



story
weaver

Jackpot

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Level 4

About the Author

Born on the 31st of July in 1880 as Dhanpat Rai Srivastava, Premchand went on to become one of the most prolific writers in the Indian subcontinent. He was bestowed with the honorary title of 'Munshi' due to his mastery over words. He is considered to be the pioneer of the modernist Hindustani literature. He authored (roughly) 300 short stories and several dozen novels in his lifetime. Premchand was also a popular dramatist and a translator. His famous works include novels like *Karmabhoomi*, *Seva Sadan*, *Godaan*, *Nirmala*.... and short stories like *Eidgah*, *Lottery*, *Bade Bhai Sahab*, *Do Bailon ki Katha* and *Poos Ki Raat* amongst many other notable titles.. He was given the title of *"Upanyas Samrat"* (*Emperor among Novelists*) by the other writers of his times. Majority of his writings present a slice of life of the pre-independence era. His writing is steeped in realism and he is known for his Hindi-Urdu literature. His style of writing is more direct and he is considered to be the first Hindi writer to showcase the concept of realism in his writings. Subjects like colonialism, corruption, poverty, child widowhood and exploitation of the poor etc. feature prominently in his works. He wrote extensively about the life of common people of his times. Munshi Premchand died on October 8, 1936 but his work continues to be commemorated even today.

About the story

Vikram had two ambitions in life—he wanted to travel all over the world and build a library, the best in town. And he would fund his dreams with the money from the jackpot. He and his friend, a school teacher, the narrator of this story, sold their old books to raise money for the ticket. Between buying the ticket and announcement of the winner, all kinds of obscure rituals were conducted. Greed for easy money resulted in disruptions in relations, friction in friendship, discordance between brothers. Full of dark humour, this story underlines the frailty of human nature when undeserved money is expected. It compels us to think wisely, rationally and judiciously.

Who doesn't want to get rich quickly? My friend Vikram, his father, uncle, mother and brother, all purchased one ticket each when the sale of the jackpot tickets started. Who knows whom fortune may decide to favour? Anyway, whoever won, the money would remain within the family.



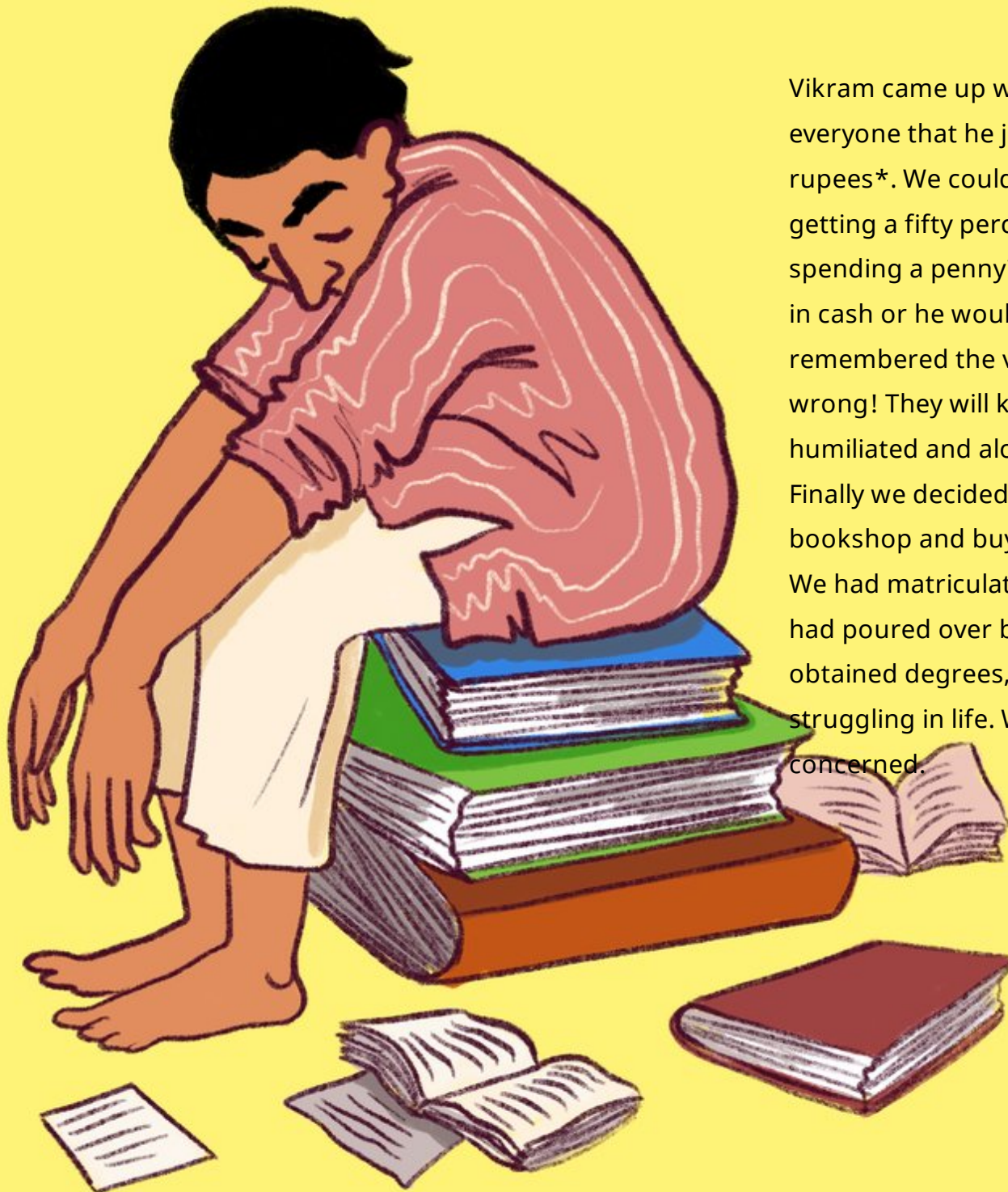
But Vikram had no patience: the winner might not even give him a share. At the most, they might give him five or ten thousand rupees. What would he do with that measly sum? He had grand plans for the future. To begin with, he was to go on a world tour, travelling to every corner of the earth.

Peru and Brazil, Timbuktu and Honolulu – he wanted to see them all. He didn't believe in quick, cursory tours; he wished to study the culture of a place, observe the people and their way of life at leisure. He wanted to write an exhaustive travelogue. He also wanted to build a big library to stock the best books in the world. He was prepared to spend up to two lakh* rupees for the library; a grand bungalow, car and furniture, etc., were not important to him. In case his father or uncle won the jackpot, Vikram thought he would not get more than five thousand rupees. If his mother won, he might get around twenty thousand rupees, but if his brother were the winner, he would not get a single penny. Vikram was a self-respecting man.



The very idea of taking help from the family as a charitable gift was humiliating. He would often say —“Brother, it is better to die than to beg, if one can not earn a place in this world, one should just exit it.” He was restless. Who in the family would give him money for a jackpot ticket and how was he going to ask for it? After giving the problem due consideration he suggested, “Why don’t we both buy a ticket together?” I liked the idea. I was a school teacher then, my salary was only twenty rupees a month. It was barely enough for me, buying a ten-rupee jackpot ticket was an unimaginable luxury. But yes, I would be able to save five rupees if I stopped spending on some of my daily requirements for a month. But I was uncertain, I could afford to buy a ticket only if I received a windfall.





Vikram came up with the idea that he would sell his ring and tell everyone that he just lost it. The ring was worth more than ten rupees*. We could easily buy a ticket. Where was the harm in getting a fifty percent share in the jackpot prize money without spending a penny? But Vikram insisted that I give him five rupees in cash or he would not share the prize money with me. I suddenly remembered the virtue of doing right, "No, no, my friend, this is wrong! They will know the truth about the ring, we will be humiliated and along with you I will also get scolded." Finally we decided to sell our old books at a second-hand bookshop and buy the ticket. Books had no value for us anymore. We had matriculated* from school and realized that all those who had poured over books, wasted their family's money and obtained degrees, were also looking for jobs and generally struggling in life. We decided to call it a day as far as studies were concerned.

I found a job as a school teacher and Vikram just gallivanted around. These old books had outlived their utility. We had extracted from them all the knowledge we could. For all we cared they could be food for rats or termites. We retrieved them from the dump they had been relegated to, dusted and packed them. But I was embarrassed to take them to the market as most booksellers knew me.

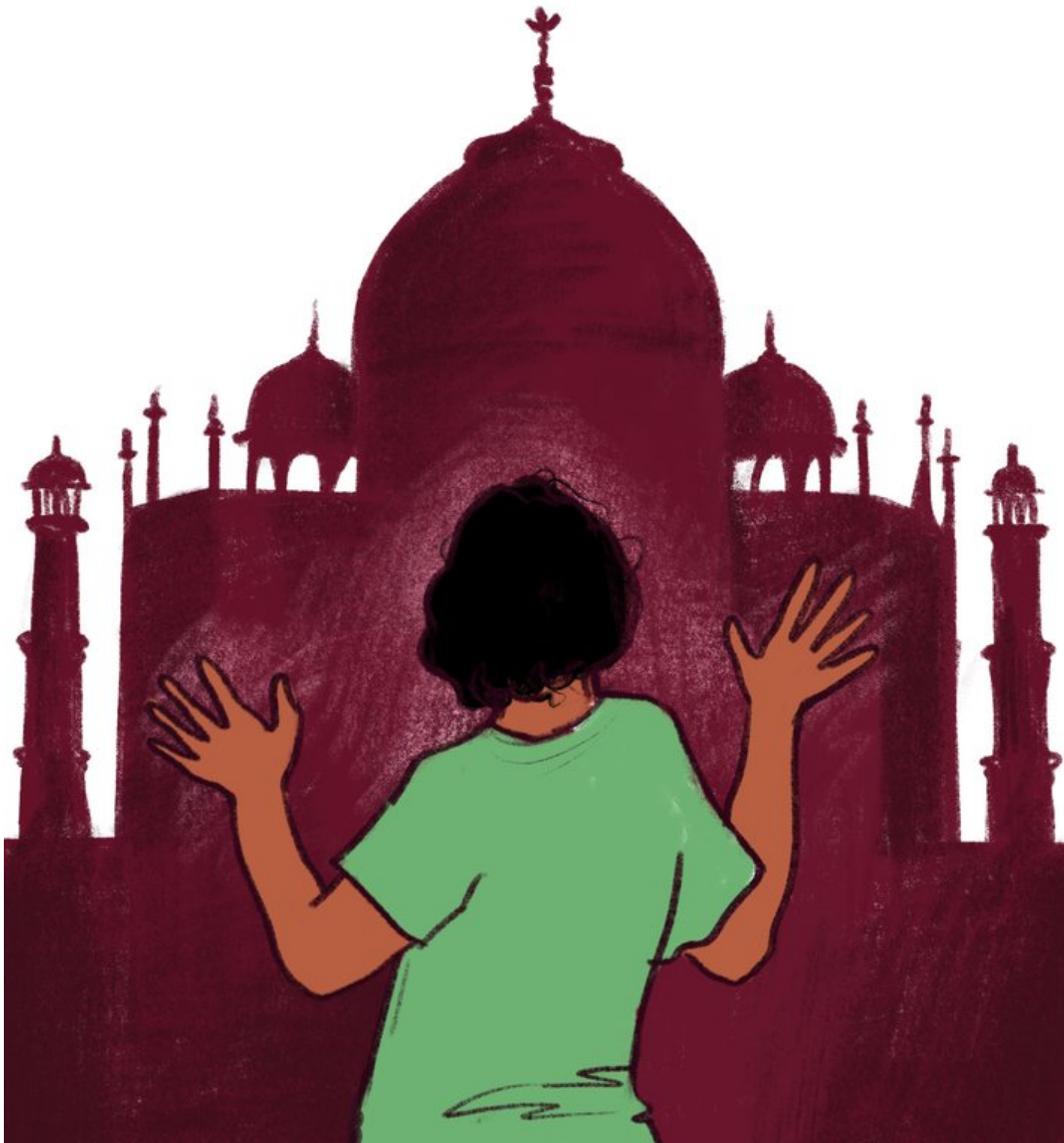
So Vikram had to do the needful. He sold them quickly and was back within half an hour with a ten-rupee note. I had never seen him so pleased. The actual value of those books was no less than forty rupees but at that point those ten rupees seemed like pennies from heaven. Now we would share the ticket. Of the ten lakh rupees my share would be five lakhs and Vikram would get five. We were blissfully happy.





Trying to sound content, I said, "Five lakhs is no small amount". But Vikram was not satisfied, "Let alone five lakhs, right now, even five hundred rupees is a big amount for us. But now I have had to change my plans. I cannot cancel the travel part but I will have to drop the library."

I objected, "But you won't be spending more than two lakh rupees on your travels?" "No, my travel budget is three and a half lakhs for about seven years which comes to fifty thousand rupees per year," Vikram clarified.



I was astonished, "You mean four thousand rupees per month!

I think you could live comfortably on two thousand rupees."

Vikram blurted out, "I want to live in style, not like a pauper."

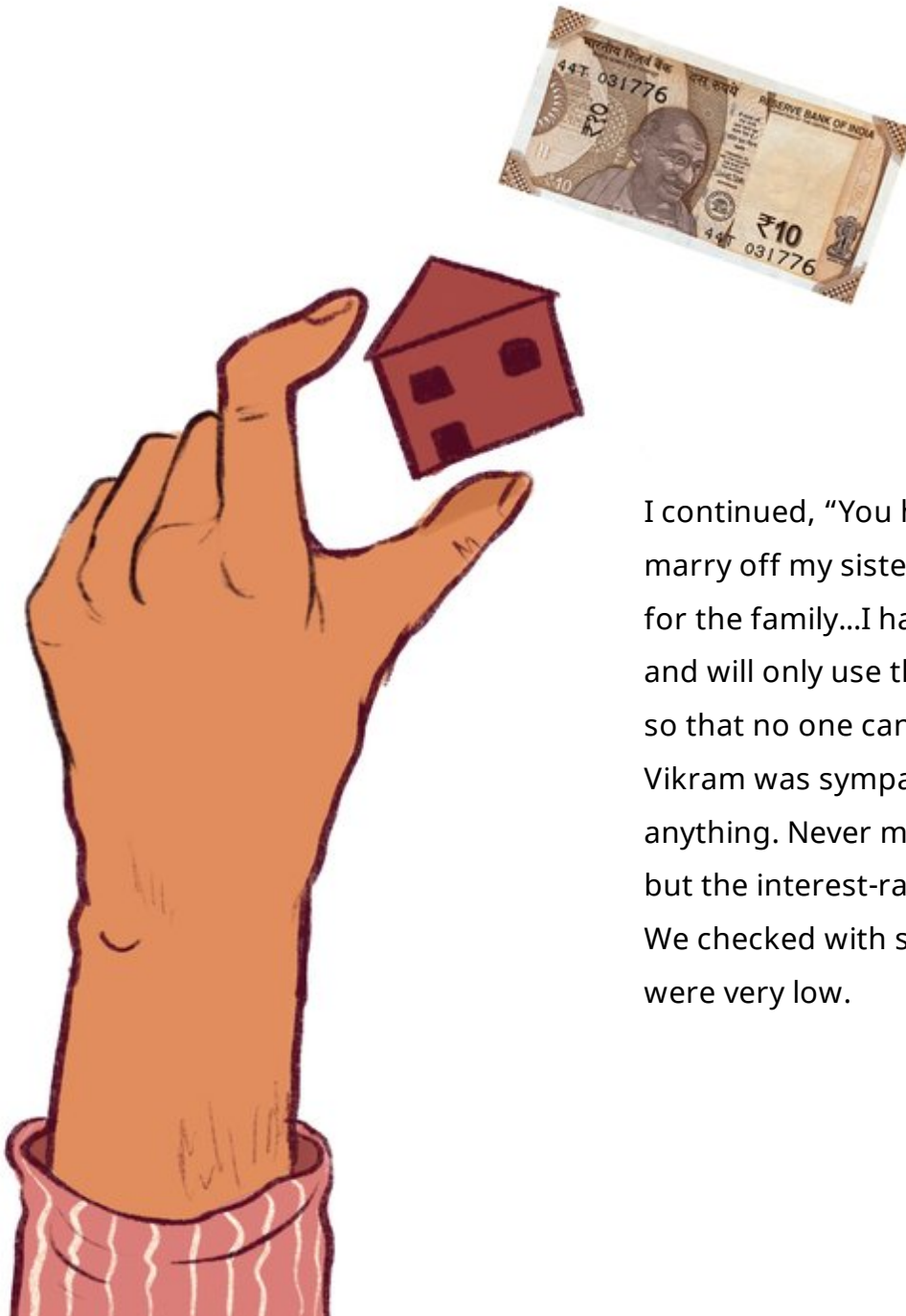
"You could live very well on two thousand rupees also."

"Unless you give me two lakh rupees from your share, I will not be able to afford the library."

"Why do you need to have the best library in the town?"

"Because I want the best."

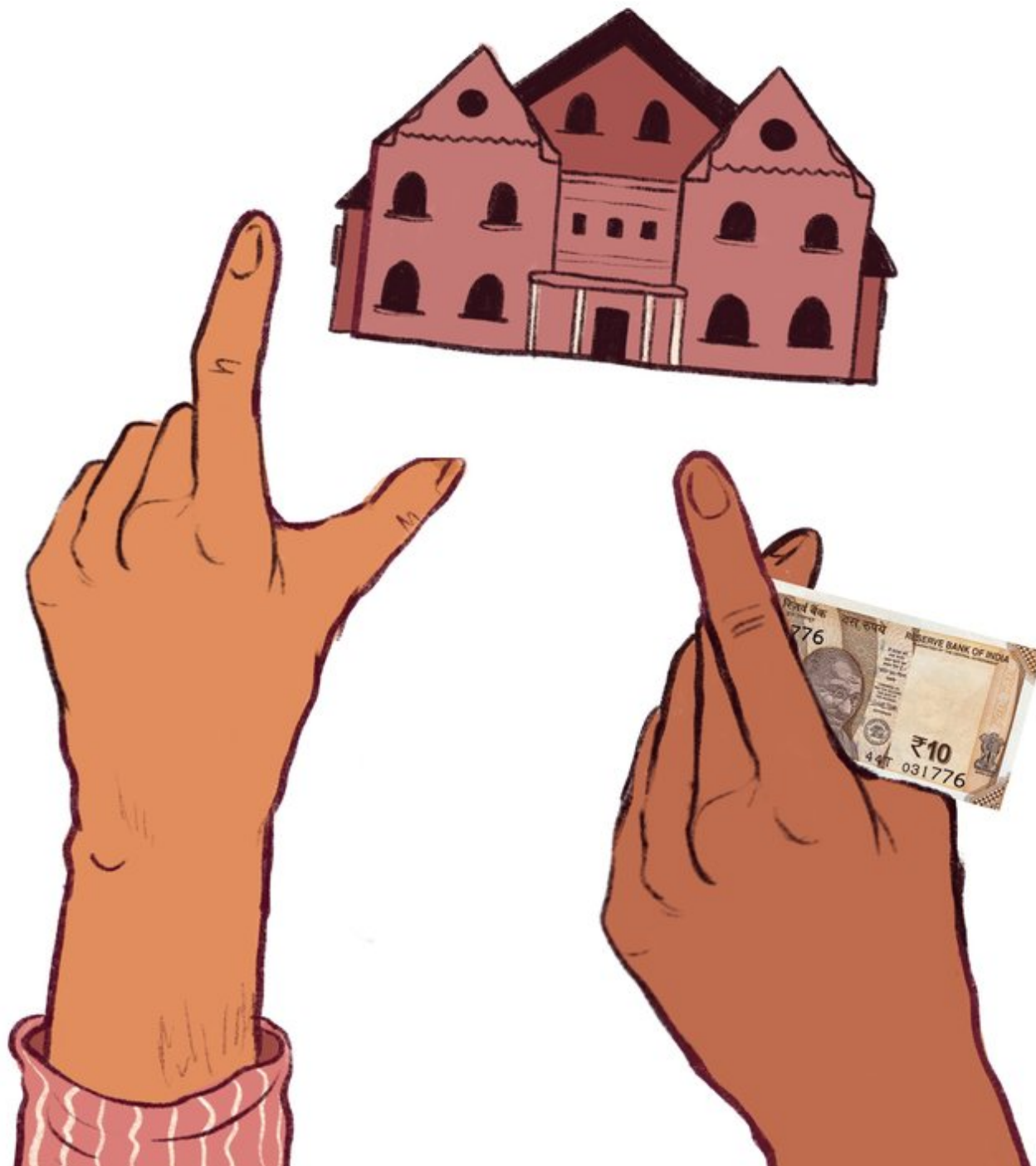
"You do have a right to the best library in town. But you will not get anything from my share. Think of my responsibilities! You on the other hand, have plenty of family property."



I continued, "You have no family responsibilities but I have to marry off my sisters, get two brothers educated, construct a house for the family...I have decided to deposit the entire sum in the bank and will only use the interest. In fact, in my will I will lay conditions so that no one can touch the money even after I am gone."

Vikram was sympathetic, "Yes, it will be unfair to ask you for anything. Never mind, I will manage without the library; but the interest-rates are very low nowadays."

We checked with some banks for their interest rates. Indeed, they were very low.



We began to explore other options: It was useless to deposit money at such low rates of interest. How about a money lending venture? We would both be partners. Save some money. Vikram would go on the world tour. We would get good rates of interest and enjoy a certain level of power.

Of course we would not lend money to anyone, however well-reputed, without a reliable guarantor. And why bother about a guarantor? We would insist people hypothecate their property to us. That would take care of the risk. The issue was settled.

Now the question was—in whose name should the ticket be purchased? Vikram insisted on buying it in his name; he would not buy the ticket unless it was in his name. Seeing no other option, I agreed. Without a written agreement! Later, that created a lot of problems for me. Anyhow, the long wait began. Our days began with checking the calendar. My house was adjacent to Vikram's. So before and after school, we would discuss plans, in whispers so nobody got wind of them. We wanted to keep the purchase of our jackpot ticket a secret. How surprised people would be when the truth would be unveiled. We did not wish to forego the fun of that drama.





One day, our discussion turned to the issue of marriage. Vikram philosophically announced, "Well, I don't want to go through the trouble of getting married. What a waste of time and money! So much money would be wasted in just indulging the whims of the wife."

I contradicted him, "You are right, but if you don't have anyone to share the ups and downs of life with, where is the fun in life? Well, I am not so disenchanted with the idea of marriage. I want someone who is a lifelong companion, and who other than a wife, could be such a companion?"



Testily Vikram spat out, "Well, to each his own! Great that you wish to be a henpecked husband, and congratulations that you consider children God's gift and the greatest gems of this world! I wish to stay free, do what I like, roam around and come back home whenever I wish. Not for me an alert timekeeper to control my movement. One is a little late in the evening, a question is shot, 'Where have you been?' As one is stepping out, 'Where do you think you are going?

And God forbid if the wife wants to accompany you, then one has no choice but to drown oneself. No my dear friend, I don't agree with you. If the child has a cold, you rush to the homeopathic doctor. As you age, your sons pray for your departure to the other world so they can enjoy life. If they have a chance, they would poison you and tell everyone that you suffered a bout of cholera. I don't want to walk into that trap."

Suddenly Kunti burst on the scene. She was Vikram's impish eleven-year old younger sister. A student of class six, she was poor at studies and failed frequently.

Vikram growled at her, 'You naughty girl! Who called you in here?'

Scanning the room like a secret police agent, Kunti inquired, "What is it that you two discuss behind closed doors? Both of you are always sitting here doing nothing, you don't go out for a walk or watch movies...I am sure you practice magic."

Holding her by the scruff of her neck Vikram replied, "Yes, we are practising magic so you may get a husband who would beat you nice and proper!!"





Kunti jumped on his back and announced, "I would marry a bridegroom who would become my slave like a pet dog. He will lick clean the leaf-bowl I would eat sweets out of. If at all he shows attitude, I will box his ears. I only wish Amma gives me fifty thousand rupees when she gets the jackpot prize. Then I will have a good life. Twice a day I pray to God for her. Amma says *little girls'** prayers are always answered. I know for sure that Amma is going to get the money."



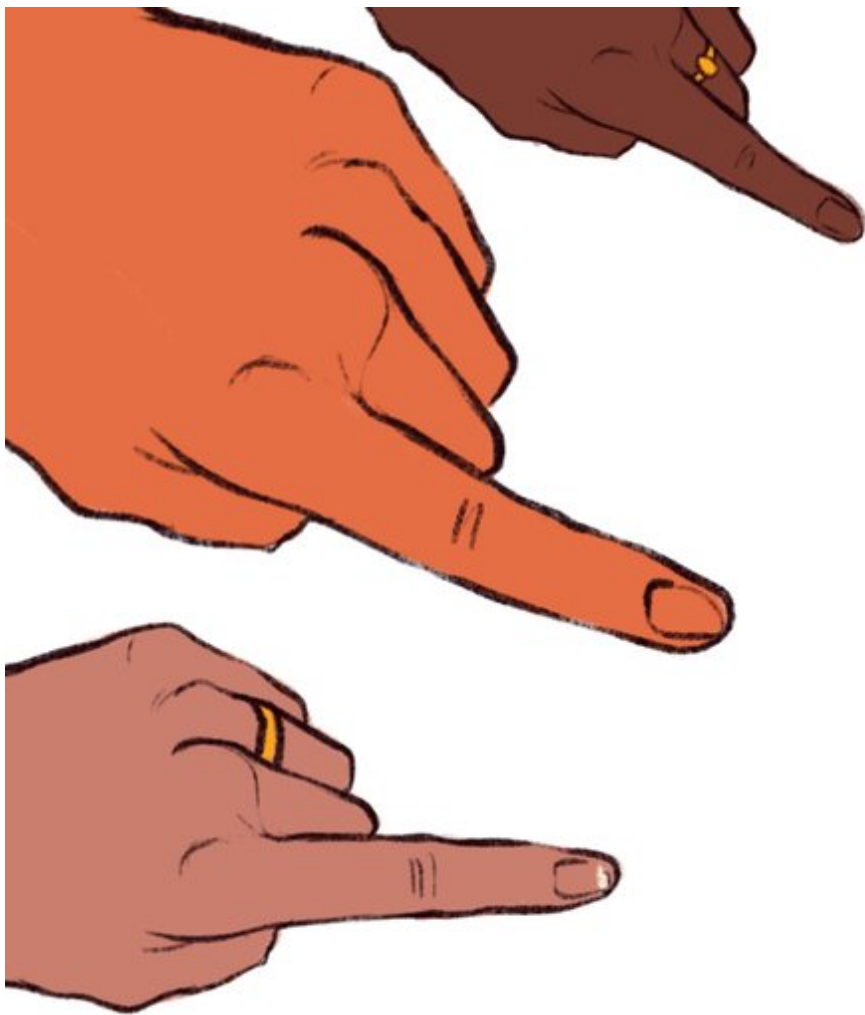
I recalled a visit to my mother's village during monsoon. The village was facing one of the worst droughts. It was the fag end of monsoon and not one drop of rain anywhere! *The village organized a feast for all the little girls**. On the third day it rained cats and dogs. The prayers of little girls do have power. Vikram and I exchanged meaningful glances and decided on a plan.

Vikram made Kunti privy to our secret, "I am telling you something, promise that you will not tell anyone. No, no. You are such a good girl, you will not speak about this to anyone. This time I will tutor you well and you will sail through the exam. Thing is, we too have bought a jackpot ticket. You must pray to God for us. If we get money, we will get beautiful jewellery made for you."

"Really!" Kunti exclaimed in disbelief. We swore we were telling her the truth but she began to fuss and fidget. Not until we promised to cover her in gold and diamonds from head to toe did she agree to pray for us.

Kunti, who could digest tons of sweets, could not digest this bit of information. She ran in and within seconds everyone knew about our jackpot ticket.





Every member of the family pounced on Vikram: “Why are you forever after some foolish scheme? You just wasted good money. So many members of the family have purchased jackpot tickets, why did you have to buy one too? Would you not have got a share from them? And you, *master saheb**, you are an absolute fool. Instead of making him see sense, you are spoiling the boy.”

God alone knew if they were really driven by a desire for Vikram’s wellbeing.





Vikram was the favorite son. If he got annoyed with their scolding he might just stop eating food. So everyone's anger was directed at me.

It was a classic case of 'healer, heal thyself'. People love to preach to others what they don't practice themselves. I recalled an event from my childhood. It was the festival of Holi*. A bottle of liquor had been bought to celebrate the festival in good spirit. I was tempted to taste it. I sneaked into the store, quickly poured a mouthful into the glass and gulped it. Oh my God! My throat was on fire, my eyes turned red. At that precise moment my maternal uncle who had been visiting us, came in and caught me red-handed. He was so angry at me that I sank with fear.

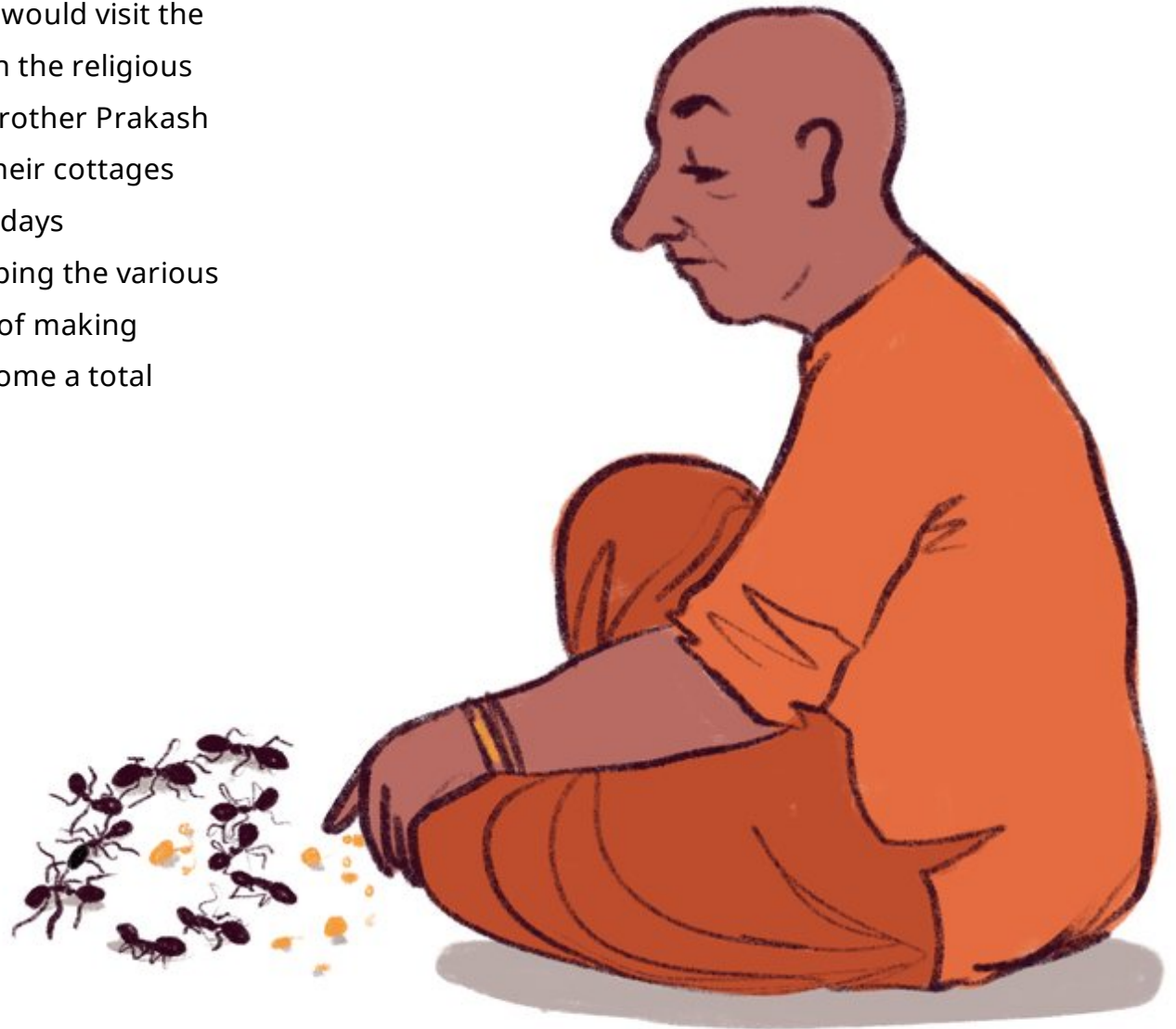




My mother scolded me. Father scolded me too. I had to pacify them with my tears. Later in the afternoon, my uncle got drunk. He sang, then he cried, swore at my mother, rushed to beat my grandfather, finally puked and passed out.

Vikram's father *bade thakur saheb** and uncle *chote thakur saheb* were atheists and openly mocked religious rituals. Now they had both turned believers and devotees of God. Early in the morning *bade thakur* would bathe in the Holy Ganges, visit numerous temples and return home only by the afternoon, his whole body smeared with sandalwood paste*.

Chote thakur saheb suffered from arthritis so he would bathe with hot water at home and write God's name repeatedly*. After sunrise, he went to the park and fed the ants*. In the evening both brothers would visit the family temple and attentively sit through the religious discourse till midnight. Vikram's elder brother Prakash had great faith in holy men. He visited their cottages and monasteries. His mother spent her days conducting rituals, fasting and worshipping the various deities. And though she was quite fond of making herself presentable, of late she had become a total ascetic.





I fail to understand why greed is so maligned. As I understood, our faith, belief and religion are all based on greed and desire. It was a totally new experience for me to see how desire transformed the minds and hearts of people. Sometimes we too consulted astrologers and priests and made ourselves miserable.

As D-day neared, we found ourselves losing our peace of mind. We could only think of the jackpot result. I began to worry—what if Vikram refused me my share? There was no written document to prove my claim. Everything depended on his intentions.

If his intention changed, I would not be able to seek help from anyone, could not so much as open my mouth about it. And there was no point in saying anything now as it was already too late. If his intention changed, he would go back on his word. If it was not so, my doubts would hurt him deeply. Though he is not the type, money might influence his conscience. He has not received the prize-money as of now so it is easy to be honest. The real test of his integrity would be when he wins the jackpot. I checked my own conscience, what if the ticket was in my name, would I give half the amount to Vikram without a fuss?

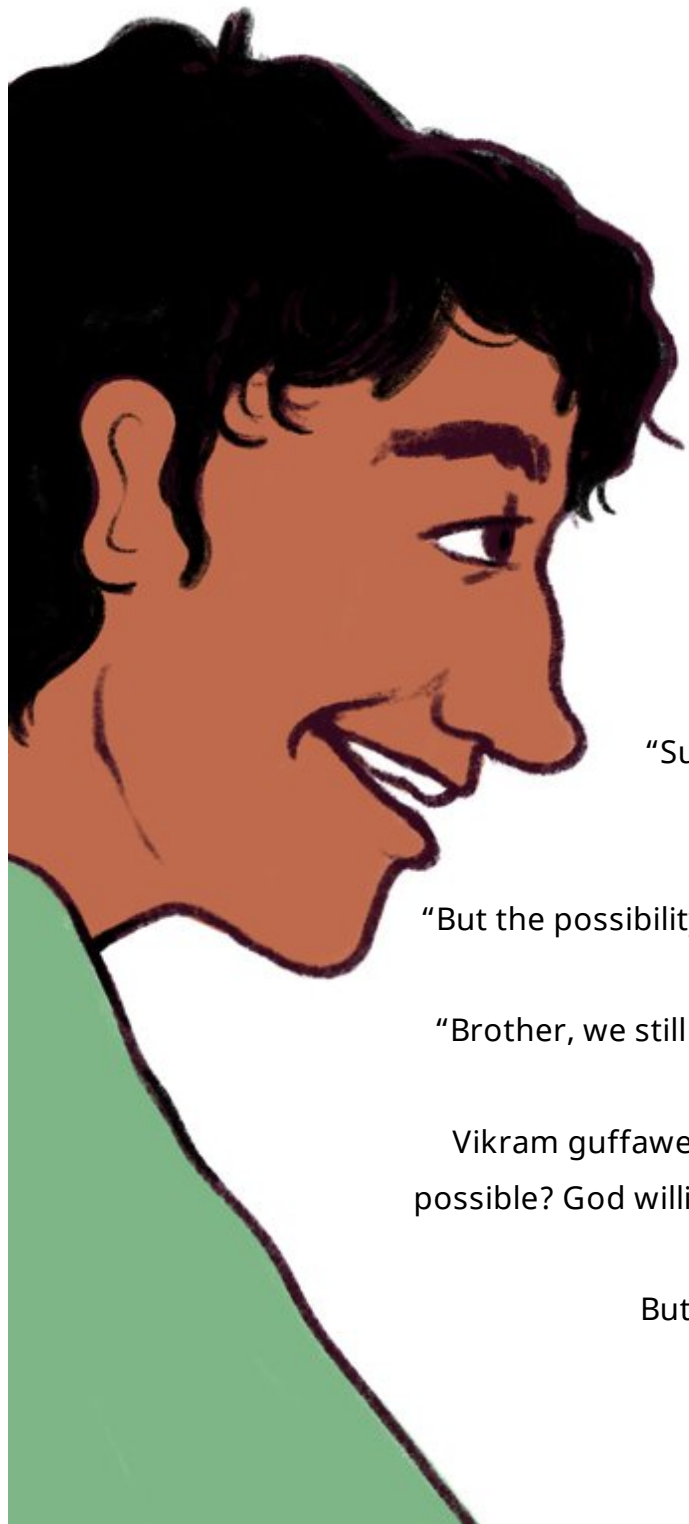


It is difficult to say with any certainty, but in all likelihood I would have made excuses-would have told him you had loaned me five rupees , take ten rupees, a hundred rupees at the most in return, what else, but no, not at all, I could not be so dishonest.

Next day as we were going through the newspaper, Vikram said, "If at all we win, I will regret sharing the ticket with you." He smiled innocently but this indeed was his intent which he was trying to hide behind the smile. I was shocked, "Oh! Really? But I might regret doing this too."

"But the ticket is in my name?" Vikram reminded me.





"So what?"

"Suppose, I refuse to share the prize amount with you."

I froze. The world went dark.

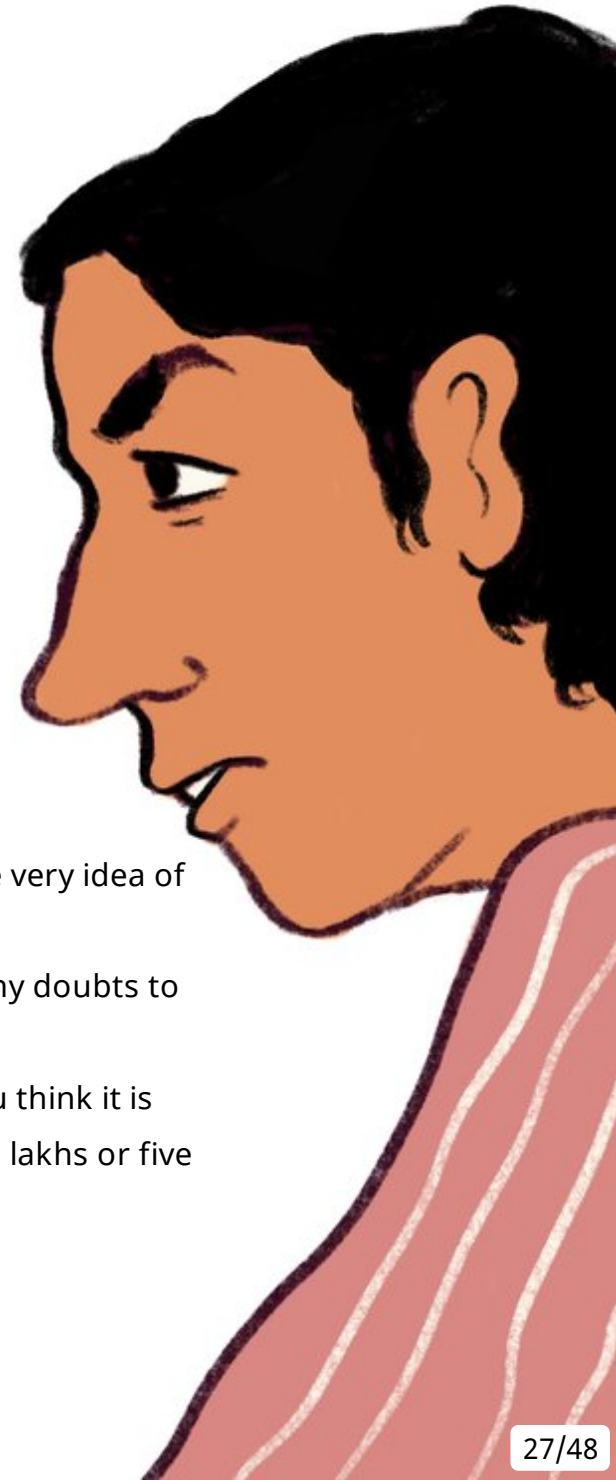
"I never thought you were so dishonest"

"But the possibility is always there! Five lakh is quite a sum. Just think! The very idea of parting with that sum is staggering."

"Brother, we still have time, let's do the necessary paperwork and put any doubts to rest."

Vikram guffawed, "You are so suspicious! I was just testing you. Do you think it is possible? God willing I will never cheat on you, whatever the amount - five lakhs or five crores*."

But I did not believe him at all. Doubt settled in my mind.





I insisted, "I know you are never going to cheat me. Still, there is no harm in doing the necessary paperwork."

"It is no use."

"Let it be no use",

"Then we have to do it on a legal stamp paper. Do you realize the Court fee for a sum of ten lakh rupees alone would amount to seven and a half thousand rupees?"

I considered the situation: I might not be able to take legal action with a legal document but I would have an opportunity to humiliate him, insult him and prove his dishonesty publically. In this world the fear of slander is a deterrent for much wrong-doing.





The fear of disgrace is no less than the fear of law. I said, "I don't mind documenting it on a plain paper." Vikram was unaffected, "What is the point of drawing a document which is not legally binding."

I was convinced Vikram's intentions were suspicious. Where was the harm in formalizing the agreement in black and white? I burst out, "I see you have already changed your colour." He was unrepentant, "Do you mean to say that in such a situation your intention would not change?" "I am not such a weakling."



"Come on! I have seen many good intentioned persons change colours."

"You have to document everything legally right now, I don't trust you anymore."

"If you don't trust me, I am not writing anything."

"Do you think you could swallow my money just like that?"

"What money?"

"I am warning you Vikram...! This could be the end of our friendship. In fact, it could have serious repercussions."



By now I was furious. Suddenly, our attention was diverted by a commotion in the other room which was occupied by the two *thakurs*. These were ideal brothers. We had never ever seen them argue. To *chote thakur*, *bade thakur*'s word was law. *Bade thakur* never did anything contrary to *Chote Thakur*'s wishes. We were quite surprised by the commotion so we went to see what was going on. The brothers had risen from their chairs and stood facing each other, their eyes red, eyebrows raised, fists clenched and faces distorted with anger.





It seemed like a fist-fight was about to begin. On seeing us, *chote thakur* stepped back." In a joint family, whoever gets whatever, everyone has an equal share in it." *Bade thakur* looked at Vikram and moved forward. "Not at all. If I commit a crime, I will be the one who would be arrested, not the family. I will be punished."

"Fine. Let the court decide this."



"Please yourself. If my son, my wife or I win the jackpot, you will not get anything. And similarly, if you win, I, my wife or my sons will have no claim on that."

"Had I known your intention, I too would have purchased tickets in my wife and children's names."

"Well, this is your fault."

"Because I trusted you dear brother."

"It is a gamble. You should have understood."





The argument continued.

“The family has nothing to do with your gambling, gains or losses. If you happen to lose five or ten thousand at the races, the family would not be responsible for that.”

“You can never be happy by denying your brother his lawful rights.”

“You are neither God nor a saint.”

Vikram’s mother heard that the brothers were on the verge of a scuffle she rushed in and tried to pacify them.

Chote thakur snapped, “Why are you preaching at me? Why don’t you counsel him who has purchased four tickets. What do I have –one measly ticket! His chances of winning the jackpot are four times more. Him changing his mind is a matter of great sorrow and shame.”



Thakurain coaxed her brother-in-law, “Ok, you can take half of my prize money. Now you are happy?” *Bade thakur* interjected, “Why would he get half of your money; I am not giving him a single penny. Even if we were to be kind and considerate, he would not get more than one fifth of the total sum. How can anyone claim half a share, under what law? That would not be permissible intellectually, religiously or morally.”

Embarrassed, *Chote thakur* retorted, “You are so knowledgeable about the law!” “Of course I am. I have been practicing it for the past thirty years.”



"Your practice will be useless. When I bring a barrister from Calcutta to argue the case, you wouldn't know which way to look."

"Your barrister can go to hell."

"I will take half the money just as I have half a share in the family estate."

At this point Vikram's elder brother, Prakash limped into the room, his head and hands wrapped in bandages, fresh bloodstains on his clothes. Smiling ecstatically he slumped into a chair. *Bade thakur* was alarmed, "What happened? How did you get hurt? Were you involved in a skirmish?"



Prakash moaned, then smiled, "Its nothing really. Not a big injury".

"How can you say this? Your hands and head are swollen, your clothes are stained with blood. Was there a car accident?"

"These are very small injuries Sir! I will be fine in a day or two." There was not a trace of anger, shame or revenge on Prakash's face; it sported a calm, hopeful smile.



Bade thakur was impatient, "Exactly what happened? If someone has roughed you up, I will register a complaint with the Police." Prakash replied pleasantly, "Nobody roughed me up. Its just that I had gone to see Jhakkad *baba*. You know he avoids people, in fact he throws stones at them when they go near him. This is his way of testing people. Those who get scared and run away, are losers. But those who follow him even after being injured become successful at everything. Today, when I reached him, about fifty men stood there bearing sweets, clothes and expensive offerings. *Baba* sat in deep meditation.

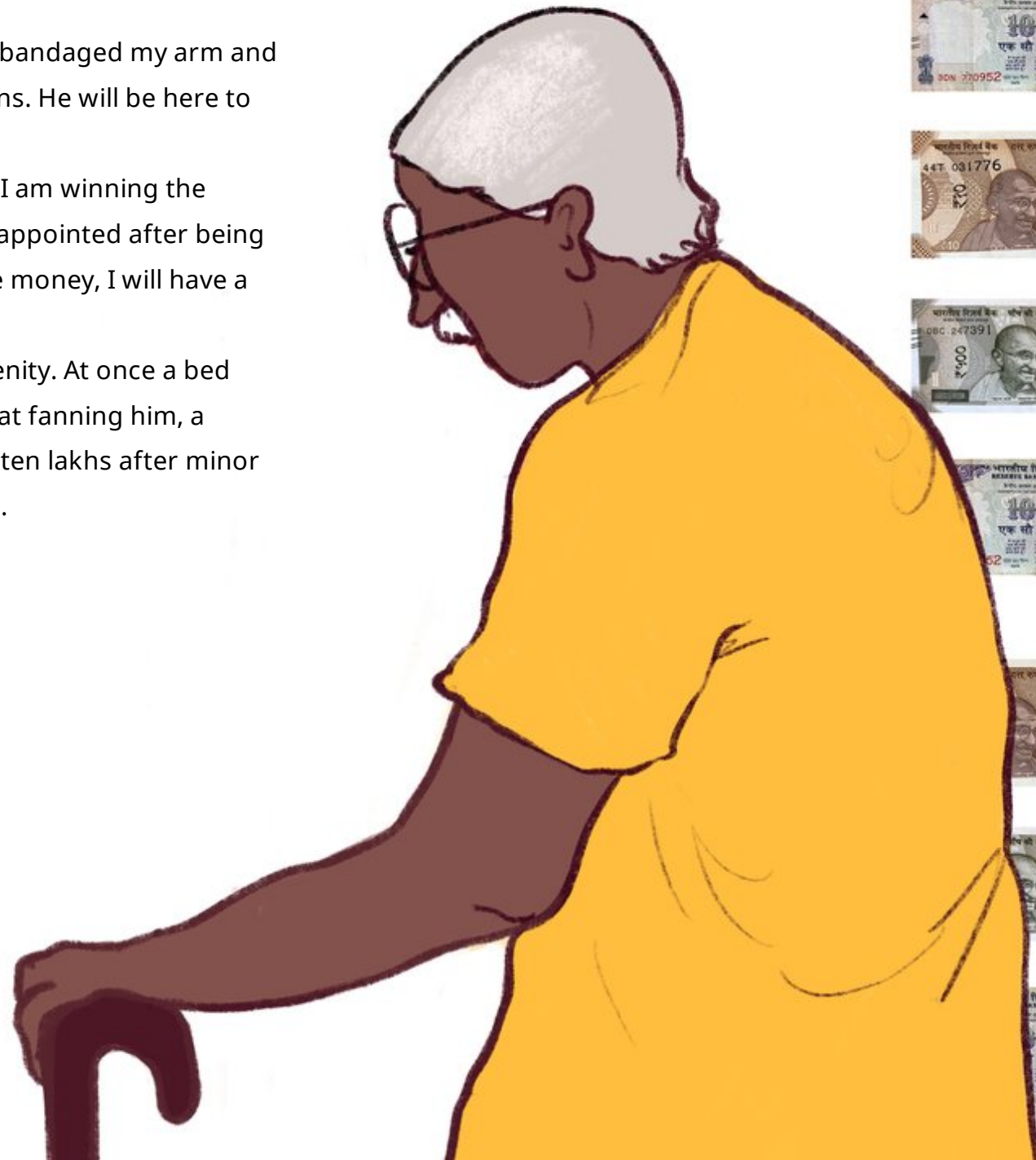
Suddenly he opened his eyes, and as he saw the crowd, picked some stones and chased it (them). There was a stampede. People ran helter-skelter. I alone stood steady as a clock tower. He started throwing stones at me. The first one hit my head. His aim is perfect. Blood oozed from the wound but I did not move. Another stone struck my arm and I fainted. When I gained consciousness, all was quiet, no one was there. *Baba* had disappeared; he often vanishes! I did not know what to do. My hand throbbed with pain, my head was still bleeding. Somehow, I managed to reach a doctor.



The doctor says it is a fracture. He bandaged my arm and has advised hot water compressions. He will be here to check on me in the evening.

I have gotten hurt but now I know I am winning the jackpot. Nobody has ever been disappointed after being hit by Jhakkad *baba*. When I get the money, I will have a cottage built for him."

Bade thakur's face glowed with serenity. At once a bed was made for Prakash. *Thakurain* sat fanning him, a tranquil smile on her face. Getting ten lakhs after minor injuries! It was not a bad deal at all.





Chote thakur had begun to suffer hunger pangs but just as *bade thakur* left for dinner and *thakurian** went to arrange food for Prakash, he asked, “Does he throw the stones very forcefully? I really don’t think he does.”

Prakash understood his intention, “Oh uncle, he doesn’t throw stones, he throws bombs! He is a giant of a man, so strong that he kills a lion with his bare fists. An ordinary person can actually die if hit by one of his stones.

Many have died but *baba* has never been prosecuted. He doesn’t stop at throwing one or two stones, he keeps throwing them till one falls or faints. And that is the secret: the more injured you get, the closer you are to your objective.”

Prakash drew a picture that terrified *chote thakur*. He could not muster the courage to get stoned by *baba*.

At last, the day of reckoning arrived.

We woke up to a confusion of hope and fear. The *thakurs* had taken a dip in the Ganga at break of dawn and now sat worshipping the deities in the temple.

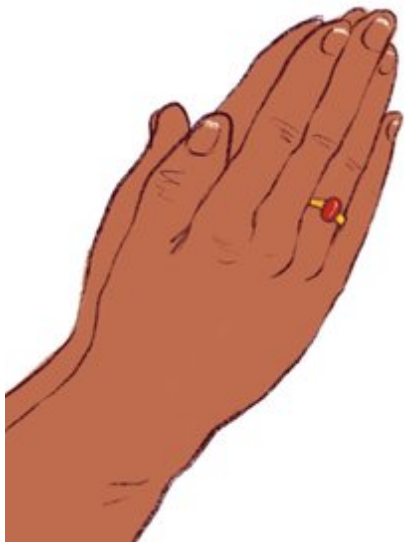




Today, faith rose in my heart. I went to the temple praying to God, "Oh Hope of the hopeless, Father of the orphans! Will you not favour us? Who but you knows we deserve your blessings more than anyone else?" Dressed to the nines Vikram stood at the door of the temple and signalled to me to come outside. "I am going to the post office," he announced and was gone.

Shortly, Prakash emerged from the house carrying a huge platter of sweets and began to distribute them among the beggars who were waiting outside the temple.

The *thakurs* were engrossed in devotion, heads bowed, eyes closed, hearts brimming with love of the Divine. *Bade thakur* glanced at the priest, "God loves his devotees, what do you say *pujarijee*? " The priest seconded his opinion, "Yes sir! He flew to save his devotee, the elephant from the evil alligator*"



A second later, *chote thakur* raised his head and asked the priest, "What do you say *pujarijee*! God is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. He knows everyone's mind." The priest agreed, "Yes sir, if he were not omnipresent how would he know everything? He knew of Shabari's desire and fulfilled her wish.*"

The worship rituals were completed. The brothers loudly sang their prayers. *Bade thakur* offered two rupees to God.

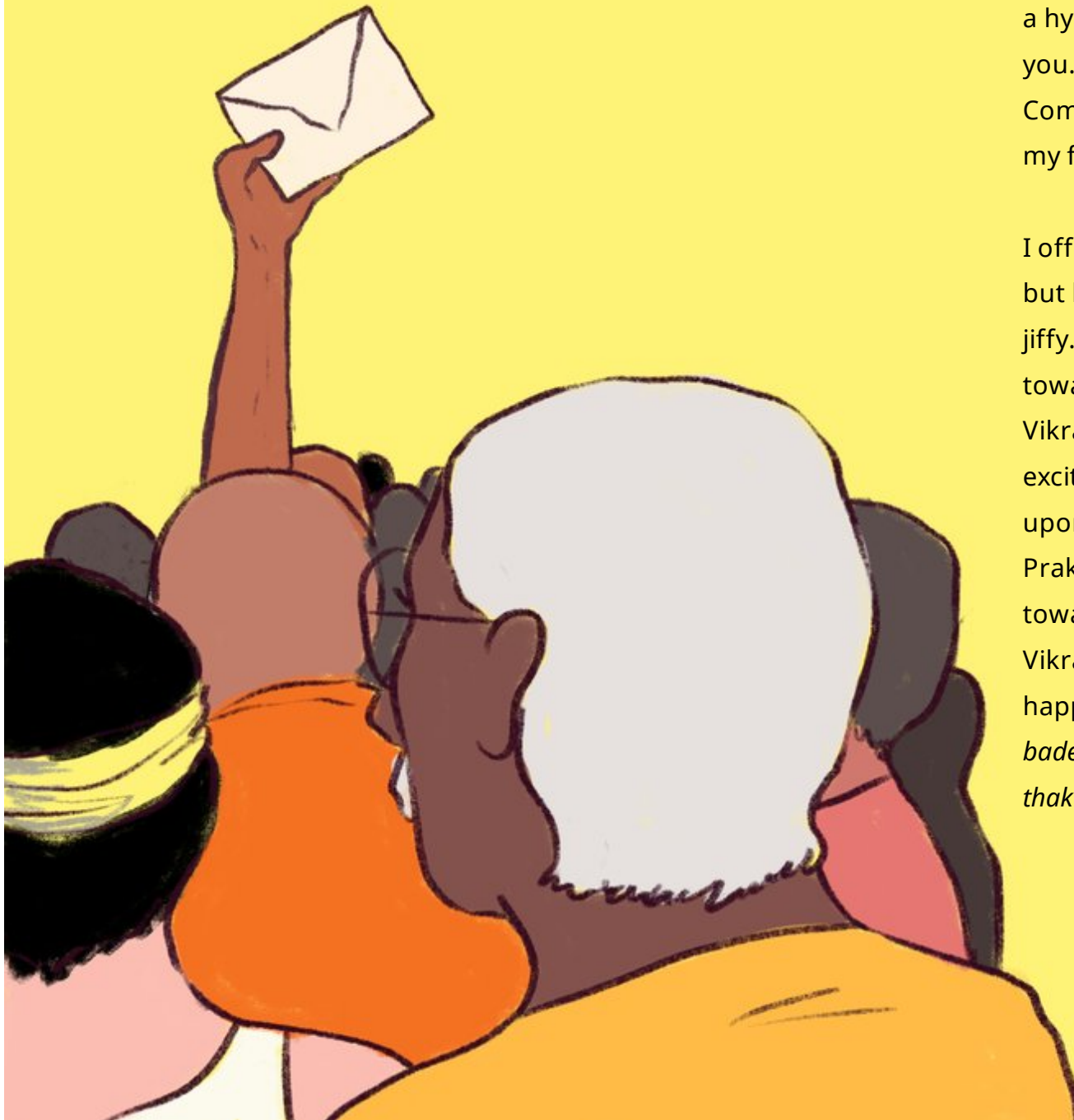
Chote thakur offered four. *Bade thakur* threw him an angry glance and turned his face.

Out of the blue, *bade thakur* asked the priest, "What does your heart say *pujarijee*?" He answered, "It is a victory for you."

Chote thakur inquired, "And what about me?"

With the same spirit of loyalty the priest replied, "Victory for you too *Sarkar**!"





Bade thakur came out of the temple reverently singing a hymn, "Lord! I have come to you to seek haven in you." A moment later, *chote thakur* followed him, "Oh Compassionate one, mysterious are your ways. Save my face Lord."

I offered to help Prakash in distributing the sweets but he refused my aid, " Don't worry, I will do it in a jiffy. Not much left now." Embarrassed, I started towards the post office when suddenly a smiling Vikram arrived on the scene. Everyone went mad with excitement. Like eager hawks, the *thakurs* swooped upon him.

Prakash threw down the platter of sweets and ran towards the bearer of great tidings. And I lifted Vikram on my shoulders. Everyone was cheering happily. Raising his eyes towards the sky, *bade thakur* bellowed, "Hail Ram the great..!" *Chote thakur* jumped high, "Hail the mighty Hanuman!"

Clapping his hands, Prakash screamed “Hail Jhakhad baba, the great saviour!”

Vikram laughed hard, “The winner will give me one lakh rupees. Do you all agree?”

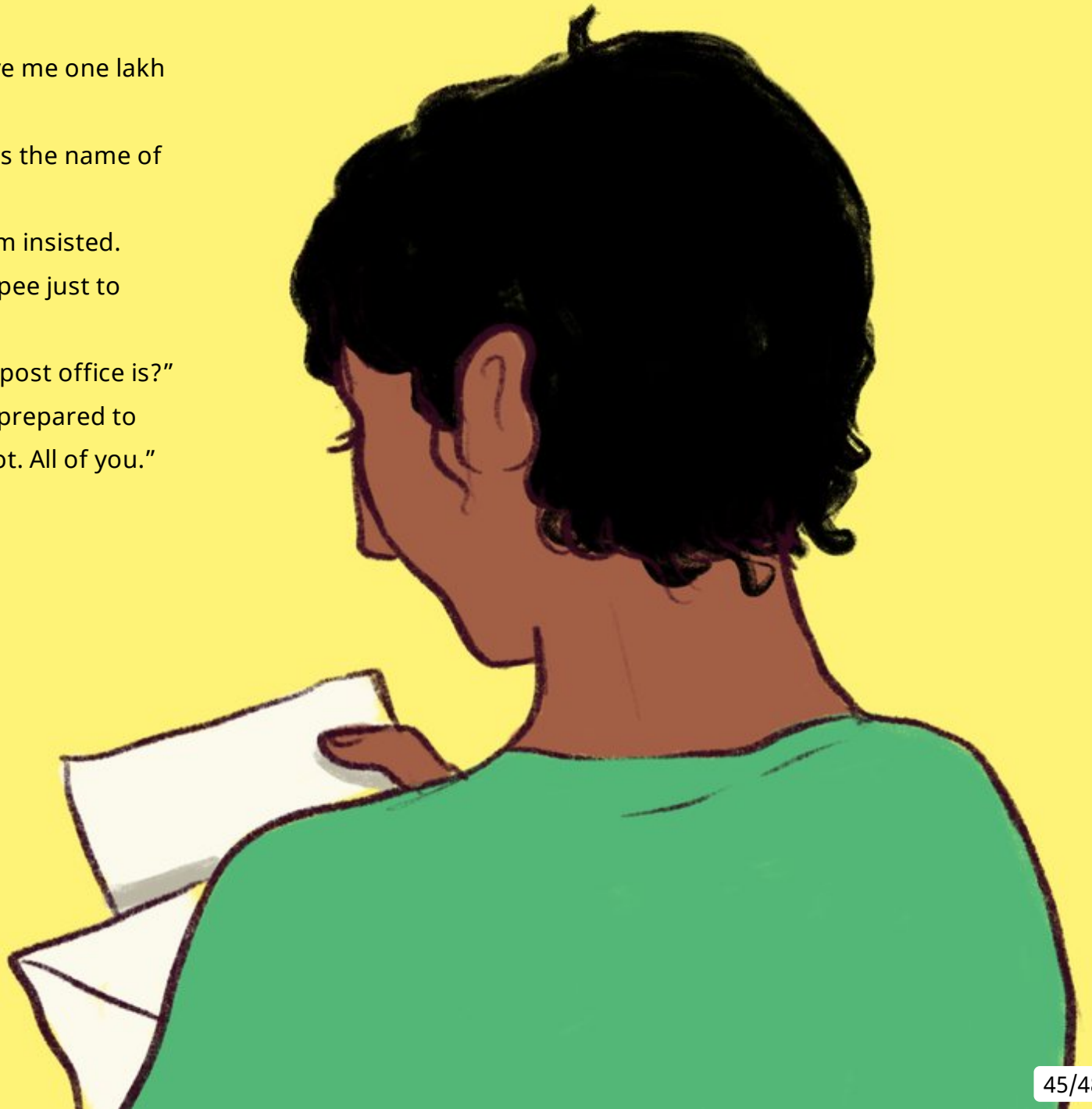
Bade thakur held his hand and said, “Tell us the name of the winner first.”

“No. Promise me that you will pay,” Vikram insisted.

Chote thakur lost his temper, “One lakh rupee just to disclose the name? Wonderful!”

Prakash fumed, “Don’t I know where the post office is?”

Vikram announced dramatically: “Ok! Be prepared to hear the name of the winner of the jackpot. All of you.”



Everyone stood at military attention.

Vikram warned, "And try to control your emotions."

Everyone was alert and attentive.

"Okay, now listen very carefully. The entire town is wiped out. Not this town alone, the entire country.

A black man from America is the winner.

Bade thakur was indignant: "That's a lie! An absolute lie."

Chote thakur changed track, "Never! Three months of penance gone fruitless! This cannot happen."

Thumping his chest, Prakash challenged: "Here I am, with a broken arm and head! Is it a joke?"

A whole lot of dejected people passed by, all had long faces. Poor souls, they were returning back from the post office, cursing their stars. A black man from America won the jackpot! He was called all kinds of epithets—wretch, vampire, evil.



There was no reason now not to believe Vikram. Irritated, *bade thakur* rushed to the temple and dismissed the priest, "You are completely useless, a freeloader, a good for nothing." *Chote thakur* beat his forehead, then slumped on the floor. But Prakash was furious, he took his big staff and left in search of Jhakkad *baba*.

His mother simply said, "There is something fishy here, I do not believe this result. What can our Gods do? They will not snatch something away from others and give us."

Nobody ate a morsel that day. I sat dejected when Vikram arrived and suggested, "Let's go to an eatery and have something, nothing was cooked in our kitchen today."





On the way to the eatery I asked him, "Why did you seem so pleased when you returned from the post office?"

He replied, "When I saw a crowd of thousands in front of the post office, I could not but laugh at the gullibility of our people. If one town has so many idiots, there must be a thousand times more in the whole of India, a million times more in the whole world. The mountain of my hopes collapsed into a molehill, I could not help laughing at myself too. I realized it was just like an altruistic man with a handful of grains inviting a million people to a feast. And each one in my family thinking....."

I chortled: "Yes, this is the reality, and here we were bickering over a written legal promise. But tell me

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Jackpot

(English)

Vikram has high and lofty dreams. He wants to travel the world like a prince and build a library that's unparalleled in its glory. But Vikram can't be bothered with working hard to earn his desires. He looks for the easy way to attain his dreams, and hence proceeds to buy a lottery ticket. Does he win the lottery and finally travel the world? Or does his life begin to crumble due to his thirst and greed for easy money?

This is a Level 4 book for children who can read fluently and with confidence.



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