

## **Her Many Hers: Rashmi**

Time had passed her by, events had unfolded, places visited, people had been met but she was now questioning the whole point of all of it. The doubts did not do any good to her growing reticence. She had asked one of the ever-helpful respondents if it meant anything at all that she seemed not to know anything anymore. A host of responses flooded her screen only to blank her even more. She allowed her mind to wander in the past, the one place that calmed her somewhat unwanted and as some would say, unwarranted anxieties.

She reminisced how the soft-spoken classmate who, during a round of palm readings had casually remarked that she would be involved in aged care. Amidst all the oohs and aahs from the group of newly enlightened (mostly self-proclaimed) young adults, she had felt a surge of pride for her future self. The calming effect was short lived though as she now felt a stab of irrational anger at the soothsayer. If only she could prove to everyone and more importantly, to herself that she had indeed been on the right side of goodness. Wasn't seeking self-validation by being involved in so-called unselfish activities essentially the definition of being selfish, she asked herself. No, this 'her' wouldn't be swiped right at, she decided. But she had swiped right at her, the her, who had made her open up, who had evoked all of morissette's into-a-king emotions.

When had she gone on from feeling nothing to craving something, she tried to recollect. She remembered how she had balked at the 'you just need to do it to feel something' from her unapologetically-themselves the then partner in the discovery of everything gastronomically sinful. Was she them now, just fifteen years too late, she wondered. No, this 'her' wouldn't be swiped right at, she decided. But she had done that, at her, who had made her brave enough to voice her wants and been granted, even if it was just for those few hours.

Turns out she could indeed go ahead and splurge on that subscription after all, her past reminded her that her future would just be right, whoever she swiped right on. It felt liberating, and she wondered why she hadn't done this earlier. All along she also realised it did feel good to be playing another piece of creative visualization activity across the time spectrum.