



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

**THIS MONDAY LET'S PROMISE TO COMPLETE ALL
OUR TO DO LIST FOR TODAY !
LET'S WORK SUPER HARD FOR THE LIFE THAT WE
ARE GOING TO LIVE**

RACHNA KI RACHNA

Rachna had always believed one thing since childhood. A girl must have one place in this world that belongs only to her. One house. One room. One balcony. One key in her own hands. She was not dreaming of a palace. She only wanted a peaceful home. A home where no one could ask her to leave. A home where she could sleep without fear. A home where the walls knew her silence. As a little girl in Lucknow, she would sit near the window during monsoon evenings

and imagine a small white house beside the sea. She did not know how she would earn it. She did not know whether life would allow it. But the dream stayed alive quietly inside her heart like a diya protected from the wind.

Years later, life became practical, monotonous, and exhausting. Rachna became a teacher at DAV Public School, wearing neatly ironed cotton sarees every morning, correcting notebooks with red pens, shouting over noisy classrooms, and returning home with swollen feet and an aching back. Her salary was enough for survival but nowhere close to the kind of life she secretly wanted. Every month, after paying rent, helping her parents, managing electricity bills, and buying basic necessities, there was barely anything left. The dream of owning a house slowly became something she

stopped talking about, even to herself. Yet every time she passed luxurious homes in Gomti Nagar or saw sea-facing villas online, a strange heaviness would settle inside her chest.

There was one thing, however, that never abandoned her—her art. Rachna possessed an astonishing gift. She could sketch faces with extraordinary precision. A slight tilt of the eyebrow, the exhaustion beneath tired eyes, the shy smile of a bride, the wrinkles near an old man's lips—she could capture emotions as if her pencil understood human pain better than words did. During staff meetings, she would absentmindedly draw portraits on rough sheets. Her colleagues often stared at her sketches in disbelief. “Yeh toh photo jaisa lag raha hai,” they would whisper. But talent without opportunity often remains invisible.

In 2017, while scrolling through Instagram after school hours, she noticed artists posting time-lapse videos of sketches. Some had thousands of followers. Some were conducting workshops. Some were earning through commissions. That night, something stirred inside her. Perhaps life had not completely forgotten her. Perhaps there was still one unopened door waiting somewhere. Nervously, she created a page called “Rachna Ki Rachna.” She uploaded a charcoal portrait of an elderly woman. Twelve likes. Two comments. One follower was her cousin. Another was Disha, her closest friend since college.

For six months, nothing changed. She posted tirelessly after returning from school. Sometimes at midnight. Sometimes before leaving for class. She experimented with pencils, charcoal, oil

pastels, and watercolor. Yet the page barely crossed one thousand followers. Many nights she cried silently while deleting badly performing posts. She would wonder whether people only pretended to support artists online. She questioned her talent repeatedly. In the classroom she continued teaching grammar lessons and invigilating examinations, while her dream sat quietly inside a corner of her exhausted mind.

One humid evening in July, Disha visited her rented apartment carrying samosas and cold coffee. “Tu galat cheez post kar rahi hai,” Disha said casually while scrolling through the page. “People don’t only want finished art. They want to see how magic happens.” Rachna frowned. “Kaun dekhega shading ka tutorial?” Disha shrugged. “Try kar na.”

The next Sunday, Rachna placed her phone against a steel container, adjusted poor lighting, and recorded a short tutorial on facial shading. Her voice trembled throughout the video. She almost did not upload it. But she did. The next morning, her phone exploded with notifications. Fifty new followers. Then two hundred. Then one thousand within days. She stared at the screen in disbelief during lunch break inside the school staff room. By the fifth tutorial, she had crossed seven thousand followers. Comments flooded her inbox. “Didi please teach eyes.” “Can you make tutorials for beginners?” “Your shading is immaculate.” “Your work feels alive.” For the first time in years, Rachna felt visible.

Then came the wedding. A wealthy family near the school had seen her Instagram page and wanted live

sketching at their daughter's wedding reception. Fifty thousand rupees for one evening. Rachna reread the message at least twenty times. Fifty thousand. It was more than what remained from her salary after months of work. On the wedding night, she stood nervously near decorated marigolds and chandeliers while guests surrounded her table. Children watched in fascination as faces appeared from blank paper under her fingers. Elderly women blessed her. Bridesmaids recorded videos. People applauded every completed sketch. When the groom's mother handed her an envelope containing the payment, Rachna's hands trembled. She went to the washroom, locked the door, and cried quietly for several minutes. Not because of money alone. But because something inside her finally felt acknowledged.

Lucknow began talking about “Rachna Ki Rachna.” During wedding season, bookings multiplied rapidly. Birthday parties, graduation celebrations, anniversary events, engagement ceremonies—everywhere people wanted live portraits. Her Sundays disappeared completely. Sometimes she would travel overnight for events and return directly to school on Monday mornings. Her body remained perpetually fatigued, but her spirit had awakened.

Three months later, she received her first outstation booking in Aligarh. The client offered accommodation and travel reimbursement. While traveling in a crowded train compartment, holding her sketching kit tightly, she looked outside the dusty window and smiled faintly. She remembered the frightened girl who had once believed her life

would remain confined between school corridors and rented apartments forever.

By 2018, her page had become immensely popular across Uttar Pradesh. Local influencers collaborated with her. Wedding planners recommended her. Event managers called her months in advance. Her tutorials amassed thousands of views. Students attended her small workshops. Brands began approaching her for promotions. The same relatives who once considered art “timepass” suddenly praised her perseverance. Yet Rachna remained astonishingly grounded. She still traveled in autos whenever possible. She still stitched old kurtas instead of buying expensive clothes. She still taught at school because somewhere she feared success could disappear overnight.

One winter evening after a long event, she sat on the terrace with Disha. “Do you remember your old dream?” Disha asked suddenly. Rachna smiled faintly. “The house?” “Hmm.” Rachna looked at the dark sky quietly. “I still think about it sometimes.” “Then why did you say it like it belongs to the past?” Disha asked. Rachna had no answer.

Months later, exhausted from continuous work, she finally agreed to travel with Disha to Goa. Goa had always existed inside her imagination like a distant poem. Not because of parties or nightlife, but because of the ocean. She had spent her entire life away from the sea. Her dreams had always smelled of saltwater and wet sand despite growing up in a landlocked city.

The moment she stepped onto the beach during sunset, something inside her shifted profoundly. The Arabian Sea

stretched endlessly before her, magnificent and humbling. Waves crashed rhythmically against the shore as if the earth itself was breathing. Foreign tourists walked barefoot. Fishermen untangled nets under fading orange skies. Tiny beach shacks played old Hindi songs softly. Dogs slept lazily beside surfboards. The salty wind touched her face gently, carrying a strange serenity she had never experienced in Lucknow's crowded chaos.

Rachna removed her slippers and stepped onto wet sand. The grains slipped between her toes, cool and delicate. She closed her eyes. For a fleeting moment, all her anxieties disappeared. The incessant pressure to prove herself. The insecurity of rented houses. The exhaustion of survival. The

fear of losing relevance. Everything dissolved into the sound of waves.

“How does it feel?” Disha asked softly. Rachna opened her eyes slowly. “Like I’ve met a part of myself that was missing.”

That night they sat near a quiet shack eating grilled fish while the ocean roared endlessly nearby. Rachna watched the moonlight shimmering upon turquoise water and felt astonishingly small before nature’s grandeur. Yet strangely, the smallness comforted her. The ocean did not care about status, salaries, failures, or followers. It simply existed—vast, relentless, eternal.

The next morning, while walking alone near a less crowded beach, she noticed a modest white house with blue windows overlooking the sea. Bougainvillea climbed along its walls. Wind chimes

moved softly near the balcony. An elderly woman watered plants outside. Rachna stopped walking. Her heartbeat quickened inexplicably.

That was it.

Not luxury. Not extravagance. Just peace. For several minutes she stood there imagining herself waking up every morning to the sound of waves, drinking tea beside salty winds, sketching quietly while monsoon clouds gathered above the ocean. She imagined loneliness without fear. Silence without sadness. A home that belonged entirely to her existence.

When she returned to the hotel, she searched obsessively for properties near the beach. Most were impossibly expensive. But one particular small ocean-facing house captured her attention completely. Its price was nearly one crore rupees. An absurd

amount according to her old reality. Yet for the first time in life, the dream no longer felt impossible. Difficult, yes. Distant, yes. But not impossible.

Back in Lucknow, she worked harder than ever before. She expanded workshops. Collaborated with wedding agencies. Started premium portrait packages. Conducted online shading courses. She reduced unnecessary spending. Every rupee acquired meaning. Whenever exhaustion threatened her spirit, she would reopen videos from Goa—the waves, the turquoise water, the endless sky. The ocean had become more than a destination. It had become clarity.

Years ago, she had wanted a house because she feared insecurity. Now she wanted that ocean house because she had finally discovered herself. There was a profound difference between the

two desires. One emerged from fear. The other emerged from self-worth.

Late at night after events, when the city slept and traffic noises faded, Rachna would sit quietly near her study table counting savings. Sometimes the amount still looked painfully small compared to the dream. Sometimes fear returned. What if trends changed? What if social media forgot her? What if bookings stopped? But then she would remember the little girl who once dreamed beside a rainy window without any certainty at all.

And she continued.

Because somewhere between charcoal sketches, crowded weddings, school corridors, tutorial videos, train journeys, and ocean waves, Rachna had understood one extraordinary truth: dreams rarely arrive dramatically. They emerge slowly through persistence,

humiliation, resilience, and silent labor that nobody applauds initially.

One evening, after completing a live sketch at a graduation event, a young girl approached her timidly. “Didi,” she whispered, “my parents say art cannot build a future. But seeing you makes me feel maybe it can.”

Rachna looked at her quietly for a moment. Then she smiled with tired but luminous eyes. “Art alone may not save you,” she replied softly, “but believing in yourself definitely can.”

And somewhere far away, beyond crowded cities and uncertain tomorrows, the ocean continued singing beside the house she had not bought yet—but already belonged to her soul.

Moral of the Story:

A dream does not become impossible because it is expensive or distant. It becomes impossible only when a person

abandons it completely. Skills, when nurtured with consistency and courage, can transform ordinary lives into extraordinary journeys. True security for a woman is not merely financial—it is emotional independence, self-worth, and the freedom to create a life she genuinely desires.

Word Meaning List:

1. Monotonous – boring and repetitive – नीरस
2. Astonishing – extremely surprising – आश्चर्यजनक
3. Precision – exactness – सटीकता
4. Extraordinary – remarkable – असाधारण
5. Fascination – strong attraction – आकर्षण
6. Magnificent – grand and beautiful – भव्य

7. Serenity – peacefulness – शांति
8. Insecurity – lack of confidence or safety – असुरक्षा
9. Exhaustion – extreme tiredness – थकान
10. Persistence – continuous effort – दृढ़ता
11. Resilience – ability to recover – लचीलापन
12. Grandeur – greatness and beauty – वैभव
13. Extravagance – excessive luxury – फिजूल शान
14. Relentless – unstoppable – निरंतर
15. Humiliation – deep embarrassment – अपमान
16. Collaboration – working together – सहयोग
17. Trembled – shook slightly – कांपना

18. Delicate – soft and fine – नाजुक
19. Perpetually – continuously –
लगातार
20. Acknowledged – recognized and
accepted – स्वीकार किया

