

SHER /SHERNIYO,  
AAJ KI KAHANI EK AISE STUDENT KI  
KAHANI HAI  
JISKO HUMNE KHUD DEKHA HAI  
LAST TAK JARUR PADHNA  
EK SURPRISE HAI

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### **The Slow Decline of Aman**

Aman was the kind of student teachers spoke about with certainty. “He can crack anything,” they would say. His grasp over concepts was sharp, his memory remarkable, and his analytical ability far beyond his peers. In school, he topped effortlessly. In college, professors expected him to enter the civil services or clear banking exams in his first attempt. His parents carried quiet pride in their eyes; relatives introduced him as “the future officer of the family.”

But potential, when left unmanaged, begins to erode.

The shift was gradual. It began with late-night gatherings after coaching classes. “Just to relax,” his friends would say. A cigarette first. Then another during mock-test discussions. Alcohol followed on weekends. Aman convinced himself that he deserved it—after all, he studied hard. What he did not realise was that nicotine reduces oxygen supply to the brain, affecting concentration and memory retention. Alcohol, even in moderate amounts, slows neural processing and weakens decision-making ability. For someone preparing for competitive exams, where mental sharpness is everything, this was self-sabotage disguised as relief.

His preparation hours reduced. Sleep cycles became irregular. Mornings felt heavier. Revision weakened. His once razor-sharp focus blurred.

At the same time, he was deeply involved with his girlfriend, Rhea. He believed she was his emotional anchor. He skipped study sessions to meet her, ignored family dinners to talk to her, and rearranged his priorities around her moods. But Rhea was never equally invested. She enjoyed the attention, the security of being with someone promising. When Aman failed his first major exam, she became distant. When he failed again, she left—quietly choosing someone more “stable.”

That was the breaking point.

Instead of confronting his mistakes, Aman leaned further into distractions. Cigarettes became routine. Alcohol became frequent. His confidence, once his strongest asset, began to crumble. His parents, who had once introduced him with pride, now avoided questions from relatives. Their faith had been steady; his discipline had not.

Attempts became excuses. Excuses became silence.

Three years later, Aman was working as a tele-sales executive for a startup, making hundreds of cold calls a day, trying to sell subscription plans to uninterested strangers. The voice that once solved complex reasoning puzzles now repeated scripted lines. The mind that could have analysed policies now memorised sales pitches. Each evening, exhaustion replaced ambition.

There was nothing dishonourable about the job. What hurt was the gap between what he could have been and what he allowed himself to become.

Aman was not defeated by intelligence. He was defeated by small daily compromises—substances that slowed his brain, misplaced emotional priorities, and a refusal to correct course when it mattered.

Talent gives you a head start. Discipline determines the finish line.

THREE YEARS LATER !

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There was nothing dishonourable about the job. What hurt was the gap between what he could have been and what he allowed himself to become. Sometimes, during quiet moments between calls, he would stare at his old exam notes saved in his phone gallery. He knew the syllabus. He knew the strategy. What he had

lost was not intelligence—but momentum, clarity, and self-control.

Aman was not defeated by lack of ability. He was defeated by small daily compromises—substances that slowed his brain, misplaced emotional priorities, fragile ego, and a refusal to correct course when it mattered most.

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WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A STRATEGY  
SESSION FOR NEXT 100 DAYS, TODAY AT  
5:30PM