

Oreo Cheesecake

Who wouldn't want to leave home? I mean, at the age of seventeen who wouldn't want to leave home, change cities and experience living alone. I mean, just imagine, you sleep when you wish to, you wake up when you will to. You study when you like or you party all night. No one asking you to do anything, no one asking you to clean up but most importantly no one telling you that you can't eat that big, fat, sumptuous slice of Oreo Cheesecake at 6 for breakfast.

This was me, a year and half ago as I packed my bags to move to Mumbai for college not quite knowing what this adventure of mine is going to have in store for me. Ever since I moved here every day has been a new day and each new day a new journey. Each journey coming with its own set of struggles that are singularly mine and each struggle the most amazing opportunity for me to learn something new about myself.

Until I left home just like most people my age I really didn't know what home really meant to me and how much the people close to me meant to me. It took some time for the realisation to dawn onto me that in this new city every stumble is going to be mine. There is going to be no mommy and daddy helping me onto my two feet, brushing my dress and dressing my wounds and most importantly my brother is not going to be in a corner clutching his stomach and laughing till his eyes water. This I must admit is a welcome respite no matter how much I miss him.

So I am still figuring out whether I miss my brother or stealing his oversized tshirts. I am still coming to terms with what I call "I am missing daddy's bear hugs syndrome" something I have been a victim of since I moved here. But what I most shocking thing is, I never thought living alone would turn me into a partial replica of my mom, not being able to put up with filth of any kind or wearing un ironed clothes. Seriously??? When did this happen, or maybe I failed to realise that growing up tugs along with living alone just like the five year old me who refused to let go of her mom's dupatta and tugged behind her everywhere she went.

So this is my story. It's the story of this girl who was all of raspberries and marshmallows and of course Oreo Cheesecake, Of fairies and princes, castles high up in the mountains and unicorns surfing down the rainbows who was dying to learn roller-skating but only on the surface of Mars, who once upon a time in a far far away land only agreed to walk out of Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory because she was convinced that Nancy Drew needed her to save the world.

Hello Everyone, My name is Juhi Dhruva and Welcome to officially the most entertaining chapter of my life as I learn to adult. This year and a half that I have spent away from home has been unlike any other. It's been a culmination of good days and bad days, of new people and newer friendships, of experiences and learnings. If there is something that I take away from this, it is the fact that no matter how far I go chasing my dreams and in thirst of adventures, it is home my feet ache to return each night to. And so I hope that someday when I leave this city to move to another one, which I pray is not very soon because the more time I spend here I more I fall in love with, the city, it's vibe and of course it's people. But eventually when I have to and I do, I just hope that when I do this city becomes as much mine as mine is to me because trust me, there is no greater joy in having not one but two cities to call home and go back to after a long day at work. But you know whats the best, two cities mean two homes and two home mean two refrigerators to grab some Oreo Cheesecake from.