

The many versions of a woman



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There are days when a woman catches a glimpse of herself in a quiet moment and feels unfamiliar in the most gentle way. Not lost, not broken, simply changed. She may not be able to point to one exact reason, only a quiet knowing that she has grown into someone new while still carrying echoes of who she once was. A woman rarely becomes one fixed version of herself. She moves through phases like seasons, each one leaving behind a softness, a lesson, a quiet strength that reshapes her inner world.

She learns early how to adapt to what is expected of her. To notice what others need before it is spoken. To stay composed even when emotions feel heavy beneath the surface. These patterns are not accidental. They are shaped by connection, by culture, by the subtle psychological desire to belong and to be seen as enough. Over time, these roles settle into her identity so naturally that she may not question them. She becomes the reliable one, the strong one, the understanding one. And somewhere along the way, she learns how to carry many emotional worlds at once.

Yet growth often begins in silence. It appears as a small discomfort she cannot fully explain, a feeling that something within her is shifting. She may notice that the version of her who once stayed quiet now wants to speak. The one who always gave without pause begins to crave rest. These moments are not signs of weakness. They are signals of psychological change, the mind gently reorganising itself to create space for authenticity. Change rarely looks dramatic from the outside, but internally it can feel like standing at the edge of a new landscape.

THE MANY WORLDS IN HER

The world tends to prefer women who remain consistent, who do not change too visibly. But within her, many versions coexist. There is the self that learned to belong by adjusting, softening edges to create harmony. There is the self that began to question quietly, sensing that constant adaptation carries a hidden emotional cost. And then there is the emerging self that starts to choose with more intention, not out of rebellion, but from a deeper connection with her own needs. These shifts can feel tender because they ask her to release familiar patterns while stepping into something less certain.

Emotionally, this process is rarely linear. She may feel proud of how far she has come while also grieving parts of her past. Pride and grief often exist side by side during transformation. The mind remembers old coping patterns, while the heart reaches for something more honest. Psychologically, this is a moment of integration, where different parts of the self begin to meet rather than compete. She learns that she can be strong and vulnerable at the same time, nurturing and boundaried, independent and deeply connected.

Many women carry an invisible emotional weight, the quiet labour of holding relationships together and sensing unspoken needs. This emotional awareness can be a gift, yet it can also blur the line between empathy and self-neglect. There comes a moment when she begins to turn inward with curiosity instead of judgement. She asks softer questions. What feels true to me right now. Which version of myself feels most alive. These questions are not demands for immediate clarity. They are invitations to reconnect with a deeper sense of self.

FINDING HER WAY BACK TO HERSELF

Returning to herself rarely happens through grand gestures. It unfolds in small permissions. Allowing rest without guilt. Expressing a thought she once would have swallowed. Sitting in silence long enough to hear her own voice again. With each gentle act, she rebuilds trust within herself. She begins to understand that every version of her existed for a reason. The one who stayed quiet was protecting something tender. The one who questioned was searching for meaning. The one who is emerging now is learning to hold strength and softness together.

To be a woman is often to live many lives within one lifetime. She evolves through relationships, through endings and beginnings, through moments of certainty and moments of doubt. None of these versions erase the others. They weave together, creating a self that is layered and deeply human. She is allowed to change her mind. She is allowed to outgrow what once felt safe. She is allowed to become without needing to explain every transformation.

Perhaps the deepest form of strength is not choosing one identity to hold onto but allowing all versions of herself to exist with compassion. She is a story still unfolding, shaped by every experience that has touched her. And as she continues to evolve, she realises that she does not need to search for a final version of herself. She only needs to keep listening, gently, to the woman she is becoming.

