



**GOOD MORNING  
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

**85 DAYS LEFT !!**

**ISS WEEKEND TK YEH NUMBER 80 HO JAYEGA .ARE  
YOU CONSISTENT ?**

TODAY'S CLASS

11:30AM - ACE

2:00PM - AMBITION

6:00PM - YOUTUBE CLASS

## **PRASHANT AND HIS LUCK**

Prashant did not know that an ordinary morning could become a doorway. He woke up late, washed his face with cold water, wore his faded white shirt, and ran toward the metro station with his portfolio bag hitting his knee again and again. He was only a design student from Hyderabad, living in Delhi with too many dreams and too little money. His mother had called at 6:12 a.m. and asked, "Beta, khana time par kha lena," and he had lied softly, "Haan, Amma," though his stomach had learnt to

survive on tea and hope. That morning, the city looked tired, as if even the sky had not slept properly. Vendors were arranging newspapers, a child was crying near the ticket counter, and the smell of wet iron, cheap perfume, and early tea moved through the metro platform like an invisible crowd.

Prashant stood near the yellow line, clutching his sketchbook, thinking about the unpaid room rent, his father's silent disappointment, and the interview he was going to attend at a small furniture company where they wanted "fresh talent" but offered a salary that could barely buy fresh vegetables. For months, he had been telling himself that life was not cruel, only slow, but that morning even this sentence felt like a consolation given to a dying man. He had studied architecture because he loved spaces, corners, light, and shadows; he believed

every wall had a memory and every window carried a promise, but the world around him wanted him to become practical, obedient, and grateful for anything. “Dreams are expensive,” his father had once said, folding an electricity bill with trembling fingers, “and we are not people who can afford them.” Those words had stayed inside Prashant like a small wound that never bled outside. On the platform, he opened his sketchbook to revise a design he had made for a community library, but instead of seeing lines, arches, and measurements, he saw his mother’s cracked heels, his father’s old bicycle, and the tin box in which his family kept emergency money that never survived emergencies. Just then, a woman in a navy-blue coat, perhaps in her early forties, stopped near him and looked at his sketchbook with unusual attention.

Prashant first thought she was irritated because his bag was touching her sleeve, so he stepped aside and murmured, “Sorry, ma’am.” She did not move. “Did you draw this?” she asked. Her English was calm, almost surgical. Prashant nodded, embarrassed, as if talent was something he had been caught stealing. “Yes, ma’am, just a college project.” She looked at the page again, then at his face. “This is not just a college project. You understand space. You understand silence.” He did not know what to say. Praise, when it came after long neglect, felt suspicious. She introduced herself as Meera Sanyal, a creative director working with a global design and fashion house that was preparing an installation show in Paris and Mumbai. Prashant almost laughed because the sentence sounded like it belonged to someone else’s life. “We are looking for

young Indian designers who can build emotional spaces, not just beautiful ones,” she said, taking out a card. “Come to this address today evening. Bring your work.” The metro arrived with a roar, doors opened, people pushed, and for a few seconds Prashant stood still, holding the card as if it were a piece of evidence from heaven. Inside the train, he kept staring at the name printed on it, afraid that the letters might disappear. His first thought was not happiness but fear. What if it was fake? What if they laughed at his cheap shoes? What if his English broke in front of them? What if dreams, when they finally arrived, demanded a version of him he had not yet become? By afternoon, he had gone to the furniture company, answered their questions politely, and left before they could offer him the job, because for the first time in his life, he

felt that saying yes to survival might mean saying no to destiny. At five, he reached Meera's office, a glass building where even the lift smelled expensive. His reflection in the mirrored wall looked thin, anxious, and almost apologetic. Inside the conference room, three people sat with laptops. They asked him to explain his designs. His throat went dry, but then he remembered his mother saying, "Jo sach mein tumhara hai, uske baare mein bolte waqt darna mat." He began slowly, describing how a room could heal loneliness, how light could make grief softer, how Indian homes carried stories in courtyards, balconies, trunks, and prayer corners. As he spoke, his nervousness dissolved into something luminous. He showed them his library design, inspired by railway waiting rooms where poor students studied

under tired fans; a fabric installation inspired by his mother's old saree; a narrow corridor meant to feel like migration; and a stage where models would not merely walk but emerge like people crossing from invisibility into recognition. The room became quiet. One of the men whispered, "There is pain in his work." Meera corrected him gently, "No, there is memory." That evening, Prashant was selected as an assistant spatial designer for the installation. The stipend was modest, but to him it looked like a river after drought. When he called his mother, he could not speak for a few seconds. She kept asking, "Kya hua, beta? Sab theek hai?" and he finally said, "Amma, shayad meri subah badal gayi." She cried first, then laughed, then cried again, and in the background his father asked, "Kiska phone hai?" with the careful indifference

of a man who was afraid to hope. The months that followed were not magical; they were merciless. Prashant worked through nights, corrected measurements, faced condescension from people who pronounced his name wrongly, and learnt that opportunity did not remove struggle; it only gave struggle a larger room. There were days when senior designers dismissed him, days when his ideas were used without credit, days when he ate alone on studio stairs because he felt too small among people who discussed Europe as casually as his family discussed onion prices. Yet he stayed. He watched. He learnt. He wrote new words in a notebook: resilience, meticulous, audacity, provenance, transience, austerity, serendipity. He pronounced them under his breath like prayers. One night, when the final installation model

broke because of a wiring mistake, everyone panicked. The show was two days away. Prashant stood before the damaged structure, stared at the torn fabric panels, and suddenly remembered his mother stitching old curtains into cushion covers after floods had ruined their house in his childhood. “Broken things don’t need hiding,” she had said then. “Sometimes they need better stitching.” He proposed that they keep the cracks visible, illuminate them from behind, and make the entire stage look like a city repaired after suffering. The team hesitated, but Meera looked at him and said, “Do it.” On the morning of the show, when models walked through that glowing, wounded corridor, the audience became strangely silent. Cameras flashed, critics leaned forward, and someone from an international magazine wrote later that the

installation looked “like memory learning to stand upright.” Prashant read that line again and again on his cracked phone screen. His name appeared at the bottom of the credits, small but real. When he returned home after many months, his father was waiting outside their house, pretending to adjust the bicycle chain. He did not hug Prashant immediately. He only looked at him, at the same faded bag, the same thin face, but something in his eyes had changed. “Achha kaam kiya,” he said, and those three words, austere and insufficient, entered Prashant’s heart like rain entering parched soil. His mother had cooked rice, dal, and potato fry, and while eating, Prashant realised that success was not the applause of strangers; it was the sound of his father clearing his throat because he did not know how to say sorry, the warmth of

his mother adding extra ghee to his plate, the dignity of returning to the same house without feeling defeated by it. Years later, when Prashant became a celebrated installation designer and young students asked him how his life changed, they expected a glamorous answer about talent, global platforms, or ambition. He always told them about a morning platform, a sketchbook, a woman who stopped to look carefully, and a boy who almost chose a small job because fear had disguised itself as responsibility. "Life does not always change with thunder," he would say softly. "Sometimes it changes when someone sees you before you have learnt to see yourself." And whenever he boarded a metro, even after success had given him cars, invitations, and polished rooms, he stood for a moment near the yellow line, listening to the metallic

wind of an arriving train, remembering the poor boy with hungry eyes who had once held a visiting card like a miracle and understood, for the first time, that one morning, if met with courage, could become an entire lifetime.

WORD LIST WITH SYNONYM AND ANTONYM (IF U LIKE THIS, REACT AND LET ME KNOW)

1. **Doorway** – an entrance / opportunity – प्रवेश  
Syn: gateway, threshold, portal | Ant: closure, barrier
2. **Clutching** – holding tightly – कसकर पकड़ना  
Syn: grasping, gripping, seizing | Ant: releasing, loosening
3. **Consolation** – comfort in sadness – सांत्वना  
Syn: solace, reassurance, comfort | Ant: distress, despair

4. **Obedient** – following rules/orders – आज्ञाकारी  
Syn: compliant, submissive, dutiful |  
Ant: defiant, rebellious
5. **Neglect** – lack of care/attention – उपेक्षा  
Syn: disregard, omission, indifference | Ant: care, attention
6. **Suspicious** – doubtful / not trusting – संदेहपूर्ण  
Syn: skeptical, dubious, wary | Ant: trusting, confident
7. **Surgical (tone)** – precise and exact – सटीक  
Syn: precise, meticulous, exact | Ant: vague, careless
8. **Invisible** – not seen – अदृश्य  
Syn: unseen, hidden, imperceptible |  
Ant: visible, apparent
9. **Embarrassed** – feeling awkward/shy – शर्मिंदा

Syn: ashamed, uneasy, awkward |  
Ant: confident, composed

10. **Talent** – natural ability – प्रतिभा

Syn: aptitude, skill, flair | Ant:  
incompetence, inability

11. **Modest** – limited / not large –  
मामूली

Syn: moderate, humble, restrained |  
Ant: excessive, extravagant

12. **Drought** – lack / shortage – सूखा

Syn: scarcity, dearth, famine | Ant:  
abundance, plenty

13. **Merciless** – without pity – निर्दयी

Syn: ruthless, brutal, harsh | Ant:  
compassionate, kind

14. **Condescension** – treating others  
as inferior – उपेक्षापूर्ण व्यवहार

Syn: patronage, superiority, disdain |  
Ant: respect, humility

15. **Resilience** – ability to recover –  
लचीलापन

Syn: endurance, toughness,  
adaptability | Ant: weakness, fragility

16. **Meticulous** – very careful –  
सूक्ष्म/सावधानीपूर्वक

Syn: thorough, precise, diligent | Ant:  
careless, sloppy

17. **Audacity** – boldness – दुस्साहस

Syn: daring, boldness, nerve | Ant:  
timidity, fear

18. **Transience** – temporary nature –  
क्षणभंगुरता

Syn: impermanence, fleetingness,  
ephemerality | Ant: permanence,  
stability

19. **Austerity** – strict simplicity –  
सादगी/कठोरता

Syn: severity, restraint, simplicity |  
Ant: luxury, indulgence

20. **Serendipity** – lucky discovery –  
सौभाग्यपूर्ण संयोग

Syn: chance, fortune, fluke | Ant:  
misfortune, design

21. **Illuminate** – to light up / clarify –  
प्रकाश डालना

Syn: enlighten, brighten, clarify | Ant:  
darken, obscure

22. **Dignity** – self-respect – गरिमा

Syn: pride, honor, self-worth | Ant:  
humiliation, disgrace

23. **Indifference** – lack of concern –  
उदासीनता

Syn: apathy, detachment, unconcern  
| Ant: interest, concern

24. **Austere (expression)** – simple  
and strict – कठोर

Syn: stern, severe, plain | Ant: soft,  
indulgent

25. **Applause** – clapping / praise –  
तालियाँ

Syn: praise, acclaim, ovation | Ant:  
criticism, disapproval

26. **Threshold** – starting point –

दहलीज

Syn: beginning, onset, brink | Ant:  
end, conclusion

27. **Destiny** – fate – भाग्य

Syn: fate, fortune, providence | Ant:  
chance, randomness

28. **Anxious** – worried – चिंतित

Syn: uneasy, tense, apprehensive |  
Ant: calm, relaxed

29. **Recognition** – acknowledgment –

पहचान

Syn: acknowledgment, approval,  
acceptance | Ant: denial, rejection

30. **Endure** – to bear difficulty – सहना

Syn: tolerate, withstand, persist |  
Ant: quit, surrender