

Leadership, management, social justice and ICT : While many have easy lives, got easy jobs , easy education, everything on a platter, a silver spoon in their mouths, I had to strive to be where I am today. A brief summary of my relationship life so far at the age of 37. A magnet of bad luck. A childhood and adolescence spent in domestic violence problems. (i) My father was drinking whisky (1952-1995) , (ii) my brother was drinking wine (1984-2012) , (iii) mother was drinking beer (1958-2023) , society adding insult to injury and in adulthood (iv) the woman who pretended to love me and made me believe I was the father of her child was a (iv) smoker and a (v) drug addict, (vi) a psychopath , a thief, a pathological liar doing zig zag, yes-no-yes, (vii) an adulterer , (viii) while I am praying for her, she is enjoying , making baby with other men in Spain. Despite all these harms, I have never fallen into any vices, nor consumed any alcohol, nor smoked and never touched any drug in my life, even still virgin, never even touched, kissed a woman in my life , as an educator, a Civil servant, a researcher , fighting my daily wars in solitude against , attacks from all sides, unprovoked, unjustified, premeditated violence , kicks at home, kicks from society , kicks at work , obstacles all along my path of studies and the law spitting on my visage and in my rights I aspire to achieve high namely deputy/rector with my qualifications EL, BSc Hon, PGCE, PGDELM, PGDEM, MBA ; An overview of importance of keeping faith, never stop praying, however unjust life can be, however this society harm, steal me.

Let them all shoot their arrows to me, I will still rise.1

Thessalonians 5 : 16-18

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ABSTRACT: *I write these types of papers to make the world aware through what hell I have been and still did not become the evil I fight. While many have easy lives, get easy jobs, easy education, I had to strive to be where I am today. Whisky, wine, beer, drug, adultery , vices to stay away from. A story of domestic violence in childhood and adolescence, nights spend sleeping in woods , society adding insult to injury and never helping me and in adulthood a woman who betrays me. There is no return this time. As Virgil said in the Poem The Aeneid, ‘ But to return, and view the cheerful skies, In this task and mighty labor lies.’ A paper on the importance of never stop praying , never losing faith, however unjust life can be, however many arrows shot to your body. I have no lesson to learn from anyone about how difficult, how cruel life can be. I can proudly say that I have never fallen into any vices , I have never consumed any alcohol, nor smoked and never touched any*

drug in my life, even still virgin, never even touched, kissed a woman in my life. And my hands are clean. There is no blood of innocent on my hands

KEYWORDS: *vices, prayers*

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I. INTRODUCTION

This paper is a brief summary of my life so far, Dec 2024 and the importance of never stop praying, never losing faith, however unjust life can be. My mother and father met in their early adolescence. My father was a young Policeman and my mother went to study in India. There she even met Lady Diana of UK. When my mother came back to Mauritius, my parents got married. After some years they got my brother and then I was born. It was a happy family. Then in 1995 my father passed away, leaving a widow my mother with mountainous debts. It was not easy for her to raise two children. My childhood and adolescence was spent in problems at home, domestic violence and I remember those nights I had to run away from home and spend in woods, sleeping outside, just to get those few nights of peaceful sleep. I studied and started to work.

II. LITERATURE

I remember the Poem of Virgil, an Ancient Roman Poet, In Latin it is "Facilis descensus Averno: Noctes atque dies patet atriianua Ditis; Sed revocare gradibus superasque evadere ad auras, Hoc opus, hic labor est." Which means "The gates of Hell are open night and day; Smooth the descent, and easy is the way: But to return, and view the cheerful skies, In this task and mighty labor lies."— Virgil, *The Aeneid*. Lesson learned, there is no turning back this time. It's a one direction. I will not give a second chance to anyone who has betrayed me, nor to any woman of my past. I cannot let anyone destroy my life. That woman, Spanish tried to destroy my life, fooling me again and again but it will not happen again.

III. DISCUSSION

After years of problems at home, I then decided to rent a small studio to stay alone, away from those daily kicks and violence at home. In 2011 I went to stay alone in Louis Pasteur Forest Side. On a Black September 2011, while going for dinner, unprovoked, unjustified, premeditated, I was brutally attacked and the attacker even wanted to put my body in a van to throw somewhere. Society was adding insult to injury and authorities not helping me. I escaped death on roads but I was kicked out of job, had to return back to home. My brother passed away and some years later my mother also passed away. The law also did not help me nor did it do me any favour. It had been victim blaming all the way since decades. I am the real victim but I am the one getting the blows and legal problems. As mentioned in a previous paper, even when my mother Kritya was ill and passed away also no one helped me. My own life was put at risk, no one informed me that she was terminally ill. And even had to cremate her alone. At home all these years I had problems no one helped me, but added insult to injury. Relatives never sided with me, they sold their soul to Politics and this society never respected me. I also find very unfair and cruel how even that woman has fooled me. Fool me once shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me. Doing zig zag yes-no-yes but in fact is a psychopath, a pathological liar, a thief. While I was praying for her, she was making another child with other men in Spain. Today lonely, orphan, no one cares what I eat, if I have eaten, how I live in my solitude but it does not matter since I know I am a good person and my hands are clean.

IV. CONCLUSION

Adding insult to injury, this has been what the society has been doing. Everyday in my prayers I thank God that despite all these harms done to me, despite that solitude, I did not fall into any vices, nor into any drug and I rightly preach against the Evil of drug. I did not become the evil I fight. I always thank God that I am not like my enemies, full of hate, rage, anger and jealousy. I wake up and pray, they wake up and plot how to harm, steal, harass and annoy people. I also take note that this society takes pleasure to harm an orphan. I often look my visage in a mirror and wonder how can a good man like me be so much hated and I remember the verse John 15:18 ESV - *The Hatred of the World* - "If the world hates you, know that it has hated me before it hated you. If in the Bhagavat Gita, or Quran there were such verses, I would be citing those books. Lesson learned and never to repeat the same mistakes again. Never to trust the same snake that has bitten me.