

THE HOPELESS ILLUSION OF HOPE



Isn't it strange how each soul weaves its own illusion of society? Bleeding from every heart is a new perspective of the world, each eye looks at the same string of time differently and every mind conjures a new idea about its environment. Yet, most of the time, our thoughts are conditioned by what we are told to believe, and at one breaking point, it becomes almost impossible to weave our own perspectives, simply because they're not in accordance with society's overall view. Amidst all this chaos, there was a floating tale which originated centuries ago of a small girl who was a blessing everyone yearned for. A girl who could pull anyone from any phase of life and brighten up their darkest days, a girl they called hope.

Evara had read every tale about this little girl, her mind had been filled with the society's perspective of her, they told her that hope was this delicate thing- a pretty child outbursting with joy and happiness, a perfect illusion, isn't it? This was the exact picture which echoed in her mind whenever someone talked of hope. However, on the day when Evara stood clutching her final exam paper which declared that she had failed, everything changed. She had never seen failure, not once, and this new emotion bursted inside her, an emotion she had never named before. The unknowing girl collapsed on the floor, tears running down her cheeks. She imagined walking home and looking at all those disappointed faces, her mind now unconsciously weaving every possible outcome, that is, until something weaved by itself. Golden strings assembled together to give rise to a...girl? "This is the day!" Evara thought, "This is when I'm finally going to see her- hope! And everything would be okay". But when those golden strings finally assembled, the picture in front of her was not what she had imagined at all. Hope wasn't delicate and outbursting with joy, she had scars and injuries on her face, each of them whispering tales no one had ever told Evara about. She wasn't what they told her about at all! In fact, she was almost impossible to look at. But then, she came to Evara and helped her to stand, she taught her that this did not define her, she fought with her and helped her overcome everything. They did not win all at once, but each failure bought her closer to her goal, and she helped Evara become stronger. That was when it struck her, hope wasn't pretty, she was beautiful, and who defines pretty anyway? Since when did she become so incapable of constructing her own perspectives because society started providing pictures to her beforehand? "This is it", she thought and then decided to forge her own opinions instead of shadows or whispers of what society wants her to believe and incorporate in her life. She went back, way back, to the little girl running barefoot in the grass, not knowing whether it was magic or the wind flowing with her. She realised that she could choose to live her way, and so she chose to become someone not exactly perfect, but real, authentic, messy and true, someone we all forgot to be.

By Erika 11 S1