



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

**GOOD MORNING
FOODNA HAI HUME JEEVAN MEIN BAHUT
ISLYE KAAM KARNA HAI
ACHA KAAM KARNA HAI
BEHTAREEN KAAM KARNA HAI
AUR BEHTAREEN JEEVAN KHUD HI BAN JAYEGA**

THE BOY WHO SOLD HIS FATHER'S CYCLE

Rizwan had always believed that objects remembered more than people did. People forgot voices, forgot promises, forgot birthdays, forgot the exact weight of grief after enough years had passed, but objects did not. Objects absorbed everything quietly and carried it without complaint. The old green bicycle leaning against the damp wall of their courtyard had done exactly that for nearly two decades. Its metal frame held the

memory of monsoon rides through flooded lanes, the smell of engine grease from his father's hands, sacks of vegetables tied to the carrier with nylon rope, late-night medicine runs, school-drop mornings, and those small moments nobody thinks are important while living them but which later become the entire architecture of memory. Every morning when Rizwan stepped out with his tea before sunrise to begin studying for bank exams, the bicycle stood in the same place beneath the peeling blue sheet, slightly tilted toward the wall like an old man resting on one shoulder. He rarely touched it, but he always noticed it. And every single day, without realizing it, he drew strength from the simple fact that it was still there.

Their house stood in a narrow lane in Prayagraj where sunlight entered

reluctantly and neighbours knew who had visitors before the doorbell rang. Rizwan was twenty-four, a graduate in commerce, unemployed for three years, and carrying the kind of exhaustion that sleep does not fix. He prepared for government exams with a discipline that outsiders admired and fellow aspirants understood was stitched together with panic. His day began before dawn with vocabulary and newspaper reading, moved into quantitative aptitude by midmorning, reasoning after lunch, and English comprehension late into the night under a table lamp whose yellow bulb heated the pages beneath it. He had attempted more exams than he liked counting and failed enough of them to stop discussing results openly. Sometimes he missed the cut-off by a mark, sometimes by half, sometimes by what felt like a lifetime. Every failure

entered the house before he did. His mother would hear the latch, look once at his face, and know whether to ask him anything or simply place tea beside him and let silence sit between them.

His father had died three years earlier. A stroke. Sudden and merciless. One ordinary afternoon he had left for the market carrying a cloth bag and bargaining over tomatoes, and by evening four men from the neighbourhood were carrying him home on their shoulders while someone shouted for water and someone else shouted for a doctor who arrived too late to matter. Death did not feel dramatic in Rizwan's memory; it felt administrative. Forms. Phone calls. Relatives. Certificates. Debt calculations. People saying "be strong" while leaving before dinner. His father repaired bicycles near the bus stand in a tiny

shop with hanging tubes, rusted tools, and calendars from old tyre companies. He had studied only till class seven but possessed a kind of dignity Rizwan had not seen in many educated men. He spoke little, paid debts on time, kept his shirts clean even when patched, and maintained his own bicycle like a sacred possession. It was a Hercules roadster, dark green once, now faded by years, but always polished. When Rizwan was a child, his father would seat him on the front rod and pedal through the city while Rizwan held the handle crookedly and laughed into the wind as if they were flying.

After his father died, his mother never allowed anyone to move the bicycle. "Leave it there," she would say whenever someone suggested clearing the courtyard. "It stays." It became less a vehicle and more a surviving witness. A

piece of his father still standing upright in the house.

Then came the winter that changed everything.

The SBI PO notification had been released, and with it came conversations in the library about a premium mock-test series from a coaching institute in Allahabad that nearly everyone serious seemed to be buying. Full-length mocks, detailed analytics, percentile comparison, interview preparation. Rizwan heard boys discuss scores over chai as if these numbers were futures already unfolding. He wanted that course desperately because he knew his preparation had plateaued. He also knew he could not afford it. The fee was ₹5,800. Their monthly grocery budget itself bent under pressure. He calculated savings repeatedly, checked old envelopes, counted money in drawers,

borrowed a little from a friend, and still fell painfully short. For several nights he could not study properly because every time he opened a book, the number 5800 stood between him and the page. One cold morning while sweeping dry neem leaves from the courtyard, he pulled the blue cloth aside to clean beneath the bicycle and stood still. Dust had gathered on the frame. The front tyre had sunk flat. One pedal hung slightly lower than the other. And suddenly a thought entered his mind so sharply that he physically stepped back from it. He rejected it instantly. Then it returned. He ignored it for two days. On the third day he touched the handle. On the fourth, he wheeled it toward the gate while his mother had gone to the neighbour's house.

The tyre dragged across the cement with a protesting scrape. The sound felt unbearable.

He took it to Kabadi Bazaar.

The scrap dealer looked at it with the indifference of a man weighing metal, not memory. He kicked the tyre, checked the chain, ran his hand over the frame and said, "Two thousand."

Rizwan swallowed.

"That's too low."

"Old iron," the man replied.

Old iron.

That phrase landed like insult.

Rizwan stared at the bicycle for one final second, at the worn handle grip his father's palms had darkened over the years, at the bent bell, at the scratches near the carrier, and still he sold it. Two thousand rupees folded into his hand. Enough to close the gap. Enough to buy

the test series. Enough, he told himself, to justify this.

But while walking back through the market he stopped near a tea stall and leaned over the drain and vomited.

Because guilt is not always emotional. Sometimes it rises into the throat.

His mother noticed the missing bicycle that evening. She stepped into the courtyard with wet clothes in her arms, looked at the empty wall, and went still. She didn't ask twice. She turned to him and said quietly, "You sold it?"

He nodded.

Her face changed—not with anger, but with something heavier.

For a long time she said nothing.

Then she went inside.

That silence followed him for months.

He enrolled in the mock-test series and studied harder than he ever had in his

life. Ten hours became twelve. He revised till his eyes burned. Took mocks before sunrise. Analysed mistakes after midnight. His scores improved. For the first time he ranked well. Other students began asking him for strategy. Teachers started noticing his consistency. He cleared prelims. Then mains. Then interview. Then came waiting—the slow, brutal season every aspirant knows, where life feels paused but anxiety remains active.

The final result came on an unbearably humid August afternoon.

His hands trembled while scrolling through the PDF.

Roll numbers blurred.

He checked once.

Then again.

Then froze.

His number was there.

Selected.

Probationary Officer.

For several seconds he forgot how to breathe. Then he ran all the way home through traffic, sweat, horns, and heat with the printout crushed in his hand.

His mother sat on the floor near the kitchen chopping coriander. He handed her the paper. She adjusted her glasses, read it once, then again, and pressed it to her chest before breaking into tears so raw and relieved that Rizwan had to sit beside her without speaking.

Neighbours came. Sweets were distributed. Phones rang.

Congratulations poured in from people who had forgotten him months ago. Yet even inside celebration, some quiet unfinished ache remained.

A week later, after receiving his joining advance, Rizwan went back to Kabadi Bazaar.

He searched lane after lane before finding the same dealer.

“The green bicycle?” the man said after thinking. “Sold it to a repairman nearby.”

Rizwan reached the repair shop.

And there it stood.

Cleaned. Repainted partially. New tyres fitted. Chain repaired. Standing in sunlight as if time had briefly left it alone.

He bought it back for ₹6,500 without bargaining.

When he wheeled it into the courtyard that evening, his mother was near the tap washing steel utensils. She looked up, saw the bicycle, and dropped the bowl from her hand. For a second she didn't move. Then she walked toward it slowly and placed her palm on the handle the way one touches the

forehead of someone returning after a long illness.

Rizwan's throat tightened.

"Had to bring it back," he said softly. "I owed Abba that much."

His mother looked at him, eyes full, and said, "He would have understood why you sold it... and he would have smiled because you came back for it."

On the morning Rizwan left to join the bank, dressed in a pressed white shirt and black trousers, he stood alone in the courtyard before sunrise. The bicycle leaned against the wall again, exactly where it had always been. He ran his fingers over the cold handlebar and suddenly remembered himself at six years old, seated on the front rod while his father pedalled through rainwater and shouted over the wind, "Hold tight!" He had laughed then without knowing what it meant to be carried by someone.

Years later he finally understood.
His father had not merely ridden that
bicycle through the streets of Prayagraj.
He had carried his family's dignity on it.
And some journeys, no matter how far
they wander, eventually return home.

Word List – *The Boy Who Sold His Father's Bicycle*

Word	Meaning	Hindi Meaning
Dignity	self-respect; inner worth	सम्मान / गरिमा
Absorb	to take in deeply	सोख लेना / आत्मसात करना
Courtyard	open area inside a house	आँगन

Word	Meaning	Hindi Meaning
Rust	reddish coating on old metal	जंग
Exhaustion	extreme tiredness	थकान
Discipline	consistent self-control	अनुशासन
Plateaued	stopped improving after progress	ठहर जाना
Notification	official announcement	अधिसूचना
Sacred	deeply precious; worthy of respect	पवित्र / अनमोल

Word	Meaning	Hindi Meaning
Bargain	negotiate a price	मोलभाव करना
Indifference	lack of concern	उदासीनता
Guilt	feeling of regret for wrongdoing	अपराधबोध
Administrative	related to formal procedures	प्रशासनिक
Dignified	showing calm self-respect	गरिमामय
Witness	something that silently observes events	साक्षी

Word	Meaning	Hindi Meaning
Justify	to show something was right	उचित ठहराना
Tremble	shake because of emotion/fear	कांपना
Reluctantly	unwillingly	अनिच्छा से
Unfinished	emotionally incomplete	अधूरा
Relief	release from pain or worry	राहत
Gratitude	thankfulness	कृतज्ञता
Remorse	deep regret	पछतावा
Possession	something owned; belonging	संपत्ति / चीज़
Endure	to suffer patiently	सहना

Word	Meaning	Hindi Meaning
Return	to come back	लौटना

Useful exam-level synonyms from the story

- . **Dignity** → self-respect, honour
- . **Guilt** → remorse, regret
- . **Relief** → comfort, ease
- . **Indifference** → apathy, detachment
- . **Exhaustion** → fatigue, weariness
- . **Sacred** → holy, revered
- . **Endure** → tolerate, withstand