



IJMRRS

**International Journal for Multidisciplinary
Research, Review and Studies**

Volume 1 - Issue 1

2024

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Quelling Dreams

“...her wings are cut and then she is blamed for not knowing how to fly.”

(Simone de Beauvoir, The Second Sex)

And once more, the cycle of injustice spins, and the scale of inequality tips further. This is no new revelation to you, for my actions have become a grim consistency. I am the architect of despair, my hands moulding the very core of discrepancy. You see, I have walked through the ages, a shadow over the potential of countless women, my touch a stain that mars their aspirations.

I have been there since the dawn of their existence, watching them grow, their dreams ripening like forbidden fruits. Yet, with a cruel hand, I have plucked those fruits prematurely, casting them aside as unworthy. I've designed the blueprint of society with patterns of unfairness, ensuring that their paths are obstructed by stumbling blocks, their voices drowned out by the din of a patriarchal world. “The construction of women as ‘the Other,’” as Simone de Beauvoir argued, “is the foundation of patriarchy”, a foundation I have guarded fiercely.

I have metamorphosed from the silent enforcement of two-spirit prescriptions within the confines of the home to a blatant display of dominance in every quadrant of life. Under the fluorescent glare of corporate lights, I uphold pay variance, glass ceilings, and the insidious belief that a woman's worth is less than a man's. I am the incarnation of systemic oppression, hunting opportunities and rights in broad daylight, my satisfaction found in the continuation of this imbalance.

My victims lie prostrate, their ambitions and hopes bleeding out in a pool of societal scorn. Look at me, I have made myself a titan, feeding on the heart of their potential, becoming an indelible scar on the soul of humanity. I am the pervasive rot that festers in the heart of societal structures, hard to be exterminated, hard to be cleansed. I am the enduring stench of inequality that clings to the consciousness of civilization.

Some may revile me, but many have worshipped my ideology, cloaking it in tradition and norms. They march down the avenues of life, shackled by expectations and prejudices, when questioned, they reply with a dismissive “This is how it's always been”. Virginia Woolf captured this sentiment well by observing that “For most of history, Anonymous was a woman.” I have capitalized on that anonymity by creating a reality where countless women's achievements are left unrecognized, their voices uncredited.

And now, when a woman dares to dream, dares to challenge, I silence her with the weight of societal expectations, stripping her of her voice. She believes she is capable, equal, and worthy of the same rights and respect. But I've labelled her subordinate from the beginning, and in crushing her spirit, I affirm my belief that the world revolves on the axis of male dominance. I am the force that upholds this inequality, the voice that bolsters a world where women's worth is constantly sabotaged.