



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

16TH APTIL

109 DAYS LEFT

AAJ SHAM KI CLASS MAT BHULNA !!

TODAY'S CLASS

11:30AM - ACE

2:00PM - AMBITION

6:00PM - YOUTUBE CLASS

STABILITY IN LIFE

Aarav first began making videos in a small, dimly lit room where the paint peeled from the walls and the ceiling fan creaked like it was tired of spinning, and he would balance his old phone on a stack of worn-out books, adjusting it again and again until his face looked clear enough on the screen, telling himself that this was where everything would change, that this was how he would escape the life his family had always known. He did not have much—

his clothes were simple, his meals often just enough, and his home carried the quiet weight of struggle—but he had a strange confidence that his ideas were different, that people would notice him if he just kept going. His mother would often stand quietly near the door, pretending to arrange utensils while actually watching him, her eyes soft yet worried, unsure of what he was doing but hopeful that it meant something better. “Bas mehnat karte rehna,” she would say gently, her voice carrying both faith and fear, and Aarav would nod quickly, not wanting to show how much he needed those words. During his second year of college, while his friends prepared for bank exams, solving mock papers and discussing cut-offs, Aarav spent his evenings scripting videos, practicing his lines, and learning editing tricks from free tutorials, convincing

himself that this path would take him further than any exam ever could. When he earned his first money—barely enough to buy groceries for a few days—he felt as if he had already proven something, as if the struggle was finally starting to pay off, and he rushed home that evening with sweets, watching his mother’s surprised smile as she asked softly, “Yeh sab... tumne kamaya?” He laughed then, trying to appear casual, but inside he felt taller, stronger, as though the world had begun to recognize him. Slowly, that small success turned into belief, and belief into certainty, and by the time he reached the middle of his second year, he had quietly decided to stop preparing for the bank clerk exams altogether, telling himself that he no longer needed them, that he had already found something better. For the next two

years, everything seemed to work in his favor, his videos began to get noticed, his followers increased, and the money, though still modest, came regularly enough to keep hope alive, and every time he handed some of it to his mother, she would hesitate before taking it, as if unsure whether to feel proud or worried, her fingers lingering for a moment longer than necessary. She never questioned him directly, but sometimes, late at night, he would hear her whispering to his father about “padhai chhod dena theek hai kya,” her voice low, almost afraid of the answer, and he would close his eyes tightly, refusing to listen, choosing instead to believe that he was right.

There were mornings when she would wake up earlier than usual just to make him tea before he started recording, placing the cup near his table with a

quiet smile, and though she never fully understood his work, she learned to stay silent when he was shooting, tiptoeing around the house as if his dreams were fragile things that could break with a single sound. Once, when he fell sick after staying up all night editing, she sat beside him, pressing a damp cloth against his forehead, murmuring softly, “Zyada mat thakna beta, sapne bhi tabhi poore hote hain jab tum theek raho,” and for a brief moment, Aarav felt a flicker of doubt, a question he quickly buried beneath ambition. As his third year began, however, something shifted, almost too quietly to notice at first; his ideas started to feel repetitive, his energy faded, and the excitement that once fueled his work began to dissolve into a dull routine, and though he tried harder—posting more frequently, experimenting with formats, studying

trends—nothing seemed to work the way it used to. The numbers stopped growing, the comments became fewer, and the same screen that once filled him with pride now became a source of silent anxiety, as he refreshed it again and again, hoping for change that never came. His mother noticed it before he admitted it, the way his shoulders slouched more, the way his meals remained untouched, the way his laughter became rare, and one evening she asked gently, “Sab theek hai na?” but he only nodded, unable to explain a failure that had no clear shape. By the time he reached his fourth year, Aarav had become invisible in a space he once thought he owned, his content lost among thousands of others, his name forgotten by the very audience he had tried so hard to build, and the realization did not come suddenly but

settled inside him like a slow, suffocating weight. At twenty-eight, he found himself standing at the edge of uncertainty, his savings nearly gone, his confidence broken, and the world around him moving forward as if he had never mattered, and in that moment, the belief that once defined him began to feel like a mistake he could not undo. He tried to rebuild, desperately at first, taking up whatever work he could find, stepping into roles that felt unfamiliar and unforgiving, working as a chef in a cramped kitchen where the heat burned his skin and the constant shouting drained his patience, then as a waiter, balancing trays and forcing smiles while his mind wandered to everything he had lost, and yet none of it stayed, each job slipping away like the stability he had once believed he didn't need. His mother watched all of this quietly, her worry

deepening with each passing day, but she never blamed him, never said “maine kaha tha,” instead choosing to stand beside him with a quiet strength that he did not deserve but desperately needed. One evening, when he returned home exhausted, she handed him a glass of water and said softly, “Har raasta galat nahi hota, bas kabhi kabhi der se samajh aata hai,” and those words lingered in his mind long after the night had passed. It was then, sitting alone on the terrace, staring at a sky that felt both vast and indifferent, that the thought returned—of exams, of preparation, of a path he had once abandoned so easily—and this time, he did not push it away. He counted his chances carefully, realizing that he had only two attempts left for the RRB PO exam, at the ages of twenty-nine and thirty, and in that limited time, he saw a final opportunity

to rebuild something real. The decision to start again was not dramatic; there were no grand declarations, no sudden bursts of motivation, only a quiet acceptance that he had nowhere else to go.

Preparation was harder than he had imagined, his mind struggling to relearn concepts he once understood, his focus breaking easily, his body resisting the discipline it had lost over the years, and yet he persisted, not because he believed in success but because he feared the alternative. His mother became his silent support, waking up early to ensure he had breakfast, reminding him gently to rest, and sometimes simply sitting near him while he studied, as if her presence alone could make the burden lighter. There were nights when he would feel overwhelmed, closing his books in

frustration, questioning whether he had started too late, whether time had already moved beyond his reach, and in those moments, she would say softly, “Koshish karne wale haarte nahi,” not as a cliché but as a truth she had lived her entire life. His first attempt at twenty-nine did not bring success, and the result felt heavy, like a confirmation of every doubt he had carried, but this time, he did not stop, perhaps because he knew this was his last chance, the final line he could not afford to cross without trying again.

The final year was relentless, filled with early mornings, long hours of study, mock tests that exposed his weaknesses, and a constant battle against his own mind, and by the time he turned thirty, Aarav no longer resembled the confident boy who once believed success would come easily, his face now

marked by fatigue, his health weakened, his eyes carrying a quiet determination that had replaced his earlier arrogance. When he walked into the examination hall for his last attempt, there was no excitement, no fear, only a calm acceptance of whatever would come, as if he had finally made peace with both success and failure. The result, when it arrived, was simple—a confirmation that he had cleared the exam, that he had become an RRB PO—and for a moment, he just stared at the screen, unable to react, as if the journey had taken too much from him for the victory to feel complete. His mother cried when she heard the news, her hands trembling as she held his face, repeating softly, “Mujhe pata tha tu kar lega,” and in her tears, he saw everything he had almost lost.

Now, settled into a stable life, Aarav is no longer chasing dreams that promise quick success or easy recognition; he lives quietly, working, earning, existing in a world that finally feels steady, and though he sometimes looks at his reflection and sees the years that have worn him down, he also sees someone who endured, who failed, who tried again, and who, in the end, found a way to survive, and perhaps that, more than anything else, is what makes his story complete.

