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ECO-FUN-ONOMICS: And Then I

Realized Adventure!!!

When it rains, look for rainbows... When it's dark, look for stars...

It was one of those dark gloomy stormy monsoon evening, when clouds came floating in, to darken my day. Gloomy it was.... The storm crossed boundaries of humanity. The stubborn rain just wouldn't give up. Lightning and thundering hid the colors of the sky. Humidity inside the room was immense. All alone locked in that apartment I was expected to spend my master's summer break.

My soul was crying, my brain was screaming ... along with that my phone was buzzing. 20 missed calls from my Mumma. She did not approve my choice of subject. I already proved her decision right with a back in a core paper. I was just 21, the pressure to prove my worth was deadly. Not that my family is crazy, may be a little but I definitely was.

Hello everyone, I began writing this long back. How difficult can it be to jot down few days of your life. I expected it to be an easy flow of work. However, seems like my passion for economics is higher compared to story telling. nevertheless, I present to you few colorful memories from my journal.

I was young and naive, stupid but brave, adult but financially dependent. I decided to elope alone. It was a sudden impulsive decision to just run away from all my sufferings. I could see only one support system at that time; my elder sister who stayed in Bangaluru, South India.

What suffering can a 21 year old have?! Nothing to be precise but the pain is immense to face the first failure and humiliation.

I packed my bags before even booking my tickets. The flights were beyond what I could have had afforded. And I had to make my move without alarming my parents. I got premium tatkal ticket. Boarded my train and off I went. A backpack, a small trolley bag and a sling bag accompanied me. I was scared to travel alone but I wanted to do it anyway. My heart

throbbed every time I fell asleep, the fear of unknown was strong. I carefully watched the move of every person who crossed my berth.

My sister knew about my escape and stood by my side to prevent me from my parents's rage and so she already made arrangements for me. I reached my destined station on a weekday and people seemed pretty busy to notice a new girl in the city or they were habituated to see outsiders in their city. I booked my cab, switched on my google map to be sure that I was heading the correct direction. I reached my sister's place by noon, she had already headed for her office and had left the keys hidden in a shoe box near the door. I made myself home; did my lunch, took a good nap and I was ready for my trip to begin.

My sister had booked a tour package for me. I boarded my bus, it was a solo trip to explore the horizons. "Mayura travellers", I still remember the owner or the man at the reception gave a little shocked look as he realized that I planned to travel alone. The charges were minimal, lesser than what you could probably expect. The trip began from Bangalore to Mysore.

Mysore, a city in India's southwestern Karnataka state, was the capital of the Kingdom of Mysore from 1399 to 1947. In its center is opulent Mysore Palace, seat of the former ruling Wodeyar dynasty. The palace blends Hindu, Islamic, Gothic and Rajput styles. Mysore is also home to the centuries-old Devaraja Market, filled with spices, silk and sandalwood. It was an awesome experience.

If the picture isn't up to the mark, it is probably due to the fact that it was taken using my Lenovo phone in which I hadn't mastered the feature of HDR.

The trip was actually a bit hectic for me. The tour guide wanted us to visit all the places but within two days. So, they took us from one place to another and then another. At the end of the day, I just wanted a bed to die flat. My body and brain wasn't supporting at all. I belong to a small city named Jamshedpur. Many aren't aware but it is pretty much TATA maintained. Jamshedpur is blessed with greenery, scenic beauty and economic diversity as well. So, the garden wasn't very pleasing to me. Given the fact that it was crowded, very crowded.

I got my decently cozy room to crash for the night. It was cold and I was not prepared for the minus degree temperature of the Nilgiri hills. However, I still managed. I wore my only jacket to bed (actually every where). I met a couple from Germany. They had that spark in their eyes. The magic which will make you believe in love. They still have the spark.

The trip was soul refreshing. Bangalore to Mysore to Ooty to Coornoor. I can still breathe the chilled breeze, the smell of the roads and the happiness I experienced. It was a lifetime experience. Who knew... a trip to escape life would actually help me realize and find life.

It seems like I have a bad memory because I seriously can't recall the name of the temple Guys... you got a friend to accompany you... you are blessed... if not... take it solo... it's even more blissful. TRUST ME!!! Girls if you feel traveling isn't safe; just carry a pocket knife and a pepper spray. You will be sorted.

I had booked a back train mid night. As exciting as it might sound, it wasn't. I had the hell of an experience on my return journey. Lets, not spoil our spirit of travel with some lame incidents that took place.

Look in the right places and you will surely find your peace of mind...

I can go on and on about my 7 days trip. I remember every emotion I experienced. I returned much more matured and guess what I took the exam again and cleared it with a grade of 'A'. Its not the failure which should matter. It's how good a 'come back' can you give the world. And the courage required for that 'come back' is gained only when you can actually make your heart smile. Learn to keep yourself happy because 'you should be your priority'. I learnt it the hard way. Hope you can learn it too...