**A Faded Star**

It was just when our summer vacations were getting over and we had loads of work to complete, I exclaimed “ I am really very tired and have lost all faith to complete by homework! I am exhausted!”, my friend, Rahul who along with me was completing his homework too. He is a dear bellend to me and also a lotus eater. I think he understood that I was loosing faith in myself as he was a bird dog. However he exclaimed hey! Giving dull witted reasons wont change anything if we have big dreams and need to become Croesus and consummate. By the way, we need to complete all these hotsy-totsy and holus-bolus as the as the time does not favour us”.

This when it all started, I became a crack handed, person all my projects and works started to be seen as a boondoggle to me, I whelved all my dreams and passions, started to remain whist and what not, just because I lost faith in myself and thought that I was not a kind of a special person. My grandfather, My best friend, had been observing this and one day at the correct moment he broke the ice. He knew that I was in a melle and only he could drag me out of this.

He took me to his room opened his closet and removed a wooden box. I had no idea about it because I had never seen that before. He opened the box and there was a pistol in it, a pistol with a name etched on it, Jerry Oakly. Before I could ask him anything he asked, “ Do you know who he is?”. I replied negatively. He said, “Jerry Oakly, my friend from the olden days. He was an expert hand gun shooter, lethal at his work. He started of his journey by becoming lieu tenant General of the United Kingdom, his eye-sight was sharper than a hawk, he was faster than a Cheetah, and more fearless than a honey badger. He had won several trophies in many events in totality he was frabjous at his game. “But has we know that fate is never constant, the steps to success doomed. He continued, “But just when his dreams was going to come true, the names had been announced, the list included his name but destiny had placed him some where else. In a training program, a grenade blasted in his hand. He was taken to the hospital. The doctors had to amputate his right hand, his dominant hand, his career. “By this time, I had tears in my eyes, sorrow and sympathy in my heart. My grandfather said, “Everyone thought that he was done but the very next day of his surgery he got up and started training his left hand. He went into overdrive and fought toot and nail to train his left hand. He perfected it till he could hit the petiole of the leaf. After a long wait of eight years, in the 2008 year Olympics he entered with no less confidence in his eyes, every one thought that he had come there to spectate the competition but what he exclaimed astonished everybody, he said with no less valour that he had come there to compete and challenged each one to defeat him not with words but with gun. From the storm of the heated strife, he emerged as the winner!”

I was extremely inspired by the story but this is not where my grandfather stopped he continued and taught me a lesson, “If you don’t fight for what you want don’t cry for what you lose”. Jerry Oakley`s life also taught me, “Don’t wait stars to align reach up and arrange them the way you want it. Martin Luther King Jr. has correctly said, “Faith in yourself in taking the first step even if you have not seen the stair case.”