

I come from Calcutta- *'The City of Joy'*.

And, well- no matter how imprudent the nickname to the city is- the perception suggests, my life would turn 'Joyless'- after being stranded amongst the city's infamous pace. But, nevertheless. Life has its own ways of going about things. In what was made, created and fraught- I understood, if not the 'City of Joy'- the 'City of Dreams' would act as my perfect new abode.

I am currently living at my aunt's place. I have a set routine, set agenda- and glued with it, comes a set thought- *'It'll get better'*. But, well- somewhere, it has. The curriculum is wonderful- so are my classmates. The ride back to my aunt's house in the rickshaw, with droplets of water flying its way through- has a certain charm to it, that lends me reassurance.

'Aap Khaayenge?' (*You want some?*)-

I ask my rickshaw driver every time I open my tiffin while returning back to home.

There, with a smile- and a certain twist to the entire body- attempting an eye contact, the response gently comes- *'Bhaiya, nahi- thank you, aap khaaiye'* (*No Brother, thank you- you eat*).

It's always the little things that count- and make experiences profound. As suggested, I am not sure what makes me homesick- maybe asking this question in particular reminds me of home- but, in singularity, it's all about moving on. The campus is like a melting pot for everyone. With happiness- and hopes of simplicity we enter the gates, and we leave- with an emotion.

This- is what counts as the perfect 'Joy'.

- **Vidhan Sharma,**
BBA in Media & Communications,
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