

# **My Birthday: A Cautionary Tale**

**I was an engineering student at XYZ College of Engineering, living in a joint family. Everyone was incredibly proud of me, expecting that I would reach great heights in my career and support my family.**



**Everything was going smoothly, and Now I am currently studying fourth year. I lived in a room near the college, and my daily routine was quite simple: I would wake up at 8:00 AM and head to college by 9:40 AM. After dinner, I had a video call with my parents at exactly 10:00 PM. If I couldn't make the call at that time, they would become very tense because, from a young age, I had a reputation for being quite naughty, often causing small electrical explosions at home.**



**One day, the day before my birthday, I went out to Narsingi to get food on my scooter. My birthday was on a Sunday, and I left at around 9:30 PM. On my way back, it started to rain heavily, so I stopped for a while but continued my journey as soon as it let up. Siva, my friend, called me to discuss our project. I told him I was on my way home and would talk later.**

**When I checked the time, I realized it was getting late, and I started to panic about not making it home on time. I accelerated, reaching a speed of 100 km/h (about 62 mph). Due to the heavy rain, my glasses**



**started reflecting light in all directions, making it difficult to see the road clearly. Suddenly, I hit a big rock.**



**The tyre's wheel disc was bent, but I thought I could fix it once I got back to my room. I reached my room around 10:00 PM, just in time for the call with my parents and my sister, who was working abroad in Dallas, Texas, at TCS. After the call, I decided to repair my scooter with the tools I had at home. While working on the scooter, I noticed blood on the silencer.**



**Shocked, I quietly went back to the spot where I had hit the rock to see what had happened. My house owner noticed me leaving the house after midnight and coming back in. I went to the accident location, and as I fell due to anxiety, the rain woke me up.**





**To my horror, I saw a body—it was a person named Ravi. I was in complete shock and covered my face with my shirt because I knew there was a traffic camera at that spot.**

**I returned to my room around 12:30 AM and washed my scooter. The next day, I decided to take my scooter for servicing at A1 Car Wash near Stanza Living in Narsingi. On the road where the accident had occurred, I saw a crowd of people, police, and the press. Ravi's parents were there, crying in pain.**



**I passed by without looking, but the sound of their crying echoed in my ears. I was so tense that I decided to change the date on the scooter's service records to make it look like it had been serviced before the accident.**

**I went to Stanza Living to delete the call log from Siva's phone, hoping to remove any evidence of my whereabouts. Siva caught me using his phone, but I covered it up by saying he had a phone call. Siva didn't notice anything unusual, but later, He found removal of call log**





**,As I was receiving many birthday calls, I overheard an auto driver mentioning that the prime suspect in the accident was a boy aged 20-25. I was terrified and didn't go to college for a week.Siva came to my room, concerned about my absence. I broke down and told him everything. Instead of helping me cover it up, Siva wanted to call the police.**



**I begged him not to, which led to a fight. In the scuffle, Siva hit his head against the wall, and on the way to the hospital, he died. In a panic, I ran away with some money. I fell into a deep depression, had panic attacks, and ended up living on the streets as a beggar, becoming thin and dirty.**



**Siva's parents filed a missing person report. Based on CCTV footage, the police identified the murderer as a resident of Ibrahim Bagh. They questioned every house in the area. My house owner initially said nothing was suspicious, but on September 5th, she came to my room to collect the rent. When she couldn't reach me, she waited for a month and then opened the lock. She found bloodstains on the wall**





and immediately called the police, telling them about me. I heard the news that my father was taken into custody. Siva's father broke down in tears. Upon hearing the news, my father suffered a cardiac arrest and went into a coma.

Overwhelmed by guilt and the consequences of my actions, I turned myself in to the police.



**I was charged under IPC sections 338 and 307 and received the death penalty. Siva and Ravi lost their lives due to my reckless behavior.**

### **Moral:**

**Never drink and drive. Don't drive rashly.  
Always maintain a safe speed (40-60 km/h) on any road.**

**One wrong step in my life led to the end of happiness for Our family.**