

# The Superwoman

RICHA JHA

**S**HE wakes up with the alarm at 6.00, quickly ensures that her children's clothes are in place; starts waking up the children in the other room – and this is just round one (which self-respecting student ever woke up without some dire threat). In between the several wake-up calls, she hurriedly gets ready, and then finally pulls her children out of bed. Around this time, she also starts waking her still snoring (despite this morning pandemonium!) husband, dashes to the kitchen (let's assume she has help there) and hurriedly asks the *bu*a to prepare breakfast for the family. Back again into the children's room to make sure they haven't dozed off on the toilet seat, back in the bedroom to finally drag the husband out of bed and shove the toothbrush into his hands. Rushes back into the kitchen to instruct the *bu*a on that day's meals, forces breakfast down her kids' system, rushes with hers (or skips it altogether), collects her bag and *dupatta*, enquires one last time from her children if they've packed their school bags with the right day's books, and out they all leave for their respective areas of work.

At office, between fielding questions, shaping responses, strategising, presenting, planning, executing, or simply jesting with colleagues, the unrelenting pressure is killing. There are days when she wishes she could hang around with her younger colleagues after office hours, but there's always that home plunged in expectations and responsibilities to get back to. Every moment counts.

On her way home she stops by to pick up fruits and vegetables, collects her child's bicycle that went in for a minor repair, sits with her children for their homework, or, drops them off/picks them from their respective tuitions. Just when she sits to finally stretch herself on the couch comes a call from her friend reminding her of that evening's get together.

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