



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

15TH APRIL !!

110 DAYS LEFT

AGAR AAJ KI KAHANI PADH LI !!

**JEEVAN MEIN HAR PAL MEHNAT KRNE KAY LIYE
MAJBUR HO JAOGY !!**

TODAY'S CLASS

11:30AM - ACE

2:00PM - AMBITION

6:00PM - YOUTUBE CLASS

**YOU ARE ONE DECISION AWAY FROM
A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LIFE - IS
THIS TRUE ?**

The first light of morning had just begun to enter their small room when Shyam quietly opened his eyes, his body still tired from the previous day, yet his mind already alert with a strange mixture of hope and worry, and beside him, Arun was sitting cross-legged with a book in his lap, rubbing his eyes again and again as if trying to push sleep away with sheer determination, and the thin mattress beneath them had long lost its

comfort, but neither of them complained, because they had started believing that discomfort was temporary and their struggle would soon lead them somewhere better, and in those quiet early hours, before the city woke up and demanded its share of their strength, the two brothers would whisper softly about their dreams, about the day when they would not have to pull a rickshaw through crowded streets, about the day when their lives would carry dignity instead of dust, and somewhere between those hushed conversations, there was always one memory that stayed alive—their mother, who was no longer there to see them, yet whose voice still echoed in their minds, reminding them that education was the only path that could lift them out of the life they had inherited.

She had died years ago, quietly, without creating any burden for them even in her final days, as if she had spent her entire life making sure that her absence would not trouble anyone, and yet her absence had become the heaviest presence in their lives, lingering in the corners of their room, in the worn-out utensils she once used, in the faded photograph that hung slightly crooked on the wall, and most of all, in the dreams she had planted in her sons before she left, dreams that had grown stronger with time instead of fading, because every time Shyam felt exhausted while pulling the rickshaw, every time Arun counted the coins at the end of the day, there was a quiet voice within them that reminded them that this was not the life their mother had wanted for them.

It was this silent promise, this unspoken commitment to a woman who was no longer there, that had made them stop one evening at a crowded cyber café, where the flickering screen of an old computer introduced them to a world they had never truly explored before, and it was there that they saw him—Rahul, a faculty whose confident posture and steady voice gave him an aura of reliability, whose carefully crafted advertisement for his batch titled “Excellence in Banking Exams, specially for Hindi Medium” seemed designed to speak directly to students like them, and his words flowed with such precision that it felt almost impossible to resist him, because he did not merely explain the course, he told stories, he spoke of students from humble backgrounds who had cleared exams under his guidance, he looked straight into the camera as if

he were speaking to each viewer individually, saying in a calm yet powerful tone, “Agar aap discipline ke saath mere saath chale, toh main aapko beech mein nahi chhodunga... syllabus complete hoga, revision hoga, aur result bhi aayega,” and those words did not sound like a promise, they sounded like a guarantee, a reassurance so firm that it dissolved the brothers’ hesitation almost instantly.

Shyam leaned closer to the screen, his eyes reflecting a fragile hope, whispering, “Ye sach bol raha hai na?” and Arun, though naturally more cautious, found himself nodding slowly, because Rahul’s demeanor carried a kind of authority that felt trustworthy, his voice steady, his expressions controlled, his confidence unwavering, and he even addressed the fears of students like them, saying that many

Hindi medium aspirants are misled or left behind, but his batch was specially designed to ensure that no one struggled alone, that every concept would be taught from the basics to the advanced level, and that he personally monitored the progress of his students, and it was this personal touch, this illusion of individual attention, that pierced through Arun's last layer of doubt, making him believe that perhaps this was not just another course, but a mentor who would walk with them till the end.

For a brief moment, they had considered another option as well—a faculty named Kriti Sinha Ma'am, whose approach seemed quieter, less flamboyant, almost understated in comparison, but in a world where their decisions were driven more by hope than by analysis, Rahul's commanding presence and

persuasive language overshadowed everything else, and so, trusting the confidence he exuded, trusting the way he spoke about commitment and completion, they chose his batch over hers, unaware that this single decision would alter the course of their journey in ways they could never have anticipated.

The money they paid for the batch was not just money; it was the accumulation of months of silent sacrifices, of meals skipped so that a few extra rupees could be saved, of longer hours spent on the road, pulling the rickshaw until their legs trembled and their palms burned, and even after gathering all they had, it was still not enough, so they borrowed the remaining amount, promising to repay it soon, though they had no clear idea how, but at that moment, none of it mattered, because what they had bought

was not just a course, it was a possibility, a fragile yet powerful belief that their lives could be different.

Their routine changed almost overnight, becoming something so disciplined that it felt unfamiliar even to them, waking up at four every morning, when the world outside was still wrapped in silence, sitting under a dim bulb that flickered more than it glowed, trying to understand concepts that often felt distant and difficult, pausing lectures to take notes carefully, rewinding when they could not follow, and despite the exhaustion that clung to their bodies, they persisted, because every time their concentration faltered, they reminded themselves of their mother, of the way she had once looked at them with quiet hope, as if she already believed in a future they had yet to create.

After studying for a few hours, they would step out into the harsh reality of their daily work, gripping the handles of the rickshaw, navigating through crowded streets, their muscles protesting with every movement, yet their minds holding onto the thought that this was temporary, that soon, things would change, and even during their breaks, instead of resting, they would revise from their notes, their lips moving silently as they repeated formulas, vocabulary, and rules, trying to hold onto everything they had learned in those early morning hours. The first few weeks passed with a sense of excitement that made even their exhaustion feel meaningful, every completed lecture felt like progress, every new concept felt like a step closer to something bigger, and Rahul's voice, recorded in those videos, continued to

guide them with the same confidence that had first drawn them in, reinforcing their belief that they were on the right path, that all they needed to do was stay consistent, stay disciplined, and success would follow.

But slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, things began to change, lectures that were supposed to be uploaded regularly started coming late, sometimes not at all, and when they did appear, they felt rushed, incomplete, as if the depth that had been promised was quietly being replaced by superficial explanations, doubts that the brothers posted in the discussion section remained unanswered, and the sense of guidance they had once felt began to fade, replaced by a growing uncertainty that neither of them wanted to acknowledge. Shyam would sometimes pause a lecture midway, staring at the screen with a

frown, as if trying to extract clarity from confusion, while Arun would flip through his notes repeatedly, hoping to find answers that were not there, and yet, every time doubt tried to take hold, they pushed it away, convincing themselves that perhaps they were not trying hard enough, that maybe others were understanding better, that maybe the fault lay within them, and this self-doubt became a quiet poison, spreading slowly, weakening their confidence without them even realizing it.

Months passed, and with each passing day, the gap between promise and reality widened, entire topics remained untouched, some were covered so briefly that they felt meaningless, and the structured plan that had once seemed so clear now appeared fragmented and incomplete, yet Rahul continued to make reassuring

statements, promising that everything would be covered, that revision would happen, that there was still time, and clinging to those words, the brothers continued their routine, even as their faith began to erode.

By the fifth month, the mornings had begun to lose their earlier energy, the alarm would ring, and though they still woke up, there was a hesitation in their movements, a heaviness that had not been there before, and the silence between them grew longer, filled with unspoken questions that neither of them dared to ask, because asking them would mean accepting a possibility they were not ready to face—that they had been misled.

Their mother's photograph, which once inspired them, now seemed to watch them with a quiet sadness, and sometimes, as Shyam looked at it before

leaving for work, he felt an ache that he could not explain, as if he had failed her in some way, though he could not understand how, because he had done everything he could, followed every instruction, sacrificed everything within his reach, and yet, the result remained uncertain.

It was around this time that a quiet contrast began to emerge in their neighborhood, one that neither of them could ignore even if they tried, because just a few houses away lived Mohini, a woman who worked tirelessly as a cook in other people's homes, her hands always smelling of spices and smoke, her sari often marked with the stains of a long day's labor, and yet, there was a determination in her eyes that refused to fade, and unlike the brothers, she had chosen to enroll in Kriti Sinha Ma'am's batch, a decision that had once seemed

less appealing to Shyam and Arun, but now began to take on a different meaning.

Months later, when the results were announced, the news spread quietly at first, then with a growing sense of astonishment—Mohini had cleared the bank clerk exam in just eleven months, her name printed on a list that transformed her from an ordinary presence in the neighborhood into a symbol of what perseverance, guided correctly, could achieve, and when she returned home that evening, carrying sweets in her hands and disbelief in her eyes, the entire lane seemed to gather around her, celebrating not just her success, but the possibility it represented.

Shyam and Arun stood at a distance, watching her, their expressions unreadable, because in that moment, the

weight of their own choices pressed down on them with a clarity that was almost unbearable, and it was not envy they felt, but a quiet, painful realization—that somewhere along the way, they had chosen the louder promise over the quieter truth, the more convincing voice over the more committed guidance.

The eighth month arrived not with a sense of completion, but with a painful clarity, the syllabus still unfinished, important topics missing, revisions nonexistent, and Rahul, once so present, now distant, offering vague explanations instead of concrete solutions, and it was in those final weeks that the truth became impossible to ignore—that the promises they had believed in were never meant to be fulfilled, that the path they had trusted had been built on

fragile words rather than genuine commitment.

One morning, the alarm rang as usual, its sharp sound cutting through the silence of the room, but neither of them moved, Shyam lay still, staring at the ceiling, his eyes open but empty, while Arun turned to his side, pulling the thin blanket over his face, as if trying to escape not the sound, but the reality it represented, and in that moment, without any discussion, without any argument, they both understood something had ended.

They did not wake up early the next day, or the day after that, the books remained where they were, untouched, gathering a thin layer of dust, and the routine that had once defined their days simply disappeared, leaving behind a silence that felt heavier than any noise, and slowly, almost reluctantly, they

returned to the only life they knew—the rickshaw, the streets, the endless cycle of effort and survival.

As they gripped the handles once again, their hands felt the same, their bodies moved the same way, but something within them had changed, something that could not be repaired easily, because what they had lost was not just money, not just time, but a belief that had once given them strength, a belief that their mother's dream could become their reality if only they worked hard enough.

And now, as the wheels turned beneath them, carrying the weight of another day, the city remained indifferent, as it always had, its noise swallowing their silence, its pace ignoring their pause, and though they no longer spoke about the future with the same hope, there were moments, quiet and brief, when

they would look at each other, and in that glance, there was a shared understanding, a silent grief that needed no words, because both of them knew that somewhere along the way, they had not just lost an opportunity, they had lost a part of themselves that once believed that life could be different. They were one decision away from poverty but their reliance on the wrong mentor would never let them get out of poverty.

VOCAB LIST

1. **Dilute** – make weaker
Hindi: हल्का करना
2. **Residual** – remaining part
Hindi: शेष
3. **Resolute** – very determined
Hindi: दृढ़

4. **Asceticism** – strict self-discipline
Hindi: तपस्या
5. **Fragile** – easily broken
Hindi: नाजुक
6. **Persuasive** – convincing
Hindi: प्रभावशाली
7. **Cadence** – rhythmic flow
Hindi: लय
8. **Inevitable** – unavoidable
Hindi: अनिवार्य
9. **Devoid** – completely lacking
Hindi: रहित
10. **Superficial** – not deep
Hindi: सतही
11. **Negligence** – carelessness
Hindi: लापरवाही
12. **Erode** – gradually destroy
Hindi: क्षीण करना
13. **Insidious** – harmful but gradual
Hindi: कपटी / छुपा हुआ

14. **Reluctantly** – unwillingly
Hindi: अनिच्छा से
15. **Indifferent** – not caring
Hindi: उदासीन
16. **Obligation** – duty
Hindi: दायित्व
17. **Unwavering** – steady
Hindi: अडिग
18. **Demeanor** – behavior
Hindi: व्यवहार
19. **Austere** – strict/simple
Hindi: कठोर
20. **Cling** – hold tightly
Hindi: चिपकना
21. **Perseverance** – continuous effort
Hindi: दृढ़ता
22. **Discipline** – self-control
Hindi: अनुशासन
23. **Exhaustion** – extreme tiredness
Hindi: थकान

24. **Deception** – act of cheating

Hindi: धोखा

25. **Uncertainty** – lack of clarity

Hindi: अनिश्चितता

