



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

23RD APRIL !!

101 DAYS LEFT

AGAR AAJ KI KAHANI PADH LI !!

**JEEVAN MEIN HAR PAL MEHNAT KRNE KAY LIYE
MAJBUR HO JAOGY !!**

TODAY'S CLASS

11:30AM - ACE

2:00PM - AMBITION

6:00PM - YOUTUBE CLASS

Ritika had curly hair that never stayed tied for long. By noon, small rings would fall on her forehead and dance in the wind. She came from a Hindi-medium school in a narrow lane where dreams were large but guidance was scarce. English had always stood before her like a locked gate. She could read some lines, guess some meanings, and hide the rest behind silence. Numbers, however, welcomed her warmly. Quants felt honest. Reasoning felt fair. General Awareness felt like a world she could memorize and conquer. So she made a

plan: ignore English, master the other three, and somehow clear a clerk exam. It looked practical, safe, and intelligent—until life began asking harder questions. In the winter of preparation, when the fog of December covered rooftops and tea stalls breathed steam into the morning air, Ritika sat at a wooden table with old books stacked beside her. Her father, who worked long shifts and returned home with tired shoulders, would often pause near the doorway and watch her solve arithmetic at astonishing speed. “Bas beta, isi tarah mehnat kar,” he would whisper, careful not to disturb her concentration. Her mother stitched blouses for neighbors and kept a small steel box where she saved ten and twenty rupee notes for Ritika’s forms, pens, and travel expenses. They did not have luxury, but they possessed that rarer wealth called

faith. Ritika's notebooks were filled with percentages, syllogisms, puzzles, coding-decoding, simplification tricks, and current affairs notes. English pages remained strangely clean, almost untouched, like rooms in a house no one entered. When friends asked, "Tu English kab karegi?" she laughed with forced confidence. "Clerk nikalna hai pehle. Quants aur reasoning strong hain. Bas wahi kaafi hai." She believed speed in mathematics could compensate for weakness in language. She believed one section could carry another. Many aspirants believe such things when fear disguises itself as strategy. Months passed. Summer arrived with its dry heat and relentless afternoons. Coaching centers became crowded. Telegram groups shouted cutoffs, vacancies, strategies, and panic in equal measure. Then came the notifications everyone

waited for like festival drums in the distance—State Bank of India PO and Institute of Banking Personnel Selection PO. Ritika filled the forms almost mechanically. “Paper de dete hain,” she told herself. “Level samajh lenge.” She had no grand expectation. She merely wanted exposure. But the exam hall can be a cruel mirror; it shows not what we wish to be, but what we are. On the morning of the SBI PO prelims, she tied her curls tightly, wore a simple blue kurta, and carried transparent pens in a plastic pouch. Outside the center, students revised idioms, fillers, phrasal verbs, reading comprehension strategies. Ritika looked away. Her pulse quickened. The computer screen glowed. The timer began. Quantitative aptitude felt manageable. Reasoning was challenging but navigable. Then English appeared. Sentences twisted like

vines. Passages swallowed time. Vocabulary looked unfamiliar, severe, almost aristocratic. She clicked guesses, skipped blanks, reread lines, and watched seconds vanish like water through fingers. When the exam ended, she walked out with a dryness in her throat no bottle could cure. IBPS PO repeated the humiliation with colder precision. When results came, the numbers struck her harder than any insult. She was not near cutoff. She was far, far, far away. Not one careless mark away. Not one lucky attempt away. She was standing on another shore entirely. That evening she sat on the terrace under a fading orange sky. Children flew kites nearby. Somewhere a pressure cooker whistled. She stared at the scorecard until tears blurred the screen. "Main bewakoof thi," she whispered. "Main section ko ignore kaise kar sakti

thi?” Her father came upstairs quietly and sat beside her. For several minutes he said nothing. Then he asked, “Dard zyada hai?” She nodded. “Accha hai,” he replied gently. “Jo dard sikhata hai, woh haar nahin hota.” Those words entered her like medicine. The next day she opened a fresh notebook and wrote on the first page: ENGLISH WILL DECIDE MY DESTINY. She found the right teacher—an English ma’am whose classes were clear, disciplined, and strangely affectionate. This teacher did not mock Hindi-medium hesitation. She dismantled fear brick by brick. She explained that grammar was not magic but pattern, vocabulary not burden but repetition, reading comprehension not talent but trained patience. Ritika began again, but this time intelligently. She woke at five. One hour newspaper reading with dictionary. Then grammar

rules. Then vocabulary revision. Then previous year questions. After lunch, mock analysis. At night, reading aloud to improve confidence. Sometimes her tongue stumbled over pronunciation and she laughed alone. Sometimes she cried from fatigue. Sometimes curls fell over her eyes while she memorized words like meticulous, alleviate, pragmatic, resilience, plausible. She underlined errors, corrected sentences, learned tenses, connectors, subject-verb agreement, para jumbles, cloze tests, inference-based RCs. Half the year had already gone, and she knew she was late. Therefore she compensated with ferocious discipline. Neighbors noticed lights on in her room before sunrise. Relatives advised marriage, backup plans, private jobs, compromise. She listened politely and returned to her desk. There is a sacred loneliness in

preparation that only aspirants understand. SBI Clerk came first. She failed. The old wound reopened. Yet something was different now—her English score had improved sharply. IBPS Clerk followed. Another failure. This time she did not cry at all. She opened the marksheet like a scientist reviewing data. “Close,” she murmured. “Very close.” Her mother placed hot rotis on the table and said, “Is baar royi nahi?” Ritika smiled faintly. “Ab samajh aa gaya hai. Main pahunch rahi hoon.” Then came Regional Rural Banks PO examination. By then she was no longer the girl hiding from English. She was still imperfect, still anxious, still human—but armed. In the exam hall she met the English section like an old enemy she now understood. She solved reading comprehension with structure. She handled fillers with logic. She identified

grammar traps with calm attention. Quant and reasoning remained her allies. When she left the center, the sky looked extraordinarily blue. Results were declared on a humid afternoon. Internet lagged. Fingers trembled. She refreshed again and again. Then her roll number appeared. Selected. RRB PO. For a moment she could not breathe. Her mother thought something terrible had happened and rushed into the room. Ritika turned the screen toward her. Her mother's hands began shaking before her tears did. Her father, usually restrained, laughed loudly enough for neighbors to hear. Someone brought sweets. Someone called relatives. Someone said, "Hamari Ritika officer ban gayi!" That night the same terrace where she had once wept now held celebration. The moon looked close enough to touch. Ritika remembered the

days she had aimed only for clerk—forty-five thousand salary, modest stability, a respectable beginning. Instead life had given her more than requested. She would now earn nearly seventy thousand as a probationary officer, with responsibility, status, growth, and a wider horizon. Yet the true victory was not monetary. It was intellectual. She had defeated the habit of selective effort. She had learned that ignoring weakness is expensive, confronting it profitable. Months later, when training began, colleagues admired her quick calculations and confident communication. Few knew that English once terrified her. One evening a junior aspirant messaged, “Didi, English weak hai. Skip kar du kya?” Ritika smiled sadly at the memory of her former self. She replied, “Kabhi mat skip karo jo tumhe daraata hai.

Wahi kal tumhe banaayega.” She closed the phone, untied her hair, and let the curls fall freely around her shoulders. Outside, rain began softly. Inside, a girl from Hindi medium who had once stood far below cutoffs sat as an officer, transformed not by luck, but by correction. And if you had looked closely at her desk, beside official files and training manuals, you would have seen the first notebook page she had preserved carefully: ENGLISH WILL DECIDE MY DESTINY. It had.

Word Meaning List

1. Scarce – rare, less available
2. Conquer – win over
3. Compensate – make up for
4. Humiliation – shameful defeat
5. Severe – harsh, difficult
6. Discipline – controlled routine
7. Ferocious – intense, fierce

8. Sacred – holy, deeply valued
9. Horizon – future scope
10. Restraint – self-control
11. Trembled – shook
12. Intellectual – related to mind
13. Confronting – facing directly
14. Transformed – changed greatly
15. Preserved – kept safe

