



GOOD MORNING  
SHER/SHERNIYO !

FRIDAY / SATURDAY /  
SUNDAY

WEEKEND HAI !!!

Par padhna hai ache se !!

## Title: **The Silence That Decided Her Life**

In a quiet town near **Bardhaman, West Bengal**, where the mornings began with the distant sound of temple bells and the smell of damp soil lingered after every rain, lived **Sheetal**—a girl who had grown up understanding scarcity, but never compromise.

Her father, a school clerk, lived a life of quiet **frugality**. Her mother stitched blouses for neighbours to add to the

household income. They did not have much, but they had something far more valuable—**dignity**.

“Zindagi mein sab kuch adjust kar lena... par apni izzat kabhi mat khona,” her mother would often say.

Sheetal had listened.

She always did.

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## **The Marriage**

When her marriage was arranged, everything appeared **conventional**, almost reassuringly normal.

The groom, **Amit**, worked in Delhi. His family seemed cultured, well-spoken, and socially established. There were no overt demands, no uncomfortable negotiations—only subtle hints of expectation wrapped in polite conversation.

That should have been the first warning.

But it wasn't.

The wedding was simple. Sheetal entered her new home with a quiet **optimism**,

carrying with her not just clothes and jewellery, but the hope that she would be accepted.

The first few days passed without incident. Then, the tone changed.

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### **The Beginning of Pressure**

“Tumhare papa ne thoda kam nahi diya?” her mother-in-law said one afternoon, casually inspecting the gifts.

The sentence was delivered softly, but it carried unmistakable **derision**.

Sheetal paused, then smiled politely.

“Unhone apni capacity ke hisaab se sab kiya hai.”

Her mother-in-law didn't respond immediately.

But the silence that followed was not neutral.

It was evaluative.

Judgmental.

And recurring.

Over the next few days, the remarks grew sharper.

“Logon ko samajh hi nahi hota aaj kal...”

“Shaadi ek izzat ka sawal hota hai...”

“Humne toh kuch expect hi nahi kiya tha...”

But they had.

And now, they were making it clear.

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## **The Demand**

One evening, her father-in-law sat across from her, his tone measured but firm.

“Apne ghar baat karo. Kuch cheezein theek karni padti hain.”

This time, there was no ambiguity.

It was not suggestion.

It was **expectation bordering on coercion.**

Sheetal’s heart raced, but her voice remained composed.

“Mere parents already bohot kuch kar chuke hain.”

The room fell silent.

Then her mother-in-law spoke, her voice edged with **resentment**.

“Woh kaafi nahi hai.”

Sheetal turned her head slowly.

Toward Amit.

He was there.

Present.

Listening.

Aware.

And completely silent.

That silence... stayed.

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## **The Realisation**

That night, Sheetal sat beside Amit.

“Tum kuch bol kyun nahi rahe?” she asked.

Amit exhaled slowly.

“Sheetal... yeh sab hota hai. Tum unnecessarily complicate kar rahi ho.”

The words felt like a quiet betrayal.

“Hota hai?” she repeated. “Dowry demand normal hai?”

Amit avoided her gaze.

“Tum adjust kar lo.”

Adjust.

The most dangerous word in a woman’s life.

That was the moment clarity arrived.

Not dramatically.

But decisively.

This was not misunderstanding.

This was **systematic pressure**.

And her husband...

was not her ally.

He was **passively complicit**.

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## **The Decision**

That night, Sheetal did not cry.

She did something far more powerful.

She decided.

The next morning, she called her father.

“Baba... main wapas aa rahi hoon.”

There was silence.

Not hesitation.

Just processing.

Then came the answer.

“Aa ja.”

No questions.

No doubt.

Just acceptance.

Within two days, Sheetal packed her belongings.

No confrontation.

No explanation.

No emotional closure.

She walked out.

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## **The Return**

The train journey back to West Bengal felt longer than the distance justified.

Not because of geography.

But because of thought.

Every moment replayed itself—every remark, every silence, every expectation.

But now, there was no confusion.

Only **clarity**.

When she reached home, her mother held her tightly.

Her father did not ask anything.

He simply said,

“Rest kar.”

That word felt heavier than any advice.

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## **The Transformation**

For a few days, Sheetal allowed herself to exist without direction.

But she knew this could not continue.

She did not want sympathy.

She wanted **independence**.

Within a week, she made a decision.

**RRB PO.**

Not as an option.

As a commitment.

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## **The Six Months**

Her preparation was not casual.

It was **relentless**.

Mornings began before sunrise. Editorial reading. Vocabulary building. She underlined words, wrote meanings, revised them repeatedly.

Afternoons were dedicated to quantitative aptitude. She solved questions, made errors, analysed them, and refined her approach with **meticulous precision**.

Evenings were for reasoning and mock tests.

Nights were for revision.

No distraction.

No deviation.

Her preparation had something it never had before.

**Purpose.**

There were days when exhaustion overwhelmed her. Nights when memories resurfaced. Moments when self-doubt tried to creep in.

But this time, she did not escape discomfort.

She confronted it.

Every difficult emotion became **fuel**.  
Her parents supported her silently. No  
pressure. No unnecessary advice. Just  
presence.  
That presence became her strength.  
Her consistency became her identity.

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## **The Result**

Six months later, the result was declared.  
Sheetal stared at the screen.  
Her name was there.

## **RRB Probationary Officer.**

For a moment, everything paused.  
Then she looked at her parents.  
Her mother's eyes filled with tears.  
Her father smiled—quietly, but completely.  
That moment was not just success.  
It was **restoration**.

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## **The Truth**

Years later, when people asked her about  
that phase, she never spoke with anger.

She spoke with clarity.

“Life doesn’t test you by what you can tolerate,” she would say.

“It tests you by what you refuse to accept.”

Because sometimes...

walking away is not weakness.

It is the highest form of **self-respect**.

And sometimes...

the silence of one person

decides the entire direction of your life.

## **Vocabulary Meanings**

1. **Frugality** – careful spending of money – **मितव्ययिता / सादगी से खर्च करना**
2. **Dignity** – sense of self-respect – **गरिमा / आत्मसम्मान**
3. **Conventional** – following traditional methods or norms – **परंपरागत / पारंपरिक**
4. **Optimism** – hopefulness about the future – **आशावाद / सकारात्मक सोच**

5. **Derision** – mocking or showing contempt – उपहास / तिरस्कार
6. **Resentment** – feeling of bitterness or anger – कटुता / नाराज़गी
7. **Coercion** – forcing someone to do something – जबरदस्ती / दबाव
8. **Composure** – calmness and self-control – संयम / धैर्य
9. **Complicity** – involvement in wrongdoing, often silently – सहभागिता (गलत कार्य में) / मौन समर्थन
10. **Clarity** – clear understanding – स्पष्टता
11. **Independence** – freedom to act on one's own – स्वतंत्रता / आत्मनिर्भरता
12. **Relentless** – continuous without stopping – लगातार / निरंतर
13. **Meticulous** – very careful and precise – सूक्ष्म / बहुत सावधानीपूर्वक
14. **Restoration** – bringing back to original state – पुनर्स्थापन / पुनःस्थापना

**15. Self-respect – respect for oneself –  
आत्मसम्मान**

