

# My Name

## Likitha Kujala

I take pride in my name. Both my first and last name. My name defines me. More like I make it define me, but anyways. It's a part of my identity and every time I say it, it feels like I'm secure.

My name is like my indirect source of comfort.

In the language that I speak, Telugu, it means the goddess of writing. It derives from the word 'likitham', meaning scripture or inscription.

Thousands of years, built and still building on the foundation of the traditions, ancient beliefs and the ruins of India, carved on walls. In fact, you may feel a shiver when you run your fingers through those engravings. My name is that shiver.

My name is the clue to what happened in the past. You don't need to know it. Once you do, you are not meant to forget it.

It's meant to be a gentle name. Not gentle from the beginning though. Like a single word pronounced after years of silence. Like sitting by a river's edge after an eventful year, watching the sun as it sets, just smiling to yourself because you know a truth that no one else does. My name is that unknown truth.

That whisper in your ear which makes every piece of the puzzle fall into place.

My name is a moment where everything in a situation is set perfectly so that the answer to your question will be a yes. That thought you had years ago but you don't need the answer to it anymore.

I'm the breeze after a scorching day. Your warmth on a frigid night.

My name is the uninterrupted stream of water down a river.

The thousand-year-old story of a spruce tree. The thousand more years it will live on.

My name is the feeling of true love which you don't want to believe in. Like I said earlier, 'an unknown truth' but instead, a truth you don't want to accept. My name is the story behind why you don't want to accept your story of love.

My name is the feeling of failure, knowing that once it's over, you'll rise higher than ever. That pain when you felt like those beside you had stabbed you from the back. That

forbearance when you were told that you weren't good enough. That purpose you found when they came into your life.

My name is the sadness, happiness, lostness, victory, patience, violence, persistence and every other intense emotion in your story.

My name is the dream you chased after, knowing that it will disappear seconds after you wake up.

I'm the bittersweetness of graduating and letting go of years of friendship, memories of laughter, pain, rejection and the final moment of joy.

My name is that monstrous voice in your head. It's the guide of every nightmare. It's the dread of that nightmare coming back to you again and again.

But then again . . . my name is the relief of waking up from that nightmare of yours. It's the assurance that it wasn't real.

My name is balance. Between the pleasure and distress, the tears of joy and tears of pain, the male and female. Oh wait. It's also every gender and every story of that gender. Every fight to back up your identity, every cry in a plea to not be hiding anymore.

My name is the success everyone's after. I play hard-to-get but if you keep persisting, I'll get tired of running and catch up to you. I'm the one who lifts you up, even when you believe that your success has come to an end. Because success has no end.

My name is the even number 26. Oh, yes. That's my trick.

My name is the satisfaction I'll never get. The happiness I've never felt. The fear I haven't heard of.

It's like seeing a photo of your younger-self in 1726, when photography didn't exist. It's like the simple change from colour blindness to recognising your very first hues. It's the change from the past to future because the present never existed.

My name is the empty journal of a newborn.

It's the story of itself.

My name is an emotion, a feeling, a trigger, a stricture.

My name is a glory. My name is the flow of this story.

My name is...

Do you still want to know it?

**Likitha Kujala** is an Indian-Australian student at Suzanne Cory High School, in year 9. While moving to Australia, Likitha was brought into an environment much different from what she had always known. The changes in school, friends, experiences and all the adjustments in between caused for her to explore her identity. Within most of Likitha's writing, identity and experiences are strong themes through which she expresses herself and the world from her view. Likitha's inspiration to simply take up any opportunity are her parents, Hanumanth Rao and Saritha Kujala. While having the dream to become a cardiologist, Likitha's love for art, design and creativity are clearly printed into her writing.