

Prologue:

There is method to this madness – Pre-Debrief

Sonja walked into a very classy office reception with a very crisp looking young lady sitting behind the table.

Sonja: “Hi, my name is Sonja. Sonja Hozain. I have a 10.30 am appointment. I am here to see Dr Mishra. I was referred by Dr Rosenvelt, from Keysborough Family Clinic.”

Receptionist: “Hi, Dr Hozain. I spoke to you on the phone last week. Please take a seat and Dr Mishra will see you shortly. Can I get you a drink?”

Sonja: “No, thanks...I am fine.”

Sonja sat on what looked like a really expensive leather couch. She was feeling sick in her tummy. She has been having this churning feeling ever since she made the appointment. She tried talking herself out of keeping the appointment. But obviously her head and her legs were not communicating.

Now that she is actually here, she was just cringing at the thought of actually going through this “debrief” or something that she is here for. The room was just too clean and this leather couch seat looked too expensive! “*What is this going to cost me?*” “*Nothing!*” she heard Roy's voice at the back of her head! Yes, Roy...the one man she should have avoided from day one!!!!...She didn't and now 15 years later...he has succeeded in landing her in a shrink's office! “These treatments are covered by your Medicare! Just do it for God's sake!” he told her!

‘*Treatments!*’ That word! Sonja just couldn't digest the fact that she needed treatment after all these years! If anyone needs any treatment, it must be the ex-husband of hers who has the problem of functioning straight! What the...?

Sonja's mind was articulating a carefully constructed profanity when she heard....

Receptionist: “Dr Hozain...Dr Mishra will see you now...Are you ok? Can I get you something to drink? You seem to have lost a bit of colour...”

Sonja:” No, I am fine, thanks...is that the door?”

Receptionist: “Yes..”

Sneak Preview of “The imperfect life of Sonja Hozain” by Dr Puva Arumugam

Sonja got up quite quickly and walked straight towards the door almost walking into it! She stopped centimetres away and knocked twice and opened it, anticipating the worst. Just then, she could not believe what she saw as she heard:

Dr Mishra: “Come in Dr Hozain!... how are you today?”

Sonja's legs went completely limp and she could barely manage a smile or even a handshake... *“God! You are finally working on my case file! I so want this guy! Please God! Please God! I will be vegetarian for 3 hours if you let me sleep with this guy! Like NOW!!”*

Swallowing hard to get the dryness out of her throat...she blushed as she offered her trembling hand to shake his hand that had been extended towards her like two minutes ago!

Dr Mishra: “Oh..are you cold, Dr Hozain?..Your hands are freezing! Can I turn the air-conditioner down for you?”

He led her to her chair and walked to the thermostat that was near the door to press a few buttons.

Sonja: “No...no, I am fine! I got cold feet I guess” she couldn't control the giggles that squealed out of her like a silly school girl..she quickly checked herself as she sat briskly on the chair.

She HAD to look professional!... She cannot come across like a loony bin needing psychiatric help!! She contained her giggles immediately and just went back to smiling at this hopelessly gorgeous hunk of a man who looked more like a Greek God than a Shrink of any kind! Well -chiselled face with sharp features, such deep set eyes and his body! *“Oh my god, his body! So toned and those broad shoulders that I so want to”*....These thoughts were rudely disrupted...

Dr Mishra: “ Don't worry..there is nothing to get cold feet about seeing a psychiatrist!”

Sonja felt a jolt of reality when she heard the word psychiatrist..she then sat up straight and pretended to look around for something as Dr Mishra sat on his chair...

Dr Mishra: “Do you want a drink before we start Dr Hozain?”

Sonja: “Oh..please call me Sonja...and I was just looking for a reclining chair like the ones we see in the movies!”

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Dr Mishra:” Oh...you mean that chair?”..he said, pointing to his right and Sonja's gaze followed his long lanky fingers...(*Long fingers mean long you- know- what!!*) and in another room, she got glimpse of the side of a brown leather reclining chair...

She smiled weakly and nodded...

Dr Mishra: “That chair is used for patients who need therapy...not something I would use at this moment for you.”

“Damn! Why not! We can so make out on that chair right now, Dr Mishra!” Sonja's mind was screaming out at him.

Sonja smiled gratefully: “That's good to know..I am new to this idea of seeing a psychiatrist...”

Dr Mishra: “Yes, I totally understand Sonja..but it need not be a daunting experience at all. Now, Dr Roosevelt has indicated that you asked to see a psychiatrist...?”

Sonja nodded again as her mind played the scene at Dr Roosevelt's clinic quite vividly....