

# **The Trader's Gita**

**Find Your Dharma in the Markets**

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### **Part 1 : The Beginning**

- Journey Started

# Journey Started

*Happiness is not something ready made.  
It comes from your own actions.*

**-Dalai Lama**

**A**rjun sat on the small terrace of his rented 1BHK house, watching the sun set. The sky was a mix of orange and pink, but Arjun's thoughts were dark and heavy. He held a pile of bills in his hands, unsure how he would pay them. The crinkled papers felt like the weight of his worries, pressing down on him.

Every month was the same. No matter how hard he worked at his low-paying job, it was never enough. Arjun came from a middle-class family, and his job at the local factory, where he worked long hours for little pay, barely covered the essentials. His wife, Meera, did her best to save every rupee, stretching their limited resources with remarkable skill. She cooked simple meals, patched up old clothes, and kept their small home tidy, despite the never-ending challenges. Their young daughter, Aarya, deserved more—a good education, new clothes, maybe even a few toys. But all Arjun could give were empty promises.

The terrace was his little refuge, a place where he could escape the cramped interior of their one-bedroom home and breathe a little easier. The distant hum of the city below and the cool evening breeze offered a brief respite from his troubles.

Meera came upstairs, wiping her hands on her apron. She sat next to Arjun and noticed the bills in his hands. She put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "*We'll manage, Arjun,*" she said softly. "*We always do.*"

Arjun sighed deeply. *"I don't know how much longer we can keep managing, Meera. Aarya needs more. You deserve more. I feel like I'm failing you both."*

Meera squeezed his shoulder. *"You work so hard. We'll find a way. Maybe there's something new you can try, something different."*

One evening, everything changed. Arjun was at the local tea shop, a place where the aroma of boiling chai and the hum of conversations provided a brief escape from his worries. As he sipped his tea, he overheard a conversation.

A group of men, dressed in smart casual clothes that hinted at a life of comfort, were talking about the stock market. Words like *"bullish," "bearish,"* and *"day trading"* sounded foreign but fascinating. One man in particular, with a confident voice, talked about how he had made a lot of money through trading. He spoke of strategies and profits, painting a picture of success that sparked a small hope in Arjun.

*"Madhav, did you really make that much in just one month?"* another man asked, his eyes wide with amazement.

Madhav nodded, a smile spreading across his face. *"Yes, Prakash. I started with a small amount, learned the basics, and now I'm seeing good returns. It's not without risks, but the rewards can be worth it."*

A third man, Anil, chimed in, *"I've been thinking about getting into trading too, but it seems so complicated. How did you learn, Madhav?"*

Madhav leaned back in his chair, looking thoughtful. *"I spent a lot of time studying. I read books, watched videos, and practiced with a small amount of money. It's all about understanding the market and staying disciplined."*

*"But isn't the stock market just gambling?"* Prakash asked, frowning. *"I've heard so many stories of people losing everything."*

Madhav shook his head. *"It's not gambling if you know what you're doing. You need to have a strategy and manage your risks. Yes, there are risks, but with knowledge and discipline, you can make it work."*

Curious, Arjun leaned closer to catch more of their conversation. *"Excuse me,"* he said hesitantly. *"I couldn't help but overhear. How did you get started with the trading?"*

Madhav turned and smiled warmly. *"It's all about learning the basics and practicing. Anyone can do it if they're willing to put in the time. Start with small investments and focus on learning."*

Madhav added, *"There are many online resources available now. You can join forums, watch tutorials, and even take courses."*

Arjun felt a flicker of hope. *"Thank you,"* he said, feeling a surge of determination. *"I'll look into it."*

That night, lying next to Meera in their small, dimly lit bedroom, Arjun couldn't stop thinking about the stock market. What if trading could solve their financial problems? What if he could learn and make money this way? He imagined a life where they didn't have to worry about money. A life where Aarya could dream big, go to a good school, and have new clothes and toys. He pictured Meera smiling, free from the stress of making ends meet.

*"But Arjun, we don't know anything about the stock market,"* Meera said, her brow furrowed with concern. *"People say it's like gambling. What if we lose everything?"*

*"I know, Meera. But I met some men at the tea shop today who said anyone can learn. They explained that with the right knowledge and discipline, it's not gambling. I'm going to try. I have to try,"* Arjun replied, determination in his voice.

Meera looked at him, worry etched on her face. *"I'm scared, Arjun. But if you believe this can work, I trust you. Just promise me you'll be careful."*

*"I promise,"* Arjun said, squeezing her hand. *"I'll start small and learn as much as I can before making any big moves."*

The stock market seemed like a mysterious world, far removed from his everyday life. Yet, the hope was too strong to ignore. He decided to learn everything he could about trading, no matter how long it took. He was determined to change their lives.

Arjun's journey would be tough. There would be late nights spent studying charts, early mornings filled with market news, and countless hours of practice and learning. There would be successes that lifted his spirits and failures that tested his resolve. Moments of doubt, when he questioned if he was doing the right thing, and moments of clarity, when everything seemed to fall into place.

Little did Arjun know, this journey would not only change his family's future but also transform him in ways he never imagined. It would test his patience, his perseverance, and his will to succeed. But through it all, he would discover strengths he never knew he had and a new sense of purpose.

This is Arjun's story— determination, and the pursuit of financial freedom through the stock market.