



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

9TH APRIL !!

DEKHTE HI DEKHTE 8 DIN NIKAL GYE IS MONTH KAY
AGAR ABHI TAK FOCUS NAHI KIA HAI TO AB KR LO
LIFE BAHUT CHOTI HAI IT IS ALWAYS IMPORTANT TO
PRIORITIZE WELL

APNI LIST OF GOALS KAY SATH HI RAHO !!
AAGE BADHO

THE SENIOR WHO BULLIED

She still remembered the first morning she walked into the research lab, her palms slightly damp, her heartbeat carrying that strange mix of anticipation and quiet fear, as if she already knew that this place would test her in ways her textbooks never had, because while her degrees had prepared her for data, hypotheses, and rigorous analysis, nothing had quite prepared her for the subtle weight of being the only woman in a room where laughter often sounded

like a language she was not fully allowed to speak; her name was Ritika, and on paper she was brilliant, precise, and remarkably diligent, yet the moment she stepped into that space, she realised that competence alone was not always the currency that commanded respect. The team welcomed her, but there was something performative about it, something rehearsed, and within a week, the tone began to shift in small but unmistakable ways, the kind that are difficult to explain but impossible to ignore, where casual comments began to carry an undertone, and jokes—always framed as harmless—started brushing against her comfort like sandpaper. Ashu, a senior researcher who was widely admired for his work, was at the center of it all, his voice loud, his presence dominating, and his humor, though often celebrated by others, had a

way of crossing lines while pretending those lines did not exist. “Arre Ritika, don’t be so serious all the time,” he would say with a grin that others mirrored instantly, “research mein thoda charm bhi hona chahiye,” and though the words sounded light, there was always a pause after them, a pause filled with laughter that made her feel as though she had been subtly reduced to something ornamental rather than intellectual. On another day, when she hesitated to respond to a crude joke that circled around the room, he leaned back in his chair and said, “Yeh lab hai ya convent school? Thoda chill karo, yahan sab open-minded hain,” and the others chuckled, not loudly enough to seem cruel, but not softly enough to feel kind. Ritika would force a smile, the kind that stretches across your face but never quite reaches your eyes, because she

told herself that maybe this was normal, maybe this was what fitting in looked like, maybe she was the one who needed to adjust. And so she tried—she laughed when she did not want to, she stayed silent when she wanted to speak, she even attempted to respond with light humor once or twice, though her voice always felt like it was borrowing confidence it did not own. But every evening, when she returned home, the silence of her room felt heavier than it should have, as if all the words she had swallowed throughout the day had gathered there, waiting to be acknowledged. It was during one such evening that she opened a plain notebook, its pages untouched and unassuming, and began to write—not because she had a plan, but because she needed somewhere to place the weight she carried. At first, the words came

hesitantly, broken and unsure, but gradually they began to flow, detailing everything—the jokes, the pauses, the way her chest tightened when laughter lingered a second too long, the way she questioned herself after every interaction. She did not censor herself there; she did not try to be agreeable or composed; she wrote exactly what she felt, and in doing so, she discovered something quietly powerful—that her feelings, when placed on paper, began to make sense, began to lose their chaos, began to transform into something she could observe rather than something that controlled her. Journaling became her ritual, her refuge, her way of reclaiming her voice in a world that often made her feel like she had to dilute it, and over time, she noticed a shift—not in the people around her, but in herself. She no longer tried as hard to fit

into their rhythm; instead, she began to create her own, one that was steady, focused, and deeply anchored in her work. The laboratory, once a place of discomfort, slowly became a place where she chose to invest her energy selectively, pouring herself into her research with a kind of clarity that surprised even her. She would arrive early, often before most others, the quiet hum of machines greeting her like an ally, and she would lose herself in her experiments, her notes becoming more detailed, her observations more refined, as though every hour she spent there was a quiet conversation between her and the truth she was trying to uncover. Ashu's comments did not disappear, but they began to lose their grip on her, not because they changed, but because she did; when he said, "Madam, aap toh bahut intense ho, thoda life bhi enjoy

karo,” she simply nodded and returned to her work, her silence no longer a sign of submission but a choice of disengagement. Weeks turned into months, and her research, which had once seemed like just another project, began to take shape in a way that felt different, deeper, more significant, as if all the hours she had spent in quiet focus were converging into something meaningful. There were moments of doubt, of course, moments when she wondered if all this effort would amount to anything, but each time, she returned to her notebook, to those pages where she had once poured out her confusion, and she realised how far she had come—not in their eyes, but in her own. The breakthrough came on a day that seemed, at first, entirely ordinary; she was reviewing a set of data she had analyzed countless times before when

she noticed a pattern that had gone unnoticed, a subtle inconsistency that did not align with existing assumptions, and as she leaned closer, her mind began to race, connecting pieces, forming possibilities, until a realization settled in—a quiet, electrifying certainty that she had found something important. The days that followed were intense, filled with verification, rechecking, and a careful excitement she did not dare to express too soon, but eventually, the evidence stood firm, undeniable, and when she presented her findings to the team, the room that had once echoed with dismissive laughter fell into a silence that felt entirely different—attentive, focused, almost respectful. Ashu, who had always been the loudest voice, sat unusually still, his expression shifting from casual interest to something more serious, and for the

first time, when he spoke, his tone carried no hint of mockery. “This is... impressive, Ritika,” he said, the pause before the last word longer than usual, as if he was recalibrating something within himself. The presentation extended beyond the team, reaching panels, conferences, and eventually leading to recognition that was impossible to overlook, her work earning prestigious awards that brought her into spaces where her voice was not just heard but valued. And with that recognition came a change in the laboratory, subtle yet unmistakable; the jokes became fewer, the comments more measured, the laughter less pointed, as though her success had rewritten an unspoken rule. Ashu, once so casually dismissive, now chose his words carefully, his tone respectful in a way that felt almost unfamiliar. “If you

need any help with the next phase, let me know,” he said one afternoon, and though the offer sounded sincere, Ritika understood that it was not just her work that had changed things—it was the way her work had forced them to see her differently. Yet as she walked back to her desk, her mind did not dwell on their transformation; instead, it returned to that notebook, to those pages filled with the raw, unfiltered version of herself, the version that had endured, questioned, and ultimately grown stronger, and she realised that her greatest victory was not the award, not the recognition, not even the shift in how others treated her, but the quiet, unwavering strength she had built within herself, a strength that did not depend on approval, because it had been forged in moments when approval was nowhere to be found.

