

TODAY'S STORY – 29 OCTOBER

**The Unbreakable Spirit of Malti
Gupta**

There are some lives that whisper, and then there are some that roar — quietly, steadily, against all odds.

Malti Gupta's life was one such roar.

She was born in a small house tucked between the crowded lanes of Bareilly. The cracked walls held the laughter of her childhood, the smell of her mother's paranthas, and the faint echo of her father's cough after long hours at the government office. Her father believed in routine. "Pension wali naukri hi sabse badi sukoon deti hai," he often said. Her mother, a schoolteacher, echoed his practicality but secretly admired Malti's restlessness — that spark in her eyes that said she wanted more.

Chapter 1: A Lamp in the Dark

At sixteen, Malti was already known in her neighborhood as *“the girl with the books.”* When electricity failed — which it often did — she would continue studying under a kerosene lamp. The flicker of that flame mirrored her dreams — sometimes faint, but never extinguished.

Her friends teased her. “Malti, kya karegi itna padh likh ke? Shadi nahi karni kya?”

She smiled and said softly, “Mujhe pehle apna naam banana hai, tab shaadi karungi.”

That night, she wrote her first note to herself —

“One day, my name will mean something.”

Chapter 2: The World That Laughed

After scoring 92% in her board exams, she wanted to study English Honours. But her relatives raised eyebrows.

“English padke kya karegi? Bank me clerk ban ja, ya teacher ban ja. Safe job milegi.”

Her father reluctantly agreed to send her to Bareilly College, but made it clear: “Degree le le, fir dekhenge shaadi ka rishta.”

In college, she faced her first humiliation. During a seminar, a professor mocked her accent when she read a paragraph aloud. The class laughed. Malti walked out silently, her throat tight with shame. But that night, she stood before the mirror and whispered, “One day, I will speak in such English that even silence will listen.”

From that day onward, she practiced speaking English every morning before her mirror. Her notebook filled with words, phrases, idioms — her own secret army of confidence.

Chapter 3: One Mark Short

The year she graduated, she applied for a national-level scholarship. She cleared all

rounds, but missed the final list by one mark. That one mark felt heavier than a mountain.

She came home, locked herself in her room, and cried. For hours.

But the next morning, she did something remarkable — she didn't complain; she calculated.

“If one mark can stop me, one more hour of study every day can make me unstoppable.”

To fund her preparation, she started tutoring schoolchildren. Ten students at first, then twenty. She taught them English, but secretly she was teaching herself patience and resilience.

Chapter 4: The Exam Hall of Failure

When she filled her first competitive exam form, she didn't even tell her parents. The day the result came, she failed miserably.

Her mother hugged her and said, “It's okay beta, try again.”

Her father sighed, “Girls have limited time to prove themselves.”

Malti didn't argue. That night, she stuck a handwritten line on her wall:

“Limited time is enough for limitless determination.”

Months later, she tried again. This time, she cleared the prelims — only to fail in mains. Her father's silence grew heavier; her relatives' whispers louder. One of them said during a family gathering, “Poori umar coaching lagayegi kya?”

Malti smiled. “Shayad,” she said. “Lekin main apne liye lagayegi.”

Chapter 5: The Job That Almost Broke Her

To support herself, she joined a local coaching institute as an English teacher. The pay was meagre, but it kept her going.

Every morning she taught students the rules of grammar — subject-verb agreement,

modifiers, idioms — and every night she revised banking current affairs and quant formulas.

She became a living example of multitasking — teaching till 7 PM, cooking dinner for her parents, studying till 2 AM. Her mother often pleaded, “Thoda kam padho Malti, thak jaogi.”

She'd reply, “Maa, thakan sirf unhe hoti hai jinke paas manzil nahi hoti.”

Chapter 6: The Morning of Miracles

It was the winter of 2021. Bareilly was shivering under a thick fog. Malti had taken the IBPS exam again. Her confidence was fragile but alive.

On the morning of 12th January, her phone buzzed — *“Congratulations! You have been selected for the post of Probationary Officer.”*

She froze. Read it again. And again.

Then screamed. Her mother came running,

her father dropped his newspaper. The tears that rolled down her cheeks that day were made of years of failure, humiliation, and perseverance.

Her father didn't say a word. He simply hugged her. It was the first time he believed in dreams that were not safe.

Chapter 7: The First Day at the Bank

Malti's first day as a banker felt surreal. She wore her neatly ironed cotton saree, tied her hair tightly, and walked into the branch with trembling hands but an unshakable smile.

The manager asked, "First job?"

She nodded.

He said kindly, "Don't worry, you'll do great. People who fight hard to reach here, never fail at work."

Those words stayed with her. She worked relentlessly, handling customers, managing

accounts, even staying late after hours. She didn't just want to *work*; she wanted to *excel*.

Chapter 8: Giving Back

Two years later, she was promoted. But she realized something deeper — she missed teaching.

Every evening after work, she began taking online sessions for small-town aspirants — free of cost.

She would tell her students, “You don't need big cities to have big dreams. You need consistency, and courage doesn't cost a rupee.”

Her words spread. Soon, hundreds joined her sessions. People from remote towns — Sitapur, Haldwani, Gorakhpur — listened to *Malti Ma'am*, as they fondly called her.

Her YouTube channel “*Malti Learns*” began as an experiment but exploded into a movement. The tagline beneath her videos read:

“Main Malti Gupta hoon, aur agar main kar sakti hoon, toh tum bhi kar sakte ho.”

Chapter 9: The Critics Return

Success attracts applause — and envy.

A few online critics mocked her accent again, called her “too emotional” or “too small-town” for the digital world.

For a moment, she felt the sting of her college days again. But then she smiled. “If they’re talking, it means I matter.”

She started recording her lectures more confidently. She told her story openly — her failures, her fear, her self-doubt — everything that others tried to hide.

Her honesty made her unstoppable.

Chapter 10: The Delhi Seminar

In 2025, Malti received an email from an educational foundation in Delhi — inviting her to speak on *“Women Empowerment through Education.”*

She stood on that stage, nervous but radiant. “I come from Bareilly,” she began, “where dreams were once smaller than our living rooms. But today, I know — when a girl starts believing in herself, even the sky feels narrow.”

As she spoke, the auditorium fell silent. When she finished, there was thunderous applause. A young girl stood up and said, “Ma’am, I failed my exams twice, but your story gave me strength.”

Malti’s voice trembled, “Then my failures were worth it.”

Chapter 11: The Turning Point

That same year, she decided to start a scholarship for rural girls preparing for government exams.

She named it “*Ek Kadam Aage*” — One Step Ahead.

Every month, she funded coaching materials

for at least five deserving girls. She said, “If someone had helped me with even one form fee, I would’ve reached earlier. So now, I’ll be that help for others.”

Her initiative drew attention from local newspapers and eventually, a national channel covered her story — *“From Failure to Founder: The Journey of Malti Gupta.”*

Chapter 12: When Life Tested Again

Just when everything seemed perfect, life struck again. Her mother was diagnosed with a heart ailment. Hospital visits, medication, and emotional exhaustion followed.

Malti balanced work, home, and her sessions. Some nights she cried silently beside her mother’s bed, whispering, “Maa, bas theek ho jao, main aur mehnat karungi.”

It was in those nights that she realized success isn’t just about climbing up — it’s also about standing firm when life pulls you down.

Her mother recovered gradually. And one evening, as Malti helped her walk to the balcony, her mother said, “Tujhe yaad hai beta, log kehte the ladkiyan zyada nahi kar sakti?”

Malti smiled, “Yaad hai maa, ab unhe yaad dilane ka time aa gaya hai.”

Chapter 13: The Symbol of Hope

By 2027, Malti Gupta was no longer just a banker or a mentor — she was a symbol of possibility.

Her channel crossed a million followers, her initiative expanded to ten districts, and she was invited to share her life story at a TEDx event.

On stage, she said,

“Dreams are not born in cities; they are born in silence — when everyone sleeps, and you’re still awake, writing your own destiny.”

Her speech went viral, but her favorite comment under the video read —

“My daughter’s name is Malti. She’s ten. I hope she grows up like you.”

That night, she looked up at the stars and whispered, “Thank you, universe. I think my name means something now.”

Chapter 14: The Full Circle

A few months later, she returned to Bareilly College as a guest speaker. The same auditorium where her accent was once mocked now echoed with applause as she walked in wearing a crisp saree and quiet pride.

She paused on stage and said, “Once upon a time, I stood here trembling. Today, I stand here grateful. To all those who laughed at me — thank you, you were my motivation.”

The students erupted in cheers.

Malti smiled — not in arrogance, but in peace.

Epilogue: Her Legacy

Malti Gupta's journey became more than a personal triumph — it became a mirror for every dreamer who doubted themselves. She taught her students that success doesn't always come from brilliance; sometimes it comes from persistence, from the courage to try once more after failing again.

When people asked her the secret of her success, she'd reply:

“Hard work is common. Hope is rare. Protect your hope.”

And even today, when someone types “*Motivational stories in Hindi*” on YouTube, one of the top results shows her thumbnail — smiling confidently with the caption:

“*Main Malti Gupta hoon — aur agar main kar sakti hoon, toh tum bhi kar sakte ho.*”