is both respectable and rewarding. Within a year, I started missing my home, my mom, and my bullying brothers as well because getting away from them made me realise their actual worth. Thinking about the things they did for me when I was sick, little birthday surprises bought tears to my eyes. I decided to quit my job and go back home and thanked god for making me see this world in a different light.

Looking back, I regret my immature and impulsive decision to lead my own life on my own terms, without realising that independence simply does not mean getting a job and leading a life of one's own. Now I see independence from a different perspective. Now I believe that integrity of character, maturity, wisdom, good judgements, independence of mind, can truly make one independent. Making best of the opportunities provided by my cocooned home environment, I have learnt to deal my life in a positive way and now am keener on developing my intellectual capabilities. It's been singularly satisfying to rise academically and proving one's worth. I am thankful for the rash decision which I had once taken, that proved to be an eye opener and finally enabled me develop into an intelligent, compassionate and dependable human being.