

STORY TO READ – 8/SEPT

The Rise That Never Happened: The Story of Abhimanyu Jain

1. The Roots of Wealth

Kamlesh Jain, a self-made businessman from Indore, had built his empire of wholesale markets and warehouses with sheer determination. His mantra was simple: *“Work now, enjoy later.”*

His son Abhimanyu, however, never understood that discipline. Kamlesh would often warn,

“Beta, money can open doors, but only hard work will keep them open.”

But Abhimanyu believed youth was endless and time abundant.

2. Boarding School Days

At fourteen, Abhimanyu was sent to a prestigious boarding school. Kamlesh hoped structure would instill focus.

His roommate was Rajul, a boy from a small town near Gwalior. Rajul's father worked as a school clerk, and the family had mortgaged land to fund his studies. His shoes were old, his uniform faded, but his ambition burned bright.

Where Abhimanyu sought the thrill of playground applause, Rajul chased equations, formulas, and textbooks.

One morning, Rajul shook Abhimanyu awake at 5 a.m.

“Abhi, come study. Exams are close.”

Abhimanyu grinned, pulling the blanket back.

“Arre yaar, sleep is sweeter than maths. Don't worry, life is long.”

Rajul only sighed.

3. Popularity and Pranshi

Abhimanyu soon became the star athlete—football, cricket, you name it. He bathed in cheers, confusing popularity for purpose.

It was then he noticed Pranshi, the school topper. Intelligent, graceful, ambitious. Convinced she would validate his worth, he tried endlessly to woo her. But Pranshi was already committed and dismissed his attempts with irritation.

Rajul cautioned,
“Abhi, she’s not interested. Focus on your future.”

But Abhimanyu laughed, “Marks don’t make memories. These are the best days of life.”

He didn't know how costly that mindset would be.

4. Kritika and Kamlesh's Anger

In Class 11, Abhimanyu befriended Kritika. She was naive but levelheaded, distracted yet sincere. She admired his confidence and replied to his texts.

But one day, Kamlesh, during a hostel visit, found their chat. His anger erupted.

“I'm spending lakhs for you to flirt? Stop wasting time! You're here to study, not destroy your future.”

He slapped Abhimanyu for the first time. Humiliated, Abhimanyu broke ties with Kritika.

Rajul witnessed it all, silently noting how one boy wasted chances while the other would someday crave them.

5. Boards and Aftermath

When board exams ended, the contrast was clear. Rajul scored among the toppers, securing admission to a reputed engineering college.

Abhimanyu barely scraped through. Kamlesh had no choice but to pay ten lakh rupees as a donation to secure his son's admission in a private Hyderabad college.

As they parted ways, Rajul warned once more,

“Abhi, don't waste this chance. Time doesn't return.”

Abhimanyu smirked, “Don't worry. My dad's got me covered.”

6. College Years

In Hyderabad, Abhimanyu's habits worsened. He bunked classes, partied, and lived in nostalgia of his school days.

Rajul, meanwhile, worked tirelessly. After engineering, he cracked into NIT Gwalior for M.Tech and later won a scholarship to study in the USA.

Abhimanyu, on the other hand, failed repeatedly, changed his course to architecture, and took nine long years to graduate.

7. Kritika's Journey

While Abhimanyu drifted, Kritika walked a different path. Hurt by their abrupt breakup but determined to prove herself, she pursued a BBA and then cracked admission into a decent MBA college.

She took a hefty loan but slogged through sleepless nights, balancing projects and part-time work. After graduation, she secured a corporate job, repaid every rupee of her loan, and steadily climbed the ladder.

Years later, Kritika married a grounded, ambitious man. Together, they bought a beautiful bungalow in Pune. She looked back only once—to thank her struggles for shaping her.

Abhimanyu, lost in failures, would sometimes wonder, *“What if I had chosen like Kritika did?”*

8. Failed Ventures

After graduation at twenty-eight, Kamlesh financed a fancy grocery store for Abhimanyu. Glossy interiors, imported

chocolates, Italian lighting—it was more show than business.

But Abhimanyu lacked vision. He neither managed accounts nor built customer trust. Within a year, the store failed.

He then tried an “interior designing” business with shiny brochures and big promises. That too collapsed.

Rajul, meanwhile, thrived in the USA. He worked at a top firm, traveled across countries, and sent money home to buy his parents a new house.

9. Reunion with Pranshi

Through social media, Abhimanyu reconnected with Pranshi, now a dentist running her own clinic. Against all odds, they married.

But marriage isn't nostalgia. While Pranshi handled her clinic and patients with maturity, Abhimanyu remained stuck in the past, often declaring, "My best days were at school, trying to win you."

Frustrated, she snapped one evening, "Grow up, Abhi! You're thirty-two, not seventeen."

Eventually, their marriage ended too.

10. Kamlesh's Last Words

One evening, Kamlesh sat quietly with his son, disappointment heavy in his voice.

"Abhi, I gave you everything. Schools, colleges, even money for your failures. But you never valued time. Remember—money can buy admission, but not wisdom. It can build shops, not respect.

Rajul had nothing and built everything.
You had everything and built nothing.”

Abhimanyu’s silence was his only
confession.

11. The Triple Contrast

- **Rajul:** From a poor clerk’s son to a successful professional in the USA.
 - **Kritika:** From a naive schoolgirl to an MBA graduate, loan repaid, living in a Pune bungalow with a supportive husband.
 - **Abhimanyu:** From wealth and privilege to wasted years, failed ventures, and broken relationships.
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12. The Lesson

Abhimanyu Jain’s life is a mirror for many:

1. **Don't waste youth in distractions.**
It never returns.
2. **Parents' advice is not control—it's experience.**
3. **Money without discipline is dust.**
4. **Don't live in the past; build the future.**
5. **Even ordinary students can win if they work consistently.**

Rajul and Kritika proved that focus and perseverance turn struggle into strength. Abhimanyu proved that privilege without effort leads only to regret.

13. Reflection

Do you want to sit at thirty-two, still saying, *“My school days were the best”*?

Or do you want to say, *“My best days are ahead, because I built them”*?

Time is fleeting. Respect it. Learn from Abhimanyu’s fall, from Rajul’s rise, and from Kritika’s resilience.

Life doesn’t reward nostalgia. It rewards effort.