

## **Being Educated Unemployed**

**-Mahesh Balasubramanian**

I' am an educated unemployed. Nothing new in that. So are countless others in this country. Being an educated unemployed is a punishment for not having any solid job experience. Like others, each day for me begins by making my resolutions stronger. Nowadays my nights with good sleep are numbered. If at all I slept well last night, it was because I surrendered myself to it after hours of conflict. That is when I feel that one should not lose hope. Waking up in the morning is even more painful for me because 'that' was a dream & 'this' is a reality. It takes me time to accept this reality unless I quickly start working out on the chores planned last evening.

Like others I too scan a daily or two for existing vacancies. Almost every employer wants experienced candidates having Einstein's genes. Expecting good academic record is ok. As regards experience, it is now tiresome to ask them the oft repeated: if every one insisted on the same lines how should one go about it without getting a break?

The world is rather capitalist. It revolves around money. When earlier I had a job to support, I was a king on my own terms. People around me used to adjust according to my convenience & pace. I always used to

eat fresh & attire my best. These are the things of the past. I have rather become a slipshod now & care less about the food unless called for the same.

This change in lifestyle didn't happen all of a sudden. Time was when there were friends around & we too went about having fun. Those were carefree days. We went about our studies leisurely & wished to pursue it further. But that is not to say we frittered away our time & energy.

But equations in our lives seem to have changed after sometime. We hardly met or were heard of for days together. If at all we did, it was temporary escapades from worries. As each day passes by, there is only one consolation: there are others among us like us. But eventually I feel left alone as one by one friends started getting job offers & I have no one to share this grief with. Maybe they are intent on not looking back to their past fellows just because the journey was a tough one.

They say, "Success will come your way, though late". That is what I tell myself. After all what is the point in doing nothing? At least I can equip myself with further qualifications. I fully engage myself so that I wouldn't get any time to worry at all. Neither friends nor do parents are forever. So landing some job is my first priority. Each day the sand clock on my desk irritates me by reminding me of this fact. I don't know what the future holds in stock for me. These ups & downs have almost become a routine matter for me now.

Can't say whether I would return with a write-up on being as employed sometime in the near future.