

"Flat and sad hair?" asks the Sunsilk shampoo on the bathroom ledge. It promises to rid me of the problem with its 3D complex. "Wish it was as easy to get rid of *all* my complexes." I thought to myself.

I've travelled through life with two main complexes; the my-problems-are-bigger-than-yours complex and the these-walls-are-built-to-keep-you-out complex and I think it's time to address them since that's the only way I will get rid of them. Why the sudden need for action? I just think it will make life easier after my wedding next week. People ask if I'm nervous and my answer to that question has always been, "I never get nervous" whether it was asked in relation to exams, tests or indeed, meeting potential partners. I have given the same answer when asked about the wedding but at various points this week I have felt like I'm in the way of an oncoming train and just standing there, frozen. On several occasions, I realized that I was gripping something way too hard; when I let go of my bag this morning I had to flex my fingers to get them working again. Is this a sign of some deep-rooted fear or worry?

What I do know is that I always approach things with a methodical, logical and practical approach but you know, I don't want the rest of my life to be methodical, logical *or* practical. I don't want to be the happy, normal person who writes [angsty poetry](#) in private, I want to be the happy, normal person full stop. I know we all harbour anger and insecurities close to our hearts and no, writing about them on a public blog is probably not going to get rid of them but addressing them has to help, right?

my-problems-are-bigger-than-yours

This is a result of growing up in a manic, crazy household that has had to deal with nearly everything that afflicts the Asian community and more. BBC Asian Network's Anita Rani (who is very good at eliciting information I have to say) asked how I felt about *Life, Love and Assimilation* including "every stereotype about the Asian community". My answer was that it does happen because it happened to me. I've grown up telling myself that I'm not alone; deconstruct any Asian family and you will find skeletons and secrets but my problems always seemed bigger because they were mine. As I've grown up, educated myself and gained financial stability, this complex has been reduced so I can't say it's as big or important as the second one.

these-walls-are-built-to-keep-you-out

Most people are affected by this complex. Something or someone or everything and everyone have hurt them and they do their damndest to keep people at arm's length to keep it from happening again. We hide a mass of raw nerves and rarely let anyone get close enough to touch them. It's just time for me to let those go. It's time to stop being so protective. I'm pretty sure I'm not going to start singing *Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens* anytime soon but I will try try because after all, the walls we build to keep others out only serve to cage us *in*.

Rambling aside, I will try to approach the coming weeks with an open mind, untainted by cynicism and I will *not* end this blog mock-singing *Girls in white dresses and blue satin sashes*.

Erm, yeah. I'm done.