



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

**88 DAYS LEFT !
WORK HARD
AND
BE DISCIPLINED
BE HAPPY
STAY POSITIVE
BE THE HARDEST WORKING PERSON IN THE ROOM
ALWAYS**

The first light of morning in a modest town of Assam slipped through the thin bamboo blinds like a reluctant confession, brushing softly against Radha Kumari's weary face as she sat motionless on the edge of her bed, her back slightly bent as though carrying an invisible burden, her fingers interlocked so tightly that they seemed to resist even the idea of release, and outside, the world was beginning its ordinary resurrection with a quiet persistence—vendors arranging baskets of fresh vegetables with practiced ease,

schoolchildren hurrying past with untied shoelaces and unfinished breakfasts, the distant whistle of a train cutting through the humid air—but inside Radha, time had thickened into something heavy and unyielding, a stagnant pool of thoughts she could neither escape nor fully confront, thoughts that returned again and again like unwelcome guests who had memorized the way to her door, reminding her of every failure, every harsh word, every moment she had not been enough, and it was in this suffocating stillness that Mohan, her younger brother, barely seventeen yet carrying an inexplicable calmness in his eyes, entered the room with two cups of tea, placing one beside her without a word, observing her not with pity but with a quiet understanding that felt almost unsettling in its depth, as though

he could hear the chaos she was trying to silence, and when she finally spoke, her voice trembled under the weight of exhaustion, “Why does it stay, Mohan? Why do these thoughts refuse to leave?” and Mohan, taking a slow sip of his tea, looked out toward the pale morning sky for a moment before replying with a calm firmness that seemed far beyond his years, “Didi, thoughts are like stray animals; if you keep feeding them, they will never leave your door,” and the simplicity of his analogy pierced through her confusion with a sharp clarity, because she knew, in some unspoken corner of her mind, that she had been feeding them—replaying old conversations, revisiting moments of humiliation, nurturing every negative possibility until it had grown stronger than her own sense of self, and she felt, for the first time in months, a flicker of

awareness that perhaps her suffering was not entirely inflicted upon her but was also being sustained by her own refusal to let go, yet awareness alone is rarely enough to break a habit so deeply ingrained, and so the day passed as it always did, heavy and unresolved, until the second instance unfolded with a quiet inevitability, when Radha returned from yet another unsuccessful interview, her shoulders slumped, her eyes dull with disappointment, and she threw her bag aside with a frustration that bordered on despair, declaring in a broken whisper, "I am not meant for anything good, Mohan, every attempt ends the same way," and Mohan, who had been studying at the small wooden table, closed his books gently and walked up to her, his voice steady yet filled with an intensity that demanded her attention, "Didi, you are not failing

in life, you are just refusing to move past a chapter that has already ended,” and she frowned, unable to fully grasp the weight of his words, and he continued, choosing each sentence with an almost deliberate precision, “You keep carrying your past into every new attempt, like a burden that bends your confidence before you even begin, how will you succeed if you walk into every opportunity already defeated?” and something about hearing such truths from someone five years younger unsettled her deeply, because it stripped away the fragile justifications she had built around her pain, and for a moment she felt defensive, almost resentful, but beneath that resistance lay an undeniable recognition that Mohan was right, that she had been approaching every new possibility with the residue of old failures clinging to her, quietly

poisoning her efforts before they could even take shape, and that night, as she lay awake staring at the ceiling, she found that her thoughts were different, not entirely free from negativity but no longer entirely consumed by it, as though a small space had opened within her mind where reflection could exist without judgment, and then came the third instance, subtle yet transformative, on an evening when rain fell steadily against the tin roof, the sky heavy with clouds that seemed to mirror the weight she had carried within for so long, and the power had gone out, leaving the house wrapped in a soft darkness illuminated only by the faint glow of a single candle, and Radha found herself sitting beside Mohan, who was solving a mathematics problem with quiet concentration, his focus unwavering despite the discomfort, and

she watched him for a while before asking, almost absentmindedly, “Don’t you ever get distracted by things that upset you?” and Mohan paused, his pencil resting lightly against the page, before he looked at her with a faint, thoughtful smile, “Of course I do, Didi, but I have learned something important,” he said, his voice blending with the steady rhythm of the rain, “you can either sit in the storm and complain about the darkness, or you can light a candle and keep moving, even if the light is small,” and as he said this, he adjusted the candle slightly so that its flicker illuminated the page more clearly, a simple action that carried a quiet symbolism, and Radha felt something shift within her, not abruptly, not like a sudden revelation, but gradually, like ice beginning to melt after a long winter, because she realized that moving on was

not about erasing the past or pretending it had never existed, but about refusing to let it dictate the present, about choosing, again and again, to focus on what could still be built rather than what had already been broken, and from that evening onwards, she began to change in small but meaningful ways, she stopped revisiting old messages that had once brought her pain, she resisted the urge to replay humiliating memories, she forced herself to prepare for opportunities without the burden of past failures weighing her down, and through this slow process of unlearning, she began to reclaim a sense of control over her life, and months turned into a year, and that fragile determination transformed into a steady resilience that carried her through challenges she once believed were insurmountable, until one quiet morning, much like the one where

this story had begun, she held in her hands the appointment letter that confirmed her selection as a clerk in a government office, her eyes filled not with disbelief but with a deep and overwhelming gratitude, and as she turned to look at Mohan, who was now preparing for his board results with the same quiet discipline, she felt a surge of pride and affection that words could scarcely contain, because she knew that her success was not hers alone but was deeply intertwined with the unwavering support and wisdom of the boy who had taught her the most important lesson of all, that moving on is not a sign of weakness but an act of courage, and when Mohan's results were declared and he topped his 12th standard, the house that had once been heavy with silence echoed with laughter and celebration, their bond strengthened by

the trials they had endured together, and in that shared joy lay the ultimate truth that life, no matter how bruising, can still be rebuilt if one has the courage to let go of what no longer serves them and the wisdom to nurture what still holds promise, and years later, even as Radha sat at her desk in the government office, handling files with a quiet efficiency that had once seemed impossible to her, she often found herself smiling at the memory of those conversations, those simple yet profound words spoken by a boy who had understood something that she had taken far too long to learn, that the mind, when fed with negativity, becomes its own prison, but when guided with patience and awareness, becomes the very tool that sets one free.

WORD MEANINGS :

1. Reluctant – unwilling, hesitant – अनिच्छुक
2. Weary – very tired – थका हुआ
3. Suffocating – causing discomfort, choking – दमघोंटू
4. Stagnant – not moving, inactive – स्थिर
5. Relentless – continuous, unstoppable – निरंतर
6. Humiliation – loss of respect – अपमान
7. Unyielding – not giving way – अडिग
8. Inexplicable – hard to explain – अव्याख्येय
9. Intrusive – interfering, unwelcome – हस्तक्षेपकारी

10. Exhaustion – extreme tiredness – थकावट
11. Analogy – comparison for clarity – उपमा
12. Clarity – clearness of thought – स्पष्टता
13. Ingrained – deeply rooted – गहराई से जड़ा हुआ
14. Inevitability – certainty of happening – अनिवार्यता
15. Despair – loss of hope – निराशा
16. Precision – accuracy, exactness – सटीकता
17. Unsettling – disturbing – बेचैन करने वाला
18. Residue – remaining part – अवशेष
19. Introspection – self-examination – आत्मचिंतन

20. Transformative – causing change
– परिवर्तनकारी
21. Unwavering – firm, steady – अटल
22. Symbolism – deeper meaning –
प्रतीकात्मकता
23. Revelation – sudden realization –
अनुभूति
24. Gradually – slowly over time –
धीरे-धीरे
25. Resilience – ability to recover –
लचीलापन
26. Insurmountable – impossible to
overcome – दुर्गम
27. Gratitude – thankfulness – कृतज्ञता
28. Intertwined – closely connected –
परस्पर जुड़ा हुआ
29. Endured – suffered patiently –
सहन किया
30. Nurture – care and develop –
पोषण करना

