

DREAMS

'I want to be a fighter pilot when I grow up. ' Said a five year old girl.

All that she wanted was to hear a word of appreciation. But in the sea of laughter that followed, she heard none. But that was 30 years ago - the first time when she had shared her dream. But that wasn't the last time she would hear the tone of discomfort and apprehension in people's voices. She went on hearing people say

'How can a girl be a fighter pilot? '

'Can girls be good at physics? You should take up humanities child.'

'Who will marry you?'

'Sorry, we don't take women for these kind of positions.'

And then her time came. The time when she would step on the jet she had always admired in movies. One women among hundreds of men. Her jet was among the firsts to take off. She let it roar past the border into no man's land and into the enemy's sky. She did was she was meant to do. Never in her life she let herself bend according to other's rules.

She wanted to live among the clouds and that's exactly what she did.

Arpita Mary Abraham

Jesus and Mary college

Economics Honours (First Year)

