

SIMPLY A TOMAR!

*(STORY OF HOPES, STRUGGLE,
LOVE, TRUST, ASPIRATIONS,
SACRIFICE, FRIENDSHIP,
RESPECT & DETERMINATION)*

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO :-

Dada ji, Lt. Vijendra Pal Singh Tomar

Dadi ji, Lt. Vimla Tomar

Nana ji, Ranveer Singh Raghau

Nani ji, Lt. Kusum Lata Raghau

*It is very easy to break a simple thread,
but it is equally difficult to rejoin
those shattered pieces.....*

*So never hurt anyone's emotions,
Because emotions are nothing but the
Threads created by heart.....*

- VISHVENDRA SINGH TOMAR

ABOUT THE NOVEL

This novel is totally fictitious and has no relevance with anyone's life.

All the characters portrayed are fictitious and are genuinely designed to entertain you as maximum as possible,

Enjoy this novel with some chilled cold drink and salty chips and I can say it for sure that after reading this you will find some transformations in your thoughts for a better cause...

VISHVENDRA SINGH TOMAR

(SIMPLY A TOMAR!)

There it
goes.....

What a pleasant morning it was, it was the first time when I was feeling that no place of this world could be as beautiful as my city, ya my city "*GHAZIABAD*" in UTTAR PRADESH.

Though Ghaziabad is well known for the criminal acts, but what meant to me was the emotions associated with it which made this city heaven for me. It was platform no. 4, the train was on its time at 7:20 am, my father had come to bid farewell to me. We had two bags full of clothes and some domestic articles.

That day I was looking very serious more serious than any time and my father too. I was not chatting with my father at all, I wanted to but I couldn't. After sometime he said " Beta from now onwards you are not simply a

tomar". And within 5 minutes of long silence, the train got announced to depart. I rushed inside the train and my father helped me to put the bags and with a sharp horn train speeded up, only what I could do was just waving my hands to say bye to father and he waved too and I could feel the silence on my father face as the train was accelerating. Slowly train left the platform and I got inside and made myself comfortable on seat. All memories started engraving me – it was my friends, my parents, my relatives, my techers, my routine and she.....

With this the first station arrived *SAHIBABAD* and I was totally broken into tears created by beautiful moments that I had spent in *GHAZIABAD*. If you have loved anything may be a small pen or a person by heart, then its for sure their importance can make you cry anytime. With in another 35 minutes and 1 more station train reached the "*AANAND VIHAAR*" railway station and I walked out

from train with two heavy bags and walked towards bus stand and I remembered the bus number told by my father to me 165, I waited there for 25 minutes and then the green giant bus numbered 165 arrived. I readily rushed inside to catch the seat and took a 15 rupees ticket from conductor and silently sat down. I had only one thing in my mind – my emotions, my emotions & my emotions. My tears were not going to be stopped and then I decided to express all my emotions in a diary. I was wondering why did my father tell “I am not simply a tomar”? What did he mean from this? Though I had no answers, but might be my heart knew what he meant. I took out my diary and a pen and started writing. And this is what I wrote.....

2 Things Before start...

1} There are two words one is "*like*" and another is "*love*". If you like any thing it just means it attracts you, it makes you to feel good and you can easily forget it means you can live without it. But if you love something it means your heart develops a cloth made up of threads ie- emotions around the object and you cannot forget it the whole lifetime and can't live without it.

2} In India, there are two sorts of tomar, one category belongs to jaat community and other one belongs to "*RAJPUT KINGDOM*".

In rajputs Tomar belongs to "chandravanshi" vansh mens descendants of lord Moon. They generally are soft hearted, short tempered, thirsty for win & resistable to bow their heads down infront of those who are nothing infront of them & a lot more.....

So, SIMPLY A TOMAR is a story of a rajput whose descendants had migrated from MADHYA PRADESH to UTTAR PRADESH about 180 years ago!

Might be if they had not migrated, I would have surely a relation with *PAAN SINGH TOMAR* !!!!!!!!

SIKANDRABAD, U.P.

It was 2nd of march 1993, at SIKANDRABAD hospital, I took birth at 10:45 am and there was a great celebration all around for 2 reasons. First one was that I was very first child of the tomar's kingdom at "BARAL" near district "BULANDSHAHR". Second one was that I had made an unexpected record at that hospital as I was weighted as 3.85 kg in weight. I still don't know how my mother managed a weight like this, may be you can call it Mother's love.

According to the customs, the pandit ji of our vansh had pronounced the word "V" for my name and my grandmother had gifted me with a golden necklace containing a loin's nail coated all around with gold as was the custom.

My grandfather had come up with the name *VIKRAMADITYA SINGH TOMAR* for me and it was appreciated by the whole village "BARAL"

and whole tomar's kingdom and then there was all around firing of bullets, sounds of trumpets used in wars and a very big feast for every one arranged by TOMAR'S FAMILY.

My grandfather was the most richest man in the whole village, with several hectares of lands and a very strict retired general from Indian Army. He had provided every thing that my father needed, as my father wants to go in research as such he had managed his son to get M.Sc degree in mathematics . But the brothers of my grandfather had cheated upon him and since then my grandfather left up with very few land and money crisis due to which my father had to suffer and as such didn't manage to get a good job but still with a computer diploma he was working as a computer teacher in a private engineering college with hand to mouth salary of 8000/- per month. But the celebration of my birth had made them rich again.

My mother had planned to shift to some urban area so that I could get educated as such she advised my father to shift to some city. As my father was working in Delhi so he decided to shift to some city near Delhi. And then we finally got shifted to the ultimate city "*GHAZIABAD*".

(Ultimate? Ya right ultimate and you will see!)

When I was of 2 years, we got shifted to Ghaziabad , my nanaji and naniji helped us a lot to purchase a flat and then my school life got started.

GHAZIABAD U.P.

Do you still remember the very first day of your school life? Like every caring mother, my mother had nourished me like a lotus leaf and she never left me alone. Although my father salary was not so good but he managed me to get admission in a reputed private school "ST. MARRY" , because they wanted to make me a good engineer. My mother too had so many degrees like B.Ed and M.Ed degrees but still she didn't have a government job because she was a general candidate and same case for my father. Anyways my mother used to do private tuitions at home for 2000/- . As such we were living with meagre world with limited demands and with a dream to make me a good engineer. My father admissioned me in class K.G. not in nursery just to save money for a year.

First day at ST. MARRY.....

Oh! what an unforgettable day it was, unlike any other child I was happy to go to school because my mother has taught me so much that I like to study very much, what happened to me was really unexpected. I entered in class and a very strict mam ordered me to sit on the green chair and as such I followed her instruction, just beside a red chair occupied by a girl like an adorable doll, in lunch by mistake I used her bottle to drink water as we both had same sort of bottle of pink color and suddenly *fattaacckk!!!!* She slapped me and then kicked for using her bottle and i bounced 2 meter away from the chair but I can not hit her because I was *simply a tomar* and tomars never hit girls, women.

On the very next day I didn't have even courage to look her, and I sat 2 meters away from her. I was at very good in singing poems

in very cute voice and she too was very good in singing. For annual function of our school we both were chosen to deliver a hindi poem for our school and for which we had to practised together which was like to sit on pointed needle but I had to do it any cost other wise I got punished with teacher. As such

I got to get her name ie- *RADHIKA RATHORE*.

Oh! What a beautiful singer she was more sweeter than nightingale, but during practice session she use to make joke on me, as I was little bit fatty and she use to pinch on my hands and started laughing. And finaly we both together in a rhythm and melodicious voice delieverd that poem and got a huge applause from whole crowd. But ya in study I was topper, I used to get 97% upto 2nd class and she always come second with 94%, this often made her jealous and happier to me, but still her jokes ruined my whole days and whole class laughed on me due to a single girl Radhika, I didn't want to see her face but daily

I had to face her because she was monitor of the class and she used to make me punish with teachers for false claims, I didn't know why she used to create problems for me, her usual dialogue ie- *Moteiy lala thulthule sadak par chalety hi gir pade* had ruined my life and I didn't want to see her anymore though she was the most beautiful in the whole class and most richest too. She used to call me "*Moteiy raam*" and one day I got frustrated and started shouting on her with tears in my eyes, I pronounced her "*Chipkali*" and the whole class laughed on her and I felt like heaven, instantly she picked up wooden duster and threw it towards my head and then **bhaddaaaaaaaaaak** **bhooooooooooooommm** again she made my forehead to bulge out. The clash between us continued to remain upto class 2nd and then finally I got rid off her as our section got changed in class 3rd, oh! thanks god! But I

couldn't neglect the fact that she was the divine creation of god with deep blue eyes, long brownish hairs, heart catching smile and lot more which I can't express to you. You would have thinking is this a second class student? Let me tell you don't confuse you are absolutely right as I have already taught to you that tomars are soft hearted and they got easily influenced by others as I got with Radhika. Radhika? Ya Radhika as she had gifted me a new black bag for carrying books after seeing my tearful eyes because she had scissored my bag apart just for calling her "*CHIPKALI*". And on my one of the birthday she had gifted me a geometry box because I didn't have any thing (except my pocket) to carry pencil, rubber, scale etc. How pretty she was but equally rude too. Anyways from 3rd we rarely faced each other as our section got changed! But why I missed her and her awkward jokes, I didn't know might be I was *simply a tomar!!!!!!*

U – Turn class 3rd.....

Ya my life took a u turn, I was a consistent performer for last 3 classes with 97% & now too I became consistent with 40% marks..... How? This was a U turn may be for a good cause but how? O.k. let's see.....

As the class 3rd started I started to going out to play with colony friends, for which my mother resisted as she knew about ghaziabad very well. But I was not going to be caged in the house like a prison. Now I had friends of age about 16 -18 years and I too got mixed up with them very fast like a spoon of sugar in too hot water. Too often , I got punished by mother for breaking several rules like going too away from home, using abusive language, case of fighting with other but now no one could handle me, nor any type of punishment. But my father never said to me anything, he only

said that "Beta bas tu khush reh!". And as a consequence I got 40% in class 3rd and then now I knew everything about this world, what students do during college life, I had enjoyed at very age of primary school as I had college friends in common. Usually we fought in gangs played cricket whole day and lot more. Even to go to cyber café with such friends, you know what to search! And something interesting, my first like "*SHREYA CHAUHAN*", she was my neighbour. Like the children of that age , we use to play together. Dheeraj & Shaantanu were my two best friends and when we all three got to mix together then there is surely an invitation to typhoon. But the main problem was that they too liked her and they should be because she was too beautiful to see. But when I cleared about my intention for her to them, they said nothing and helped me a lot to approach her that'r called true friends.

During summers after watching shaktimaan, we used to play various games together and

being a good comedian I always made her to laugh and she too enjoy my accompany. Slowly and steadily the bond between us got strenghtened and now we were something more than friends. Though our school were different but after school we spent most of the time together. Many a times, i used to steal 5 rupees from home to bring candies for her as she loved candies very much but I never told her that I theft for her. Too often, we shared a single ice-cream. Being a very good artist, I had made a greeting card for her to say her happy new year and what I got in return was unexpectable she had kissed on my cheecks, for a moment I thought it to be a dream but no I was wrong, I slapped myself just to check wether it was dream or not. Dheeraj an shaantanu used to take my name infront of her and her name infront of me, as such they were playing the role of adhesive forces. Shaantanu had advised me to propose to her on the festival of holi, the whole night before holi I

couldn't sleep just to plan how to propose to her and then the sun arrived with a flash morning, I had created a lotus flower on the white t-shirt using holi colors to gift her. I had dressed up with a white kurta and pajama, with a holi hat on head, in the very early morning I rushed towards her gate and created a rangoli design using holi colors for her. All was set for a filmy proposal but what had happened to my proposal, was unbelievable for me..... She had left for Amritsar with her whole family without informing me as her naniji was seriously in critical position. At the age of a child of class 5th, if you fails to reach the target, you feels as if you have lost the last chance due to lack of patience, the holi water had flooded my proposal dream, I waited for her a week but she never came. Indirectly I asked to my mother why shreya's family was not coming. My mother replied due to her naniji's death, they would come 4 days after. In the

meanwhile, shaantanu's family got shifted to Mumbai due to his father's transfer!

Shani shaantanu's substitute

As already I had shattered and now separation from Shaantanu's had made both dheeraj and me feel very alone as our typhoon got dispersed around. And now another huge problem was targeting me, ya very huge one. It was entry of shaantanu's substitute Sunny, whose family had purchased shaantanu house.

His name was Sunny but he proved to be Shani for me. How? O.k. let's see

Shantanu's father had sold their house to a Sharma family, and sunny sharma was their eldermost child. No doubt, he was handsome but not by heart as there was no place for emotions for him. He mixed with us with in 2 days and we also provided him shelter as friends. He was very good at communication skills and he had an ability to influence any

one. As was expected, Shreya's family returned but what was not expected was that he had made the whole shreya's family influenced even shreya too. With in two weeks he had made me stranger for shreya, and shreya also liked her company as he was rich and he could easily gift her the beautiful handbands, hairbands and a lot more. Now she started ignoring me might be I was not so rich nor so good in communication skills, but all I had was a caring heart as I was *simply a tomar!* Even Dheeraj found him better than me and left my company and then I was totally alone. But still I made my heart believe that she was mine, but one day when she had cleared me that she liked him, I was shattered into broken pieces like that of glass. As I was emotionally attached with movie *sholay*, I copied Dharmendra by climbing on the roof of ground floor and jumped down to hurt myself for her, I got severe abrasions, brushes on skin but now I got to know that she was not mine.

Since then I also started to ignore him and slowly I started to forget her and both Shreya and Sunny were happy together and now I had no complaint to anyone as I had accepted my defeat. Sometimes when she came in front of me, my heart got violent and beating heavily for her but she was never going to listen her specially when she was with someone like "*DRAMA KING SHANI*". And when Dheeraj haid told me that Shreya was going to propose Sunny, I went to my room and I put fire upon the T-shirt that I wanted to gift her to remove all her memories from my heart. And now I wanted to see her happy might be with sunny and from then I used to make them to come closer playing the role of adhesives! And when some boys of other colony created problem for Shreya, I used to kick them away which sunny couldn't do as he was physically weaker than me and moreover he didn't have any contacts with the gali gangs which I had. And now it was another Holi, both Shreya and

Sunny were playing together and I was just seeing them by hiding myself before a door, Sunny's mother called for him and he left her alone and this was the time when I wanted to throw some lotus flowers on her which I had collected from a distant park but suddenly two boys who used to comment on her came towards her to rub her face with dirty colors and then as a superman I rushed towards them with a glass mixed color which could burn anyone's skin and seeing me they ran away but when Shreya turned her face she found me rushing towards her which made her feel that I was going to rub her face with that dangerous color and then she picked a steel mug and banged it to my head *SATTACKKAAAA*

And I fell on the ground in slowing my speed and she spoke in a harsh voice-"*Aaj k baad apna manhuus chehra mujhe bhul kar bhi mat*

dikhana aur mere aur Sunny k beech me kabhi mat aana aur na hi mere ghar k aas paas dikhna, samjha". Oh! What those poisonous words were that! For a moment I felt like Why it always happens to me? Why the god is so rude with me? I wanted just to help her not to love her this time but why? Why she teared me apart? Now I couldn't bear this anymore and I stood up and walked towards my home with eyes full of tears and a broken heart and then I took an oath that I would never see her face again and never tried to help her again, not anymore at any cost.....

Since then I cut my whole relations with Dheeraj, Sunny & whole colony friends And Shreya too. I again went back to my old friends, old life full off Videogames, Wars, Cricket, Masti etc without caring any one. Specially with Rahul(a college student), I

started a new life full of games, gadgets as he was very rich and one of the my best friend!

A new routine

Now I was in class 6th with no affection towards studies and still a consistent performer with 40% marks. My father didn't have any complaint to me though my mother had too like after school I used to go to rahul's house and then we both went to play cricket till 6 p.m. & then left for videogame shops, some street vendours to eat snacks like Fruit chaat, aaloo tickky, bhatures, dosa etc and then I returned to home 11 p.m. , which made my mother mad and she used to complain to me but I was unaffected by her at all, This was my new routine with no time to see for Shreya & sunny or any other colony friend any more.

In school time, I was made very famous by my works. Famous how? Ya famous to create problems for teacher, for incomplete copy

work always, for bunking within the school premises, for too poor marks even the 6th class was well known for a single name "*VIKRAMADITYA SINGH TOMAR*".

All what I wanted a world full of games and masti and then my demands started rising up and then I demanded a T.V. video game from my father and he replied "Beta mere salary itni nhi hai ki mai abhi tujhe Game dila saku?" and this dialouge has made me mad and I kicked the door and started shouting on my father and mother too, after some time my mother fetched food to me and in anger I kicked the food away and this made my father angry and for the first time he picked up a wicket and started beating me because a tomar can't see disrespect of food and made me bleeding all around. After two hours when he got calmed down, he went to me and said "Beta mai tujhe maarna nhi chahta tha but beta hum gareeb hain hum abhi itna kharch nhi kar sakte", and I replied "Bas 300 rupaiye kharch karne se koi

gareeb nhi ho jata papa". And this time my father found himself and replied "Beta chal tu game chahta hai to mai dilwa deta hun par beta ek baat yaad rakhna jis din tu kamayega tujhe pata chal jayega kitna mushkil hai 100 rupaiye kamana" and I replied "Dekh lenge papa abhi to game dilwaaney chalo". And then we both together went to a videogame shop and on bargaining we got a game cost rs 280/- and I was felling like in heaven but when we come to home, we found it to be in non working condition and my father started shouting on me for wasting money we again went back to shop to replace it but shopkeeper rejected it to rep-lace at any cost and send it for repair after repairing game was o.k. but my father not as I was unknown from his disease he was suffering from dipression and the 5-6 rounds from home to game shop which was 7 km away made him felt ill and he was on bed when we returned to home. Immediately my mother had called my

Grandfather to tell my father's current position, he rushed towards home and made my father to admit in AIIMS INDIA, where doctor on observing my father declared that he was in critical position and might loose his life. When I got to know that news from my mother, I thought why did I made my father to bring such an unfortunate video game and I was shattered into tears and feeling hopeless. After operating my Father one week one doctor came towards my grandfather to and said that now my father was out of danger and instantly my grandfather sent this happy news to our home via phone. Though my father was out of danger but still he had to remain there for three months on bed and now me and my mother were left with only 2000 rupees coming from my mother's tuition as in private job if you are absent for three months you are not going to get a single penny from them. And now I had to do something atleast to purchase daily milk and vegetables, what I

should do? What? I rushed towards Jaggu bhaiya who was expert in this field and he suggested me to become a rickshaw driver and from the next day after completing my school time I used to pull rickshaw from ghaziabad station to very places like pratap vihaar, vijay nagar, bypass, chanakya chowk, shivpuri and lot more, and many rich people were very bad in bargaining and many of them didn't give a single penny for fetching rickshaw to their place because I was a child and they knew it! After a long struggle upto 11 p.m. I returned home with 250-300 rupees per day and a one liter milk pack and I handed it to my mother by saying that "Mummy rahul ne bhijwaya hai, vo mera kaafi achha dost hai isliye!" and never made her knew that I was become a rickshaw puller with 6th class studies. Too often in nights, it hurted a lot my whole body used paralysed for 2-3 hours when I went for sleep after fetching rickshaw for several kilometers. {So, never do bargain after a

certain amount because it means something for other that's why one is doing such job, atleast you can spare a small boy Please, it's my humble request to you!} This schedule had made my legs very thin and my whole body like a very thin stem of a tree. Even in these three months I got a new name "VICKY", which my rickshaw mates used for me. However the good news was that I came to know the value of money and life, struggle, moreover My father was returning home. But the bad news was my father had lost his job as he was absent for 3 months and some staff members had made a conspiracy against him because he was very honest and never took a single rupees as bribe which made staff members against him and they created a web for my father by making my father's boss believe that my father was a very big liar and he used to take bribes, as such my father was out of job! He was bared form that private engineering college from which he wanted me to do B.Tech. Even they

didn't return provident fund to my father about 40,000/-!

Like a pendulum.....

Like a pendulum goes from mean position to extreme position and returns back from extreme one to mean position, I was again stuck to my old routine as my father had returned to home and now I didn't have to worry as I knew my father that he can handle any situation because he too was *simply a tomar!* As in these 3 months I had also studied very seriously as such I got 85% in final examination and for the very same reason I was promoted to a good section of class 7th ie- from 6th A to 7th B. As now I was enriched by a great practical experience, I was elected as the monitor of that class with a golden coloured batch on the chest, but still the routine after school was same with rahul's game's world, though my school life had took a sharp V turn this time might be for a very

good cause and my Second like. Second like?
Ya second like, at drinking water tap.....

Can't you see mam.....?

As my section had got changed , I didn't know where did it classed? As it was very hot, I decided to go first to water cooler to drink water and then to search for the class. I rushed towards the water cooler where a girl was drinking water and I was in hurry as already I was late for class, suddenly she turned around and jerked her hands which made my whole shirt wet I shouted on her "Can't you see mam?" and she in a very low voice said sorry and run away, then I drunk water and went away to search for class. Infront of a class, the same girl was standing and when I read class name plate it marked "7th B", really she was in my class I walked towards her and asked why she was not going inside the class, before she could answer a chalk piece from inside banged on my head and a teacher with loud voice

shouted "As you both are late and in punishment and even disturbing the class too "

Punishment? Ya we both were in punishment!

She whispered to me that for two periods we had to stand outside the class, I thought to myself only we both? Before I could asked she asked for my name, I didn't want to tell her my complete name so I told her "*VICKY*" as my name and she replied "*REHANA*", ya she was muslim girl with too sweet voice and what a way of talking she had, she always used to include words like "Aap, aapka etc", and to cute too even more than Shreya, Why am I comparing? Did I like her? Might be, why? You will see, being in punishment position we exchanged our thoughts, our introduction to each other by whispering to each other, Though it was very difficult for a Vijay Nagar boy to reply in her language but I was managing just to communicate with a girl like her. After 2 periods, we got inside and what the coincidence it was our seats were parallel

to each other, and moreover she was elected as Vice monitor & I as monitor. Now it was a great fun to go school and now I also started study in school time just to get her impressed might be with marks. I was too good in mimicking the teachers and when there was no teacher in the class I used to make the whole class laugh with my mimicking ability, this is a benefit of a monitor. But still my after school life was same with same routine with Rahul and now I became champions of various games like Tekken 3, Street fighters, wwe smackdown, Metal slug etc and more over rahul gifted me an I-POD at that time when no one knew what I-POD stands for. With romantic songs my day started and with games my day ended. In the 7th class, I became all rounder whatever competition it was, I used to get first position might be it sports day, or G.K. quiz, or art competition just to impress a girl? Might be! But reality was that she never felt anything for me as she was very simple and

such complicacies were difficult for her to understand but still I tried my efforts best just to feel her good, I used to make graphs for her, used to make her laugh and feel her as if she was in heaven for a moment and slowly and steadily she also started responding. 14 november, it was her birthday which I got to know from attendance register, and now it was 12th of nov, only 2 days were left for me to give her a big surprise. For 13th night, I didn't sleep just to plan for next day and next morning arrived, I took a quick shower and went to shop to buy a pastery box, a big candle and a pen for her, this time I didn't want to fail for which I had prepared for 2 days, I entered in the class and got a look from her, she was dressed like a queen as on your birthday you can wear clothes of your choice other than uniform, for a minute it was very difficult for me to divert my eyes from her and I didn't want to be, I just wanted to stare to her as long as possible, suddenly morning prayer bell had

made whole class dispersed and we all were in school ground now for morning prayer.

*No one can be as
unfortunate as I am.....*

After the morning prayer we rushed towards our classes, as first two periods were of a strict maths teacher I couldn't congratulate her & in 3rd period she distributed the candies with permission of science teacher, She distributed 2 candies to each student and 8 candies to me, 8 to me why? Might be, I was monitor or something else, Whatever was the reason but all those boys who also liked her were feeling jealous to me, & I was at the top of 7th sky as if it was my day! Really, my day? & the next period was free, according to my plan I had to make the whole class to go to the playground with sports teacher except rehana and me in the class, being a monitor atleast I could do this and then I would light the candle on the

pasteries and gift her pen. I called for teacher & I convinced him to fetch the whole class to the playground, he was ready too. One by one each student were going downstairs & I told Rehana to stay with me just for 5 minutes and she said O.K. , all was going according to me but her two friends "GAYATRI & HARSHITA" were not going out of the class and staying there for her, I tried my maximum to make them out but no they wanted their best friend to be with them & I was helpless, only thing what I could do was just permit Rehana to go along with them. In interval, though I gifted her pen but still I wanted to gift her pastry on which I had written her name using cherries, and the main concern was that the pastry had started melting, at any how I had to gift her that in the very next period, my sharp brain went for another plan, I ran towards arts & craft room and made the pastry hide there with candle on it, the only thing I had to do was to fetch Rehana upto that place. Instantly,

I called for Rehana but the moment she could listen, a class 12th boy had come and announced that all the monitors and vice monitors had to report to vice principal for preparation of annual function now, we both left for there and I planned, while returning I would fetch her to the surprise. During the meeting, all the boys monitors were made to do some physical works like lifting of benches, adjusting loud speakers and girls vice monitors to prepare for speeches, rangolis etc as such we were made far apart from each other, but still I didn't want to loose, and without caring about anyone, I went to her straight gripped her hand tight and made him to run towards the arts & crafts room, Oh! What an unbelievable fate was mine, it was locked! She asked what I wanted to see her and I replied in vain that "forget about it and join your work!" another failure in my life, I went to toilet and locked myself inside just to cry by heart with eyes full of tears, as by doing this I felt relaxed!

Might be, I was *simply a tomar*!!!! I knew I had lost, how could I make my heart believe that?

How could she be so selfish?

I was not confirm about her, means I didn't know did she like me or not? But what I knew was that I liked her very much and I didn't want to loose her this time, for which I used to make her laugh and indirectly I used to make her believe that how much I cared for her because these girls can not get about your heart's intention untill you make them clear directly or ondirectly,though she too responded positively but still far away from me, I wanted a clear answer from her now, but as the annual examinations were approaching us, she took one week leave for examination and decided to come on the day of examination, All papers went very smoothly as I too had practised a lot this time and I was scoring 90+ in each examination and she too, we both had a tough competition to each

other but I didn't want to compete her as I liked her, I decided I will not study for last exam ie- G.K, exam just to make her first and make me second, and the last exam arrived, The paper was divided into two sections first containing 75 marks text book questions and second containing 25 marks current affairs question, I had only prepared for the current affairs and not for text questions, as such during exam I was unable to answer many of the text question, I whispered to her "Rehana, aaj mai kuch nhi padh kar aaya hun, pls kuch to bata de, jyada nhi bas 4-5 question bata de!" but I was shocked..... She was not responding at all and behaving as if she was not hearing me at all, even I was just behind her seat, how could she be so selfish just to come first she didn't want to respond to me, nor facing me! I didn't expect her to react so. This had made me feel as if she was never my friend, never and I told to myself to break this affection for her now as such as it was my

day, I knew all current affairs question of 25 marks, as I had gone through the newspaper in the morning, even in the whole class I was the one who knew all the questions and she knew only one out of 5, and without any hesitation she asked to me "Hey Vicky, Please 4 current affairs bata de nhi to meri % kam reh jayegi!", but what happened to me I didn't know, my heart wanted to help her but my brain restricted me to help her, as such I too was behaving as if I was totally deaf and dumb too. With in 5 minutes our copies were taken, all students left their desk but she was still there with her head down and tears all around, I wanted to consolidate her but with which face? And I decided to leave that place, I straight went to home and just laid down on the bed and started remembering whole 7th class from first day to G.k. paper. I still didn't know why did I become so rude with her, might be her selfishness had made me! & in the next week there was the date of report

card, I didn't want to go there but to go in next class, you have to take your report card!

It was Sunday, I dressed up and asked my mother to come along with me to collect report card, she replied "Beta apney Papa ko le ja!", I went to my father and asked the same question and he replied in the same fashion "Beta apny mummy ko le ja!", though I had topped our section, but no one was ready to take that card as both were busy in their work, I went to Babloo bhaiya (a rickshaw puller), and asked him the same question again and I knew he couldn't say no to it, I made him my chacha and fetched him along with me to the report card center, but what the coincidence it was, ya you are thinking absolutely right.....

It was Rehana along with her mother and father, on the notice board I had read that I was first with 94% and she was second with 91.2%, just due to a single G.k. paper, I wanted to congrats her but with which face? Then I decided to neglect her, we both were waiting

in a single row for result, I was just three students ahead to her, when I asked for our class teacher for report card, first he congratulated me but when he saw my face he just replied "YOU?", he was the same maths teacher who had bared me out of the class on the first day , & moreover I had scored a century in maths, but now he had to gift me a geometry box and then he asked me for any guardian, I called bablu chacha but any rickshaw puller can never act as a literate person and as such when the teacher said Good morning to him, he replied with "Raam Raam Saheb ji!", what the hell was that? We were plumped and the same teacher insulted me and babloo bhaiya both to exit out his exertion for me in front of Rehana & asked me to report immediately this time with mother or father, and with bow head I left the place with out seeing into the eyes of Rehana, but when I returned with my father there was no Rehana, only her friend Harshita was there. After

taking report card with full of complaints though I was the topper, my father left the place and I went straight to Harshita and asked "Hey! Harshita nice performance haan! Bas mujh par ek aihsaan kar de, meri taraf se jakar Rehana se sorry keh dena, mai jaanta hun vo mujhse naaraj hai par tu kahegi to vo shaayad maan jaaye, mai tera ye aihsaan martey dam tak nhi bhula paaunga!" & she replied "Ab itna senty bhi mat kar, mai aaj hi uskey pass jakar use mana lungi aur kuch khwaiish hai to wo bhi bata de?", I took out red band from my hand which I wanted to gift her and replied "Bas tu use ye red band de dena aur keh dena ki wo is friendship ko kabhi nhi bhul payega!", she further replied "O.K. chal chill maar, mai sab samhal lungi!", her words consolidated my heart strongly and might be all was going to be well and my hear knew that! Now I was feeling very well because I was *simply a tomar!!!!* But my poor fate was that I was transferred to "*Elite section*

8th – C” again after 2nd class, due to my performance, really poor? Ya too poor fate!

Another Thunderstorm.....

Within one week after the result I got first heart breakdown, I made a phone call to harshita as we have exchanged our phone numbers during the result day, and our conversation went as :-

Vicky(My nick name) : “Hey, Harshita howz u?”.

Harshita : “I am too fine you tell, how was this week?”.

Vicky : “So boring without Rehana and you, I missed both of you and your smile!”.

{It was my very usual style, that I used to flirt to any girl, this time I was doing with Harshita, and she too liked my such flirting voice.}

Harshita : "Arey mazak kar rahi thi, agar tu Rehana ko pasand nhi karta to kab ka mainey tujhe propose kar diya hota!"

Vicky : "Ohho ji, maje le le!"

{I was just thinking why was not she coming to the point, about Rehana?} And suddenly she replied.....

Harshita : "Please forgive me, vicky!"

Vicky : "Forgive, for what?". (Though my heart knew that some thing is not good for me from the side of rehana.)

Ya, I was correct.....

Harshita : "Jab mai Rehana k pass gayi to usney mujhe bataya ki wo school change kar rahi hai, 8th class se wo St. Joseph me jaa rahi hai!"

Vicky : "Oh!, usey aisa decision nhi lena chaiye tha, ab uske bina to.....".(The excitement in my voice got calm down)

Harshita : "Iskey liye maafi nhi maang rahi!"

Vicky : "What?".

Harshita : "Yaar, sach sach batati hun, jab maine tera diya hua band use dikhaya to wo samajh gayi ki mai teri kehney par uskey paas gayi hun, issey pehley mai us sey kuch keh paati, usney kaha ki mai kabhi tera naam uskey aagey na lu aur usney ye bhi kaha ki vo puri jindagi bhar tera chehra nhi dekhegi aur sab se jyad agar vo is duniya me nafrat karti hai to vo tu hai!".

Vicky : "Sach.....".

Before she could say anything, I put the phone down, but she continued to ring the phone about 3-4 times but I didn't pick it up, nor I had any more strength to pick it. I had suffered a lot since birth and now it was like impossible for me to bear such a huge pain but I had to, without saying anything to anyone I left my house and went straight to the "HINDON RIVER", about 3-4 km from our house, where people used to perform crimation work

there, A place full of silence which I was searching of with broken heart, I stayed there about 6 hours without making any movement of lips, just my tears were continuously falling and I was throwing pebbles into the river with maximum strength as I could. When sun drawnd down, I returned back to home my mother asked where I was, I just replied "Mummy I was trying to solve myself!", she answered "Beta, sab kuch theek to hai na?" & I replied "Haan mummy, jaisa hamesha se hota aaya hai vaisa hi hai, sab kuch theek hai aur ab mujhe iski aadat ho jaani chahiye, mere liye khana mat banana mujhe bhukh nhi hai, aur mai kaafi thaka hua hun aur soney jaa rha hun!". She just said "O.K. beta". I was just going to bed, suddenly phone rang. I picked it up and a in soft voice I got to hear "Are you fine now?", Ya it was Harshita more caring than anyone, more than Rehana.....

Vicky : “Ya, trying to be fine now & sorry for not taking your call earlier as I couldn’t have any strength to face anyone”.

Harshita : “No problem,I know how it feels when you have cared so much for some one but the person you are caring about doesn’t want to see your face!”.

{I didn’t know how did she know about such feelings, how?}

Vicky : “Ya you are absolutely right, I was splitted into two parts on hearing the Rehana’s word form you”.

Harshita : “Don’t feel depressed, she was not deserving, atleast to deserve you!”.

Vicky : “What do you mean by this?”.

Harshita : “Just listen you are someone who is different from the whole world, who cares about everyone without caring about himself & in future you will get a girl like a queen, who

will also love to you even more than you will love her!".

{Oh! What the wonderful words were they she had made my heart to take rebirth again, for whom I didn't know but it was for sure that my heart had started beating normally again after facing Rehana!}

Vicky : "Gud nyt!" And she too replied gud nyt.

8th c = Ghissues' world....

On the first day of beginning of session of class 8th C, I didn't go school as I was feeling very uncomfortable to face the reality that there would be no Rehana and no monitor batch with me, also all my class best friends didn't make it for 8th C as all were average with their studies though they were very rich by heart. The students of 8th C were treated as Elites or very intelligent and ya they all were very intelligent, No doubt at all. But it was very difficult for a midyoker like me to adjust in

between. I was in search of someone, someone midyoker like me, but when my eyes were searching I got a glimpse of a beautiful face, which I had seen earlier, where I didn't know but somewhere I had seen her. Then I forgot her and found two friends who were also midyokers like I was. We all three shifted to last bench as in that section no one wanted to be a backbencher, all wanted to come fast anyhow at any cost in any competition might be it song competition or maths one. We three made ourselves isolated from the whole class, we used to enjoy among ourselves. And within the three names got famous in the whole class "Vicky, Indrajeet, Kuldeep", also we developed a great bond too. One day I asked to kuldeep about that face and he replied "are you joking?, she is 'double R', daughter of trustee of our school, daughter of Rajveer Rathore!" and I asked again to him "what do you mean by 'double R'?", might be I know it & ya he made my guess true and

uttered "Radhika Rathore..... Radhika Rathore.....", oh! God she had become too beautiful more sweeter than class 2nd, & I was avoiding her because again I didn't want her to call me "Moteiy Raam", though I got slim after spending a life full of struggles without any bicycles to walk in kilometers and also I had pulled rickshaw too, even I had got 4 abs too, but ya time didn't have bring any change in those blue eyes & moreover she too had forgot me. Whenever we both had encountered face to face to each other by chance, she acted as she had seen me first time & all she knew about me was that I was the lafanga of the class who had migrated from class 7th – B & nothing more, Moreover she was not a topper now she too had become an average student, though average student in class 8th – C means any student with percentage around 85 – 90 %, and toppers with 98 % around. 8th C means a world full of Ghissues for whom words like love, friendship,

emotions etc didn't matter in front of these studies, they could study even 12 hours a day and if they got 95% marks instead of 98%, they used to busted in full of tears, and even they used to break friendship with the friend who had topped, but they were of no worth for me as I was *simply a tomar* & for me emotions, love, friendship were much above than studies. Still my routine after the class was same with Rahul but one thing more had added to that routine full of masti & that was "Harshita – My 3rd like!" Really? Am I joking? How did it happen? I still don't know! Let's see.....

She used to call me at 11:30 p.m. when her parents went to sleep as for a girl it is difficult to use telephonic conversation at night, though boys can make any silly excuses, After Rehana as left me we were two, who couldn't sleep without talking to each other as she too had changed her school, she was studying in a

government college. At night we used to share about what was going in our lives, about new friends, about new lifestyles & very rare about studies as shee too was an average student like me though her computer skills were fantastic. This happens when a girl and a boy start liking each other, first they talk about each other lives, about friends & then they come to know about likes & dislikes of each other, & then become romantic as maximum as they can, they start take caring about whether we have swallowed food or not, whether we have taken bath or not, oh god! It was unbelievable for me too experience but whatever it was, it was too amazing and I wanted to enjoy it by heart. On one day she didn't call at 11:30 p.m.

My first propose.....

I waited for her a long as she used to call at 11:30 sharp, but there was no call still, clock showed 2:00 a.m. & I was preparing to go for sleep but suddenly phone rang, I run towards the phone as fast as I could & I easily recognised the same voice, the voice of Harshita, I asked her why did she so late to call, and she replied.....

Harshita : "It was special day for my parents!".

Shonu (She used to call me Shonu instead of Vicky, might be just to show affection for me or something else.....) : "How?".

Harshita : "Guess what? It was my parents anniversary, celebrated with a huge function!".

Shonu : "Say congrats to them from my side & they are one of the most beautiful couple & they should be proud!".

Harshita : "I will say to them but don't overreact haan!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!".

Shonu : "No, I am just telling truth!".

Harshita : "Can I ask you a question? If you don't mind."

{For a moment I got puzzled as you can never predict about a girl thought, what she is thinking no one cansay even god can't.}

Shonu : "Ya, ask. Why do I mind?"

Harshita (In a hesitating tone) : "Do you have any girlfriend?"

{Oh my God!, she was straight to the point which I also wanted to clear from him.}

Shonu : "Still single, do you have any boyfriend haan?"

Harshita : "No, I am single too. So what?"

Shonu : "What means.....What?"

Harshita : "Do you like me?"

Shonu (Heavily breathing) :

""

{I had no answer, though she was not beautiful like Rehana, But by heart She was too beautiful more than anyone would be & I didn't replied to her.}

Harshita (In a irritating voice) : "Do you like me? Say yes or not only".

Shonu : "....."

{Still I couldn't answer her as whenever I had tried to say these words to any girl, I got only a sword right directly in my heart.}

Harshita : "Are you there? If you want to say no, you can say in a direct way".

{And here was my first unusual, unexpectable, untimed proposal to a girl!}

Shonu : "Yes you idiot, I liked you since from the day when you consoled me regarding Rehana".

Harshita : "Really? Then why don't you tell me that earlier, you idiot?".

Shonu : "I couldn't gather so much strength to say it to you and I don't want to loose you as you may stop to talk to me like other did to me."

Harshita : "No, I am not like other ones. Today is special day for me, & I can not sleep this night."

Shonu : "Ya I too!"

Harshita(In a very low voice): "Cut the call now, my mom is calling me. Bye! See you tommorrow, Bye!"

Before I could say bye to her, she cut the phone. And I went towards my bed, gripped a pillow tight and laid down and started thinking about her by forgetting everything. Within 5 minutes of thought about her, I found myself as I was seeing a dream. I went straight to bathroom and took a quick shower at 3:00 a.m. and drank a chilled glass of water and made myself believe that ya what all happened was true and from now onwards

Harshita & vicky would be altogether and this made me lie down with a quick nap and further deep sleep with a hope that tomorrow will be different for me with a new sun. I was wondering about her, how would she be feeling now? What made her to think about me like this? Was I someone different atleast for her? Was my like going to be convert in love? A many more questions were encircling me but I didn't have a single answer for any of the question. Only what I could do was just to wait for tomorrow & wait for her too.

Infinite broken pieces.....

Next day, I went to school this time feeling something different, something that I hadn't felt before something new what I didn't know but still something. It was giving me no pleasure to make teachers andry, to fight with others, to throw chalk on anyone, to play basketball like rugby etc. Even I was not talking to Indrajeet & kuldeep properly, all I

was waiting for a phone call & when you wait for something desperately, you find that the present time has been dilated for you, a single second passes as a single year. Hence, I had to go through several years just to reach to pick her phone, the whole day passed slowly and then clock showed 11:30 p.m. but there was no phone call, I waited for 2:00a.m. & then I went to sleep though I didn't sleep properly that night, & this continued for 3 days with no phone call, no news about Harshita which had made me restless. After my school I straight went to her house & found her house to be locked. I asked to their neighbours about her family & one of them told me that they had left the city as Mr. Suresh (Harshita's father) had been transferred to some other city, with no information to anyone. Further I asked, about any contact number and he replied with "No". How easy it was for him to say "No", but the combination of these two alphabets "N" & "o" had made my heart shattered into infinite

broken pieces. I faced towards sky and started shouting on God "Do really you have existence? Do really you care for everyone? Really? Or You only make poors like me to see down by taking our rights to see dreams, can't a poor have right to see dreams?". Whatever I had inside, I took out my frustation over god and left the place. This time not even a single tear trickled down from my eyes as I had become habitual of bearing incidents like this. What new about this time was, I had promised to myself that I would stuck to my old buisness forever, old buisness implied again I would become a Lafanga again! And within two months I forgot her, as I had developed a habbit of forgetting things which hurted me a lot. As our house was in very detorious condition, so my father decided to repair it. We didn't have enough cash but still we had to manage it. It was very hot summer, all students of 8th C were busy in doing their holiday homeworks & I too was busy but in "Civil

Engineering!", Civil Engineering? Ya, as what we could afford was a single mason with no labour, as such all three of us my mother ,father and me became labour. And now all the concepts of Civil engineering were cleared for me, I know how much cement, sand, water, gravels etc do one need to construct a roof with strong concrete.It took three months to repair our house & our hands, legs even whole body got completely bruised from everywhere, like someone has tortured us with sulphuric acids for millions of years. But another important lesson had been added to my life that no one could do hardwork more than a labour just to earn 150/- ruppes a day!

Now with no one special in life, I was feeling very well with indrajeet & kuldeep in school & rahul and some other friends after school.

During school time we used to bunk inside the school premises and played various games. All three of us were very brave & no one could dare to block our way as they knew the

consequence. We used to call a day lucky when whole of the day we didn't get a single punishment, however there were very few lucky days for us, as to get punishment was our habit. One day I was humming our school morning prayer in the ground, as was the custom of our school & suddenly

khataaaaackkkkk dhik

dhaadhaaak dhik dhaadhaak , A teacher had kicked me atleast 7 times and still he was going on even I laid down on the ground but still he was kicking. When it was intolerable for me, I got up and shouted on him "Sir ji! Arey suno to sahi! Sir ji! Kya hua? Arey sir sun to lo!..... Bata rha hun ab dubara haath mat lga diyo(In frustration)" & this dialogue made him suddenly stopped and he stood like a motionless pillar(as vijay nagar's newspaper are full of crimes that no one can imagine and no one can have courage to say a little to a

vijay nagar inhabitant as within seconds how he will take revenge, no one can predict).

“Sir batao to sahi hua kya, bas bajaye chale jaa rahe ho, thodi saans to le lo!”

Teacher : “Tuney iski cycle churai hai!”.

Vicky : “Kisky?”.

{Teacher pointing towards a boy whom I had never seen in the school.}

Teacher : “Isky!”.

Vicky : “Sir ji, isey to pehley maine kabhi dekha hi nhi!”.

Teacher : “Achha mujhe pagal samajh rakha hai, Sandeep pehchano isey, isy ne churayi thi?”.

Sandeep {that boy whose cycle had been stolen} : “Haan Sir, yahi they!”.

Vicky : “Abey dubara sey dekh! Koi aur mere jaisa dikhney wala hoga!”.

Sandeep : "Nhi Nhi sir, ye hi they!".

Vicky : "Kab churi thi tery cycle bey, faaltu me badbadaye jaa raha hai, saaley itna bajaunga naa.....".

Teacher : "Vicky!, mind your language isey apni colony ka park samajh rakha hai?".

Vicky : "Nhi sir issey pucho to sahi kab churi thi isky cycle?".

Teacher : "Kal chutty me churi thi, aur ab jyada bahaney mat bana! Samjha!".

Vicky : "Arrey Sir faaltuu me hi thoke diya na!"

Teacher : "What do you mean?".

Vicky : "Areiy Sir ji kal ka attendance register to dekh leteiy, kal to mai aaya hii na haa, laat baja bajakar chaati phod di na!".

Teacher : "What? You were absent tommorrow! Beta sorry.....sorry.....sorry....., Areiy koi isey glucose pilao, Beta vicky Jao unke saath chale jao!".(Pointing towards a peon.)

How it was easy for him to say sorry and to give me a glass of glucose in return of those 12 brutal kicks, though he had kicked Sandeep too for choosing wrong one But sandeep didn't have any fault in it as I was well known for such works in the whole school, though this time I was not! And I never do stealing, what I wanted to do, I did in front of a person not behind a person as a coward as Tomars are well known for attacking the chest of a person not targetting back side & I was *simply a tomar!!!!!!!*

Such incidents continued to be happened with all three of us (Indrajeet, Kuldeep & me), But still we managed to get 81%, 83%, 82.5% respectively & and with this we went to next level 9th C, Though still in the Ghissuues' world with a dozens of topper with percentage lying in range from 95% - 97%. But still the jokes which we three had invented at back benches were still much above than those dozens ones and I am for sure that when you will listen that

jokes, you will not control your stomach to burst out! As such with lots of struggle and three failed likes, I had lost a lot but still I had gained equally too – way of doing work, cost of everything, respect for my mother and father, 2 fantastic school friends and a half dozen lafangas in my outside school world full of games, especially one Rahul!

Hindi or sanskrit.....?

No no hindi.....hindi....

In 9th class you have to opt wether you wanna go ahead with Hindi Or Snaskrit as tour 5th subject, but unlike others I didn't have any strategy about the subjects. If I would have

discussed it with my family the they had surely replied with "Beta tu kuch bhi le bas khush reh!", that's why I was relied upon Indrajeet 7 Kuldeep decision but both of them were too depended on my decision, and all three were confused. As radhika, Ya Radhika got only 78% in 8th exams, that's why she didn't make it for C section and she was in 9th B and just too see her blue eyes, I thought for a moment Hindi or Sanskrit?.....Himndi or sanskrit?.....

No I should go for Hindi.....Hindi....., ya I opted Hindi without any reason just to see those blue eyes as the hindi lecture for Both 9th B & 9th C were being held together, & in a day might be for a single period, I would see those blue eyes. As such with my decision Indrajeeet & Kuldeep too went for Hindi. With mixed emotions arosed from joy, friendship, masti, punishment 9th C was going very smooth, though during papers all what ghissues' could do was just to make a statistical record of marks for the whole class

just to get who was going to get first, how they could be so serious about the studies at very early age of their life, but they never took all three of us in their record as they used to treat us like inferior people and themselves as superior. The whole 9th C boys were divided in 4 groups, First two groups were totally full of Ghissues among whom there was a race, which group will come first? No.....NO.....

Student of which group would come first? As within those two groups they used to call each other friends, but were they really friends? Not at all, in front of study there was no word like friendship for them, & never going to be. Each group was headed by a captain who used to seek direction to the whole group & group members had to follow them, It was the custom of that section that Topper would be from Group-1 captain, second would be Group-2 Captain & third would be among girl!

Third group was full of average students with still a captain to direct them when they will

play or study. And then here it comes about 4th group called.....

4th Group => Lafandars..

One day when our Biology Class was going on, as we all three were too bad in cramming that when any teacher used to make the class cram, we used to disturb the whole class, and suddenly Bio Teacher in frustration shouted "Couldn't you three be quite for a period?" & one of the ghissue Replied "Mam, please don't heed them, they are lafandars of our class and they are so shameless that even punishment can't be sufficient for them, so mam please continue teaching!". Hearing this, I couldn't control myself and replied "*Rat le ghissue rat le, nhi to ek mark kam aa jayega, fir teri mummy tujhe maarengi! Ghissue!*". And as a

consequence I was made to throw out of the class but it provide me pleasure too, as now I could play basketball instead of cramming that mitochondria, plant cell, cytoplasm etc, But what the friendship it was, within 3 second both kuldeep 7 indrajeet were outside the class too because they had used the same ghissue wala dialogue.....

As such I called our group as Lafandars with no captain though we made several rules for urselves but at the very next moment we used to break all those rules to enjoy the life! Only unusual thing that used to happen with me was that single hindi period, as day by day those blue eyes were looking to me more deeper and deeper though sha had never made a single eye contact to me and still she didn't have recognised me.... But still I was vey happy and too engaged in my life.

A cigarette can do this....

As our 9th C session was coming to an end, Kuldeep had told me that a girl named "Pooja" liked me a lot, from the starting of that session as after doing a lot of manual work my physique was very balanced and perfectly rigid, atleast one had to look upon me once, atleast once, But not Pooja this time! Why not pooja? Because though Pooja was too beautiful and I too didn't have any problem to it, I would surely have loved her, but now its time for me to sacrifice, yaa to sacrifice for my best friend Indrajeet, as he had told me earlier that he liked Pooja very much, and now it was my chance to complete our friendship bond. But I tell you, its take a lot, a lot courage to sacrifice something that I was waiting for since Shreya then Rehana then Harshita, but now I had to sacrifice it all just for my best friend Indrajeet. I made a plan with kuldeep, as pooja thought me as a naughty boy whose heart was

as Divine as river ganga, only I was very straight and little bit rude with teachers and those ghissues too, according to her. Ya she was right & she had solved me perfectly, that's why I didn't want to sacrifice for Indrajeet but I had no option, according to kuldeep and my plan, I would use a candy looking simmilar to the cigarette infront of pooja, as I know for a girl from well mannered family, atleast *a cigarette can do it!* Though I can't use cigarette nor can I drink as my mother and father has taken promise from me that I will never use such things, if I would they will die for me. Anyway according to our plan, with a lighter in one hand I went straight to pooja's house, and shee too was on her roof & looking me desperately but when I took out candy looking like cigarette and lighter within seconds she ran away, made her windows to shut down. I knew that I had done it, but still I didn't want to hurt her as I knew that how it felt when someone hurted you! But for my

friend I had to do it any cost, But the main irony was that "*kaminaa, Indrajeet bhi usey nhi pata paaya!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*"

Indrajeet after a month went to me and said "Yaar Pooja mere liye sahi choice nhi thi, par Shalini maan jayegi!", it was very easy for him to say but how difficult it was for me to live with a blackspot that I had hearted someone, & even I couldn't face her after doing so bad with her, because I was *simply a tomar* & tomar generally nevert hurt anyone but if they do so, it becomes impossible for them to face that person again in their life! But whatever it was, the real fact was that we (Vicky, Kuldeep, Indrajeet) had completed our 9th class with around 85%, 64%, 61% respectively, but still we were in last three. Now it was the real time to change, to change anything and evrything.....

First step of life.....

Ya now we had to step out towards the first step of life, that was our first board examination Class 10th .(Treated as the very first step of your carrier as you got your name first time registered on an admit card issued by a very big organisation like C.B.S.E.) As our school branch was limited upto class 9th , due to which after 9th we had to shift to another branch of St. Marry (About 2 K.m. from my house), what a wonderful branch it was with a very intricate & too decorative in its building structure but with strict rules & regulations and an atmosphere which was meant only for studies. As we couldn't afford cycle at that point of time that's why I had to walk by foot covering about 4 k.m. in a day. On the very first day of my class 10th journey, my father had said something unusual to me that I could never had expected from him. It was very sweet morning and I woke up very early in the

morning, as on the very first day of new branch, new place you are very much excited, & I was too. At about 5:00 a.m. He called for me and said "Beta aaj 10th class ka pehla din hai?". I replied "Haan papa, aaj hi se session start hai."

Father : "Beta sab taiyaari ho gayi?"

Vicky : "Haan papa kal raat sab nibta kar soya tha, dress press kar li, bag me books rakh li!"

Father : "Beta tujhe pata hai, aaj se tu jindagi ka pehla kadam aage rakhney jaa raha hai?"

Vicky : "Papa, kya matlab?"

Father : "Beta, the very first step of your life!"

My father voice had never been so serious to me as it was now & he had never use a single word in English in front of me but now the whole sentence in English he had used, he used to be a very good comedian even much better than me but that day there was even not a single word that could make anyone of

us laugh and further he said "Beta aaj sab kuch saaf saaf ho jaye, tu muh dhokar aaja, brush kar le fir kuch kadwey sach bataney hain!". I ran towards the bathroom and dipped my face in a can and took a brush as fast as I could and hurried towards the bed again just to hear those "*Kadwey sach*"

Kadwey sach.....

.....*Proud to be his son!!!!*

After taking a long breath, he started an important conversation that had completely changed my life. And he started as – " Beta look, you know that we are very poor economically though we may rich by heart,

only what we can earn in a month is about 4000/- rupees & you know, as the crisis and hike in cost is day by day increasing, we need some source of income. Beta when I was a child like you, I too had so many dreams but after my chachas had betrayed us we became one of the poor in Baral with a few Hectares of land, Beta then I had to take care of my both brothers & a sister along with my studies, I had to travel 60 km updown journey from baral to Hapur 7 then back to baral to study & get 20 ltrs diesel for our Tube well, anyhow I had to do it, Even at the time of crisis, I used to sell vegetables, used to make oamlates in front of Baral station & a lot more which is not possible for me to tell you, but beta all this I had gone through just due to a single dream that my son will bring that snapped GLORY back again to Tomar's kingdom one day! And beta I thought it would be very right time to make you aware about that, I had never discussed this with you because as I don't want to snatch your

childhood away like mine was snatched but now beta it's time too do something, Atleast something for tomar's Kingdom!" What I could replied with was "Papa, chinta mat karo mai samajh gaya aur bas apna dhyaan rakho jaldi hi sab theek ho jayega!!"(With tears in my eyes!). I dressed up and went towards my new school branch using way passing through the field as it was shortcut and passing through field also provided me a silence which I used to require in the morning! During the way I thought to myself "Oh! What a speech it was!, how could one sacrifice a lot just for a dream which would come true or not you never no!", I didn't know why he had so much faith on me but what I found was that *I proud to be his son!!!!* & why not one should be, as he had sacrificed a lot for me & now it was my chance to return to him and to tomar's kingdom as I was *simply a tomar* & tomars can sacrifice their lives just to make The Tomar's Kingdom free from any spot!! I knew it would be difficult for me to

suddenly change gears as to suddenly leave the old routine and started a new one But at any cost I had to do it, atleast for my father, my father : being whose child was very proud for me!

Sangam of 4 rivers.....

Just I reached the school, I found there a lots of students that too had come from class 10th from other branches of the same school too, Our school was looking like a place where water coming from 4 rivers meet together and then compete together too. The students from

other branches were too intelligent in studies as other 3 branches were located in colonies with well educated people unlike our branch located in most criminal area "VIJAY NAGAR", & again according to the classification there were about 8 sections. I was selected for 10th H a section full of toppers coming from four rivers, 8 students from each river(or branch) With a hope that everyone wanted to be at top. I along with students from Ghissues world were there. As I had compromised with myself that I would change my identity completely, even I wouldn't use a single abusive word in school time. I made myself mix with all the elites from our branch though it was very difficult for me, & they had to share their seat with me as on a bench 3 students can sit, but after 3 periods one student from each branch was also added to G section, they kicked me from their seats and now I was alone in the whole class, now with no Indrajeet & Kuldeep I was totally alone. Atleast they

could provide me seat some where because I was from their brench but no they were very hard by heart, again I went to last bench & sat there alone for a week & then shared seat with Two other(From some other branch) who were not completely like me but still much better than those elites of my section! And now I started to study during class time just to complete the wish of my father and with in month I was no more an average student but still much far away to be called an elite as I couldn't cram like them. During Lunch, I used to go to section of Indrajeet & Kuldeep as they were transferred to 10th B, but on my surprise Radhika too was in their section as she got only 69% in 9th class, might be she had realized that she was the daughter of trustee of our school and trustee's daughter needn't to study hard. In our section, there was nothing that I could boast of but the girls of G section were too different.

“GIRLS!.....hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm”

Ya Girls!, each one was different from other, like one could speak very fluent english, one could read very fast, one could smile like a queen & one could solve any math problem etc. And the real thing was that I liked all too much, Yaa all! All? Areiy baba haan na all! All? Areiy kaha na all, as I was just liking not loving!

But still I was unable to change my life after school, I couldn't leave my best buddy Rahul who was with me since Childhood in my joys & sorrows too. But after first day speech, again my father had never made me remind about my target, as such I forgot about my target and again continued to be a Lafandar.....

82.6% => Do you have any shame.....?

And in the class there were about 5 girls means my 5 likes (5 kuch jyada nhi ho gaya?, areiy baba kaha na like hai 5 to fir bhi kam hai

kam se kam $5^2 = 25$ to hona chaiye na boss!), & not even a single friend. After 6 months, it was time for our mid term result & as a consequence I got only 82.6% which had broken my Father's heart, but still he didn't say anything to me but this time I knew it meant to him a lot, I went in front of a mirror and looked my eyes direct and just asked a simple question "Do, you have any shame.....?", and this time I knew what I had to do. I decided to break my friendship with rahul, as I had to do it for my father though it needed a hard heart & I straight went to rahul and told him all, all about my situation and as a true friend he too had agreed to break that friendship bond! And then I started study, after school to, immitating like a perfect Ghissue and as the money crisis in our home went on increasing, I had also started Tutions, I used to tute students of Class 10th from other sections with 150/- per month and I studied too hard, forgetting about anyone just

remembering my father's & mother's face, & as a consequence too I was the topper in Pre-Board exams with 95% really? Ya really! I had topped among elites, even in all Elite from 4 branches too & for the first time I had made my father proud, too proud among other parents! Even in the second Pre-Board this custu went on, this time too I had topped with 95.2%.....oh! what a feeling it was for my family, though still I didn't have so much effect on me as it was on my father.....

What every one, every teacher was expecting from me that I will top the whole Ghaziabad!

450.....=> Tears! Tears!.....

During my pre boards I was continuously getting numbers in 90's in all subject, except In English as my English was not so good! And then the day arrived for Board results, it was

25th of may, as the result date was declared earlier, I couldn't sleep for the 24th night and whole night I played cricket with Kuldeep & Indrajeet, & the next day Kuldeep went straight to me and said "Beta jaldi chal result aa gaya!". I called for my father and told him "Papa mai abhi gaya aur 95% lekar wappis aaya!", atleast everyone was expecting 95% percent from me. First, I had searched for kuldeep result, it showed 79% & he was happy with it & Indrajeet too had got 81%, and then it was my time to enter my roll no. 5500525 and the C.B.S.E. website showed :

RESULT FOR 5500525 :-

ENGLISH => 84

HINDI => 81

MATHS => 95

SCIENCE => 93

S. St => 97

With a total = 450 which simply means 90% and If one gets a single mark less, you would be in 80's. Oh! No! oh!.....No! Please God you couldn't do it with me! No ! please god! I reentered my roll number but on reentering your roll number, you can not change the truth, Without facing anyone, I sraight went to my home without uttering a single word, at door my father asked me "Beta aur suna kitny bani?", but I didn't answer him and he just read Tears! Tears! All around and he knew I would have missed the target but still he ran behind me and said "Beta bata to sahi kitny bani, agar kam bhi hai to koi baat nhi aagey sab theek ho jaayega!", I repiled in avery sad tone "Papa sab khatm ho gaya, exact 90 hai!". On my surprise, he replied "Beta bahut badya, aaj tak sareiy Baral me kisi ki itny nhi aayi, chal kuch meetha khaaley!" this I was not expecting from him, still he was my father but only thing I could do was just cry, as much

as possible as it might had helped me to make my heart light! & suddenly my phone rang up, it was my maths teacher call and he had ordered me to inform all the students of my class for the press conference, It was very difficult for me to face the outside world, even I was unable to step out from the house, I had made myself house arrested in my home but order was order & I had to follow it, with out washing my face with full of tears I went straight away to all students of our class & even to the house of all the girls where I was treated very awkwardly as my dressing style in home was very unusual like a garbage collector, & often I was received with their family members as such they started shouting on me without giving me a chance to tell I was a student of their daughter's class! But I did whole work and as such Press conference was held..... To my surprise, our school had got a topper with 96% and I was last in the whole section with 90% but still 97 marks in S.St had

made me survive, but I knew that I was a loser..... Though this year had given me a wonderful lesson, lesson about the life. This whole year went very smooth with no stiches on forehead with no gang wars, no likes by heart, still 90% but at last I was still a failure.....
Even those whom I had tutioned, didn't come to me, atleast to say that they were all passed, after board result there was a gap of about 2 months, and a sufficient time to know myself, to self introspect! I read a lots of books with very real stories that can make you feel very enthusiastic just to regain my strength!

11th C => A New Erra.....

With shattered dreams and a hope to achieve something new this time, with a new Bicycle gifted by my father on my last birthday, I straight went to school, as I was in hurry I made my cycle to jump near the gate but by mistake the rear wheel of my cycle got banged

to a girl's shoes, I replied "Sorry, Sorry.....Sorry!", she too replied "Its.....O.K.!!", Oh! No, it was Radhika, Ya Radhika's shoes was beneath my cycle's wheel, I further replied "Please forgive me Chipkali!" (Oh! No, why did I use her nick name?, may be if you are thinking about someone by heart you use often nick names, by heart?), this made her something odd and she replied "Hey! Wait ! Wait!.....Who are you? Hey! Wait!.....Where are you going? I am asking you to stop last time". But I didn't heed her and got disappeared in air within seconds as I could drive my cycle more faster than Pulsar 135 si!!!!!! 11th C was waiting for me, with its ghissues too but now I would not call them ghissue again, not any more whatever might be the reason I had lost and I was a loser and they were winner, Ya. I would use winner for them. But now there was no Kuldeep nor Indrajeet as both had left the school after 10th.

But now there was a boy called SHUBHOJEET RAY, Ya a bengali, too like me with a huge heart and some other too like Nitin, Ravinder and a few too. As I had set custom for me, I got to last bench with Shubojeeet and marked our name using compass on the bench so that no one could even dare to look at seat as I was a hungry lion this time who had lost its food, just from its mouth! But to my surprise one thing was added too, there was Radhika , ya double 'R', though she got only 75% in 10th but still she was in our section because her friends had got more % than her and to remain with them she had made her father to change her section as she knew her father's position- Our school trustee. But what was suffocating me was that I had to hide myself in the small classroom from her, but I didn't as during lunch she had blocked my way. Now I was no more frank as I was, with eyes down, I was trying to search for another way, but still she was not giving me the way and she asked "Who are you?". I

replied (after taking 30 seconds) "Vicky Singh Tomar". I was feeling like I was being ragged by her though no boy could say anything to me but now a single girl could even rag me as I had developed a shy character in front of girls, might be due to inferiority complex arising due to my poor dress, weak economical condition. I used Vicky as what she remember about me was "Vikramaditya" or you know "Moteiy Raam", and she again replied "Do ever we have meet in past?". I firmly said "No.... Not at all!" and then she provided me the way! I just ran away. Now in class, I used to learn things with 80% concentration! 80%? Why not 100%?, Yaar 20% were being absorbed by Radhika's blue eyes, more and more blue then the sky or the ocean! (Why I am using words like ocean or sky? Why? It may not be a like or it may? Think ya you are thinking absolutely right.....)

But still I managed to get First position in mid term examinations of class 11th by beating

those winners, it was like a new era for me a new sun was rising just for me & subhojeet roy! But still what was we unaware of were competitive exams as we had opted science stream and if you had opted science stream it simply means if maths then Engineer or if Bio then Doctor & no one wants except these two, atleast parents don't want! Some one had told me that we had to go to tuitions if we want to become engineer and as I was well aware of my father dream to make me a good engineer, I too agreed to go for tuition.....

IIT + AIEEE + UPTU

+..... => Coachings????

And on the next day, I told my father to go along with me for negotiating for my tuitions, negotiating ? Ya a poor , if he wants to be educated then he has to negotiate at each and

every single step. As the tuition fee were very high about 1000/- per subject per month, that's why my father went along with me and begged in front of those tutors and two of them were even ready to give concession, but still the maths teacher was not ready to negotiate at any cost like a perfect businessman, as I know my family couldn't afford 1000 for maths per month from 400/- monthly income that's why I decide to go for only Physics & Chem but not maths, though Shubhojeet went for all 3 as he could afford!

I thought to myself if a poor wants to study, then he can't do anything atleast in our Bharat Mata so called India. We had to cover around 25 km a day as those tuition centers were too distant from our homes, sometimes when it was Cycle damage, I had to walk by foot to save 40 rupees from autorickshaws just to buy vegetables! I can't forget that week, my cycle rear tyre got bust as such it was to be replaced, which cost rupees around 250+ but there was

a way, a way by which it costed only 160 rupees but for which I had to wait a week as that tyre had to be ordered, it simply meant I had to go by foot whole week, it implied I had travelled $7 \times 25 = 175$ km a week! I too can't believe it but it was real fact just to save 100 rupees or half month fee of a subject! But atleast I could bear this atleast for my parents because I was *simply a tomara!!!!* But whose no one in this world, there comes God! Though tomars are aryasamaji who believe in Karma theory not in God but I have faith in god as my mother is not an aryasamaji, she is Raghav! As such after lots of struggle (Some of which are difficult to share, I am avoiding them!), and combined efforts of my friend Shubhojeet Roy, My teachers and mine too, I again topped in final examination of class 11th with 92%, though still I was very weak, very weak in terms of concepts as I had started studying from Chemical Equilibrium with no Mole concept or thermo or gaseous state in

Chemistry & from rotation in physics & in name of maths what I knew was only N.C.E.R.T., Ya N.C.E.R.T. I had studied very well to score 92% but still lacking all those concepts for IIT + AIEEE + UPTU.....=> that could had been better if I had studied all 3 subjects from beginning like other winners of our section! But still I was too happy, but this time my volcano was not going to calm! Not anymore at any cost! Only thing I had to do was just to control my emotions, which was difficult for me during school hours as there was Double "R"!

Double "R" → "H.G."???

Then I had to start my journey for final year in St. Marry, it was very wonderful to be its part from K.G. class & a matter of proud too. It was the first morning gor Class 12th & as was the custom, that morning was devoted in selecting

the H.B. & H.G. (Head Boy & Head Girl) for our school. As I had changed my identity completely from earlier branch of St. Marry to this newer branch, & within journey of class 10th & 11th, I had made myself very responsible & as a boy who could follow any order of Teachers! & yaa with topper tag too, as such that morning I had given the golden "**HEAD - BOY**" batch & I was declared as the new Head Boy of the St. Marry & it was very proud to me to be but no I had forgotten that there was Radhika and any trustee Wanted to make their child feel something special, No!!!! NO!!!!!! But I had to accept it though my heart knew it, Ya Double "R"; Radhika Rathore was declared as the head girl of our school! And now we had to face each other at any cost as we had to work together from now onwards whole year! I wanted to maintain distant from her but I couldn't and now I couldn't concentrate even 80% now on the board, as my 100% had gone to Radhika's blue eyes & it took only a single

week to Shubhojeet to find what was going with me, and one day he asked "Do you like her?". I replied "Are you mad? Me & double "R", impossible! Never think about this again!". He replied, "Do you consider me your best buddy?". I replied, "Ya, Best out of best". He further argued "Then you can't lie with me! Speak, where do you get to see her first time?". I was stunned as I got a glimpse of Rahika's Kick at very first Day of my school but I lied "I get to know about her in 11th". And then I made the conversation turn towards study as I was now very efficient in conversating, more efficient than Shani now. This passage of time had made me very slim, increased by conversation skills, increased my level of thinking and too had made me responsible but still time couldn't have bring any change to my emotions! Not anymore! Moreover this year the crisis in our home had increased further that's why I left all tutions but I was still in seacrch of someother

tutors near by home whose fee would still be less than my earlier tutions.....

TRIDEV ON EARTH.....

.....JUST FOR ME!

I was searching for some other tutions, after a long search I got to know about three tutors, I went to them one by one, first to maths teacher though still it was around 25 k.m., but what was attracting me that he had discounted a lot, then the physics teacher did the same for me & then I went to Chemistry Teacher then to my surprise, he told me that "Vicky mujhey ek bhi paisa nhi chaihiye, agar tere ghar par kuch kami ho to mujh se le le, agar tu mujhe kuch dena hi chahta hai to bas apney ghar waallon k liye ek achha selection nikaal dey mai samjhunga tune mujhe guru dalshina de di", I had no words to say to him,

all I wanted to say was conveyed to him by my tears as a tomar can't cry even you take his life but a single word of love can make him cry easily as was the case with me! He then further said "Chal book laya hai, Aaj Surface Chemistry padhni hai aur mai chahta hun ki tu question solve kareiy pure batch me sabse pehle! Chal aansuun ponch le aur apni kalam ka jaadu dikha!". I didn't know what the magic was but he had done something magic on me and within one month I was at the top in all three coachings! Ya they proved to be TRIMURTI for me, how? You will better know at the end!

{This is a small tribute to my Teachers, who have taught me so well that atleast in 7 births, I can't pay their debt, My 3 Teachers Thapar Sir (Maths), Misra sir (Physics) & Ranjeet Bhaiya (Chemistry) → Bhrama, Vishnu & Mahesh for me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! They had made it so easy for me in a single

year ie- class 12th that take around 3 years to do the same for other others!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!}

And my study was too going well.....

Dene waala jab bhi deta, deta Chappar faad k.....

Ya, as i was the head boy, I had to do a lot of jobs, even to check for long nails in morning, but it was my usual habit of protecting the students from punishments, that's why I never asked for students to show their nails but now I had a dynamic personality, and at the end of school time, I used to be there at the front gate to maintain discipline, then one day my eyes went to a face that I had seen before, ya it was Rehana, she had again returned to St. Marry but now I was much ahead then her in

every respect that's why she was not able to look at me, even I didn't want to look at her, as now I had lost the early affection for her and we never talked too ever.... I used To wait for Radhika as she after ending her duty left school at last and I after her. This went for a long, she used to talk to me but I try to run away from her, I didn't want to be but I didn't know why I did so. At one Shubhojeet had come to me and said "Yaar uska to Boy friend hai!", I replied "Kiska?", he further said "Radhika ka!". I was just stunned for a moment and I made my face to look very happy and replied "Tu mujhe ye sab kyon bata raha hai, mera us sey kya lene dena?", he argued "Beta tera dost hun, itna bhi mat ban, Viraat Gaur hai uska boy friend!", I in shocked voice "Viraat!.....Nhi tu galat ho sakta hai Viraat uskey liye theek nhi hai!" and he too agreed "Haan, Jaanta hun vo ek ameer baap ki bigdi hu aulaad hai but kya kiya ja sakta hai, its Radhika choice!", in anger I gripped

Shubhojeet collar and asked "Tu juth to nhi bol raha?..... Radhika ne use haan keh di???????", and he replied "Yaar tujhe ek saath kya hua? Mai juth thodi na bolunga! Vo 10th se ek saath hain!", with out saying any thing I straight went to Hindon again and thought to myself "Why these girls have such a bd choice? Why, do they need only Bike rider, A boy with simple and caring heart with a cycle doesn't mean to them any thing, only because of he is poor and boys like Viraat belong to a rich and Dabang Family, what was the fault in me, I was intelligent, I was good looking, I had good conversation skills, I had a caring heart and I could love her till the death, why? Because I had shattered clothes and my Family income was just 4000/- per month!". It was so disasterous for me to think..... I further thought →

" Jab choteiy theiy tab badeiy honeiy ki Badi chahat thi,

Par ab pata chala ki,

*Adhurei aihassaas aur tutey
sapno sey,*

*Adhurey homework aur tutey
khilloneiy acchheiy theiy!!!!!!!"*

And then I returned to home, with a firm decision that I will never heed to her any more,

But it was impossible for me, and on the next day when he had discussed me about half an hour regarding annual function, my heart had broken the decision made by me! I didn't know why, a boy still knowing that he didn't have a single chance still tried to go for it, as such I started flirting with her but she never gave any response to me, never But still I didn't want to lose this time! And as such I decided to propose her, Shubhojeet had brought a new year card for me with a chocolate and a rose and asked me to tell her about my feelings. I

made myself ready for it but when she came towards me, I just ran away from that place. On the next day, Shubhojeet had pushed me towards her so that I could tell her everything but what I could tell to her was "Sorry.....What's about the today's speech", & I made the topic turn around, for this Shubhojeet had kicked me 5 times.....

During night time after study, I used to think about her but how restricted I was, I couldn't say a single word to her, even a single one Just because of that sick Viraat (a politician's son), Who just needed a beautiful girl friend, not some one to love & I still don't know why the girls are unable to choose who is right one for them??????????

Time was passing on..... & as such it was time for board practical, what a day was.....!

Phenol...My best friend!!

Ya, it was Chemistry Practical and Radhika was in my group and what a coincidence it was we had to perform a same experiment together, We had to calculate acidity of phenol and we both started very well, though the experiment was over with in 25 minutes, after then we had no work as such She asked me to go along with her to the school garden, & this time I couldn't say No to her, We both went straight to the garden (A place full of Silence) and exchanged a lot of words, a lot, with in 2 hours I had lived 2 births as I was sitting with "Double 'R' – My love", Ya my love When It happened I don't Know Ya it was my first love and going to be last one too..... After such a long chat, I dropped her to her home, & from tommorrow onwards there was no school as we had to prepare for board exams, When I was just waving my hand to say her Bye! She came towards me and invited me for her birthday, 5th of July; after board exams and even competetive too, & to my surprise she had

added one more thing, she had given me her locket with an alphabet "R", why ? I guessed she too had loved me! Ya she too had loved me, I straight went to Shubhojeet and gave him a treat , a treat for my first love!!!!!!!!!!!!

Still better, but hard

luck.....!

With Radhika's locket, It was time to study hard and I started My board preperation, though still with Shubhojeet, I used to take a million rounds around Radhika's House but she was never seen there, there at her roof might be she was busy in preperation too, but it was for sure that still I was unable to study regularly hours of hours, only I could study for 3 hours in continuation only and then I along with shubhojeet used to roam on his Pulsar 135si, And then it was time for Board exams, my Examination center was at the same place where Radhika had, I had mede my hair grow

long with golden color over there just for Radhika as there was no school, & in school time you have to dress up with very short hair as is the custom! But now I could had long hair, I used to wait for her at center but in crowd, she never seen to me, but one day after finishing my 4th paper, I found her with Viraat on his bike, Oh No! I was wrong she had never loved me, I was stabbed, totally!!!!!!

I straight went to Saloon and asked the Barber to remove all hairs, All Golden One First! As such with bald head, I went to home and with an excuse that it was very hot to my father!!!!

From that day, I didn't want to see her face!, & to delete her memories from my mind I had made an account on the Facebook, just before the last board Exam of physical Education and on the last day with a bald head, I was running from the crowd to hide myself, but I collided with..... Ya, Radhika! She asked "How was the paper?", without answering her I left the place! And I made myself focussed towards

my studies after betrayed by her, her love!
After board exam, it was my First Milestone to
achieve, Definitely IIT, first phase of which
went smooth but in second phase after an
hour, I started vommiting and left the paper
as I had not slept for last three days, and in
consecutive week I was completed with UPTU
too, & mow it Was time for another major
milestone, Ya AIEEE, a night before Aieee
exam, with shubhojeet I was just roaming on
his bike, and what I got to see was her face,
she just smiled and my heart collapsed,
shubhojeet made the bike boosted and on the
next day with her face in my memory,
everything went so smooth, as such I too
finished with AIEEE & in next week AMU too. I
was feeling still better but with a hard luck
that She was not mine.....

2 consecutive Volcanos!!

Ya again two consecutive volcanos had shooked my whole world, first was Board Result, I was expecting 95% still this time too but what I got was.....

ENGLISH => 84

MATHS => 99

PHYSICS => 95

CHEMISTRY => 95

PHYSICAL => 85

Ya, this time I was betrayed by Physical education but what had made me console this time was my PCM% as in science stream you need only PCM aggregate which was above 96% and as such I was happy but still something I had missed off & another volcano was my IIT rank, it was 8106, ya too bad rank & my whole world just got shrank for a moment but still there was some hope.....

Miraculous 2012.....

.....3 in a row.....

And then what had happened was something that the whole tomar's Kingdom had waited so long, yaa it was the turning point of my life.....

UPTU RANK => 530

AIEEE RANK => 1216

AMU RANK => 9

Ya those three rank had made my whole world change and feel my father proud, at the top of peak of 7th sky!!

On the day he was too happy that he had distributed sweets around 5000/- rupees all around though I had no tasted even a single piece, everything had changed for me, Evan I

was there on the banners, in the newspaper and a lot(As it was something unique performance, an all round one! After 16 years of struggles!)..... I can't describe it to you, & I don't want to be as Tomars never boast of themselves!!

It's time for self - introspection.....

Ya when you are finished with your competitive exams with such a nice result, you are left with 2 months in which you come to know about a lot..... As I come to know:-

- 1) For a selection, you don't need dozen of books or lots of tutors, what you need is a determined heart!
- 2) It is very foolish to say to achieve something you need passion, no though passion is necessary but what you need is

a genuine reason, like it was Radhika & my parents for me!

3) One thing that make you different from other is the way you express yourself!

4) You should be fair to everyone, if possible than be fair with you enemy too, as one or other day you will get its riped value!!!!

& A lot more I come to know about myself, it was just a combined effort of my Parents, Shubhojeet, Rahul, Indrajeet, Kuldeep, My TRIDEVS, Our whole school!!!

DTU => My Heaven!!!!!!

And now after the results, it was time for conselling, after a long discussion over a long list of colleges like NIT WARANGAL, NIT TRICHY, NIT SURATHKAL, My chemistry teacher and some other relatives had adviced me to take admission in Delhi Technological University (Formerly Delhi College Of engineering) with Mechanical

Engineering as branch as Mechanical engineering of D.C.E. was treated as the best in the whole Asia. And on the very first date of my admission to DTU, I reached there.....

Oh! My god! Such a huge campus it was!, looking like a multistar place with a huge open air theater looking like Heaven had landed itself on earth, I and my family couldn't believe this but we had too.....

As such I was admissiomed in DTU with MECHANICAL ENGINEERING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A hand made card <

Golden watch!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ya, You have read it correctly, a hand made card is less than golden watch.....

As I was admissiomed in DTU, now every thing was solved for my family, for tomar's

kingdom & for my father too but what was still unsolved for me was Radhika!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ya it was Radhika's Birthday, 5th July, I didn't want to go to that venue any more but being forced By Shubhojeet, I agreed to it and to gift her I had made a hand made birthday card, after practising on 167 cards for 5 days, I had decorated it with the feelings of my heart and along with it I had attached the same rose & new year card which I had brought for her earlier, And on the next day we both shubhojeet & I, reached the venue , a huge party was going on and what my eyes caught first was that Radhika was dancing with Viraat, it was hurting me a lot but I had to bear it at any cost and suddenly she saw me and started shouting on me "Hey Vicky kahan tha? Kaisa hai? Mujhse contact kyon nhi kiya? Yaar, tune to top kar diya, DTU me selection haan, meri treat kahan hai?", oh! With in a single second she had asked a millions of question and I only replied "Bas

thoda busy tha, sorry! Aaj tujhse treat le lun fir kabhi time aaya to tujhe dunga!" & she argued "Chal aaja thoda naach le, hey! Viraat usey nachney k liye bula na!". I said "Its ok you both enjoy" & after 15 minutes she had to cut the cake & as such we all presented with her by our gifts!!!!!!!!!!!!!! My special one as in the card I had mentioned in a straight way that I loved her and even more to remind her about first day of school I had signed my self as "VIKARAMADITYA, YOUR MOTEIY RAAM", & yaa Viraat had gifted her a golden wrist watch. And within a quick moment she had put over that watch on her hand & threw my gifted card aside, just taking my rose & clipped it on her dress, it was sufficient for me that she had taken my rose but still that had hearted me was that she hadn't even noticed my card, which I had made using my heart.....

With a speed breaker, I stop writing and closed the diary as further it was impossible for me to continue, and within 5 minutes Bus no. 165 had dropped me to DTU, I went straight to ARYABHAATTA Hostel, Room NO. 10/2; I took a quick bath and went towards bed for preparing to sleep, though I knew that I wouldn't sleep. I tried a lot to close my eyes but I couldn't, The memories were started covering me, The memories of my parents, friends, teachers & her too.....

Now I had everything, Even on Facebook Shreya had proposed me a month ago, Harshita too had explained me the reason as due to urgency she had to leave to Shimla and had forgotten to take my number, & even Rehana too had said that she liked me on FB but now I was in love with someone else, & it was impossible for me to forget about her..... Ya Radhika,(With tears), Meri Radhika.....

And then I returned to the dialogue used by my father that "I was not *simply a tomar*". after remembering her and my family, I decided to go to sleep by just asking a simple question to myself :-

"Am I simply a tomar?????????"

Do you have any answer to this question, if you have then please send it to

vst.novels.dtu@gmail.com & you

can also join me on facebook @

[vishvendrasinghtomar@yahoo.co](mailto:vishvendrasinghtomar@yahoo.com)

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⇒ Vishvendra Singh Tomar ←

