

Unable To Own Incompetence.

in·com·pe·tence

/in'kämpətn(t)s,iNG'kämpətn(t)s/ noun

1. inability to do something successfully; ineptitude.

Before starting I would like to preface, by no means do I think of myself above anyone. I make mistakes, I forget, and I am also incompetent. But every day I try to work towards a version that acknowledges my mistake, and prevail as a better, well-educated version of myself.

Being in my third year of my undergraduate degree, I've worked with enough peers to learn a great deal, not just academically, but socially. Of all the things I've encountered, the one I struggle with most is some people's inability to accept their own incompetence.

In early December of my second year, at the peak of finals season, a fellow student and I made plans to study together for our behavioural psychology exam. The plan was simple: meet the day before, review the material, and help each other do well. Everything was confirmed, even the day of.

When the time came, they didn't show up.

I waited, assuming they might be late or had momentarily forgotten, which was odd, given the confirmation. Eventually, I called them. They picked up and said, "*Oh, I forgot about it,*" and nothing more.

Nothing more...

I wasn't upset that they missed the session. What bothered me was how casually it was dismissed. No apology. No acknowledgement of my time or effort. That response made one thing clear: the issue wasn't forgetfulness; it was a complete lack of responsibility for their own failure.

After this event it really got me thinking, in an introspective way as well. It's very common in human psychology to prioritize your own self-interest, and I am not arguing against it. My argument is rooted in creating a division where a wall between self-interest and selfishness is created. It's very understandable that things happen in life, we cannot always commit all our commitments, but a respective way is to at least own up to your incompetence.

A person who may not always know when they are right, but who knows when they are wrong, possesses a deeper form of intellect. Not knowing what right is, often what guides us toward it. At the end of the day what makes us human is our mistakes, but what makes us a good human is realizing for others; I f we must own up to our mistakes to value another- then certainly it is a great step towards a more compatible, strongly woven cloth called humanity.

- Saaim Japanwala