

Watching out for You

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You may be a lucky person who has many people watching out for you, but the first responsibility is your own. People would have different reasons why they couldn't be there when you needed them but – what's your own excuse? You had better do a good job of looking out for yourself.

When I try to watch me I have a logistic problem. I am inside of me – so how can I watch me? Luckily I have a whole bunch of sensors telling me things like I am standing vertically and where my head is, how it is tilting to look at a passing plane, and my back muscles respond by tightening just so that I don't fall over backwards when I tilt my head a lot. So even with my eyes closed I can watch my body, limbs and some functions like whether I am breathing, hiccupping or laughing. Using my imagination I can even see how others see me, though I can change that a bit to make it flattering.

Now I still need to watch my thoughts. That's easy – no one else can know what I'm thinking, so I'm the only one who can watch this about me –(that's what I like to think). Okay, so my face muscles give my thoughts away, but the only person who can change my thoughts is me – here I am all powerful. So first I watch the thoughts, then I choose the ones I like and think them again, and the thoughts I didn't like, I can chase them away!

Thoughts create feelings, so I can watch me feeling the feelings. I can see that the negative thoughts make me feel sad or pull down my energy, and the good feelings make me light and energized. So I can now turn my negative sentences into positive ones – 'So Gina stood me up tonight and I don't want to go to the movies alone' can be changed for 'So Gina isn't coming and I have the whole evening to myself! – let me catch up with things I always want to do but don't find time for.' I can tell Gina how angry I was when she stood me up – but I need not tell her that the anger lasted only six seconds, and I enjoyed the rest of the evening. Had I been angry all evening I would surely harm myself with the noradrenaline infused in my blood by the anger. If I don't watch out for myself and protect myself from my toxic chemicals – who will?