

“Sexy” in a lot of ways is a story about trying to become someone you aren’t. Throughout, Miranda tries to change herself through Dev into someone more worldly and more sophisticated. Miranda uses face cream for the first time, buys lingerie, explores an Indian grocery store, and translates her name to Bengali all for a man who does not love her and does not want anything but sex. As I’m about to leave for college I can relate to Miranda’s experience of trying to find herself in a new environment. However reading this story makes me consider the implications of discovering a new you, it makes me think about who I’m acting for. In the story it seems as though a lot of Miranda’s actions are centered around changing herself for Dev, she even thinks of her own childhood with shame in trying to be with Dev. It is okay to change and grow as a person, and I hope that as I change, I change for myself and not someone else.

165 words

“A Real Durwan” is a story that I can relate to. In this short story, a housekeeper Boori Ma, tells stories of her past, luxurious lifestyle. Then, due to an incident, her life drastically changed. These stories constantly alienate her from other residents. When I moved back to the United States from China, I spent a significant time reminiscing about my past life. At such a young age I had seen most of the world. I’ve seen tragedies that no child should ever see. I’ve enjoyed an exciting life that most don’t have the privilege to experience. Yet, no one would believe a word of my stories. Eventually, people stopped listening. Life defining moments were reduced to fantasies. Boori Ma, holding so tightly onto her more luxurious past, was forced out of her new home. I do not want to isolate myself as she did. It’s better to work your way into a new community than to live in a memory that fades away with each day.

167 words

Mr. Dalal in the story “A Real Durwan” is who I relate to the most. Mr. Dalal and I share one common feature that really highlights my situation, both he and I moved up in the world and eventually came to the realization that some people were going to be left behind. How we both moved up in our situations were slightly different. Mr. Dalal moved up in terms of physical wealth whereas I moved up in terms of a higher education. In the end, Mr. Dalal separated from a lower group via throwing a homeless Boori Ma into the streets whereas I simply disconnected from certain friend groups. In terms of how reading this story made me feel differently about personally important topics, I don’t feel as if the way that I disconnected from my friends is not nearly as bad as what could have happened. I identified personally with Mr. Dalal more than just based on the ending but also the fact that he somewhat brags about his achievement, which I have a bad tendency of doing. In some ways his bragging seemed natural to me and thus I didn’t take notice until some of the other characters go on an almost self-destructive path to keep up. Which reminds me of a few friends I had in the past who insisted on trying to be superior to me in some way.

225 words

I'm not going to lie. These three stories in "Interpreter of Maladies" were not my favorite. But I do feel that I can connect to "Sexy" on some level because I, like Miranda, have denounced a behavior / action while with one person and then turned around and proceeded to do the thing that I just said was bad. On my travel soccer team, there's this girl named Margaret. She's a really nice person, but whenever she puts her hands on her hips (which is a lot) she doesn't do it like a normal person. Instead of having her palms facing her body, she has the back of her hand facing her body. It looks like she's going to break her wrist. Naturally, I started to mock her and do it myself, because that's what good friends do. So I'd do it all the time to make fun of her, and it somehow made it's way into my life. I first noticed it while editing a video project for my Spanish class, and have since tried to stop it, but it's not working. The stupid hand thing, even though it's not comfortable, has made its way into my life and I can't make it go away. But this hasn't stopped me from continuing to make fun of Margaret. I just feel like a giant hypocrite while doing so.

227 words

In the story "Mrs. Sen's," Mrs. Sen is a babysitter who misses her home. She doesn't like the way things are done in the U.S. and wishes for the way it used to be back home. I feel that I can relate to "Mrs. Sen's" when it comes to missing home. Before I started high school, I moved from West Bloomfield to Ann Arbor. After just a few weeks here I began to miss home. Just as Mrs. Sen's wished there were chauffeurs and fresh fish like there was back home, I found myself wishing for things back home too, such as my friends and the freedoms of living in the suburbs. Mrs. Sen was overwhelmed by the differences between her old house and her new home. I also felt those same consequences of moving, which lasted for a while until I became fully acquainted with the style of living in Ann Arbor. I began to reflect on the importance of adopting to a new place. To be happy one must adapt.

172 words