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The age of emotional fragility

We live in what is probably the most comfortable era our species has known. No famine stalking entire regions, no plagues emptying cities, no wild animals circling the camp at night. In practical terms, the body is safer than it has ever been. And yet something in us seems permanently on edge. A colleague's tone lingers in the mind long after the conversation has ended. A careless remark from a friend quietly ruins the evening. We carry mental hurts the way earlier generations carried physical injuries, sometimes even longer.

Why does it happen so easily?
Because we are not only bodies.

We also carry a certain picture of ourselves, a kind of running story. It is made of many borrowed things: opinions picked up along the way, roles we gradually learned to play, impressions we have tried to maintain in front of others. We call it 'my' reputation, 'my' sensitivity, 'my' way of understanding the world.

So when someone's words brush against one of these fragile constructions, something inside reacts quickly and often intensely. The body is not under attack; what has been touched is only the story. And the story, unlike

the body, has no natural mechanism for recovery. The body knows how to heal, the story only knows how to grow.



There is something else worth noticing. The body produces honest physical responses to whatever life brings: a tightening in the chest, a flush of heat, a sudden rush of energy. Left alone, these feelings pass on their own.

But we rarely leave them alone. The mind moves in immediately and builds an explanation around them: 'my' hurt, 'my' grievance. What was only a passing sensation slowly

becomes part of a biography.

So perhaps the problem is not weakness. Perhaps it is attachment to a story that was always more fragile than we realised.

The next time something inside flares up, a simple question might help: What exactly was threatened here? Not asked harshly, just with curiosity. Which part of the story felt it could not survive this moment? Sometimes that question loosens something quietly.

The reaction may still arise, but it does not hold us as tightly. And in that small loosening, it is not just the hurt that eases, but the story too.