

THIS IS YOUR **LIFE.**
DO WHAT YOU LOVE,
AND DO IT OFTEN.

IF YOU DON'T
IF YOU DO
IF YOU DON'T HA
IF YOU ARE LOOK

**LIFE IS WHAT
YOU MAKE IT.....**

Written by **Pulkit Gupta**

THEY WILL BE
START DOING

STOP OVER ANALYZING, ALL EMOTIONS ARE BEAUTIFUL.
WHEN YOU EAT, APPRECIATE

LIFE IS S

Short-Story based on his series
on **CAClubIndia.com**

OPEN YOUR MIND
AND PEOPLE, W
ASK THE NEXT PE

Compiled by **Bhavin Pathak**

AND SHARE YOUR INSPIRING DREAM WITH THEM.

TRAVEL OFTEN; GETTING LOST WILL
HELP YOU FIND YOURSELF.

SOME OPPORTUNITIES ONLY COME ONCE, SEIZE THEM.

LIFE IS ABOUT THE PEOPLE YOU MEET, AND

THE THINGS YOU CREATE WITH THEM

SO GO OUT AND START CREATING.

LIFE IS LIVE YOUR DREAM

AND SHARE

SHORT. YOUR PASSION.

<http://pinterest.com/TheBhavinPathak/>

Preface

Since, last 3 years, I was in touch with Pulkit Gupta, a nice human being along with extra-ordinary writing skills and admirable efforts. Pulkit is one of the free lancing personality in the Professional-cum-Chartered field on internet.

Mine and his friendship was established with a message from him, saying “I joined CA Club India on 14th Feb., and you (here he was talking about me) also joined CA Club India on the same day. What we both were doing on Valentine Day by registering ourselves on this informational platform?” This is first message from him to my PM box. Starting of a new friendship with a nice talk indicates it is selfless friendship, I heardly talked with him, except chatting on Facebook and all, but somehow his motivational and inspiration writing skill all the time attract me to read his write-ups.

I always trying to write on political issues and other motivational stuff but always follows his work as blue print to my article. His amazing writing skills, today forced me to compile his one of the greatest work which he put on CA Club India.

This is my tribute to Pulkit Gupta by compiling his 10 part series which he posted on CA Club India. I feel highly honoured for compiling these 10 part series in a short-novel type write-up. I edited some sentences to make it like novel. So, here it is the short story of a professionalism and personal life of a guy with heart and brain.

Bhavin Pathak

From writer's desk

Dear readers,

After posting about 50 articles on this various internet platform, mostly in Inspirational genre, I present to you an entirely fresh concept **“Shades of Life”**. In this series, I will bring to you the different aspects of a CA life – its troubles, frustration, passion, happiness, challenges etc. with the help of some fictional stories. **‘Life is what you make it’** is the first story of this series. I have posted only the first part of this first story.

Your suggestions and criticisms are most welcomed. I will be waiting for your feedback.

Regards, Pulkit Gupta

Contents

CHAPTER 1: Ordinary General Meeting ☺	3
CHAPTER 2: Rachit Unplugged	5
CHAPTER 3: New Day New Beginning	8
CHAPTER 4: A snapshot from the past	11
CHAPTER 5: The day when I lived a dream... ..	14
CHAPTER 6: Expectations.....	17
CHAPTER 7: Delhi 6	20
CHAPTER 8: Rachit Speaks.....	23
CHAPTER 9: Words Left Unspoken	25
CHAPTER 10: Khushi speaks.....	29

Life is what you make it!!

Written by Pulkit Gupta

CHAPTER 1: Ordinary General Meeting ☺

Apollo Hospital, 10 PM

Rachit tried to move his hand to adjust the pillow, but he failed to do so due to multiple body fractures, caused by the impact of his fall from 3rd floor of his hostel in Laxmi Nagar, East Delhi.

‘Excuse me, can I help you?’ a smiling face said which was of a cute girl, which seemed to be still in her teens.

‘No Thanks!’ he replied rudely.

‘Hi I am Khushi. By the way, we are roomie. Friends?’

‘Girl lemme make you one thing clear. I am a loner, hate interacting with unknown people, and do not make friends especially with kids like you. So it would be better if your stay away from me and even better if you shift into a single room. I am sure that your rich parents can easily afford that’

‘Do you always talk like that and what made you think that I belong to a rich family?’

‘Well it looks from your smile and behavior as if you are on a vacation and is enjoying your trip here. You definitely belong to a family which has one home at Defence Colony, another at Greater Kailash and a farm house at Chattarpur, and run to Sir Gangaram Hospital or Apollo even if their daughter is suffering from normal fever. So please shut up and stop irritating me’

‘Ok as you wish, but I was only trying to help you. Goodnight’ she replied sweetly.

1 AM

Rachit was not able to sleep due to pain in his body. So to divert his attention he tried to go through the book which Khushi was reading few hours before.

Somehow by pushing the table he got hold of the book and with some effort, he opened the first page of the book.

Introduction to Solid Mechanics by I Sharma, which was followed by a name read as, “Khushi Gupta, 1st year Mechanical Engineering, IIT Delhi” which was written in an exceptionally beautiful handwriting.

Suddenly he started coughing caused due to his own saliva. He pushed the button to call nurse, but no one came to help him. He was suffocating and was running out of breath. Then suddenly someone gave him a glass of water. He drank it in one shot and then he looked upwards to thank the person. It was Khushi with traces of fear and anxiety on her face.

‘Are you ok?’ inquired Khushi in a shaky voice.

‘Yes I am. Thanks for helping me despite of the fact that I misbehaved with you couple of hours ago’

‘That’s ok. No one is bad at heart. I know that something is bothering you which caused you to behave in such a manner. Accha tell me how did you get yourself hurt?’

‘I slipped from the third floor of my Hostel’ replied Rachit not convincingly.’

‘You are telling a lie as you are fumbling with your words and is seeing somewhere else while talking to me’

‘I tried to commit suicide’ replied Rachit slowly while trying to avoid eye-contact with Khushi

‘What!! Are you Nuts???’

‘I want to know the whole story. This is always the last option, and for me, it is not an option at all.’

‘Why should I tell you?’

‘Because you have no other option. You have no one to talk to, and you cannot sleep in such a pain. Plus you owe it to me as I just saved your life and I will continue disturbing you till you share your story with me’ Khushi chuckled.

‘Ok wait.....I am telling you, but promise me to keep it to yourself’

‘God Promise’ she replied with a grin on her face.....’By the way what do you do?’

‘I am a CA final student’

‘Ok start’

CHAPTER 2: Rachit Unplugged

Apollo Hospital, 1.20 AM

‘Well my story is not a fairy tale like yours....tumne jo chaha tumhe mil gaya...but ya even I shared a dream similar to yours when I was in 10th class’ Rachit said with a bit of sadness in his eyes.

‘Sorry...I did not get you’ said Khushi with a puzzled look on her face.

‘Well I have gone through the book, which you were reading a couple of hours before. It was mentioned that you are an IITian, a first year IIT Delhi student to be precise...so it is apparent that you have gotten what you have desired for.’

‘What!’ she said shockingly.... ‘Never mind...it was only a book not my personal diary’ she winked at him.

‘You were talking about sharing my dream...please continue.’

‘Well I was not born with a silver spoon in my hand. My father was a Production Manager (earning about 20000 bucks per month) in a sugar mill, in Western UP. He never compromised with my education. I did my Higher Secondary from a reputed Catholic School which was affiliated with ICSE Board where we were born to excel in every aspects of the life under strict discipline.’

‘Oh that Pratishta, Parampara, Anushan types where you are fined for not cutting the nails, dirty shoes, speaking in Hindi, not bringing the diary and bla, blah, blah...’ she smiled.

‘It was much better than your show-off school, which has got its branches all over the NCR, where your parents pay some 2000 bucks per month so that their ward can learn some crazy British Accent and it ends as a meeting place for teenagers’ he said mockingly.

‘Mind you I was a CBSE Topper in Hindi and secured 99 marks in 10th Class’ she said angrily.

‘Ok let’s not start this city girl and small town boy thing here...So where were we??’ He said with an air of finality to end the argument.

‘That you were a topper of your highly disciplined school’ she replied.

‘Well I was not, but an average student who had always lived his life as Above Average...but ya I was good in Debate and was a winner of State Level English Debate Competition’ he said with air of triumph.

‘Ok Mr. Speaker I got it’ she chuckled.

‘I scored 85 percent in my 10th and like most of the 80+ percentage holders of my class I dreamt of being an IITian.’

‘Yes because you people are told that only those people opt for commerce who failed to cross the cut-off of reputed 10+2 schools of the region’ she interrupted.

‘May be in some cases it is true but in my case I always dreamt of passing from IIT. So my parents got me admitted in one of the reputed school of South Delhi, which had tie-up with a premier coaching institute, which provides coaching for IIT and AIEEE. Now my only aim was to remove the tag of mediocrity, by cracking JEE and scoring decent marks in 10+2.’

‘Hmm...’

‘I gave my best shot, and it yield dividends in the form of 91% in Senior Secondary and selection in IIT Madras. 10th July 2007 was my Convocation, a day which I can never forget in my life. This day I entered my dreams turned into reality’ he said with a glint in his eyes.

‘Oh... That’s great...I didn’t know that I am talking to a fellow IITian’

‘Things were going very well, and I loved the place too. I always wanted to be there coz of beaches, and it’s neighboring places like Mahabalipuram etc. I found one of the best roomies from different states like Orissa, Rajasthan and Andhra Pradesh.’

‘4 people in one room??’

‘Well it was for the time being which was later changed to twin sharing basis. But we continued it the previous manner coz of the bond that we had developed. We used to hang out together on every weekend and often visit Mahabalipuram for a ride, or have Nariyal Pani at East Coast Road or travel without a ticket in the local train of Chennai. Our best entertainment was spending the whole day at Sarvanna or checking out the girls of Loyola College, Nungambakkam or frequent visit to Satyam or Ega (coz of the budget problem) to catch the latest Hindi flick. I still remember it was 10th August, 2007 when we purchased 18 tickets of Chak De India (all in black) which was followed by the booze session at Marina Beach. It was one of the best times I had till then.’

‘You drink?’ She asked shockingly.

‘Naah...it was a party like atmosphere and we had our entire group otherwise I don’t’

‘Ok’

‘Everything was going well...I had a gf (from the same branch), scored 80% in my sessional and also represented my branch in Math’s Olympiad (inter-branch) ...then suddenly one night I urinated blood, but I ignored it for a week’

‘What... Are you crazy!!... How can someone ignore such a crucial thing??’ she literally shouted at him.

‘I know it was a mistake and don’t make me feel guilty for that and to be honest I w’d have continued to ignore that if that w’d not have happened a week later.’

‘Kya hua ek week baad??’

‘I was back from a friend’s room after attending his birthday bash and was planning to sleep. Suddenly an unbearable pain occurred on my back side of left kidney just above the hip region. Luckily one of my hostel mate had Proxyvon- a very strong pain killer. It killed my pain for that night, but it started again around 4 am. Somehow I passed next couple of hours and then immediately rushed to a City Hospital to consult a Nephrologist.’

‘Ok’

‘Initially I was reluctant to disclose this to my father as my mother is no more and he would have come here leaving everything. So, I told my brother who was pursuing PGDM from Pune. He immediately boarded the next flight to Chennai, and his luggage was shifted to my Hostel. After a couple of tests which included Renal Angiography/Angioplasty (x-ray of arteries supplying blood to the kidneys), it was confirmed that I was suffering from impaired renal function and blockage of both renal arteries. It was primarily due to elevated blood pressure which includes potential risks like serious bleeding, infection, kidney failure, stroke and heart attack.’

‘After it was diagnosed my brother shifted me to Apollo Chennai for a week and then to Apollo Delhi as it was approachable from my native place. I remained there for 2 months under the supervision of a highly experienced nephrologist, urologist and hematologist... the most difficult 2 months of my life where my routine was a blood test, pain killers, morning walk at the terrace of the hospital and blood clotting injections. I lost about 15 kg of weight during this period, but I was glad that I have recovered.’

‘1st Dec.2007 was the happiest day for me. I was going to be discharged from the hospital. Although I have missed my End-Autumn Semester Examination, but I was confident enough to get hold of my studies. I called each of my friends that your Rac-Hit is coming back to Chennai. But there was no joy in

my father eyes. I felt as if he wants to say something, but is not able to. I thanked my doctors and the hot dietitian of Apollo and loaded my bag into my Cab.'

'We reached my hometown at 9 pm and immediately I opened the Indian Railway website to check the availability of berth in trains from Delhi to Chennai....

Suddenly my father came to my room and asked me not to book any tickets. I asked him why, and his reply gave me the biggest shock of my life, and this became my destiny.

In Next Chapter...

What did Rachit's father say? How an IITian become a CA Finalist? Despite of being a part of such a noble Profession what led him to commit suicide? Is Khushi's life really a fairytale? You will get the answer to the above questions in the next part.

CHAPTER 3: New Day New Beginning

Rachit's home (December, 07)

'Why Dad?' Rachit questioned.

'Coz you are not going anywhere son.'

'Why? I know that you are concerned about my health, and I also know the seriousness of my Renal Disorder..., But isn't it over Dad??... I mean the clot has been dissolved, and the blood supply has been restored' he protested.

'Beta you are not understanding my....'

'Dad I am already lacking. After doing so well in Sessionals, I missed semester exams...I have to catch up with all the lectures I have missed, up to date my notes, complete the pending projects, submit my assignments...I have also missed my Physics and Chemistry lab sessions and Engineering Graphics is such a pain I can't tell you...then we have mechanical paper in 2nd Sem, which people hardly clears ... Pata nahin sab kaise hoga!!', Rachit said while interrupting his father.

'Will you let me finish?? IIT chapter is as good as over' he almost shouted on Rachit, 'Yesterday I had a long conversation with your Nephrologist, Mr. Jasuja... Son, do you know the exact cause of the death of your mother?'

'Heart attack... Where did it came from?' he asked surprisingly.

'Yes ,but she had excessive clotting disorder or hypercoagulable (tendency of some people to develop blood clots in parts of the body, such as deep veins in the legs or the arteries of the heart, that can potentially block the flow of blood leading to stroke, heart attack or kidney disorder). Your Hematologist, Mr. Sekar, conducted some blood tests which confirmed our suspicion that her tendency had been passed on to you through genes.'

'What!!... Is Bhaiya also suffering from the same disorder' Rachit asked in a bit of shock.

'Luckily no, as you share the blood group of your mother, while he shares my blood group. Mr. Jasuja has said that you will stay on medicines for some years, may be for a lifetime, and your high BP is doing no good to your disorder. But you don't need to worry as you have to take 2 medicines once in a day- one for controlling your BP, and other for controlling the clotting time. Even I have been taking BP and sugar tablets for the past 15 years'; he tried to convince his son.

'If it is about those 2 tablets then I can manage it at Chennai too' he said confidently.

'Yes you can, but there is another side of the coin too. These medicines will make your body vulnerable to injuries, and even a small cut can prove fatal and result in a huge amount of blood loss. In such a case you need to be rushed to the nearest hospital where you will be injected Vitamin K.'

'But papa IIT had been my dream. I can't leave that' a tear rolled through his eyes.

'Beta I have already discussed it with your doctor, and in the present circumstances he has advised me to keep you with me, at least for a year or so.

Your PT (Prothrombin Time, which measures how long it takes for a clot to form in a blood sample) test will be done on alternate days for first 15 days, and then on a weekly basis for next six months. A graph will be prepared based on that, and Mr. Sekar will adjust your dose according to the results.'

'So you are asking me to leave my dream and live with you under strict observation like a cancer patient...' with this he burst into tears.

‘It’s not like that son...you are a bright student. You can appear for entrance tests again and can easily get admission in any reputed college of NCR which would be approachable from our home...we have DCE (Delhi College of Engineering which take AIEEE score), GGSIP (IP University), JSS and Jaypee Noida, IIT and NIT’s etc...you can even clear JEE again and can get admission in IIT Delhi’ Rachit’s dad said while hugging him.

‘Dad, if you don’t mind I want to spend some time alone...’

‘Ok beta, but where are you going?’

‘Where I can get some peace and no one is there to disturb me’ he said in a very low voice.

‘Ok but come back soon son...it’s already 9.30 pm.’

He quietly left that place.

Rachit went upstairs to his terrace and looked at the sky. He usually loves watching the sky for long hours as it acts as a stress buster for him. But today the darkness of the night was appearing to him as the darkness of his own life. He never felt so helpless before. He was very close to nature. He love exploring new places and beauty of nature. He would sit and ponder, at the wooded areas and interacts with every element of nature. He considers both life and nature as parallel concepts. Nature is the study of how life acts and interacts within the circle of existence. All of The nature moves in a spiral as do our personal lives. He experience moments of life in crashing waves, changing seasons, smashing seas, colors of Sunsets and Sunrise, soaking rain drops, hearing the song of nature, beauty of tress, dancing of leaves, footprints in the sand, sway of the branches and movement of petals...

He was actually missing his mother today, his best friend. He was back to his mother nature. He looked at one of the shining star and tried to talk to it as if he is talking to his mother. He cried, he smiled, he shouted and finally there was a sign of trust and satisfaction on his face. He knew he can either consider it as darkness or as the beginning of the day.....A new phase of life...New Day New Beginning.

He went back to his room and dialled Radhika’s number to share his decision with her. They kept talking for the whole night and finally he slept while talking to her.

Apollo Hospital, 2012

‘Radhika, who is she?’ asked Khushi

‘Well she was my girlfriend from the same branch’

‘Was??’ ‘What do you mean by that?’ she asked

‘Isn’t it obvious??’ Rachit replied

‘I am asking the reason dude’

‘Will tell you when the right time will come’

‘Ok...please continue with your story’ Khushi said

Next morning at Rachit’s home (December, 2007)

‘My son is looking happy today’ Rachit’s dad said with a smile on his face

‘Yes dad I have taken my decision and that’s why I am happy’

‘I knew that you will understand my position. Son, I have decided that you will join the crash course of AIEEE-08 and JEE-08 conducted by V5 Tutorials at

Meerut. It is hardly 15 kms from our home and will also change your mind.’

‘No Dad that will not be required...’

‘Why Son? You have been out of touch for a while. It will help you to recall your syllabus.’

‘Dad... I will not be sitting for JEE-08 and AIEEE-08...infact I have decided to quit this line’ he said with a bit of calmness on his face.

‘What? Are you Mad? What will you do then?’ he asked in a bit of a shock.

‘I will do CA’...

In Next Chapter:

What made Rachit to entirely change his line? Why did he break up with Radhika? What makes Khushi lives every moment of her life? You will get the answer to the above questions in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 4: A snapshot from the past

“Life is not about how many breathes you take, but about the moments that take your breath away”

The conversation between Rachit and Khushi is in ‘while the conversation of past between Rachit and Radhika is in’

Apollo Hospital, 2012

‘CA,, You must be kidding!!’ Khushi shouted .

‘I am serious’ Rachit replied softly.

‘Where did it come from?? I mean it was not even in the options available to you’ she said with surprise.

‘Khushi, life is not a game of Chess where you can plan your next move...you should always expect the unexpected’ he murmured.

‘Haan yaad aaya...hum sab toh rangmanch ki katputliyaan hai jiski dor uparwale ke haath mein bandhi hui hai’ Khushi giggled. ‘Ok no more PJ’s...On a serious note, how did this thought of doing CA came to your mind?’ Khushi questioned .

‘May be you will find my reasoning a bit stupid but I was very calm while taking this decision. I was tired of living this mediocre life and being tagged as an “Above Average”. By clearing JEE-07, I broke this myth and, for the first time got what I dreamt of. But this kidney ailment and clotting disorder shattered my dream of being an IITian. I had to compromise by appearing in AIEEE-08, and settle for a college which was ranked lower in comparison to my present alumni, that too after wasting an year, and going through the vicious circle of entrance tests and coaching institute again....’

‘So you took this decision to satisfy your ego!!’ Khushi commented.

‘Satisfaction is the right word for it ... Listen there are 3 “I’s” in our country which attracts people- IIT, IIM and IAS. I was leaving one, not eligible for other and not interested in doing the 3rd one (with due respect to all the IAS of our country).

Settling for an engineering college less than IIT was a compromise which I don’t want to do...my paternal uncle is a CA and I have seen the respect he gets in our society. If CA is not more than IITian, then certainly not even less in comparison to that. Yaar kabhi Sunday times ka matrimonial section utha ke dekh...usme prospective grooms mein 3 hi profession dominate kar rahe hai- B.Tech from IIT, PGDM from IIM and CA’ he said and winked at Khushi.

‘Lol...Hey by the way this topic of marriage made me remember the “Not Yet Discussed” topic of Radhika. Tell me something about her, your first meeting, date, first kiss, journey of your love and your break-up. I want to know each and everything, that too in detail’ she said excitedly.

‘Arrey...I am here at least for a week. I will tell you everything but slowly in parts and I have to listen to your story too.’

‘May be I won’t be there to listen to your story tomorrow. I mean I will get discharged tomorrow. And ya I don’t have an interesting story like yours. I was a born “Geek”, who always dreamt of getting into IIT. I never had a bf, mugged up all the equations, solved all the questions of H.C. Verma, Hall & Knight and TMH series and finally cracked JEE to get into IIT Delhi...dats it’ she said with a smile on her face.

‘Even I was born intelligent but education ruined me’ Rachit gave a mischievous smile.

‘What was that?’

‘Well my first attempt at PJ’s...I think it was bad...!’

‘Very...ok so CA would have been a cake walk for you, Mr. IITian...’

‘It is the general tendency of people to underestimate other’s profession. Even I used to think that there is nothing tougher than cracking JEE, but CA proved me wrong.’

‘Means? I want to know more about your CA life as well as your love life.’

‘Radhika was my first as well as my last love. My CA life as well as my love life shares same Graph’ Rachit said.

‘Radhika Banerjee, my sweet Bengali was one of the hottest girls of my branch. My cousin was a 3rd year student in IIT Madras, so I was very comfortable with my seniors. Our initial classes were scheduled to be held at the newly constructed Hi-Tech building, which was adjacent to our IT Park, but about 2 km from our Hostel Mess (thanks to our vast campus, but a week later we were provided buses for the conveyance). I skipped my introductory class as I was exploring the campus along with my cousin. During our lunch time instead of going to mess, I opted to have some snacks at our college canteen, along with my cousin and other seniors. We were not expecting freshers in our canteen, as it was their first day in college, and they were too scared of being ragged. Suddenly I saw my SHONA arguing with the owner of canteen over the quality of Cheese Sandwich. I still remember that day...’

‘Long black naturally shine haired, light brown large eyes (an eyes you can die for,,lemme tell you that Bengali girls are blessed with beautiful pair of eyes), pointy nose, model eyebrows, demi lovato dimpled chin, rosy red lips, pretty smile, good attitude (feisty not rude), Oval face and small waist. I know you will find it filmy but it was love at first sight for me.’

‘Ok, Please continue...’ Khushi replied.

‘I suddenly felt the urge to know more about her. I asked my cousin to take her intro. She was a confident girl from the City of Joy. She was a Day Scholar who was living with her relatives in Chennai, and her roll no. was immediately next to mine.’

‘Ya Rachit and Radhika... your were made to be together. Rab ne bana di Jodi types...’ Khushi chuckled.

‘I wish it was true...’ Rachit sighed.

‘Ok...leave it tell me how did you proposed to her?’ Khushi was excited.

‘As I told you her Roll no. was next to mine, so we shared our Physics and Chemistry Lab sessions. I always had feelings for her but I was waiting for the right opportunity, and finally it came in form of Maths Olympiad. I was selected from my branch and had Ridz (her nickname besides shona) as my partner. It comprises of 3 levels- Written exam (as qualifier), followed by Maths Dumb Sheraz (the one we had in Kuch Kuch Hota Hai) as eliminator and Maths Quiz (just like ESPN school quiz) which decides the Champion Team.’

‘Wow...I am damn sure that you have won that Olympiad’ she asked.

‘Yes and my love too...We were given 3 days to prepare for the Olympiad and we did that during our college time, by skipping our lectures. In those 3 days I got to know her more, her liking and disliking, her nature, her type of movies and music and our common love for Nature. She gave me her cell no. so that we can discuss more about the competition. But we used it more for chatting purpose and sweet dreams and morning messages,’ Rachit gave a mischievous smile.

‘Interesting...tenme a bit more about your Olympiad which was the first brick in the foundation of your love’

‘Written test was like a piece of cake, second round was a bit tough but luckily we get into Top-3 to qualify for the final round. We were given 3 hours break before the last battle. It was more about performing in those 15 minutes and holding your nerves. It was a livewire. Only one question was left and our scores were tied with the team from Electrical Deptt. Our Hearts were beating very fast and suddenly the last question appeared in front of our computer system’

$$\begin{aligned}
 1 &= 1, 1 = \sqrt{1} \\
 \therefore 1 &= \sqrt{(-1)(-1)} \\
 \therefore 1 &= \sqrt{-1}\sqrt{-1} \\
 \therefore 1 &= i \times i \\
 \therefore 1 &= i^2
 \end{aligned}$$

So, this proves $1 = -1$ (as $i^2 = -1$), So what we catch?

I immediately pressed the buzzer as this was our last chance to win the trophy. I closed my eyes for a while, thought about it a bit and said, “Sir, if any real number is squared, its square root is the absolute value of that real number so $\sqrt{(-1)^2} = |-1| = 1$, so the third step i.e. $\sqrt{(-1)(-1)} = \sqrt{-1}\sqrt{-1}$ was incorrect”.

In next second I got a tight hug from Radhika....a long one indeed.

‘Wow...it would have been unbelievable’ asked Khushi curiously.

‘Yes it was. I came back to my hostel and got a sms from Radhika congratulating me our success’

“Yes, we did it Rash (my nickname) ...let’s celebrate tomorrow...How about the new Italian restaurant at Nungambakkam??”

“Ok. But I have a condition. You have to spend whole day with me and treat will be on my side and there is a surprise for you too,” I replied.

“Ok but what’s the surprise?”, Radhika asked

“You will get to know tomorrow”, Rachit replied.

“Ok..I’ll be waiting”, she texted.

“Me too...”

‘What happened next day? I can’t wait.’ Khushi was impatient.

In Next Chapter:

How was Rachit’s first outing with Radhika? Why did they break up? Can an Iitian prove to be a successful CA too? You will get the answer to the above questions in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 5: The day when I lived a dream...

The Moment I opened my heart and let you in, I saw this great love starting to begin. I could search my whole life through, and never find another 'you.'

Spencer Plaza, Chennai (July, 2007), 12.15 PM

“What should I do to impress Radhika?... I think I should make her laugh, so that she will feel comfortable with me. Oh come on she is my good friend, she is already comfortable with me. There is no point in pretending to be something that you are not. I will try to be myself with her. Yaar... I think I have gone crazy. This is not the first time we are meeting. Why I am thinking so much?? She is the same girl with whom I have spent about 30 odd hours in the past 3 days (including our telephonic conversation and sms). And for God sake why the hell am I sweating in an AC mall!...” Rachit said to himself.

Yes, this was not the first time they were meeting, but this was their first outing. As per the last sms exchanged between Rachit and Radhika, they were supposed to meet at Spencer Plaza at 12 pm, where they will celebrate their success, which will be followed by a surprise which Rachit had planned for her. Rachit was trying to assure himself that he is confident, but somewhere in his heart, even he knew that this was going to be a big day for him. He looked at the main entrance and then checked his wallet and then at his watch. This was the 10th time in last 5 minutes that he was checking time. Then suddenly he heard someone calling out his name, and he looked upwards to check it, and then he kept looking at that person for few minutes without uttering a word...

Angelic, Gorgeous, Delicate, Treasure, Sweetness, Pure, Lovely, Enlightening, Delightful, Cherishable and Eccentric were too small a word to describe her beauty. She never looked so beautiful before!! He dunno whether it was the occasion or his feelings for her or her white Salwaar Kameez, which made the explanation of her looks beyond the depth of words today.

He kept looking at her beautiful eyes. His heart has never felt this way before. The reach of her arms, the stride of her steps, and the curl of her lips can make anyone fall for her. The fire in her eyes, the flaash of her teeth, the swing of her waist and the joy in her feet made him fall in love with her all over again. He has always seen her in top and jeans, but Salwaar Kameez added a grace to her looks. Every movement of her was driving him crazy. The bend of her hair, the click of her heels and the way she was looking at him made him froze at his place.

“Kahan kho gaye Janab?”, Radika passed a mischievous smile.

“Nowhere...Waise you are looking stunning today”, Rachit replied while trying to hide his real feeling.

“Only today... I thought you always find me attractive”, she winked.

“Arrey I am just kidding...so where are we going??”

“Well it is totally your call. We will go as per your plan, but will end it with my surprise”, he said with a bit of hesitation.

“I love surprises. How about Lasagne (Italian dish) with Blue Lagoon, followed by a Hollywood Flick?”, Ritz asked.

“That would be great. Let’s watch Ratatouille. I have heard that it is a nice animated comedy movie”, Rash answered.

“Ok, let’s go then...”

5 PM

"I really enjoyed today Rash. Movie was fun and food was delicious.

But I should leave now as it is already 5", Radhika said.

"But my surprise is still left".

"Oh sorrym I totally forgot that....so what is your surprise?"

"You have to come with me".

"Where?"

"Arrey you will the get the answer of all of your questions there. Just follow me Ritz".

ECR Road

State Highway 49, also known as East Coast Road is a two lane highway in Tamil Nadu, built along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. After riding for about 40 minutes (on his cousin's bike), they stopped at a secluded resort. He called someone and then asked Ritz to follow him.

"Rash I am scared", Radhika said with a bit of fear in her eyes.

"Don't you trust me? 5 more minutes, just keep your eyes closed and hold my hands so that I can guide you to my surprise spot", Rachit assured her.

"Can I open my eyes Rash?"

"Yes Ritz"

"OMG.... This is out of the world Rash", Radhika said with her eyes wide open.

She was standing on the bay of beach as the sun went down, and watches the silent growth of another sea, which the stormy ocean of the wind could not disturb – the sea of the darkness. It is the time when the sun goes down in the horizon drowning in the endless sea. The colors changed from red to orange with a mix of purple and indigo. This was the beginning of a new day in Rachit's life.

"Rachit thanks for bringing me here. All these malls, multiplexes etc. are nothing in comparison to the beauty of nature. It brings us close to the real meaning of life. This was the best surprise one could ever get", Radhika said with the feeling of satisfaction on her face.

"The surprise is not yet over Ritz. Just look behind you."

She saw an interesting décor of a beach hut with tables on the beach with a dim candle light and a guitar.

"Today I am your performer and you are my audience. This song is dedicated to you Ritz"

*Smile, an everlasting smile
A smile can bring you near to me
Don't ever let me find you gone
Cause that would bring a tear to me
This world has lost it's glory
Lets start a brand new story
Now my love
You think that I don't even mean
A single word I say...
It's only words
And words are all I have
To take your heart away*

*Talk, in everlasting words
And dedicate them all, to me
And I will give you all my life
I'm here if you should call to me
You think that I don't even mean
A single word I say...*

(With beats of strings of Guitar)

“I have rehearsed this moment a million of times last night, but now I am falling short of words. I don't know what to say!! Can I have my Maths Olympiad partner as my partner of all the competition and challenges of life? I guarantee that we will have tough times together, I guarantee that at some point, one or both of us will try to get out of that but I also guarantee that if I never ask you to be mine, I'll regret it for the rest of my life coz deep in my heart, you are the only one for me!! . I really love you Shona”

A tear rolled down from her eyes. In the next moment she hugged Rachit and he kissed away the tears from her eyes. She gave him a soft peck on his lips and then they cried together. She has said yes to him through her eyes. This is just possible in an unconditional love where a girl stands in front of a guy, asking him to love her. They had candle lit dinner with such a beautiful ambience around with slow service of waiter. And then they danced as the lyrics goes on as:-

*Nothing's gonna change my love for you
You ought to know by now how much I love you
One thing you can be sure of
I'll never ask for more than your love...*

In Next Chapter:

This completes the first phase in Rachit's life i.e. his engineering life and marks the beginning of his CA life. I believe that the success of a person comprises of success in both professional as well as his personal life. Your success is worthless if you don't have your loved ones with you. How was Rachit's first encounter with CA? What was Radhika's reaction to his new profession? You will get the answer to the above questions in my next chapter.

CHAPTER 6: Expectations

Apollo Chennai, September 2007

‘Where is Radhika?’ Rachit asked from Radhika’s hostel-mate.

‘She is in her room’ she replied.

‘Why didn’t she come here? She knows that I’ll be shifted to Apollo Delhi today, and there is a high possibility that we might not be able to see each other for next few months’ he said.

‘Rachit I think she is the right person to answer that. She just gave me a letter to give it to you.’

Hi Rash, I know that you are very angry with me right now, coz I have not come to meet you today. You may call it my weakness, but I cannot see you in this condition. It would have been very difficult for me to control my emotions today. I always wanted to be your strength rather than your weakness. I know you will recover from your illness soon, and we will complete our graduation together. I wanted to tell you something. You have shown me what love is and what it feels like to be loved. Every time you kissed me, I got the same magical feeling as our first kiss. You have been my steady rock, my best friend, my everything. You have left an imprint on my heart that will go with me. I spend the whole time living my life with you both in the past and what I hope for in the future. I want you to know that how much you mean to me. You are my world and I love you with all my heart. I don’t care whether you are in Chennai or Delhi, distance can’t separate us...

You know why??

Coz you are the beat of my heart, the soul in my body. You are me, because without you I am nothing. I will wait for you my love. Get well soon!!

Love you forever, Shona.

Apollo Delhi, Present Day

“It would have been very difficult for you to live without her??”, Khushi asked.

“Yes it was... you cannot even imagine that. But she and her love for me was my inspiration here. It was coz of her belief in my abilities that I managed to clear my CA entrance without any coaching and that too in my first attempt”

“Wow... tell me about your course... I mean what’s the structure and training you have to undergo while doing it... suna hai kaafi tough hota hai and some people even say that CA refers to COME AGAIN”, she said chucklingly.

“Haha... itna bhi nahin hai... we have much better pass percentage nowadays. Well the structure has changed a bit now. During my time we had 3 levels- CPT (just like an entrance exam where you are tested on 10+2 commerce knowledge with mercantile law being an additional subject), PCC (later changed to IPCC and now Intermediate) and CA Final. We have to undergo 3.5 years of articleship (training) under a practicing CA immediately after clearing my CPT”.

“But you didn’t have any 10+2 commerce base, then how did you manage to clear CPT in your first attempt, that too without any coaching”?, Khushi asked with a bit of surprise.

“All thanks to Mathematics and the teacher who refused to take me in his CPT coaching batch”

“Details Please... ”

“After getting myself registered for CPT, I searched for a coaching institute for the CPT coaching in my hometown. I still remember that it was the first week of Jan when I approached a local accounts teacher for that”.

Rajput Sir's Home, Jan 2008

‘Beta your father has told me about you. Unfortunately I won't be able to help you much in such a short time. I mean you have your attempt in the coming feb (at that time CPT was conducted 4 times in an year) and we are already in the first week of Jan. If you target August attempt then I may help you... tab bhi jyada nahi ho payega.’

‘Sir I have already lost about an year or so coz of my B. Tech. followed by my sickness. I can't afford to lose any more time. All the respected faculties of PCC in Delhi only take their batches twice an year. If I skip this attempt then I will loose another 6 months, coz I'll be joining their November batches instead of May.’

‘I am sorry beta... in that case you have the only option to go for self-studies. You can consult me for your doubts.’

Rachit was about to leave when suddenly one of the Rajput Sir's student asked him to meet after his batch is over.

After an hour (outside Rajput sir's house)

‘Hey I am Deepak’ said the guy who asked Rachit to meet him after his tuition.

‘Hey I am Rachit.’

‘So you are the one who has dropped IIT to join CA’ asked Deepak excitedly.

‘Yes I am that idiot’ replied Rachit irritably.

‘Don't say like that. Always respect the profession you are going to be part of. Waise bhi it was your decision and no one forced you to choose this field.’

‘Yaar please I am not well... feeling very tired and highly irritated right now... please don't start your Gyan Bharti here. Tell me why you have asked me to stay back?’

‘Yaar please don't show me your IITian attitude. You are the one who needs help and I can provide that to you.’

‘How’??

‘See I am a B.com first year student and Rajput sir teaches me financial accounting and Statistics. You know what is the attendance process in our degree colleges so I have lot of spare time with me in my daily routine.’

‘Please Continue... ’

‘See as you know that we have 4 subjects in CPT- Maths,

Economics, Mercantile Law and Accountancy. You don't need to study maths as it is a cakewalk for an iitian. Just read P.C. Tulsian sir book of Mercantile Law like a Chetan Bhagat novel. It is a very practical and easy subject and you don't need any technical knowledge for that’

‘How do you know this much about Mercantile Law?’ asked Rachit.

‘Well we have a paper in B. Com (first year) named Business Law which covers all the portion of your Mercantile Law.’

‘Ok’

‘So just do that whatever I say. I don’t need to teach you Law Tulsian’s book is very good. Just go through it and I am there to solve your problem.’

‘Ok but what will you teach me ?’ questioned Rachit.

‘I will teach you basics of Accounts and everything that is covered in the book of 11th class’

‘And what about the accounts of 12th class and Economics’

‘Bhai 20 din mein Tajmahal Jeetega kya!!’ Deepak taunted.

‘See your main aim is to clear the paper... this is not a +2 exam where you can score 90%... ya 70-75% can be scored in CPT but you are short of time. You can easily score 75-80 out of 90 (50- QA + 40 Law) by doing self-studies. I will teach you accounts that will cover 35-40 marks out of 60... baaki you can attempt some general questions of macro-economics which will fetch you around 10-15 marks... bhai sab sahi raha toh you can touch the magical figure of 100... waise bhi tumhare saath issa jyada bura kya hoga jo ho raha hai... so think positive and attack...’

Next 20 days Rachit prepared for his CPT under the guidance of Deepak. For the first time he was nervous while giving any paper. Somehow he gave it and finally came the Judgement Day... CPT results were out. Rachit typed the previous 5 roll numbers and their results were as follows:-

78, 36, 85, 91, 12

‘Deepak please type my roll no. ... I am very nervous’

‘Tu bhi na ek number ka drama hai... gimme your laptop’

Deepak typed his roll no. And suddenly the result flashed...

Name:	Rachit Gupta
Marks Obtained:	121 Marks
Maximum Marks:	200 Marks
Result:	PASS

Rachit shouted with joy and hugged him tightly.

‘Rachit this is just the beginning... you have a long way to go... this was just an entrance exam... CA is tough... Very tough.’

‘I know but lemme enjoy this moment please.’

Yes this was just the beginning of a very tough road ahead. This success of his will raise the hope of his parents, his relatives and everyone word around him. This has set the benchmark for him. Now he has to live up to everyone’s expectations to prove that his success was not a Fluke. Expectations... nopes not only expectations but the burden of EXPECTATIONS... AASHAYEIN... yes that’s the word !!

Everywhere you look out
Like two birds who lose their home
They're blocking all the streetcars
They're holding up our phones

In Next Chapter:

We will see how Rachit deals with his PCC life. It covers all the fun and excitement of Delhi. New place, new career and new friends... bag full of expectations. I will skip most of the articleship life of Rachit to include some interesting episodes of his CA life. Till then keep reading.

CHAPTER 7: Delhi 6

22nd March, 2008 (Saturday) - Rachit's Home (8 AM)

'Beta have you told Praful about your trip?. I mean you hardly have any idea of Laxmi Nagar' asked his dad.

'Yes Papa. He will meet me near Lalita Park Gurudwara at around 11 AM. Actually today is his last class of Indirect Tax by Ajay Jain Sir. He is staying there for the last 4 years. He has full idea of coaching centres and PGs situated in that area. He is the one who has arranged my articleship under his CA that too in Laxmi Nagar.'

'But why you are going today? I mean I w'd have accompanied you tomorrow.'

'Dad tomorrow is Sunday. Offices of Property Dealers, Coaching Institutions and CA's will be closed on Sundays.'

'Ok, then all the best son for your new life. I have deposited about Rs. 20000 in your SBI account for registration and PG fees. Do tell me in case you need more. And don't forget to take the new sim today itself. Well all have great expectations from you. You had been a bright student and I know you will maintain your performance. Your CAB is waiting outside. Bye beta' said Rachit's dad with his eyes full of hopes and expectations. And with this Rachit left his home for Delhi- City where he will fulfil his dreams...

Apollo Delhi, Present Day (6.30 AM)

'How did it felt when you were leaving for Delhi?' asked Khushi.

'Yes, it was a great feeling....a completely different career and a new city. The feeling of uncertainty, the feeling of hope to be a CA to be successful but also the feeling of sadness due to separation from my love Radhika. We lived a dream. We were meant to be together in the college for the next 4 years. But now our sweet relationship was converted into a long distance relationship.'

'I can understand your pain. But you only said that distance can't separate love. If feelings are true then it should not matter to you!!' she questioned.

'Yes you are right but we all are humans and misunderstandings can occur. Earlier we used to be together for 10-12 hours a day. But now we were dependent on our telephonic conversations. It was not so easy. I used to have my morning classes followed by my training. It was only possible to talk at night. Thanks to the 699- STD pack (which later changed to 749) of TATA, which only works on TATA handsets (CDMA), we had to arrange 2 new sets and 2 new sim cards, that too by hiding it from our families.'

'I find it exciting rather than problematic... you said misunderstandings. How and when did it start? I found your story as a perfect love story...isme aisa kya ho gaya!!

'Blood Test dear!!' interrupted a nurse.

'Ok...' Khushi replied irritably.

'Hey by the way why are these tests conducted for?? Which disease are you suffering from?' Rachit asked from Khushi.

'Nothing serious...just a mild fever...you continue with your story' Khushi replied.

'Yaar I am a bit tired...let's continue it after some time...Is it ok with you?'

'Ok as you wish' Khushi said and went for sleep.

‘How and when did it start...even I dunno... aaj tak nahin pata aisa kyun hua but ek din mein toh nahi hua... I think it all started on the day when I had my last class of Sonu Gupta Mam (as Parveen Sharma sir was not teaching accounts to PCC students in 2008)’ Rachit said to himself.

And then he got lost into thoughts...

30th September, 2008 at Opposite Pitampura Metro Station (10.30 AM)

(Last day of Accounts class of Sonu Gupta Mam)

Rachit, Shalini, Diksha and Nikhil (Niks) were standing disappointed, while most of their batchmates were busy in fighting for good luck messages by Sonu mam on their books and registers. ‘Alright guys cheer up!! Aise dukhi ho jaise koi marr gaya’ Niks literally shouted breaking the silence there.

‘Yaar Niks this is not the time to joke. You know Shalini is going back to her hometown- Chandigarh tomorrow. Her coaching is over and she has got transfer of her articleship. May be this is the last time we are seeing her as she will give her papers from there only’ Diksha said with tears in her eyes.

‘I can understand that but ...’ Niks said.

‘No you can never understand that. You and Rachit have your papers in November 09. On one hand she has to deal with pressure of writing her papers after 1 month and on the other hand she is going away from her best friends. It is true that we know each other for 4.5 months only, but a kind of bond has been developed between us. We have become addicted to each other’s company. It’s difficult for us to separate now’ Diksha said interrupting Niks.

‘Ok cheer up. Hey Shalz do you want me to say some heavy words of friendship, goodbye and all that...if yes then that’s not me. You are not leaving us. We will stay connected. Arrey tu CA kar phir hum milke saath mein firm kholenge aur logo ko lutenge ;). For now we will party today’ Niks said consoling Shalini. ‘Ok then which place are we heading to... Select City Walk or CP??’ Rachit asked excitedly.

‘Dude today I will show you the real Delhi. These Multiplexes and Malls don’t represent the real Delhi. We will spend whole day together. No office, no phone calls etc. Switch off your mobiles otherwise you will give me the excuse that sir is calling’ Niks said with excitement.

Nikhil and Diksha were schoolmates and were Delhites. They knew this city much more than Rachit and Shalini who spent most of their time in coaching and articleship.

‘That’s great...but switching off the set is not a great idea man’ Rachit tried to protest.

‘Yaar this is my plan and it will go according to my way...arrey bhai Obama ka call thode hi aayega... I don’t want any kind of disturbance...it’s just a matter of few hours dude... trust me and follow me’ Niks almost convinced all of them.

With this the group left for their first destination i.e. India Gate. Saluting the Amar Jawan Jyoti which is the symbol of sacrifice and courage, gives a patriotic feel to the visitor. After having ice-cream there, they left for Akshardham which is very famous for its unimaginable architectural work. This was followed by visit to Humayun’s Tomb, Raj Ghat, Jama Masjid, Bara Gumbad, Jantar Mantar, Purana Qila, Lodhi Garden, ISKCON, Daryaganj and Red Fort.

Red Fort 7 PM

‘Nikhil you have really made this day memorable for me’ said Shalini with a feeling of gratitude in her eyes.

‘Anything for you dear, but the action is not over yet’ Niks winked at her.

‘Yaar it’s already late...I think we s’d go back’ Shalini said with a worried expression.

‘Arrey I’ll drop you and Diki home’ Niks said assuring her.

‘And what about me dude??’ Rachit said angrily.

‘Tujhe local bus mein bitha dunga bhai seedhe Laxmi Nagar utaregi’ Nikhil joked.

All of them burst into laughter.

‘Ok don’t waste my time. Lemme finish it with my masterstroke i.e. attraction of the day’

‘And what’s that Niks?’ asked Diksha.

‘Delhi-6 (Dilli- 6), soul of Delhi’ Niks replied.

‘What is Delhi-6 Nikhil’?, Shalini questioned.

‘Lemme answer this Shail... the ‘6’ here represent the pincode of the area. No part of the city is referred to like this. There is no Delhi-1 or 16 in common lingo, and that’s because this part of the city has a life and culture of it’s own. It covers the very traditional area of Chandni Chowk, Jama Masjid, Ram Lila Grounds etc. You will get here the best food of Delhi. And if I am not wrong we are heading towards legendary Karim’s Hotel !!’ replied Diksha on behalf of Nikhil.

‘You are partially right dear. Actually Rachit is strictly Veg so we will go to Paranthi wali gali.’

They had Khurachan Parantha, Methi Parantha and Bhindi Parantha along with Lassi. After that they had Kulfi at Haldiram and also visited Gurudwara Sis Ganj Sahib while roaming on Nai Sarak.

After that Nikhil dropped each one of them home and Rachit to his hostel at 10 PM.

After a tiring day and fully exhausted he switched on his handset, which had 16 messages from Radhika.

In Next Chapter:

Next chapter will reveal the root cause of problems between Rachit and Radhika. I will also try to finish his PCC life in next chapter.

CHAPTER 8: Rachit Speaks

16 Messages... this was really not my fault. There is one question which people keep asking me each day – “Why CA?”. Yes I admit that I never wanted to be CA. I chosen it coz it was not acceptable to me to join a college inferior to IIT. May be this was the biggest mistake of my life. I was doing something which I never wanted to do in my life. My second mistake was to do CA half-heartedly, infact as a burden. I was never excited about articleship and least bothered about the closing and audits. And my biggest mistake was to not share this thing with Radhika who was everything for me. I thought it is not good to mix our personal and professional life. The only thing I enjoyed during my Delhi trip was the bond I shared with Nikhil, Diksha and Shalini.

30th September, 2008 was no different when I had the time of my lifetime with them. But I blamed Radhika again for ruining those memories. I shouted on her for messaging me 16 times, when I was with my friends. I told her that I am tired of this relationship, and this was the only day which I was spent with my friends, but she can't see me happy. May be this outburst was the result of our previous fights or my own frustration of doing CA, but it caused a permanent damage in our relationship. She cried that night and what I did....I hang up the phone without even listening to her side of story...this was the first time that I had done this but certainly not the last time...may be slowly and gradually it became my new way to avoid argument or was a sign of my weakness to handle relationship...

To be honest I was sick of my routine- Morning Classes, Articleship and self-study. The biggest problem of a long distance relationship is to be in constant touch of your partner through telephone or messages. If there is a single day you miss it, you will be bombarded with the usual questions. Our late night talks were affecting my morning classes. I was not able to get proper output. I even started to miss my classes. If you miss even 2 lectures of practical subjects you are finished. I already had a very weak base in accounts, and I thought I can rectify my mistake in PCC...but I was wrong...I wasted my Accounts classes, and Costing was no different. The only thing I enjoyed was Taxation and maybe it was due to the terrific teaching skills of Ajay Jain Sir.

I know I was at fault but I can't be wrong every time. You have to accept the fact that we guys don't like to discuss our problems. We want to solve it ourselves. And we avoid talking to people till we solve our problem. I was no different. It doesn't mean that I don't love her or was trying to avoid her. It was like I was in my shelf and trying to find the solution of my problems. We guys are also very bad at expressing ourselves. We think that if we share our problem or cry, then it will give a very wrong expression to the other person.

I had my attempt in November, 2009 and I was scared to my wits. It was like I don't want to share it with Radhika, but it was affecting our relationship. It started with limiting our conversation from once a day to once a week. It was just for those 4 months. Was it very difficult to understand?? I was doing CA for her only. She was doing B. Tech which is a certain line but CA is a very uncertain line. We dunno whether we will clear our exams in first place. And even if we manage to crack it, we are not sure of getting placement. But how I can explain this to a student who got placed in her 7th semester only in one of the top IT company of our country.

It was not like I was not trying to revive our relationship. I was trying my level best. I even had a visit to Kolkata in Sep. 2009 just before my exams. But may be luck was not on my side. I flunked in my first PCC attempt. I was not very hopeful for a positive result but I was disappointed. My scores were-

Cost Accounting & Financial Management:	50
Taxation:	31
Information Technology & Strategic Management:	47
Total:	128
Result:	Fail.

This time I was more determined and really want her to be on my side. I took a complete 3 months leave from my office for this attempt. This time I appeared for both the groups. You can't expect a complete turnaround from a guy in 3 months but you can expect a positive result. But Radhika started feeling very alone in April. She wanted to talk to me each day. I know she was hiding something but I was so engrossed in my preparations that I didn't bother to ask her problem. Slowly I developed the habit of escapism. I used to talk to her each day in April, 10 while my mind was in my books only. I know I was being selfish. I know I was confused and was the real bad guy, but even I was human. I can also make mistake. I had never suffered failure in my life and Nov.09 result had hurt my ego.

To change my mind I planned a trip to Kashmir immediately after my May 10 exams. I had told Radhika about it and she was happy for me. I along with Nikhil & Co. boarded a train to Jammu from Anand Vihar Railway Station, same day I had my last exam of IT & SM. This trip was of 15 days but I was not unknown that prepaid numbers don't work in Kashmir. My mobile services went off there. This trip increased tension between me and Radhika which I later realized. My May 10 results were out and my marks were as follows:-

Group I

Accounting:	43
Auditing & Assurance:	48
Business Laws, Ethics & Communication:	58
Total:	149
Result:	FAIL

Group II

Cost Accounting & Financial Management:	50
Taxation:	56
Information Technology & Strategic Management:	42
Total:	148
Result:	FAIL

Grand Total:	297
Maximum Marks:	600

Fail without a single exemption.

I blamed Radhika and our telephonic conversations of April for it, while it was not her fault. I cut-off all my connections with her till my next attempt. Actually I was ashamed of my performance and was unable to face her. I thought I will talk to her once I restore my pride. She tried to contact me 'N' no. of times during that period. But I blocked her mobile number and email address. I took her for granted. I thought she will never leave me. I gave my best shot in Nov. 10 and cleared both groups with AIR 21. The next thing I did was to book my tickets for Kolkata and meet her. I reached her home on 8th Feb, 2011 i.e. her birthday. I rang the doorbell and her mom opened the door.

In Next Chapter:

In this part I have tried to give you the glimpse of real problem between Rachit and Radhika in Rachit's word. In the next chapter I will end their story and 10th part which is also the last part of my series will show Khushi's story. Till then keep reading!!

CHAPTER 9: Words Left Unspoken

Feb 8, 2011 – Kolkata- Radhika's Birthday

Rachit had already met Radhika's Mom during their (Radhika's Family) Delhi visit in 2008. They had often talked on phone. She knew about their relationship and had accepted her daughter's choice.

"Namaste Aunty...where is Radhika?" asked Rachit while touching her feet.

Radhika's Mom looked at him for few minutes shockingly, and then slapped him.

"Why did you do this to my daughter? This is what you call Love!!" her mother said while shouting at him.

"She is in her room. Go and met her" and she completely broke down...

Rachit who was still in the shock advanced to Radhika's room without uttering a single word from his mouth. There was hardly any sound inside the house. He charged towards her room alongside the balcony. He opened the door and entered the empty room. The room seemed dark as if all the happiness had been soaked out from it. He couldn't find Radhika there. He found a diary with the title – "Mishti (Rachit) and Shona (Radhika)". He started to flip through the pages...

Radhika Speaks

21st July, 2007: Today was the most beautiful day of my life. Finally Mishti has proposed me. I knew it was coming, but I never thought that he would be doing in such a fashion. Everything was so perfect about the set-up. Sea, candle-lit dinner, soft music and my Mishti. Today was the day when our eyes did the talking. We understand each other so well. A girl always dream of a person who loves him than anyone else. I trust him completely. I know he will never let me go. He will always keep me happy. He will always remain with me and love me unconditionally. I am so lucky to have you Mishti... love you a lot.

7th August, 2007: I had the time of my life today...guess what... today was the birthday of my love-Mishti. I knew that he loves Nature and Music. We skipped our lectures and went for a romantic getaway. We explored the city together. I prepared Mishti (Bengali Sweet) for my Mishti. I even wore a red saree with large Bindi especially for him, as he always wanted to see how I look during our festival (Durga Puja). I gifted him a CD of our favourite romantic songs. I asked him to play the last track, and to his surprise it was a special birthday number recorded in my voice. It ended with "Anni Tomako Bhalo Bhashi". I am madly in love with him...

"I love you because of what you do for me:
You encourage me when I'm down,
You make me feel good about myself,
You make me laugh,
You show me your love in so many ways.
Happy Birthday, my love and my friend!"

13th September, 2007: It was a very tough day. 13th September,2003 is the day when Mishti lost his mother, and he still considers it a very unlucky day. This year it tested our relationship and Mishti's courage. Today he left for Apollo Delhi and I didn't met him for the one last time in Chennai. I will never be able to forgive myself for that. He needed me today,but I didn't turned up. Nobody can understand a girl's heart. I know my Mishti. On face he shows everyone that he is very tough, but in reality he is scared of loosing me. I was worried that he would broke down on the thought of being seperated from me. IIT was his dream and to do graduation together from here, was the dream which we shared after coming into this relationship. We had planned our future, our first job, our date of marriage, our dream house...everything...now there is a high probability that we won't be studying together. But everything

would become normal. I am with him and will always remain with him. "I may not get to see you as often as I like. I may not get to hold you in my arms all through the night. But deep in my heart I truly know, you're the one that I love, and I can't let you go."

22nd March, 2008: I am so happy that my Mishti had fought against all the odds and prove everybody wrong. I know CPT is just a first phase of a very long journey, but he will become a very good Professional. CA is something he never wanted to do, and though he has never shared with me I know he is still doing it half-heartedly. But I am with him. I will encourage him to love his current field. Today is a very important day for him. He is going to Delhi to start his Articleship and to take his PCC coaching. Being a B. Tech student I dunno much about it, but I will Google the terms and visit ICAI site to learn as much about them as I can do, so that I can also contribute in our discussions. I just don't want to be a passive listener. If we are in relationship, it doesn't mean that we will only talk romance and positive things. I want to share his problems. I want to be an active part of his life.

30th September, 2008: Why Mishti...Why?? I am not crying coz you shouted at me, but because you hang up the phone without even listening to my side. I was worried about you. You had fever yesterday and today your phone was coming switched-off from the morning. I just wanted to know whether you are alright or no. I know you are very careless when it comes to your health. You won't go to a doctor. So, I asked mom about the medicines which you can take now. You said that I can't see you happy, while the only purpose of my life is to see and keep you happy. Why would I be jealous of your friends? I am happy that you have found an awesome group in Diksha, Shalini and Nikhil. They have filled the void which was created due to your separation from your B. Tech group. I am happy that at least someone is there in Delhi to take care of you, when I am here at Chennai. Mishti don't do this ever to me again. I really love you... :-'(

8th Feb, 2010: Today is my 21st Birthday and everyone expects me to be happy. But how can I enjoy when my Mishti is not happy. He flunked in his 1st PCC attempt whose results were out yesterday. I wanted to talk to him. But he switched off his cell yet again. I wanted to tell him that the person who loves you never judges you. I am with you Mishti. I know you will clear your May, 10 attempt with flying colors. I was hopeful that when Mishti will call me to wish me we will talk and sort it out. But he didn't....I waited for him to greet me till midnight but he didn't... I am not sad that he forgot my birthday, but of the fact that I couldn't talk to the most important person of my life on such a special day.

25th April, 2010: Things are not going well between me and Mishti. After his Nov.09 results he has started to take our relationship as liability. 14th Feb was the last time we shared anything and since then we only talked. I am missing my Mishti's smile and our loving conversations. I am turning insomniac (one who suffers from insomnia i.e. sleeping disorder). We talk less and fight more...and to make it worse Mishti has left me alone to sob. I don't want him to apologize. I just want him to love me like he used to. I keep thinking about this whole night. I dunno where I am lacking... may be it is my fault. He can't be wrong. He is the one whom I loved and trusted. These things are not letting me sleep.

My health is deteriorating. My grades are suffering. My GPA has dropped from 8.5 to 5. In next Semester (7th Sem.) we have our placements and I have to come back on track before June. I don't feel like talking to my B. Tech friends. I am feeling very alone here. I wish I could go back to Kolkata. I am missing my family... I feel like the love and happiness had been soaked out of my life.

"We're born alone, we live alone, and we die alone. Only through our love we create the illusion for the moment that we're not alone"

7th Aug, 2010: I was very excited today. I flew down from Chennai to Delhi to celebrate Mishti's birthday in the similar manner we did in 2007. I really wanted to make him feel special today. Mishti was really tensed. His May 10, PCC result which was supposed to be declared on 5th August was postponed for today. We met at "Dilli Haat" at around 11 am. For the first time in the past one year we were actually talking. He was holding my hand and was also making me smile. Then suddenly someone messaged him

that results were out. He opened the site on his mobile and the next thing which I saw was ocean of tears flowing from his eyes. He was crying badly in fact he was howling. I was shocked. I hugged him and then checked his mobile. His marks were as follows:-

Group I

Accounting:	43
Auditing & Assurance:	48
Business Laws, Ethics & Communication:	58
Total:	149
Result:	FAIL

Group II

Cost Accounting & Financial Management:	50
Taxation:	56
Information Technology & Strategic Management:	42
Total:	148
Result:	FAIL

Grand Total:	297
Maximum Marks:	600

Fail without a single exemption.

I was tried to console him but he asked me to leave him alone. He accused me and our conversations for his unlucky result. He went away leaving me all alone. I tried to call him but he didn't pick up my call. He didn't even turn up to drop me at the Station. Although I was just going back from Delhi to Chennai, but there was a feeling as if I am going away from my Mishti's life...it was a terrible feeling as if I won't be able to see him in future. I wish this is just a fear and not reality. I won't survive without him.

"I can't live without you and can't seem to live with you. Can't decide whether to hold on or let go. Disaster everywhere I turn. Fire is burning my heart. Eyes filled with tears... Mind wondering, lost in your words"

1st Jan, 2011 (New Years Eve): I can't take this pain anymore. When I say pain, I mean physical pain and emotional pain. It's been 5 months that I and Mishti had last talked. I tried to contact him but he has blacklisted my number. Once I called him from someone else cell, but he disconnected the call after hearing my voice. I know he is not cheating me, but he is also suffering like me. I contacted his Delhi friends but no one has seen him from a while. He has also changed his hostel and may be his number too. He wants to be left alone. I know he will bounce back but only after proving his capabilities by clearing his exam. I can wait for him for the lifetime, but my body is not allowing me to do so. All those tranquillizers and sleeping pills are showing their effect now.

My liver has become very weak and I am showing zero-resistance to disease and possible negative reaction to other drugs. I usually bleed from my nose. I skipped my semester exams and also placements. I am in Kolkata now with my parents. Today whole word is celebrating New Year and someone has just wished me that this New Year brings peace, joy, good health and everything I desire. I just desire that my Mishti clears his exam with good marks and come back to me. I can't live without him.

"Without you in my arms, I feel emptiness in my soul. I find myself searching the crowds for your face - I know its impossibility, but I cannot help myself."

1st Feb, 2011: I am finding it very difficult to grip the pen. I had vomited blood twice yesterday. Mishti it's my birthday a week from now and I know you will definitely come. I am trying my best to hold myself till then. But those pills and drugs have caused permanent damage to me. I thought of curing my pain with the help of these drugs. I am suffering coz of my fault. I don't want you to blame yourself. May be I didn't trust our love and took the aid of these drugs to forget you.

If you are reading this from my diary then it means that I have surrendered to this pain. But don't worry I have just gone out of this world and not from your heart. I will love you ever...forever...Shona

“This is not a goodbye, my darling, this is a thank you. Thank you for coming into my life and giving me joy, thank you for loving me and receiving my love in return. Thank you for the memories I will cherish forever. I love you “

Rathore CA Hostel, 3 AM, Delhi (Few days later)

It's been more than 72 hours that Rachit has stepped out of his room. He was constantly crying and reading Radhika's diary again and again. Finally he came out and moved towards the balcony of 3rd Floor. He thought for a while, looked at the stars, smiled and then jumped from there..

In Next Chapter:

I can never justify Rachit's behavior to ignore Radhika, nor his decision to commit suicide. Life is very precious and beautiful. I will try to explain it in more detail in 10th and last part of this series: Khushi Speaks.

CHAPTER 10: Khushi speaks

Apollo Delhi, Present Day

With this Rachit burst into tears. Khushi hugged him and gave him a glass of water.

‘You know what your problem is Rachit?’ Khushi said. ‘You have a habit to quit. You don’t like to face problems head on, but have developed a habit of escapism’.

‘What made you say this?’ Rachit asked.

‘Rite from your IIT days to CA life that is what you are doing man... quit... on one hand you claim to be strong, your heart knows that you run from reality. You made Radhika paid for your habit and now your father is suffering coz of that... ek baar bhi unke baare mein nahi socha suicide attempt karne se pehle!’

‘Khushi just shut up... you don’t know anything, so please don’t judge me... you can never understand what amount of pain I have gone through’, said Rachit angrily.

‘And you can never understand the pain Radhika had gone through without any fault of her. Her only fault was to love you... in fact you were her life. Nobody forced you to do CA. It was all your decision. Your first mistake was to choose CA and quitting B. Tech., coz it was hurting your ego. A sensible person should have concentrated to improve his health in that time and should have prepared for next year JEE. But you were not able to digest the fact that all your friends will become your senior or maybe you won’t be able to get the same college (IIT). Rachit, CA no doubt, is a brilliant line, but it was not your dream. You should have followed your dream of being an engineer.’

‘Even if it was at the cost of one year and settling for a mediocre college??’ Rachit asked.

‘So what... people drop 2-3 years in preparation of medical and then also they settle for an average medical college.’

‘I don’t want to discuss that... I have lost my Radhika and now I don’t have any purpose to live’.

‘This is your second problem. You never discuss problems. You just take decisions and expect everyone around you to adjust their life accordingly. Firstly without discussing with your father and Radhika, the two most important persons of your life, you decided to quit engineering. Radhika suffered from insomnia coz of you... you assumed that she won’t understand your problems. On the other hand instead of facing them, you started to ignore them.’

‘I had a tough life. I thought I can solve my problems on my own. I thought she would understand. It was just a matter of few months. I was not going anywhere.’

‘Not going anywhere... dude you were never with her. I am not talking about the physical distance but the emotional part. It was always about you. You only talked to her when you needed her. You used her as a stress-buster. She just needed some attention. Love is not about being in relationship, but living the relationship. If you were with your friends or were enjoying, you hardly cared for her. She used to wait for you and finally died waiting for you. She was murdered... your self-obsession killed her... You were very lucky to have her, but all you gave her was lifelong pain.’

‘That’s why I tried to commit suicide coz I was the reason of her suffering.’

‘As if that would have made her spirit happy. Idiot she wanted to see you happy. She wanted you to be a successful CA. Even in her last time, she was praying that you should do CA with your whole heart. She never doubted your skills. At the time of your negative result she wanted to be with you... to hold your hands, be in your arms and say that Rachit I trust you, and I know you will be a very successful man. And what you have done. You accused her to be the reason of your failure and left her all alone to suffer. She

came to Delhi all there from Chennai to celebrate your birthday and you left her coz of your negative result’.

‘But I came back... may be a bit late’.

‘Nopes, you came back as per your convenience i.e. when you had restored your pride or in other words satisfied your ego. Her love was not dependent on your professional achievements Rachit. Our Soulmate is the one who remains with us throughout our journey of life. We all know that life is not that simple and throughout our journey in life we might face numerous challenges, problems and setbacks. The difference between people who succeed in life and who don’t is their ability to face life challenges correctly and not the absence of challenges.’

‘I had never tasted failure in my life. I didn’t know how to react. I thought if I would remove all my connections with this world for few months everything would become fine. I got rank in next attempt’.

‘You would have anyway got rank Rachit. In your last attempt you missed by just 3 marks in total... that mean you knew your subjects well, but all you needed was a bit of more effort. How much it takes to talk for 20 minutes to your beloved. It was not like you were studying 24 hours. It’s all in the mind and about love. Life is not designed for people to succeed from the first attempt. There are two kinds of people- one who expects easy success, a smooth life that has relatively few bumps and of quick success; and other who understands that they need to try more than once in order to get what they want. You belong to first category that is extremely vulnerable to life problems and challenges. Instead of finding solutions you blame others for your loss. You can’t avoid setbacks but you can learn how to bounce back each time you face one.’

‘And what should I am supposed to do now?’

‘First of all learn to control your emotions. Don’t let your emotions overrule your decisions. What is your hobby?’

‘Well I like writing’

‘Thats great... just pen down your thoughts. Only a calm mind can take proper decision. Don’t let her memories haunt you, but her love should be your motivation. Your hard time is over. You are in Finals and most of your articleship is also done. Concentrate on your finals and give time to your family. Uncle needs you a lot. Whatever you have done cannot be reversed. So don’t give much stress to your brain’.

‘But... ’

‘Shhh... now relax. Take some rest now. We will talk tomorrow.’

‘Thanks’, Rachit said with eyes full of gratitude.

‘For what?’

‘For listening to my story and making me feel better’.

‘I’ll always be there for you Rachit’, Khushi said assuring him.

‘Means???’ , Rachit was surprised.

‘Nothing... just close your eyes and sleep... ok’

‘Good Night’

‘Sweet Dreams’

Apollo Delhi, Next Day

Rachit opened his eyes and saw the smiling faces of Diksha and Shalini.

‘Finally you have opened your eyes dude... we were so worried for you’ Diksha said.

‘Then where were you yesterday when I was all alone here and crying in pain. Thank God Khushi was there to help me out’ Rachit said.

‘What??’ Shalini shouted.

‘Why... what happened?’ Rachit asked in a puzzled manner.

‘Rachit you were in Coma for the past 72 hours due to head injury caused by the impact of fall’, Diksha said.

Khushi Speaks

I know many of you must be in a state of shock and raising questions about my existence. Don’t worry I am not Radhika’s Ghost who had came in Rachit’s dream. Then who am I?? Well it’s very simple ... I am Khushi i.e. happiness. I am always with you but you people are so engaged in your own world that you often ignore me. You may be also relate me with your inner voice. Following your heart and listening to your inner voice is a method to attain me. Just like in a loud noise of a heavy metal you often missed a smooth beat, similarly you people are so engaged in one big problem that you often missed various forms of me. If you can’t enjoy the happiness of one moment again and again, then why you think about one problem repeatedly!!

I can be found in many ways- Professional Success, Shades of Love, Flavours of Relationship, Victory in competition etc. But practically they all are my elements; just like there are different elements of life. They together in combination complete me. If one is professionally very successful but has a messed up personal life, he can never be happy. There is no point of getting success when your loved ones are not with you. Rachit secured rank in CA but at the cost of his love i.e. Radhika.

Things move far too fast in the hustle bustle of today’s world and you can often be left feeling as though you hardly have any time for your family, friends and leisure time with incessant work commitments, not to mention any time for yourself. But you can easily maintain it by making a balance between your personal and professional life. You s’d overview, prioritise things and accordingly make lists. There are many students who are doing CA and are also committed. But not all of them have a messed up life. They know both the things are equally important and they plan accordingly. If you think CA is the only line where you have no time for yourself then you are wrong. In medical one has to attend lectures, and then they have practicals, internship, exams, self-study and simultaneously their love life to handle. Even after becoming doctor their situation doesn’t improve much.

So the best think is to enjoy every moment of life, take it as it come and above all never quit coz life is very precious.

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up though the pace seems slow--
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than,
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out--
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit--
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

- Author unknown



Some Statistics:

Pulkit Gupta's series with the same name having huge success on the internet and that is the reason, which force me to compile the story in one booklet. According to him this stories have following response:

He took 3 months for completion of the whole story, in the response he got 26,250 post views on the forum post by him along with 613 comments.

From Writer's desk:

These figures sums up the love my first series "Life is what you make it" has got from my CA Club India posts. It was an emotional and a very remarkable journey. Rachit and Radhika are part of my life now, and I have started living a bit of them. Many of you have asked me one question that, "Whether this is my story?"... well my answer is some part of this story has been the part of everyone's life - whether it was Rachit's proposal to Radhika, leaving home for classes, chilling out with friends at Paranthu wali Gali, failures and success in CA, ignoring your loved ones, long distance relationship, pain of separation and above all living someone's else life... yes you have read it right... most of us are doing which we never wanted to do... but I strongly believe that now whatever we are doing we should do with full heart. As every beautiful journey has an end, so I complete my journey with this series and may be some other beautiful journey is waiting for me... the beauty of life is its uncertainty... We should take life as it comes... enjoy every moment of it as another shade of our life... there are two options to live- one to face problems with a smile along with your loved one and another is to escape the problems and die in frustration... You know why... because "LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT".

-Pulkit Gupta