It was a fine summer day with a noisy surrounding. Everybody was busy in packing things and loading stuffs. My father is in his early 50’s, mother in 40’s an eldest brother in late teens and a sister who was precisely the reason for us shifting to a big city. My sister just finished her class 12th and had to start her coaching classes for medical. Being born in a mediocre family it was unimaginable to send her on her own to a different city. My eldest brother who had already finished staying for a year in Kanpur was waiting for his engineering exam results. Me who just finished class 10th with distinction in all subjects was of less worry as I was expected to get admission in any good school in Kanpur. My father who was working as a manager in an insurance firm could not get a transfer and decided to move the family and eventually wait for his expected transfer. He planned to do a daily travel from his office which is around 100 Kms from Kanpur.

Moving to Kanpur was exciting for me since my brother has planned engineering coaching classes for me right from class 11th. Being blessed to be youngest in family I had the privilege to learn from the experiences of my siblings. My brother told me that I’ve to prepare right from class 11th so that I can crack Indian Institute of Technology, the most prestigious engineering college of India. I was known to be a sharp student in Science and specifically in Mathematics in my current school and among the known tuition teachers.

My mother was busy in reminding us to pack the stuffs which we might forget. She was in kitchen preparing usual travel food of boiled potatoes fried in mustard oil with spices and coriander with hot Poori. We also called our Uncle who come to our rescue in these situations.

We hired a mid size truck lorry to transport our stuffs to Kanpur which is around 300 Kms from Etawah.