

Ahlam Ali

An Inward Day

It was a gloomy Sunday morning around ten o'clock, I had woken up to a day full of house chores, as expected and an extended to-do list. I started off with the "little" tasks first such as washing, drying, and folding the laundry, then I continued with washing the dishes, till they were sparkly clean. By the time I was done exhaustion had hit me severely and little did I know what the rest of the day had in store for me.

With twelve o'clock around the corner, I concluded the entire reason for existing on this earth. Besides that I had loads of work to accomplish, it consisted of studying, running errands, going for an excessive amount of walking as well as completing my religious obligations of the day. As the day continued I gradually checked tasks off my to-do list, initially I studied for a prolonged minute and at about three-thirty I found myself in a crowd of people viciously strolling all around searching for merchandise they wished to purchase, my only guide to get through the crowds of people was my mother.

When the evening rolled in I went for my tedious walk through the park, beneath the sunset, around the huge lake, through the field and back home. As expected right when I opened the door, chores yelled out my name "AHLAM," they said. But I was too worn out to answer, so I got my sister to do it for me instead and that was a brilliant idea because I got to reduce my fatigue for the first time that day. When I told her to finish the chores I had left, she was not enthusiastic about it, she was mad and wanted me to finish off the chores for her.

It wasn't until I opened the door to the bedroom my sister and I shared, did I discover a disarray just waiting for someone to clean it up. There were piles of clothing on the floor, along with dishes and wires scattered all around her desk, and books on the floor of her desk. I thought to myself I should probably organize the clutter because she was busy cleaning the bathroom and it would be unfair of me to ask her to do both tasks, but it was mostly her mess. I thought to myself I have done way more work than her today and she did nothing. The room was in absolute shambles and I was angry, all the times I allowed her time to clean up without me telling her, I was now done. "AIDAHHH," I yelled angrily. She came over running.

"You need to clean the room because I have done way more work than you today and I deserve a break. You haven't done anything today, at least not as much as I have done." Then I proceeded to list out everything I did that day. "Despite being drained I washed the dishes, then washed, dried and folded the laundry, ran an errand, studied and proceeded to go for a walk. What have you done?," I said sternly.

She stood there struggling to come up with a reason to excuse herself from the confrontation. I stood there waiting for a reasonable response from her, which I didn't get, so she had to put the room in order all by herself, as I sat down not lifting a finger to help out.

After the confrontation was over I felt that my reasoning was accurate and there was no other way of solving the problem, but to defy her. I continued on with my day by relaxing and having her clean the room all by herself. I felt that she deserved to clean the room on her own with no help since I had done more work today and I continued to watch over her to make sure she didn't overlook a single spot. For the following days we remained "in the box" towards each other and eventually others. It had a detrimental effect on our relationship as sisters and those around us, including our family and friends. I didn't even try to fix the problem I had started,

instead of apologizing for my absurd and unfair actions I continued to be inward towards her. I did not have the slightest awareness of my actions and completely disregarded the fact that I was unjustified in regard to the actions I committed.

At the moment I had no knowledge about being inward or betraying oneself, so I blamed her for all the disarray and disorganization. With that being said I inflated her faults and inflated the value of the tasks I accomplished that day to justify my self-betrayal: wanting to clean up, but still making her do it all alone. All it took was a disorganized room to make me become inward or maybe I was already inward before the incident occurred. According to the book "Leadership and Self-Deception Getting Out of the Box" by The Arbinger Institute, one enters the box or in other words becomes inward when they betray themselves. The book continues to state the idea of being in the box as "I see myself and others in a systematically distorted way--others are mere objects". (6:36).

My perspective on living inward evolved as I cultivated knowledge from the book. I perceived my actions toward my sister as unfair and self-deceiving, unaware of the damage I had caused us both because as I was inward towards her, she became inward towards me as a result of my actions. Through the incident I have learned that I blamed her for something I should have done and I handled the problem inefficiently. I caused a fair amount of affliction for having an inward view on a dirty room that I could have cleaned or at least helped clean.

Since before that day I never saw the sun again, I did see the sun through the knowledge that I acquired by reading the book "Leadership and Self-Deception Getting Out of the Box " by The Arbinger Institute. I established a rule where I cannot speak or be inward towards the people around me no matter what they do, and there is not a day that goes by where I don't think that I am improper for the way I act towards others. I learned there is more than just the situation at the

moment, instead I need to think about what my sister was going through and the work she had done that day.