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## The Bliss

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She kept on ruminating throughout the night. What else she could have done? Had to pass the full eight hours period and that too, without any work. Work was the only thing where she could keep herself busy. Or day and night, she had terrible emotional attacks. Emotions, which sometimes took her to screaming and sometimes, consoled her to be always on the vigil, in the times to come.

Yes, hers was a personality of amalgamation: an amalgam of soft and coarse extreme reactions to life. Perhaps everyone's is. She had been on a different voyage now. Cannot discuss her problematic with any of her friends as it would be unlike her introvert temperament. And she never thought herself to be mixing with people, rather of being extrovert. If walls, fans, and all the non-living entities could weep with her, her grief would have been shared. But now, nothing can be done. She was alone. Alone in this huge world. Coiled in her own self, suffering, treading upon the path of uncertainty if she could ever touch her destination.

The days passed. Days and nights. Months passed and perhaps some years too. But there was no coming back. Time flees, and once gone, is gone forever. Growing with a lot of dissatisfaction and a tinge of hatred for all, around her, her approach became pessimistic and she started taking everything with dissatisfaction, disregard, and hatred and with a pinch of salt.

But as God would have it, a ray of hope shone and that was the only phenomenon with which she was happier now than the earlier life. "I want to spend life with you," was the utterance of her acquaintance recently. She came in contact with him a few months back and started being inclined towards him. The world began to become lively. Her mind began to soar high. Her joy knew no bounds. Oooo! At last, she too, have got someone, someone, whom she would belong to, who would care for her, who would be with her whenever she feels lonely; no no, she won't be lonely now. And the time has come, at last, for her, to be happy.

In an ecstatic dreamy mood, she told her family about the development, thinking that they would be happy and relaxed. But what happened was opposite. All the members of the so-called family were under a financial protection of her being as she was earning handsomely and was not in the habit of keeping her earnings with herself. She used to share everything she got, including her personal things too. There occurred uproar, in and around her. All were shaken. They were always at the receiving end and learnt to give although quite familiar with the fact that life is give and take only. You receive what you give. But, in their case, that was not happening. Life had been offering them, unmistakably, incessantly, without asking for a favour from them. The family was happy; but now, with this union, how will everything be managed? A sorrowful state.

No one was bothered about her. But a question raised head into her head. What will she tell her family? She is not going to change her mind now. Come what may, every human has got a right to live life according to his\ her will. Whether it's a male or a female. It doesn't matter if one takes life's decisions oneself. In our society, a female is never preferred, nor is she allowed to have her preferences. It was evident enough that she would have to cross her relation with either of the two.

As destiny would have it, she chose her probable happiness. Yes, it was probable only, not confirmed. Who knows what was instore for her? And everybody discarded her, her relationship with them: equation and sentiments. She became alone: how can we not label her being alone when the next relation is probability only. Nothing is for sure. Let's hope it to be of everlasting happiness, outward and inner too. Only in that case her soul can flourish. Yes, absolutely.

Time flies and it passed. Too soon she realised that none is hers. Man is born alone and will go alone but the torment was.... feeling alone in company, deserted, mournful and melancholic. The fact came when she came to know the selfish monetary interests of her companion too. She had to depend upon him for all her desires. She gradually started becoming an introvert, stopped discussing everything with him. The person who has no regard for his companion could never be his own. How could she bear all such things? How could the world be so self-centred? How could it not concentrate on anyone's being of one another? But perhaps this is life. All are alone and we have to search happiness in ourselves only. She became aloof, aloof from all, leaving everything unto HIM and him.

Her mind, which was replete with dreams, to emotions and desires, was at peace now. She stopped bothering what others think of her, what others say of her and how others behave with her. Life is not meant for these trivialities; there is much to be found, much to be explored, much to be divulged into and much to be relied upon. HE, who sent her here, unto this world, is also to be reflected upon. And she chose the path now, a new path, which was to be chased permanently till her presence in this universe. That was to follow HIM. To fall at HIS feet, the only eternal way leading to happiness. Yes, the eternal happiness. The Bliss. Perhaps the icebergs in the mind would be removed then.

### **A Brief Bio-note:**

Dr. Sushmindarjeet Kaur is an Associate Professor and Head, PG Department of English at G.G.N. Khalsa College, Ludhiana, Punjab. She has been teaching English literature to post-graduate students for more than twenty years and to undergraduates for the last thirty years. She is also the co-ordinator of Department of Journalism in the college. Hailing from Patiala, Punjab, India, b. 1968, she acquired her M.Phil in Anthropological Linguistics and Ph.D degree from Punjabi University, Patiala in Indian English Literature. She writes short stories and poetry. She has edited three books. She has translated a book *Sikh Soldiers in Italy* during Second World War which has been released in England. She has to her credit more than fifty poems and articles published in various anthologies and journals. Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur was conferred with *Master of Creative Impulse* Philosophique Poetica International Award at World Poetry Conference in 2019. Besides, she has been awarded with the title of *Edifying Editor* at Poetic Confluence held at Hyderabad in September 2019. She has presented research papers in many International and National seminars and conferences. To write short stories and poetry is her passion since childhood.