

## Left Footed Entity

A decade ago, social media was in its infancy and Facebook had just got the better of the generation to stay connected and communicate with friends and make newer ones too.

Facebook for me was a platform to connect with long lost friends distant by physical distance and wrapped time lines. A new found tool to greet people over their registered birthdays and anniversaries too. That apart, strike quick and short conversations. Beyond this, my discovery was yet to begin.

It didn't take my five-year-old daughter to get on the exploring spree with her older sibling, exploring the nuances of Farmville. Excitement was galore to log in as often one could and see the progress of the yield expected. That single computer, the main stay of the household, was the most sought and time on task the most precious. All I had to do was for kids to sleep and I get time to complete the work, I carried home.

An early bird, to be up and about prior day break, I languished on my bed making it a lazy morning trying to garner some extra moments of sleep. Unexpected noise from the children's room meant, someone was already on task and work too!! As I did tread with bated breath out of my bed into the children's room, I was amazed to see both my son all of ten years and daughter, who just turned five were at work harvesting the yield on Farmville. The freight was written all on my face, while the two took turns to make most of the sale. My daughter turned around and said "Dad we are making hay, while the sun shines on our farms". My angel had spoken those words, for I felt it was beyond her comprehension. Out of sheer curiosity, I asked her, where did you learn the saying and more so, does she really understand the meaning and essence too.

Life is a bundle of surprises. She nonchalantly gave me a gaze and said, Facebook does teach a thing or too and here she was, making most before day break! I still felt that she had only understood to harvest and make hay in all earnestness. Looking at the two, I was proud for the moment to see their involvement and tending to their respective farms, patiently awaiting their turn and rejoice on the work accomplished. Laughter that followed beseeched me for they were counting the dollars, well made.

It was indeed a reason to pause and ponder, while being appreciative to understand the nuance of a new found game or hobby that brought a sense of responsibility in them.

My footprint of the social media remained too obscure and mostly, not existent. The ritual to convey the best wishes and greetings on birthdays was all the known indulgence and so, it remained, while time stood still.

Years have rolled and a decade for now. My initial extravagance to teach them with basics of computer science is now a case that has been forgotten in the annals of history. Their mother's effort was to stay relevant considering her education viz., Masters in Computer

Science. This was formidable only at best to teach a youngster far before they turn adolescent.

Now, it our turn to learn from the two. With the two in their computer science clubs, managing their respective school/college and personal accounts with finesse, I for one remained that left footed entity, seeking their advice to forebear my owes as VP PR of Telugu Toastmaster Club. May be my demeanor was the reason and it did disguise the lack of social media instincts. All I can fathom is being overwhelmed by the brute numbers of womenfolk and I mistook and found solace in my favorite band – Roxette’s all-time favorite number – “The Look”, all for the right reasons. Well, the joy momentary and the cup woes were meant to overflow with passage in time.

Here, I stood at the cross roads again and the road ahead was formidable and less travelled too, but certainly could be surmounted. Gavels and children were there standing by with sound advise and counsel, right from choosing the domain to hosting site, while teaching me a thing or two on uploading on Instagram beyond the app but from a desktop.

It was a true time for reflection and appreciate the role reversal. The teacher in me has now become the taught. Grounded and humbled for sure, it was time to usher the change and reassure oneself that learning is eternal. In pride did my chest swell and I picked those remainder of the threads and chugged along to move from a left footed to a far more centered entity on social media.

Well, was all of it possible? Pondered and am convinced that women see through you better than all one could ever assimilate of oneself. Another revelation and understanding!

Life hasn’t stood still here on, but moving beyond the blue yonder....

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