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WHERE
MATERIALS
CEASE,
MIRACLES
OCCUR!

Life gives everyone a story,
but very few write a book.

FOREWORD:

In the name of Allah, the most beneficent and merciful. All praises are for Allah who gave me this beautiful life, parents and friends.

This book is the pen-portrait of some incidents of my (writer's) life, which might have a great message. It is about the turning point of everyone's life. It is about my admission into a University, perhaps the best in the city.

This story is a wholesome pack of ups and downs, emotions, struggles, friendship, love. It also helps one improve one's belief in Allah SWT.

DISCLAIMER:

To the fact that this isn't a formal writing or a news-article ,but a Novel, it is clear that it will contain bounty of clichés, redemptions and different poetic devices.

If this were to be a formal writing, then these clichés would resemble waste of time, but since this is a creative writing, these clichés and redemptions add flavor and essence.

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Chapter 1: THE FONS ET ORIGO

Piercing the darkness, the moonlight was travelling at a speed lower than usual. The wind was cold and dense. All the elements of this cold night were diverging at the window of room 115, where the boy on the window was gazing upwards into nowhere. Though the moonlight was falling on the boy's eye-lens, no image was interpreted by the boy, perhaps the eyes open here were actually closed somewhere else. Even the cuddling wind couldn't make the boy urge for it. The boy was in some dimension else. All the other boys in the hostel were halfway to the completion of their dreams. But this boy along with his other roommates knew no importance of sleep. Some of them were busy on the phone with their Juliets, some were about to hit the ace tier (in

PUBG-a game), some were in dilemma for not looking at the backside of the question paper earlier that day, only one of them was past asleep.

Let me briefly introduce you to these young fellas first. The mad boy is the writer (me, pstt), along with his friends, pursuing 12th standard at a residential college. The Intermediate Public Exam is the thing of past and the only thing stopping them are the Entrance Exams. The other 5 boys and the writer are the constituents of room 115 at the hostel block. Each of these six boys is a perfect protagonist for a novel, but this one is about the one writing it.

As I was indulged in the job of a thinking, Mushu interrupted me and asked,

‘What are you thinking so immensely about?, Is it the Royal Enfield again?’

I wasn't in the mood to answer him, so I just pretended I never heard him.

Here is a small part of Mushu's character, he is one tough guy, you cannot ignore him just like that. So he constantly attempted to ask. After a perpetuity of me ignoring him, I began,

‘They said they'll buy me one after the result comes out.’

Penetrating the silence, there was a knock on the door.

Piece of information, if you are at the hostel and you hear a knock on the door after 10 or 10:30 at night, then you are in trouble, not as big to be dreaded for, but yes to be worried for.

It was way past 12 and there is constant banging on the door, all of us stopped the businesses at the very point and crumbled ourselves into blankets.

And now the question arises, who will open the door.

All the eyes were on the door, slipping from under the blankets, just as a half-submerged crocodile's eyes popping out of the water.

All of us were so stubborn that the banger might bang the door till dawn but no one would open it.

But between all these devils was, a divine being, of whom Mahatma Gandhi, Nelson Mandela and Martin L.K. Jr., would have been proud of, if they were alive. He, who was sleeping like a cute cat.

But that sleep had to be broken in order to stop the ear-stabbing noise. Alas, he had to open the wooden shield of the room.

All of us were expecting the warden of the floor or someone,

Yes, he was a very big trouble to us. Amongst all the amusing stories of my hostel life, wardens play big roles.

This one warden, Ramu was a pain in the ***, but his role is very short, its big though, but short. So, here it goes, As the days passed Ramu's torture got unbearable.

And it was a boy's hostel and he made all the boys fed up.

By nature boys are the best, but when the things go opposite to their expectations, boys become CRUEL. They have inbuilt traits of the wolves, as the wolves form a pack and feast on the flesh of their prey.

Here, the exact same thing was going on, Ramu was provoking the tamed ones to become fierce and savage.

The boys had no chance, than to do the stress busting, (keep reading, you'll get to know Stress-Busting).

One night when he was on his daily rounds, all of us kept it normal, switching the lights off in time, following all the rules, except for one

room, and when he went there and started scolding them, some of us would turn off the mains, and when everything goes dark, the pack surrounds their prey, with the spooky teeth and honed nails, start biting the flesh out and scratching everywhere, the poor prey couldn't do a thing, but to see itself get teared apart.

That night Ramu broke three of his bones, got a blackened eye and was out of our lives and the hostel. Hence the Stress-Busting.

Back to the story, as Muzzamil went towards the door, and opened it, to our surprise it was....

Chapter 2: Introduction o'clock.

We watched Muzammil go towards the door. Deep down I knew it wasn't right, I wish I waved him a last goodbye, but it wasn't destined, I guess, Or.... maybe I was over reacting. So, he opened the door to the room and our mystery. It was Umar. Umar who? Okay, I think now it's time to introduce you people to the people. The people who were obstinately there for me, the people whom I became closest to, the people I will never forget, the people I would never wanna forget.

At our hostel, as any other hostels, pure vegetarian food was served by the server with a tag of 'bon appetite' on his grinning face. The only time we used to get non-veg was on Friday night. In a small side plate, utmost three pieces

of lifeless chicken was served. We used to get boiled eggs too, but I don't consider egg to be non-veg.

However, we had a canteen, which served non-veg snacks. And if you think going to the canteen and having the non-veg snack is effortless, then you need to put efforts to read the efforts it takes to have something there.

We first had to find a perfect timing for the approach, so that none were approaching the canteen. These hostels days have taught me many things, saving money being one lesson. If I go to the canteen alone, I would spend lesser money, than going in company.

Secondly, we had to find a place where we could sit peacefully and enjoy till the last bite of that something.

Honestly, this was a tough job. After a little exploration, I found a perfect place and a perfect time. After the lunch break, slightly before the

conclusion of break, was the perfect time and the abandoned class room number..... I don't really remember the number, was the perfect place. I perfectly managed to do this for a long time.

One Sunday, as I went inside the class room number... I don't really remember, I saw Sharjeel sneaking out. We had a really awkward confrontation. We didn't cross our eyes for few seconds, then I saw a burger, a bag of chips and a soft drink can in his hand, and I had a bag of chips less than the things he had. I had nothing to loose, so I started "Lets keep this secret and enjoy the moment". And from then Sharjeel became my canteen buddy. I even remember the first encounter with Sharjeel, but this thing got me close to him. Later on, I found out, that the 5-foot 4 inch had strength of Goku and loyalty of the most loyal person in the world. This was about Sharjeel.

There were nights spent in my apartment, feeling safe and warm, nights spent before the most exciting school trip the next day, nights spent in a car to a 600 mile long journey towards Makkah-Madinah, nights spent on the half-moon beach in Dammam, night spent in dismay in the flight back to India, leaving all the memories behind, nights spent before the first day of new school, nights before the result day, nights of heavy rains, cold nights, sweaty nights before an Air cooler.

But the nights I would want to relive are those spent with this guy, Mohtashim a.k.a. Mushu. The one with a charisma to flatter any girl, the one with a sensational voice, the one with all the qualities of a perfect bro. Ufff! The nights he sang and sang us into a twilight.

This one night he was singing 'Despacito', equivalent to LoiusFonsi, or even better than him, if I say. Soon, he became 'The Despacito guy'. So, this was about Mushu. Mushu was the

one and the only one I showed my writings to. I never believed in me, but he did, he encouraged me write.

The next one in the list is the one with a list of names, he can be called Wajju or Wajji or Wazid or Wajid or Wazahat or Wazahit or Hamza or even Bajaj (Our Math sir mistook his name to be Bajaj, once). But his actual name is Mohammed Wajahath Khan ('h' from the epiglottis). We first met in 9th standard; he came back from Saudi Arabia as an innocent little boy. He didn't know about the cruel world and was bullied a lot.

As days passed, he grew into the most tyrant person I know. We weren't too close during the school days, but then we took admission in the same college, where the seed of our friendship germinated and now it has a hefty trunk. So, the first few weeks of college, he used to be along me like a tail, scared and panicky. After the first homesick holidays he found a way to make an impression, he bought a pair of blue eye lens,

which looked close to real eye lens. From there on he became 'The blue eyes' and made friends and that scoundrel even changed the room. However, we were destined together, so the next year we were allotted the same room again (115).

To delineate him, I would simply say 'crime-partner'. Sneaking-out of hostel, bunking classes, and even the things I cannot mention in this book, we did them together.

Now, I am not sure why, but people often mistook me as a North-Indian. Whoever heard me speaking Telugu, were astonished at first, then I had to explain them that I am a proud South-Indian. Not just the fellow-mates, even the lecturers, the coordinators, and the mess people thought me a North-Indian. Then I came up with an idea, most of the coordinators didn't speak perfect English, they instead used Telugu most of the time or even all of the time, so I started

pretending that I didn't know Telugu, and life was easy then and even at the mess, North-Indians had the privilege of 'roti' in the dinner, other had only the rice, so even there I was able to get roti's for no set out.

And now me and Wajji were a group of blue eyes and a North-Indian, so we started tricking people. We would go to them and say that we are from Jammu and Kashmir and the people actually believed us. One of the victims of this prank was Muzzamil. The most moral and pure guy I know, the type of boy required to make world a better place, the son every father would want, the friend in need.

Every group has one weak, delicate guy, who often gets bullied. Unlike that, we had the strongest, sturdiest guy in our group, whom we oppressed. The first encounter with this guy was on an evening, during the first few days of college, he was about 6feet 3-inch-tall and

weighed 160kgs, in short he was the Andre of our group. From a distance, as he was approaching towards me and Wajji, we just looked towards him coming. I whispered in Wajji's ear,

“These two guys are from Kareemnagar, and my brother has warned me to stay away from these fellas.”

No offense to Kareemnagaris, later we turned to be best of friends, but at that time I had this feeling about Kareemnagar. He came to us and in a dense voice said,

“AssalamuAlaikum. Do you people know where we can find room for namaz?”

That's it, from there on we grew closer and his voice became lighter and ultimately, he became teddy bear of our group.

While we were searching for the namaz room we met Sami, the one from toppers batch. He was good in studies and was also religious.

And Umar he was.....

Chapter 3: THE REVISION MONTH....

Umar was the most intellectual guy of our group. Although he wasn't of our room, he used to come over sometimes for some priceless fun. He was the tech guy of our group and a huge fan of MCU. All thanks to him I watched Avengers: Infinity War, 2 days before its release in India.

So everyone was back to their crease, and back to business. After a while of watching Wajji play PUBG, Umar started,

‘Is anyone interested in filling the SRM University form?’

No one actually cared his words as we were bulged with overconfidence.

But there was small pull inside my heart,

‘What if I couldn’t qualify either of JEE Mains or EAMCET Examinations?’.

So I pulled myself towards Umar and asked innocently,

‘What’s the procedure for filling the form and what about the exam fees?’.

Umar gave me the details, and also made me aware of the whopping 3000 rupee price. Out of overconfidence and penny-pinching, I changed my mind.

Okay I am not always stingy, ask anyone about me, who know me, they’ll say. But here, in this dungeon, 30-100-rupee notes are a very big amount, like seriously, you can eat one Chicken-puff, one Chicken -roll, two bags of potato chips and drink a can of soft drink every single day for a month long.

So, not deviating from the main storyline, I changed my mind up, and decided not to

attempt any other entrance exam except for the two I was paying the fees for. And after a while of these, everyone was asleep.

Next day, the teacher came to the class as he did every single day, and sat on his chair and started,

‘ From today, you will do the revision of your own for the coming Exams.’

Yes, yes. I know there are many grammatical errors in the above phrase, but we were used to it. The teacher wanted to convey that, the teaching part was done and now was the time for self learning or self revision. I completely remember that month, THE REVISION MONTH, all of our section was made to sit at the corridors (as we were the most mischievous section), four weekends were cancelled and the whole month was crawling. That day I remember sitting beside Siddharth Jain, the

happy-go-lucky guy of our class. That day he wasn't the same, he was more a worrisome guy, he turned the pages of some book, noted something, he was doing some serious stuff out there. After an eternity, he handed me piece of paper, which had all the master plan for cracking the JEE, but I was rather interested in the EAMCET. But then he explained me about the blemishes of EAMCET.

Clearly, solving 160 questions in 90 minutes is possible by no stretch of the imagination, moreover the exam was a Multiple choice question paper without negative marking. EAMCET is plainly an unfair exam, as anyone with good stars may test their luck there.

So me and Sid Jain diverged all our focus towards the JEE. That very month, I worked very hard, for all I know the most hard-worked month of my life. As the month was heading towards its margin, we were building even more confidence and by the end we were totally

prepared to thump the JEE paper. And then came the day we all waited for, SUNDAY, and this Sunday was even more special, because it made us wait for aeons.

After a firm month, we all had the relief in our eyes.

Sundays at the hostel are “the” best. Especially at our place, we had a complete blueprint of that 24 hours.

Getting into a little brief, exactly at 3 o' clock, rooms 113,114,116,120 and 121 gathered at 115. Then there used to be ShayariMehfil (Urdu poetry) lead by me, followed by a Badri and gang's entertainment program .Also dancing was mandatory. All of these leaded us to the 6-9 study hours, where studies was ignored just as the cherry on a chocolate cake. Sunday's study hours weren't actually meant for studies, we named it as Entertainment hours. Ah, poor guy Bala, we literally used to bully him those 3 hours (bullying here refers to harmless fun, Bala didn't

actually minded us) . Everything that day was different ,papers were crumbled into balls, pens were the soldiers fighting a war (in pen fight- a game), benches were treated as drums, Atharva had mastered in beating drums, those drums along with whole class singing

‘ChummaChumma’ song, changed the class into a concert hall, all the coordinators were fed up of us, after a series of enjoyment, time was for dinner, then back to the rooms, where the fun got even better, as we played games then.

Three of them were compulsion- Kabaddi, Blindfold hide n seek, and arm wrestling.

So, as the month of struggles terminated, and ‘The Sunday’ finally arrived, everything happened similar to the blueprint as usual, but the one thing unusual that day was, while playing Blindfolded, I rammed my left leg into a bed. The pain wasn’t that severe and we had a “MPC doctor" among us. So, Mushu the one, came to me, examined my leg and did apply

some of his “doctrish” knowledge and gave me a massage, and to everyone’s surprise, the pain vanished. Then we hit the beds.

I was the one to lead Fajr prayer at 5 in the morning and Sami used to call Azaan at the hostel. We used to switch places though, but that day, I had to lead the Salah. So, Sami came to our room at about 5 in the morning to wake us up.

Although Satan wasn’t letting me wake up, I broke the chain of laziness and dragged myself up and stepped out of the bed. My right leg was down , then.....

Chapter 4: Juncture.....

As I was stepping down the bed, my right leg was down then my left leg was down, then as I raised my body, with a sharp pain, the left leg collapsed and I fall on my face, everyone was up and rushed towards me, Sharjeel picked me up and I tried to make me stand once again, but failed to do so. My leg was hurting, it was badly hurting. And after some time, the news was all around, all the North-Indian batch and Maharashtra batch, in short everyone showed up.

And this is the upper hand of being so popular (wink), you get so much sympathy.

Even the principal of our college Mr. Ram Prasad sir had a liking for me. As soon as he got

the news, he sent me to the hospital, haply one of the best hospitals in the city.

There I was appointed to an Arthroscopic surgeon. As I sat at the waiting area, I read the qualifications of the doctor. He had multiple degrees and master degrees. It was quite impressive. Then came my turn, the Sick in-charge dragged my wheelchair into the doctor's cabin and the Doctor examined my leg for a while. After all the examination, he started,

‘This is a case of acute ACL tear and you need to be operated within next 48 hours or you would end up disabled for the rest of your life.’

How deceptive people can be. A doctor with bunch of degrees and medals, frightened me so much.

Out of that deception, the first thing I did was, ringing my mum's phone. I tried to convey her the story, but out of panic, couldn't do so.

My father then took the phone, and the only thing I spoke then was,

‘I have a broken leg and the doctor gave me a time limit, if you don’t want me disabled, come over as soon as possible.’

That’s it. My father, he was there within an hour and half. A journey of about two and half hours, he covered it in just one and a half. Both of them were there to console me.

Sometimes I feel so thankless to the nature, that it had provided me with the best it could, and I could never obtain it. When I look back, I feel ashamed of myself, to all the pain I have given to my parents and to all the pieces of their heart I shattered. But then again, that bond is selfless one. Parents never expect something in return, they just know to provide, protect and pertain.

My Dad had already spoken to our family doctor, who suggested everything against what

was told. He suggested my Dad to take an MRI of my leg and bring me back to hometown.

As of some reason we couldn't take the MRI and had to return back empty handed. While returning back, I laid on the backseat of the car. It was the time just before dawn, both darkness and light coexisted, the warmth of the day was now declining, both of my parents were busy in their thoughts and that was the time which left me solitary with my thoughts, and the only thought running down the alley of my mind was, 'What if I really get disabled, how would I ride the Royal Enfield then.'

Yes, that's exactly how silly I am. At times where any normal person would think about his future, I was worried about riding a bike. And yes, that's how much my bike means to me.

'Anyone can own a bullet, but one needs to deserve a ride"- they said, well said.

After reaching Mahbubnagar, my hometown, we stopped only at the doctor's, who also is my uncle. There I explained everything happened to the him. He inquired about the MRI, and to the fact that it wasn't there, he started examining my leg. While he was doing so, I gave voice to what the other doctor said. He had a small grin on his face, he started,

'Even after falling from a height onto the knees, people heal up, and this is just normal, don't worry much, you'll be running in few days'.

To his saying this, I felt reassured.

Fear of disability was vanished now and the other fear hiding beneath came up. The fear of exam.

Okay, not precisely a fear, I actually had a worry, that all the brain grinding hard work I did would go vain, if I couldn't attempt the exam.

But the first thing to be done here was to get myself braced, so we got an appointment from

an Ortho-doctor and he suggested a knee supporting brace. And now I was totally immobilized by the grace of the brace.

Undoubtedly, every minute thing given by the Almighty is precious. ACL is some ligament, that supports the knee. Even if this teeny-tiny ligament tears, whole leg becomes futile. The structure of a human body is enough to amaze one to the sky. How could this faultlessly constructed body come into existence without any supernatural force.

Anyways, as the time started moving, minutes changed into days and days into years. Doing nothing, is the hardest thing to do, I guess.

When you are all alone, when the thoughts in your mind start vacating, when your brain starts pulsating out of continuous thinking, when your mind is tired of being devil's warehouse, when the hands of the watch on your wrist near to freeze, then you realize that, Einstein spoke truth about time. Indeed, time is relative. Where

all my other friends were playing tug-of-war with time (while studying for the exam), I was playing Insuknawr with it.

Like it was unquestionable, all the month of half-slept nights, all the concepts I imprinted in my brain, all the things which made my brain taut, now started to jump off. I started becoming blank. After creeping and crawling, time finally made it to the day of exam- The JEE Mains.

I wasn't aware if I could even attempt the paper. With a vacant mind and an absolute face, I entered the hall. My seat was neither to the corner nor at the front, it was perfectly aligned amidst the hall.

As the time for the exam commenced, on the screen popped a question, and let me tell you, that was a dead-to-grave easy question, I solved it in no time. But me, I never celebrate early, so I went solving onto the next question and then next question and then further. The paper was

so interesting that, I forgot to celebrate after each question. So, it went on and on, and I had solved a greater part of the paper.

Came out of the hall with a grin from one ear to the another. That's it, the twinkling confidence in me got augmented and the membrane of fear holding all the concepts was gone

Chapter 5: Easy street.....

That day I went to my uncle's home (the family doctor) for a brief check-up of the knee. After all that was over, aunt brought us tea, and we exchanged some thoughts. Among all those talks, I remember only one thing, my aunt's question. She asked,

‘How was the paper today, which University are you expecting?’

Basically, I had no future plans made, but out of blue, I said that I was expecting a seat at the CHAITANYA BHARATI INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

After reaching back home, I tried to figure why I said so. I started recollecting, and what I found was,

‘Days back, one day I was at the bus station with my dad , waiting for a bus to the city after a

long vacation at the hometown. There was an endless queue at the ticket counter, and at the front portion of the line was dad's childhood friend along with his son.

Dad immediately went to him and asked him to buy an extra ticket for me. As they were meeting after a life and there was some time for the bus to arrive, exchange of thoughts started. Dad inquired about his son, and he said with a pride that his son was perusing B.E. at the CHAITANYA BHARATI INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

I couldn't digest the smile on his face, and asked, what was so great about it. Then he explained that, CBIT was the top ranked college in the whole city. I didn't bother his words, and then the bus arrived, I went in, plugged my earphone and went to another world.'

I never dreamt of being in CBIT, neither was I aware of it. But that day, why I answered my

aunt about being in CBIT, still makes me chill to my bones.

However, as the membrane of fear was gone and the confidence started bulging into over confidence, came the date of the other exam-EAMCET.

By the passage of time I became very overconfident. And to an astonishment, half of the exam time, I was sleeping on the desk. Even without solving, I started testing my fate. Almost every question I attempted that day was a fluke.

Alas! Time had come, when all the bonds and borders were broken and I was free. That day after the exam, as I was going back to my town, the prior thing I did was, downloading PUBG-the game, which I had eradicated for more than two months or so.

As the days became joyful, and there didn't exist single fret, the colour of time changed. It

suddenly changed itself. It was on a very high pace.

Isn't it strange about time, that how time for one isn't the same for a second.

It was the month of Ramadan. The newspapers and channels started playing with our feelings. Every day you wake up, you open your phone and check out for the IPE result and every day the news articles convince you that, it would be out the next day.

Succeeding the period of today-tomorrow, the result was finally out and I scored very well. Everyone was happy for me, and the ones jealous of me were on track, being jealous.

And if you read the above paras carefully, you know what is gonna happen after this.

Let me call you back, how Mushu asked me about my thoughts and how I said that I will be getting the RE Bullet after the results.

Ah, yes it was the time. I went to the showroom, but this time I wasn't there for window shopping, I was there for living up my dream. As I went inside, to the corner, was resting a beautiful white bike. And then I knew what love at first sight meant. Likewise, even the bike had a blush with a pinch of shy, like the one's lovers have for each other, or it was just my interpretation.

After all the course of formality, I laid me hands on her, and while taking a ride on it, I felt like the king.

Frankly, 'There is no short of royalty until you are on a Royal Enfield'.

After a few miles travelling in the sky on the cloud nine, I came back home.

As a matter of fact, you don't feel any type of pain whilst being contented, after reaching back to the square one, to my home, my legs started aching. I was bone-tired and all the parts of my

body were shouting and screaming, they wanted me to reach the bed. I was so exhausted that, the bed in the next room felt very far. Finally, I was able to cover up those miles and I fell subconscious on the bed.

Everything was quiet, it was so quiet that I could hear the movement of air.

I was totally into the pleasure of that silence, but to punctuate this, there was a notification ring on the phone.

I was lying on my face, amidst all the darkness, there was only one light, the blinking of notification panel. It was causing a discomfort to the eye, so I had to take the phone and clear that notification.

As I took the phone in my hand and was about to clear that message, I accidentally read it. I wish I haven't done that. That one message ruined all parts of the beautiful night left. It was from one of my school fellas, Mustafa conveying

that the next day, key for the EAMCET exam was to be out.

That was totally it, I lost my senses after reading it and my heart started clobbering as even if I was hiding it from myself, I knew I didn't attempt the exam properly.

After spending the terrific night, I went to him right way as soon as the sun was over the head. I never pertained enough guts to tally my answers with the key, so I handed it to Mustafa and the only thing he did after evaluation was a "nod". But in that nod, pity for me was clearly spilling out. I knew something was very wrong, but couldn't do anything about it then.

However, in betwixt of these series of things, the result of JEE Mains was also out. It was quite well, but none appreciated me for that, as every eye was on EAMCET.

I depleted the whole month of Ramadan waiting for the result of the EAMCET. But it.....

Chapter 6: Ramadan

I depleted the whole month of Ramadan waiting for the result of the EAMCET. But it didn't come.

Days and nights in Ramadan are very beautiful. That one month, all the sort out of the day is altered. To a bonus, this Ramadan wasn't the bog- standard one, as it had no college and a lot of time to spare.

In the course of vacancy, as to avoid our mind from the devil's hands, we need to tenant there some activity.

As I was searching for some way to kill time, to my hands stuck a paper.

The paper was more like the one crumbled, then fortified. Out of curiosity, I started going through it. To the top of the page, "BOND PAPER" was written. I continued reading, it

had lots of grammatical mistakes and errors and after a para of these, some names were written and by those names, signatures were done. It seemed to be very important document as it was with perfect stamping of the college and The Principal. The paper read as follows,

‘ **BOND PAPER**

The members of our batch agree on the fact that, whoever from our circle gets the highest marks in the Intermediate Public Examination, he should give us a biryani or mandi (a Yemeni dish) party.

1. NAME1 sign
2. NAME2 sign
3. NAME3 sign
4. ..
5. ..
6. ..
7. ..

8. ..

9. ..

,

[Yes, it had these many grammatical errors, but it was duly stamped]

Thus, was how the paper read. That paper was a very important thing. It was the assurance that we friends will have a reunion after the results of the IPE.

The next moment I put my hand in the pocket, took my 6.2 inches phone out and at once rang all the member who signed on that paper.

We had an hour long bla-bla and we decided some date for the reunion. Osman (the one with highest marks) was supposed to give the party.

And from here the story for a time becomes amorous. I started acting sincere to my parents. Anything they wanted me to do, I

did it right away, I became like the most obedient son. And yes, that's the only trick to convince parents for something, just become the son they dreamt for till the work is done and you are good to go.

One day before the union, with an innocent face, I went to my father and asked,

‘Could I go to the city tomorrow, as all my friends have planned to gather’.

Mark my words, after all these courses of actions, you will never get a denial. My father allowed me to go as well.

Me and Wajji started from Mahbubnagar in a bus at noon. And by near evening we arrived to the destination. We had a particular meeting spot, “The Mehfil Restaurant”, and not only us, students of nearly 15-20 colleges there, had the same stop.

As me and Wajji came down the escalator, we saw Muzzamil standing at a distance.

Although he was facing the other way, we could recognize him by his standing posture. We went to him and joined him standing. Soon, Sharjeel arrived and we were four standing, then Rasheed and Mushu joined us and then came Sami and Umar, then some more friends came and yet after becoming from ones, twos to a group, we carried on the standing job. One of us then started, 'Why in this world are we standing here, we should go inside and carry out the meeting there'.

With a faint voice someone interrupted, 'We are waiting for the main guy- Osman to arrive'.

The host of the party hadn't arrived. Everyone of us was swelling with anger. We tried dialling him, but he was at a place, where network didn't cover. It was almost dusk and the Aftar time(breaking of fast)

was approaching. We had no other option, than to go in and pay our own bills.

Food you buy for yourself, it always tastes good and is more than sufficient, where if someone else were to pay, then your taste buds magically get irked and your greed, is almost at the peak.

Even after that, we enjoyed that day to the fullest. Although we couldn't enjoy the Mandi, the sandwich combo that Mehfil Restaurant offers is out of the world. First of all, you get a Shawarma with all types of spices that water your eyes, then comes the grilled cheese sandwich, where the cheese is so hot that, it may even burn your tongue, along with the hot potato chips, after all these, you get an Ice-cream. And no, they didn't sponsor this book, their combo is genuinely awesome.

After all the fun, we were back home. The bubble of joy and fun was ruptured and I was back to the red- zone of strain. The strain in

the head. The strain due to the result. I always wondered why strain doesn't have units, now I know. Even if strain had units, I wouldn't be able to explain about it, that day. (Yes, I know some physics).

Nonetheless, the month of Ramadan passed and it was time for.....

Chapter 7: Two Faloodas please!

The month of Ramadan passed and it was time for collection of some Eidi. Usually, Eid is celebrated for three days. And we had a good draft for those three days.

The first two days were celebrated normally at home and the other day, at our aunt's in Hyderabad. Those two-three days spent, were out of the world. We had loads and bounties of fun. We would go to a movie, usually Bhaijaan's (Salman Khan) movie, then we would go to some mall and then the best part, special dinner made by my Aunt. After these, we used to chatter till the third one-fourth of the night.

After all these, I woke up after noon the next day. Everyone was awoke, I was the last to wake up that day. So, I went outside the room and preened myself, had breakfast or... maybe

lunch and then sat before the T.V. sipping tea. Then, I heard some noise in the room.

When I went back to the room, I found that noise, to be my phone ringing. As I grabbed my phone, I saw ‘Mushu Calling’. I wasn’t even verging towards the accept button, the call got disconnected. Sleeping till noon prized me a deep ache in the head. I decided not to call him back, as I wasn’t in the mood for a conversation. I solely plugged my phone in again and headed back towards the door. As I reached the door, and started my steps outside the room, there came an another call. I went back in and this time it read, ‘Rashid calling’. I ignored his call and waited for the call to get disconnected. As it got disconnected, an another call struck my phone. It was ‘Sharjeel calling’. I had no other option but to answer it. The first thing he uttered was, ‘How Many’. I was astounded. I asked him, ‘What, how many’. He had an

answer for it, which was ‘Marks, How many marks?’ he said. Then the call somehow got disconnected. I wasn’t able take up what I heard earlier. I hit him back and asked him, ‘What marks?’

To which he replied, ‘Marks in EAMCET.’

To this, my hands started shivering, and my headache intensified. I asked him to look up for my score too, because I didn’t even remember my credentials then. I hold off for a bit and then called him back.

When he answered, he had a very fainted voice and muttered ‘What the hell is this buddy?’. I asked, ‘What happened?’ Then he stopped speaking, I insisted him to tell me the thing, then he replied,

‘You are disqualified.’

And he kept on speaking, and scolding for maybe 15-20 minutes, but honestly the last thing I heard him say was,

‘You are disqualified.’

I had an idea that I wouldn’t be getting the greatest news, but wasn’t even expecting the worst. Then I recollected, that EAMCET was the only exam I wrote, and was the only hope. I totally discarded the JEE Mains examination. I didn’t even think of it then.

And now I was stuck inside a room, alone, with a sharp pain in the chest.

Outside the room, all my cousins and my aunts were sitting, among which a graduated doctor, a below 10000 ranker in EAMCET, and an about to fly to Australia for further studies were sitting.

I have faced a lot of difficulties in my life and this moment is on top. It took a tremendous amount of courage to step out of that room.

And when I stepped out, the next thing to do was even worse.

Alas! I uttered those words and said my marks to them.

Destiny played strange games with me; I was just one mark short to be qualified.

Everyone was devastated upon hearing it. They had hopes on me, but I let all of them down. And then a session of lectures and scolding took place. But the other thing pulling my heart was, how would I face my parents after this. I couldn't even think of calling them.

After a while, I called them and said all about it. They were very upset, as they were expecting some good from me, but I let them down too.

The next day, my cousin was about to fly abroad and then we were to head back to home. But I didn't want to stay until then. I had to go, I didn't know where, but I had to go. I packed my things and told to my aunt that I

wanted to go back to home. But, I knew, I couldn't face my parents. So, decided to run away. I didn't know where to go, what to do, but the only thing I knew was, I won't be able to face my parents.

Then I departed from my aunt's house and went to a bus stand. I sat there for a while. My brain was totally blocked, I didn't know what to do.

Later, I dialled Sharjeel and unfolded the situation to him. He was vexed upon listening that. He first gave me an earful and then consoled me.

Above that, my brother called me and said to come back. I didn't wanted to go, but then he came to pick me.

On the way back, he asked me, why did I fuck my paper up so bad and asked me where was I about to go. I started dropping, and explained everything to him, he was very supportive. He

said, he knew that I would flee, because my father had warned him that I would do so. After all am his son, wouldn't he know what his blood would do.

He took me to my favorite juice centre, and ordered two mango faloodas. While ingesting the creamy falooda, he asked me what I wanted to do next. I was totally blank. I asked him to suggest me something. So he said that, I should take an year off and appear for the exam again the next year.

Then we went back to my aunt's and all of us had a little chat about the same. I kept my thing before them, I said that I wanted to reappear for the exam next year. But, everyone was against that. They suggested me not to waste an another year and take a payment seat in some college.

Now, Intermediate or 12th class is such a stage in life, if you pass this stage on your own, you get a lifetime glory. If not, if at all you pass this

stage by the help of your father's hard earned, you will be tagged as father's bread breaker.

So, I had to make a decision very wisely. So many questions were stuck in my mind. What if, I could not make it the next year too. What if, I loose confidence. Whether, I was even up to that mark. What if I took a payment seat, would I be able to live with a tag.

Ah! Plight, a stage where he lingers , a stage that makes him question himself about his ability, a stage where he doubts himself.

I was stuck between the walls of this dilemma. Nothing seemed happening to me. Like everything was bygone.

Being in that stage, I went to the airport to see off my brother. As, we waited outside, that dark, lonely and cold night forced me to think. What if I run away, I would never have to face my parents. My head got spins, my body got

**chills and my heart, it was going pit-a-pat.
However, I decided to do the thing. I did.....**

Chapter 8: MJ.

It was 7 in morning; we were sleeping undisturbed upstairs. Breaking our sleep, my aunt screamed my name. I rushed down to see. To see my grandmother's dead body. She was lying on her bed cold and calm. I couldn't believe what I saw, so I rushed to our uncle's (the family doctor) and brought him to check my grandmother.

He examined her and raised his hands. She was sick for like a month then. My father used to call at least 2 or 3 times every day from Saudia just to survey her health. He did the same that day. No one had the guts to convey him such a terrible news. We waited until a while. But we had to say it sometime. So, I rang my father and said,

“Baba, doctor came today to check grandma and... and he said that she is no more.”

That was the most painful moment of my life. And that's how my grandmother died 2 years before this incident(disqualification). She always believed in me, she always wanted me to prosper in life, at the bottom, I was the only grandson she had.

I always wonder, how would she have reacted upon knowing this thing.

As soon as my father got the news, he took the next flight and came over. It was the next day's Fajrsalah, my father directly stopped at the mosque, and sat in the first row. Me three rows behind him, was wondering how would I face him.

It was that one time then, and it was this one time now. I never know how to face people. I think, am bad at confrontations.

However, I finally faced him and explained him everything. He said,

“You didn’t study beta. You would never score likewise after studying.”

I started opening my book then. I kept everything before them. I said how I slept through most of the exam, how I became overconfident after the JEE exam.

Then I said that I needed one more chance to prove myself. To which my father replied, “Whom you want to prove yourself to?” and he added, “We parents know what you are, what you can do, and you don’t need to prove anything to anyone.”

I felt ashamed. Even after that blunder, my parents were supportive. They wanted to buy me a seat in the best college in the city.

My father rushed out and started collecting information about different colleges. Days passed. He kept his research on. He went to different people and different agents. He got upset most of the time. At one stop he even

got badly humiliated. People said that, with that score I won't get a seat even at a low ranked college. But, my father he believed, he never stopped believing. After every salah he asked the same from the Almighty.

‘Supplication’ is such a thing, it had the same effect even in the Prophet's (PBUH) period and also in our period and even in the period about to come. The only condition is to believe, and never stop believing.

In the next 26 days my life was about to change upside-down. Better days were ahead. But at that particular moment I never knew that. If I start describing about each of those 26 days, each one will make up an episode. Everyday my father went out in hope of good, but it didn't happen. Even then he never stopped believing. My belief wasn't that good, maybe. I completely lost hope. Many thoughts were stuck in my mind. I stopped meeting my friends or relatives out of shame. I started

preparing for the next year's exam. At times, I even felt like to die.

I constantly tried to convince my father to stop those efforts. I said that I wanted to attempt that exam one more time. But he is a credulous man, he didn't stop.

And to the one year drop idea, he said that he did the same thing. He attempted the EAMCET exam twice as well. From his experience he explained how difficult that year would last. So, he was completely against that thought.

After those 26 days he met someone, whom I consider very special part of this story- Abdul Bayas.

Before that, my father met his old friend I mentioned in that bus stand incident. They went to different brokers and agents. But, that didn't help. Then, my father went to an another friend of his, who did the similar dealing, expect for a different college- Vasavi

College of Engineering. He gave a shot there too, but that wasn't helpful either.

After all these 26 days when we met Abdul Bayas, he gave us the same assurance as the other, that he would get me a seat.

Next day we went to Hyderabad, to enquire about different colleges. First, we went to MuffakhamJha College of Engineering and Technology abbreviated as MJCET. He set us a meeting with the board-member of the college directly. As I entered the college, the beauty mesmerized me. Everything there was catchy and captivating. The board-member of the college, Mr. AmerJaveed wasn't there, he was out for some important work it seemed. The people there asked us to wait for some time.

I asked my father about the history of this college, hoping he would know something. But it came out that, he knew more than something about the college. He said,

“MJCET is named after Prince MuffakhamJha, the grandson of 7th Nizam of Hyderabad Mir Osman Ali Khan. He donated one of his palaces for educational purposes.”

He added that in the second batch of that college one of his cousins was a student. And from that point majority of our family members went to that college for graduation. Even now many of my cousins study there.

Time was passing, but the arrival of AmerJaveed was still awaited. It was almost 5 in evening and we were still waiting for him. The time for Asar Salah was approaching, so we went to the mosque in the college. Even that mosque had the best architectural work done. I freshened up and sat in that mosque waiting for the time. Maybe some five minutes were left for the prayer and Mr. Bayas' phone rang. It was from the college people conveying that Mr. Javeed had arrived and wanted to meet us. So, Mr. Bayas asked us to rush back to

college. I got up and asked my father to come. He stopped me as the Prayer call (Aqamah) was going on. After completion of Prayer Call, he said that we will go after the salah. Mr. Bayas said, “We will perform salah afterwards, now we need to rush because Mr. Javeed called us.”

To which my father replied, “Before him my Creator called me, so I will attend that call first and then other calls.”

Basically, Azan or Aqamah are the calls from the Almighty for prayer. You may have heard these verses in Azan, “Hayya alas Salah, HayyaalalFalah.” These Arabic verses mean- “Come towards salah, Come towards Success”.

So, we offered salah and then went to Mr. Javeed. But he wasn't there in his office.....

Chapter 9: WHERE MATERIALS CEASE MIRACLES OCCUR...

We finished our salah and headed towards the office, but Mr. Javeed wasn't there. I got unnerved, because he called us earlier and we didn't go immediately, I thought he was mad at us. Mr. Bayas called the management and enquired. We found that he didn't even arrive by then, and we had to wait for additional 5-10 minutes. We went to the office as soon as he arrived and I opened everything to him. I kept my IPE marks and my JEE marks. He enquired about the EAMCET marks. I explained him my situation, about how I broke my knee and couldn't prepare well for it. He checked all the papers closely and started,

“ Well, you appear to be a bright student and we need students like you in our college.”

I felt so proud about it. And he added “ I assure you a seat in any stream you would like and excessively without any donation.”

He also asked us to come after some days as he was busy with some work.

We went back home joyously and after about 15 days we went back to him for the seat. As usual, we had to wait for him, and when he arrived, he shocked us with the news that, only few seats were left and those seats were for payment.

Nonetheless, we asked him the price for the seat. He didn't answer that question, his phone rang and he started speaking to someone. We were asked to wait for some further time. We had no other option but to wait.

After a while, he sent one of his management people, and conveyed a message that only one seat was left and someone already had an eye. Then, he came in person and informed that the

last seat left had someone's eye and they were ready to pay 12-15 lakhs for it.

He added that, as he promised us the seat, he will keep us prior, we could pay 12 lakhs and have the seat. Everything was happening so quickly that we didn't even have time to react.

Mr. Bayas tried to negotiate, but his efforts were felony. Alas! The seat was gone, gone to the hands of that some girl. My father was really disappointed, we went for the Maghreb Salah.

A small twist,

15 days earlier when Mr. Javeed promised us a seat, we went to enquire about different other colleges. We actually went to a lot of colleges. We went to MVSR, then we went to GRRR, then several other colleges, then to Vasavi College of Engineering, then to MGIT and lastly CBIT. As I had a seat reserved in MJ, I got greedy. I enquired the admission procedures for all the other colleges. I honestly don't remember about

the other colleges, but about CBIT, the admission people there asked to wait for a notification of B-cat admissions, notified through newspapers and the college website.

One of my aunts who rarely reads a newspaper, one day was reading the newspaper, and she saw the notification from the college about the B-cat admissions. She informed me about the same. I immediately went to Mr. Bayas and showed him the notification. He asked me to open the website and apply for the seat. Now, in B-cat admissions, there were two types, one for the students who wrote the JEE MAINS exams, whose fees was almost similar to the one with the free seat people, the other was for NRIs, and its fees was some 5000 dollars per year. Roughly 2-3 times more than the regular fees. I was opting for the NRI seats as I had no hopes from the JEE rank. I started filling the details, one column asked about the residence permit or some proof of residence in the respective

country. Actually, until the last year, people could take admissions by NRI bank account, even if they weren't actually living abroad. It was called NRI sponsored seat. But from this year, that system was eradicated, people had to give a proof that they actually lived abroad. My hopes were shattered. Then Mr. Bayas took my phone and took a glance. He leaned towards me and asked about the JEE column. He asked "What about this exam, didn't you write it?".

I wasn't so confident about the result of that exam, so I explained him the case. He scolded me and asked me to apply through JEE. I did so, but.... I accidentally applied for admission in MGIT.

It wasn't my fault, both the websites had very similar layout and everything was so chaotic. Then again, I applied for CBIT.

Days later, the merit list of both the colleges were out and I didn't make it in any of the colleges. I was distressed a little, but then this was just a shot, I had a seat reserved at MJCET. And then the story continues, how we went to Mr. Javeed the second time and how he said the whole thing about 12 lakhs and stuff.

It was the time for the sun to drown in the vast sky, it was almost time for Maghreb Salah, when he conveyed about the disappointing information. My father was totally exhausted, he had tried very hard for this, went to different places, met different people, everyday people used to play with his feelings, some used to say that I would get a seat and some would deny that fact. He went through a lot for this and what was the result, a waste.

We offered the salah and sat there for a while. One after the other, the mosque emptied. Only

me, my father and Mr. Bayas were left. My father was sitting at a distance, I couldn't barely see his face, due to the darkness, even then I could clearly see dismay on his face.

He was disappointed, and was hurt. He started talking sorrowful. I went near him, he took my hand and said that "It isn't really that important to study in a good college, it isn't even important to study, do the uneducated not have a life?"

I started dropping, Mr. Bayas was listening to this, he interrupted and told these golden words....

"WHERE MATERIALS CEASE, MIRACLES OCCUR."

These words totally changed me. All this time I wasn't ready to believe that I would actually get a seat. But now, I was augmented with this very peculiar belief, that I would get a seat. Nothing bad was left to happen and I may have read it somewhere that "From the point you feel that

nothing wrong could happen, right things happen.” So, I just waited for some news, some disclosure, some miracle.

I spent all my days and all my nights on the prayer-rug, dropping and asking from the Almighty. Days passed and Mr. Bayas called one day, with an offer of that same seat in MJ for 12 lakhs. My dad immediately accepted that offer. I was totally against that idea, I didn't wanted to waste that much money for mere Engineering. My father wasn't coming back, he was so firm on his idea for the payment seat. We got appointed for a meeting with Mr. Javeed the next day. I implored my father not to take that offer, I asked him to spare me for an year and I would score a seat in a good college, at least a better college than MJ. My father said,

“ Ask the value of a second, to the one, who dodged some accident.

Ask the value of a minute, to the one,
who missed his train by a minute.

Ask the value of an hour, to the one,
who was waiting for.

Ask the value of a day, to the one,
who went starving all day.

Ask the value of a week, to the one,
who spent it in a hospital.

Ask the value of a month, to the one,
who didn't receive a month's salary.

Ask the value of an year, to the one,
who took an year off because he failed.”

Nevertheless, I was at last convinced to take that
seat. The next day I woke up and got freshened
up, had my breakfast and was all set to go. We
were waiting for the driver to arrive. I actually

was very excited about it, at the bottom, all my friends and most of my cousins were in that college. In those few minutes, I pictured my whole life ahead in that college, but destiny, God, say whatever you wanna say, had different plans for me.....

Chapter 10: The Miracle!

I was really excited about my admission in MJ, all my friends and most of my cousins were in that college. I woke up, got freshened up, had my breakfast. I was waiting for the driver to arrive.

It was a warm day, not too hot, not too humid, just a pleasantly warm day. My father was sipping tea as we waited for the driver to come. All the documents, money, everything was ready. I wore a nice t-shirt that day, along with a pair baggy pants, those are really comfortable for journeys. I went to my room to dress my hair, I never really use a comb, just move my finger between them, so to make them look decent, anyways, as I was doing that, my father whooped my name. I went down rushing to find out the case. It was a notification from a college- MGIT, it read "Your ward is selected for B-cat seat in Mechanical Stream." Seeing that I was so delighted. It felt like the mistake I did when filling

the admission form of MGIT instead of CBIT, was God's plan. Everyone was just.... out of the world, am out of words, they were so happy. We still went to the city, not for the 12 lakh seat in MJ but for the free seat in MGIT. We went there, formalities were done, we paid the regular fees and boom, I was an MGITian now. We went back home, threw a dinner party and I lived happily ever after...

Nope it didn't end there, the most crucial part of the story is left. All the time I spent asking God for, I asked for the best. But, MGIT wasn't the best. So the story continues, do not worry, I guarantee you this will be the most interesting part of the book. Here it goes,

In the dinner party which we threw after the admission, I got an another notification, actually two different notifications, one was from MGIT and other was from CBIT. However, both of them conveyed the same thing- about spot admission.

Okay, spot admission is where the college gives the last chance for admissions, to the people who are willing. It usually has the seats left over. Almost every other college spares those seats for donations, they have bidding on those seats and sell those seats to the best offerings. But, these two colleges come under the same educational society, CBES, and these people are totally committed towards education, they don't have the cheap business tactics, so they give off the left-over seats to the people who can make it to the college office on the spot admission day. There they record the students who come and arrange them according to their ranks and call them one by one and give off the seats. The thing here though is, the earlier you are called, the more seats and more options you are left with.

So, on Monday spot admission for MGIT was held and on Sunday, a day before, CBIT's spot admission was held. I had no hopes for getting a seat in CBIT so I just hoped to change my stream

in MGIT on the spot admission day, which was on Monday.

I gave this news to my father and other members of the family. We were prepared to go on Monday for the same. But my grandfather suggested to give a shot at CBIT as well. I convinced my father not to waste efforts trying for CBIT. It was like 2-3 days away and those days were pretty normal. On Saturday, there was a dinner party at our grandfather's. We went there had dinner and after all the other things, my father and grandfather sat for some thought's exchange. My grandfather asked, "Is everything ready for tomorrow, for the admission?" My father said that we weren't really going and explained him that it would be a waste of efforts. He got vexed and ordered us to go the next day for CBIT admissions. And order is to obey. We went the next day. That day was awesome, we actually weren't worried about the admission, because we had no hopes. We just

enrolled my name there and were waiting for the time to pass. I was playing PUBG to kill time.

Out of nowhere, my father's very old friend called. He probably moved to US earlier and was in India for some time at that time. And fortunately, his house was in the same area as the college's office. So, my father went there and luckily, I had my friend (Rasheed) who lived around that place too. So, I called him and went to meet him. We were out of the office the whole day. Right before the dawn, we went back to the office. My name was yet to come, so we waited there. My father's friend told me stories about their young life. Overall, the day was going well. But the things turned around, when my name was called out. I wasn't expecting that. And again, it was dark, more precisely it was the time when darkness and light coexisted. I was really delighted. We went into the office and one last seat was left for Mechanical stream (which I was hoping for). Ufff! Only one seat was left. The

person there checked all my papers and congratulated me for the seat. He said to pay the fees and complete the formalities. We had already paid the fees for MGIT. And both the colleges were under the same society. So, I handed him the fee-receipt of MGIT and asked him to slide my seat to this college.

He denied it. He said though they were under same society, the functioning was separate. I asked him to see what he could do. But he was helpless. But he gave us one chance. He gave us half an-hour to bring the money.

We were totally confused. My dad had a debit card, which had a 40k limit and my father's friend said he could arrange another 20k. We were still short of 60-70k. So, I dialled my aunt and asked for the amount. She lived some 6-7 miles far. And at usual times it would take some 30-45 minutes to reach there and those were the traffic hours, so an hour was just minimal. We halted for her and to our misfortune even our phone

batteries were dead. We waited for both my aunt and father's friend. It was almost an hour nothing seemed possible, neither was there any way to contact them. I laid my eyes towards the road waiting, there was a mosque just adjacent to the office, my father patted on my shoulder and went inside. Now, I was alone, and the waiting period became even harder.

After about an hour my father came out of the mosque and handed me his phone, my aunt was on the line, I took the phone and guided them towards the office and hung up.

My father wasn't there when I hung up, things were getting tensed. My father's friend arrived with his 20k and sometime later even my aunt arrived with the money. Now the question was, where my father went. I went searching for him. He wasn't there in the office nor in the mosque, I searched in nearby hotels, but he wasn't there. After a while I saw him come, from some ATM. He brought another 40k from that machine. On a

card that had 40k limit, my father withdrew 80k, isn't that a miracle?

Nonetheless, we rushed towards the office with the money and asked for the seat. It took about 2-3 hours to get that money. But the time limit was just half an-hour. So, that man said that the seat was gone.

Yes, the seat was gone, I was sitting on the chair and I was out of senses. My father was okay with that, because he never asked for CBIT or any college in particular, he just asked for the best. Maybe, MGIT was best for me. So, he left. But I was still sitting on that chair. I couldn't feel a thing. I could not believe what had just happened. I started figuring out what was the fault in all this, what was the void, what else could have been done. I started from the beginning again,

'I prepared for JEE instead of EAMCET, I broke my knee, I went to my home town, I got good IPE result and also a good JEE result. I was just one

mark short for qualifying the EAMCET exam. If I were qualified, I would have been in a different place. I went to different colleges enquiring, every time I was close to getting admitted to a college, something strange happened and it got cancelled. Then I got admitted in MGIT. Things didn't stop there. I got a chance for CBIT. I almost wasted the chance, but then I got another chance and the impossible task of gathering the money was done, everything was perfect."

But why was there a hole at the end?

I wasn't ready to believe, I just sat there and kept thinking. I was there for about a minute or so, but that minute felt like eternity. The person on that office saw me sit for some 2-3 minutes, then asked me to leave. I had bundles of money in my hand and those felt useless. I stared at the bundle of notes, one of the notes had something written and it was rounded off.... rounded off.... rounded off....

Yep, I got it, he rounded off the seat he was about to give me. I asked him to check his papers and yes, there was a seat rounded off, he might have forgotten or something.

So, he gave me the seat. I paid the amount and did all the formalities and got the seat.

I left the office, everything was dark, I went to a corner and shouted "AllahuAkbar" (translation- Allah is the greatest). My father rushed towards me. I was dropping. My father consoled me. I stopped him and said that those were the tears of joy, explained him everything, and he started dropping too and we went down and informed my aunt and father's friend about that, they congratulated me.

We stopped at a restaurant and had dinner and went back home.

Some days later, there was an orientation day at the college. My grandfather attended it and said

that he was really proud of me. Those words meant a lot.

Then few days were spared for induction program, then the regular classes started and the first day I went to the college, I felt like.....



THE END