

NO
MAP
NO
MENTOR!
NO
PROBLEM

A MANAGEMENT BOOK IN A
BIOGRAPHY FORMAT

CHINMAY VARDHMAN

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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*Sharda
Chaudhary*



Chinu

Shive Ratan Chaudhary

13 Feb 1942 - 12 June 2014 (Planet Earth)

Still Remembers How You Fought spiritually your own mother

to ***Bless me***

the Name 'Chinmay Vardhman' which I love so much.

You are Timeless Papa and
Your Values & Teachings will always Remain Eternal.



Forward

*I am Blessed to be Born on this spiritual land of India aka Bharat in
A Family who has/had strong belief on Humanity as Religion.*

*Also each & every struggle of my Parents especially my Father has
sharpen my Aspiration and further my own journey's each & every
event/turns has/have been My Real Teachers.*

*Undoubtedly Indian Cinematic Actors Amitabh Bachchan & Aamir
Khan's Positive Traits has & continuously boosted to keep my inner
flame Young & Vibrant to keep improvising.*

*Why these Cinematic Persona being my Influencer as Guys I am hard
core Indian Cinema buff 😊😊😊😊.*

*The Rock & My Kulh aka Wife 😊😊 who has/has been hammering
always so continuous Positive Change becomes my Best Buddy 😊
😊.*

*No doubt Books & Travelling has & have been prospering non stop my
Global Mind set & further much secular perspectives for all civilisations
& religions.*

*A Warm Gratitude to all of You Guys & let my journey always cher-
ishes eternally.*

*- Chinmay Vardhman
2 May 2026*



Beyond the cost, every bit of profit from this book will go directly to caring for the innocent souls of animal kingdom through INNOCENT STREET FRIENDS SOCIETY, Udaipur.

Please Buy more and more this book and support these lovable species.



Tiger

*Chinmay's
Celestial Buddy*

A German Shepherd

Beyond Cost, it's all for Paws



Donate your Love

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Chapter 1:

WHEN DARKNESS BRIGHTENS THE LIFE OF A COUPLE

May 2, 1973. Yes, this was the dark, gloomy night of Udaipur, a city in Rajasthan, India famous for its beautiful lakes. The city was facing a severe summer drought, when a couple had their first baby boy at 12:35 a.m.

The happiness of this couple at being blessed with a baby boy can be understood by the fact that they waited nine long years to become three from two. During those years, there was not a single day when this couple didn't pray.

And the darkness of midnight, which scares everyone, gave them the best moment of their lives. Perhaps darkness also bowed down to its knees before the sincere dedication and prayers of this couple.

The couple, **Shiveratan Choudhary** and **Sharda Choudhary**, were in fact two very different personalities.

The father, **Shiveratan Choudhary**, a postgraduate student of Agriculture Economics, christened the baby boy with the name '**Chinmay**' which symbolized a child born in May.

The special and blessed baby boy was lovingly given the pet name '**Chinu**' by his mother.

A long life lay ahead for the boy, as the dictionary meaning of his name, Chinmay — “soul like a saint”— was waiting to be affirmed by his deeds.

Now it would be unfair if India of the 1970s is not shown to you since many of you would not have felt the difference between what our nation is today and what it was then.

Child marriage, which is now seen only in books, was a tradition during that time. Especially the girl child was good only for household work and was married off and made to take responsibility for an entire family at the tender age of 15 or even younger unlike today when girls are given equal opportunity to choose their career and life ahead.

Mrs. Sharda Choudhary, mother of the boy '**Chinu**' was no exception either and was married at just 14 years old to **Shiveratan Choudhary**, a man of short stature. He had hurt his eye in his childhood and now one of his eyes looked smaller than the other. He was nine years older than her.

Since the newborn boy was so special and had many prayers offered for his birth, a dispute was inevitable over deciding his name. Smt. Kanchan Bai Choudhary, widow of **late Bhanwar Lal Choudhary**- former police station in-charge, and grandmother of the boy who was the head of the Choudhary household wanted to name him '**Vardhman**'.

Her decision was influenced by a dream in which an unknown positive energy awakened her when she was having a light nap after lunch and **‘Vardhman’** was the name recommended by an unseen yet deeply felt positive energy whereas, Father **Shiveratan Choudhary** was obsessed with his already chosen name which was **‘Chinmay’**.

Here the First Dot of the Journey was carved and you all will understand it as more chapters unfold further.

“Management Lesson”

...

“Life is about connecting dots and
each dot has its own story,
and
we realise it when we look back into the past
and
undoubtedly **Almighty** is the most
talented SCRIPT WRITER
and
storyteller of this Cosmos.

CELESTIAL CLAN



Great Grand Parents - Ajab Bai Ji - Bheru Lal ji Choudhary



*Grand Parents (Nanaji - Naniji)
Shree & Smt Ram Lal Ji Kothari*



*Nirmal Ki, Kusum Ji,
Didi Jiyaji, Nirbhay Ji,
Ranveer ji, Tej Prakash Ji,
Pushpa Aunti, Kamla Taiji,
Rajni Aunti*



*Takhat Singh Ji, Kusum Di
(My father's uncle)*



*Nirbhay Singh ji,
Ramesh Ji, Tej Prakash ji,
Shiveratan Ji Choudhary (Father)
Kanchan Bai Ji*

- My father's Siblings

My Father's Brother in law



Madhav Lal Ji Ganna



Prem Bhua Ji Ganna

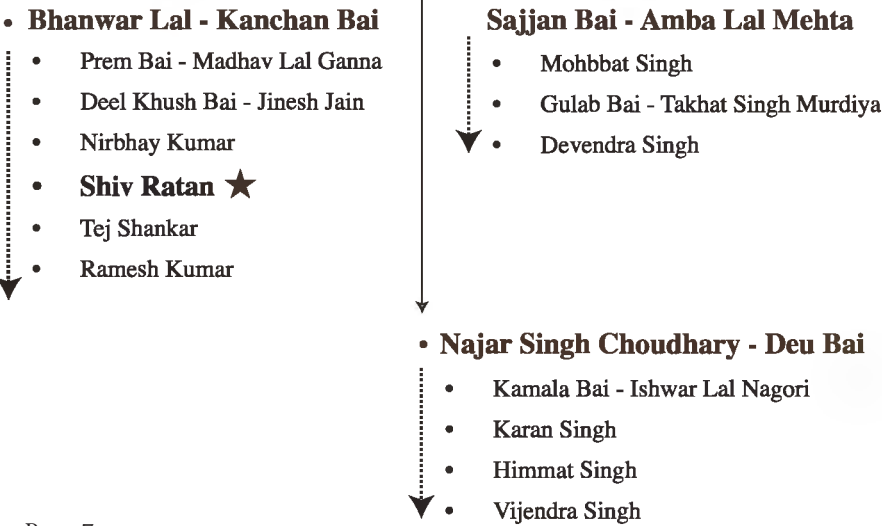


Choudhary's Genealogical Table

Choudhary family migrated from Javad (M. P.)



Bheru Lal - Ajab Bai
Great Grand Parents



• **Sohan Bai - Dulhe Singh Munet**

- Saku Bai - Shanti Lal Nalwaya
- Lahar Singh
- Koshliya - Raj Mal Jain (Kothari)
- Kala
- Karan Singh
- Usha - Ravindra Mehta
- ▼ • Gopal

• **Sundar Bai**

• **Hukam Bai - Pyare Lal Mehta**

- Dariyav Singh
- Kamala Bai
- Rajendra Singh
- Vijay Singh
- Parmeshwar
- Pushp Raj
- Pushpa Singh -Nahar Singh Padiyar
- Indar Singh
- ▼ • Ashok

• **Takhat Singh - Maan Bai**

- Amar Singh
- Roshan Lal
- Yash Kunwar - Mohbbat Singh Mehta
- Sujan Kunwar - Shanti Lal Mehta
- Surendra Kumar
- Vijay kumari - Babu Lal Dasrada
- Lalit kumar
- ▼ • Latish

Chapter 2:

EARLY CHILDHOOD MANAGEMENT TRAITS OR CONFUSION

Let's travel a few years back when **Shiveratan Choudhary** got a job in Jobner, a very small town near Jaipur, Rajasthan which is the home to **Rajasthan Agriculture University** where he got the position of manager of the university's poultry unit.

While working here, he never let his aspirations diminish and was equally motivated and determined to pursue his Ph.D. overseas.

This town was a close-knit community of his college friends who were now his colleagues where little Chinu carved out his innocent childhood moments, and the once-famous '**Choudhary House**' of the town still treasures those pure memories of his boyhood.

Chinu's parents always used to narrate a very interesting story to him about how he was in love with one of his Khaki coloured trousers/pants and would wear it all the time!

The boy was so stubborn, and of course it was a big headache for his parents as there was just only one trouser. So, they came with a practical solution. Once the boy fell asleep at night, they used to wash it and make sure to get it dried before boy woke up.

It was a regular routine until the pant got completely torn!

This story shows the inborn stubbornness dominating the little kid and if you keep reading further chapters, you will learn how the word ‘**stubborn**’ turned into the spiritual word ‘**Determination**’.

Multitasking and focusing on a single assignment or specialization at a time are undoubtedly two different schools of thought, on which management scholars have always been divided. Indeed, you may be astonished to observe that this book almost feels like a management text!

Relax!

It was this very confusion that the boy Chinmay carried with him for the next two decades or more.

During his parents’ stay at Jobner, one of their colleagues and close friends was preparing for the Indian Civil Services. This gentleman, lovingly known as Sudhakar Uncle, was not only brilliant in academics but also exceptional at multitasking. He was later selected for the IAS and joined the UP cadre.

After a few years, however, his father completely lost contact with Sudhakar Uncle—and to this day, he often wishes the digital revolution had come a little earlier.

But his persona and multitasking skills became permanently engraved in

his father's memory bank, and he always remained a reference point for him.

But the boy's default setting from the Almighty was **'one task at a time,'** and for this, he was often scolded by his father, with repeated references to **Sudhakar uncle's exceptional multitasking skills.**

This example was cited countless times—and to this day, it still echoes in the boy's memory.

As time passed, and he became a student in a formal MBA program, attending various management sessions and gaining personal experience, the boy—now an adult—was finally able to clear his confusion: Is multitasking better, or is focusing on one task at a time the wiser approach?

The reference of his father's colleague and friend helped the management student Chinmay excel by focusing on his strength—handling one task at a time.

Every incident in life connects like a dot, and his belief in this statement grew many times over when he received a text from the same Sudhakar Uncle after almost forty-six years. He firmly believed, on a spiritual level, that his father always wished for their family to reconnect with him—and here, that wish has finally been fulfilled.

He is further spiritually amused to observe—and wholeheartedly endorse—why the Almighty is often called the Most Competent Scriptwriter of the entire cosmos.

Management Lesson

...

Always keep SHARPENING your STRENGTHS;
that's the way *weaknesses* can be naturally diluted
under
the rainbow shadow of your strengths!

And don't worry, guys—

don't get bored

with these management lessons.

The next chapter will be chirpier, full of flavor, like the
SPICES OF INDIA.



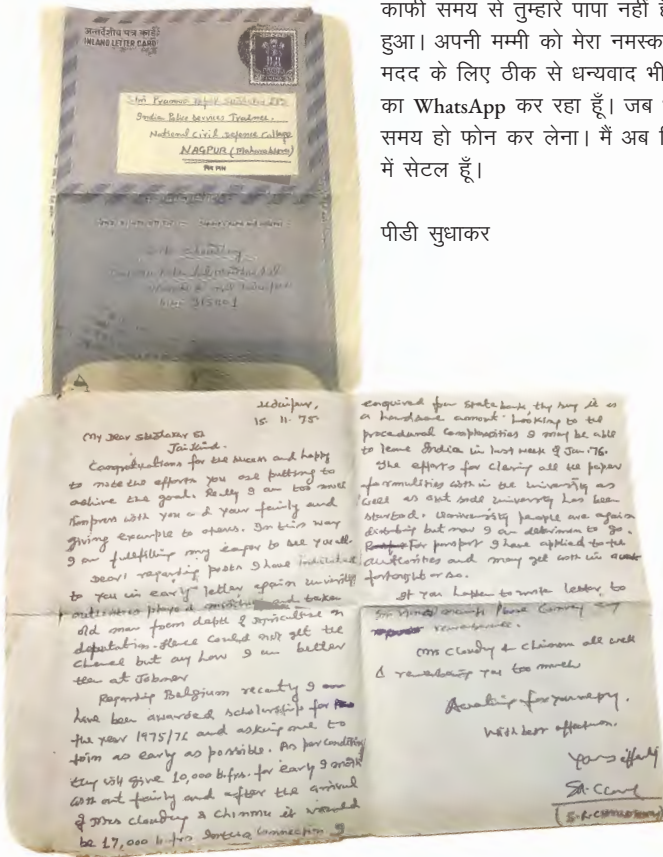
UNCONDITIONAL LOVE



प्रिय चिन्मय

तुम मुझे नहीं जानते हो। मैं १९७३-७४ में जोबनेर में ले. क्वरर था और आपके पापा भी वहीं थे। तुम तब डेढ़-दो वर्ष के थे। हम लोग एक ही बिल्डिंग के दो पोर्शन में रहते थे। मैं नया था और अकेला था पर आपके मम्मी पापा ने मुझे बहुत हेल्प की। मेरे ऊपर उनका बहुत एहसान है। १९७४ में RAS में चयन होने पर मैं जयपुर चला गया और फिर IPS में UP मिल गया। १९७५ में आप लोग Belgium चले गए और सम्पर्क टूट गया। अभी हाल में पुराने पेपर्स में तुम्हारे पापा का नवम्बर १९७५ का पत्र मिला जिसमें उन्होंने रतन लाल माधव लाल का पता दिया है। उनकी वेबसाइट से फोन लेकर उनसे तुम्हारा मोबाइल नम्बर मिला। उन्होंने बताया कि काफी समय से तुम्हारे पापा नहीं हैं। जानकर बहुत दुःख हुआ। अपनी मम्मी को मेरा नमस्कार कहना। उनकी मदद के लिए ठीक से धन्यवाद भी नहीं दे पाया। पापा का WhatsApp कर रहा हूँ। जब भी तुम्हें और मम्मी को समय हो फोन कर लेना। मैं अब रिटायर हो कर नॉएडा में सेटल हूँ।

पीडी सुधाकर





TINY-TOT MEMORIES



Chapter 3:

DREAM PLUS DETERMINATION BECOMES REALITY

Sincere efforts to achieve something never go in vain and it is proved in the case of *Shiveratan Choudhary*.

The day had finally arrived when pursuing a Ph.D. overseas was no longer just a dream—it had become a reality. A call letter from Louvain University (an educational town 100 km from Brussels, the capital city) arrived, informing him that a scholarship had been granted to pursue a Ph.D. at the *Faculty of Agricultural Economics under the mentorship of a renowned European professor*.

The entire family could hardly express the depth of their happiness and pride, as *Chinmay's father* was the very first member of their family to fly abroad.

Soon, all the communication channels of that era were filled with messages of congratulations and best wishes for *Shiveratan Ji's historic achievement*—an achievement that truly proved the saying,

'Where there is a will, there is a way.'

Without wasting a single moment, he began preparing for his upcoming journey. He knew that red tape—such as obtaining approval from his current employer, the Rajasthan Agricultural University, and completing the necessary paperwork with the Reserve Bank of India for foreign exchange—still awaited him before he could fly and start living his dream overseas.

Meanwhile, the cheapest air tickets came through from Belgium University, just as he was arranging the funds for his trip.

Once all the paperwork was completed, the passport was ready, and the visa was approved by the Belgian Embassy in India.

While he was navigating the tangled red tape of 1970s India, his wife was consumed by a worry planted in her mind by well-meaning relatives: that the young father might not bring them with him, might marry a Belgian woman, and settle there forever.

The root of this worry lay in the fact that he would be flying abroad alone, with plans to bring his wife and son later, once he was settled.

This fear also caused his wife many sleepless nights, as it was the first time this young, beautiful couple would be separated from each other.

Yet, these trials and challenges gradually laid the foundation for her strong and patient mind.

Finally, the most awaited day had come which was about to change the destiny of not only Shiveratan Ji but also of many coming generations.

Indeed, hardship always polishes a human being's persona.

The passport was issued, and his student visa was approved by the Belgian Embassy in India. The D-day was approaching—the day when their family would step into a new era of life, laying a golden foundation for future generations.

Turn the next page, and you will witness how an Indian was farewelled while going overseas—a scene that may astonish you, especially now, in the 21st century, when global travel has become commonplace.

This chapter will also offer a glimpse into 1970s India, allowing us to relive those nostalgic moments of Indian history together.

Management Lesson

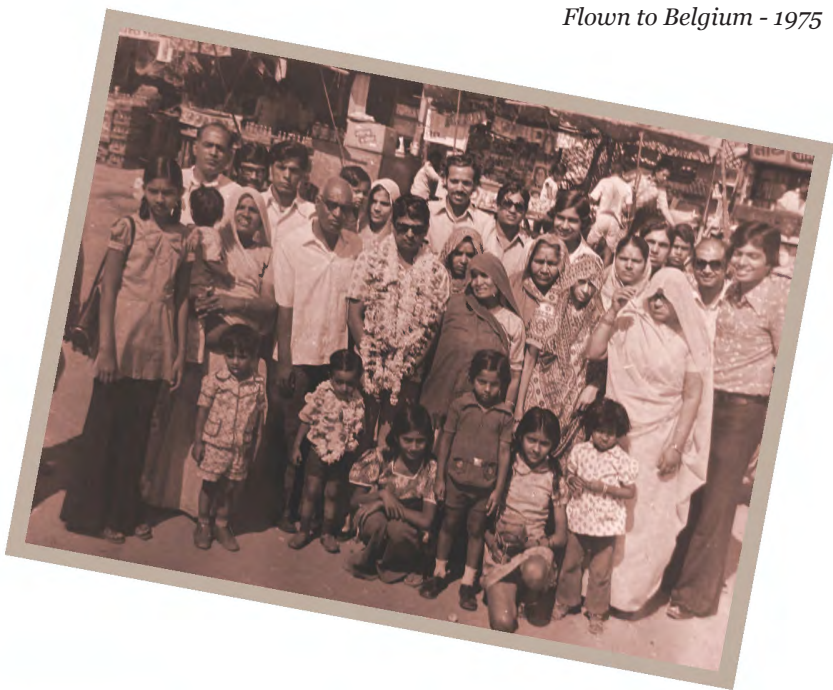
...

A sleeping person can never witness real-life dreams
unless
well-researched planning, unwavering
determination, and *focused* execution
are their CONSTANT companions.



SEE OFF MOMENT

Flown to Belgium - 1975



Chapter 4:

STEPPING ON THE LAND YOU ALWAYS DREAMED OF

The hurdles had bowed before *Shiveratan Ji's strong and unwavering determination*, and finally, he was stepping out of Udaipur by train, bound for Delhi airport—the first step toward the place he had only ever dreamed of.

His heart was racing faster than usual, and his mind overflowed with countless new imaginations and excitement.

Joy and fear intertwined within him. In those days, trains weren't very fast, yet the pages of old memories turned rapidly in his mind. With each passing kilometer, his excitement surged higher, growing with the shortening distance to the airport.

Imagine the curiosity and nervous thrill of a man who had never flown before, about to soar above the clouds for the first time and not just on any

flight, but on his very first international journey.

Finally, his feet touched the floor of Delhi airport.

His eyes refused to blink, wide open as if trying to capture every detail of the airport. From the security check at the entrance to luggage check-in, and then moving ahead to the immigration counter, everything was a completely new experience for him.

The tides of happiness and excitement were at an all-time high.

At that moment, every procedure was unfamiliar, and he didn't want to miss a single corner of the airport. At the same time, he carefully observed what other passengers in his queue were doing, trying to avoid any embarrassing mistakes that might reveal he was flying for the first time.

His eyes darted among every display board to catch flight updates, while his ears strained to catch announcements, and his mind tried to absorb every piece of information about his journey.

With a head full of confusion and eyes searching for guidance, it is indeed a challenge for any writer to put such a whirlwind of feelings into words.

Unlike today, when flying to another country feels no different from flying to another city, *Shiveratan Choudhary* at the immigration counter was bombarded with a series of questions: Why? For how long? When will you return? How much money are you carrying? And many others.

The questions were enough to make anyone second-guess their decision to fly overseas. Over time, with the evolution of procedures and human intellect, such formalities have become much simpler.

At that time, India and Russia enjoyed a close and healthy relationship,

and it was **AEROFLOT**, the Russian airline, that would soon carry him thousands of feet above the ground.

Moscow served as the transit airport during his journey.

He was now inside the airplane, making his way to his seat with a mixture of nervousness and anticipation. Traveling alone and taking his first flight, he was completely unfamiliar with the interior of an airplane. As soon as he sat down, he had to rely on a co-passenger to help fasten his seatbelt. He was tense, constantly careful with his small check-in bag containing important documents and his wallet, his eyes darting around in curiosity and caution.

It was also his first experience with in-flight safety instructions, communicated in both Russian and English. Before landing in Moscow, he enjoyed the hospitality and food offered on the Russian flight.

Perhaps God had decided to make this journey more adventurous and memorable for *Shiveratan Choudhary*. When he was ready to board his connecting flight from Moscow, he was disheartened and anxious to learn that it had been delayed until the next day due to technical issues.

All passengers were asked to move to a nearby hotel for an overnight stay. This unexpected news heightened the tension he was already feeling, as he knew his cash was limited and worried about the expenses the stay would incur.

Also, unlike today, when we are fortunate enough that every person is just a call away, no such facility existed then. *Shiveratan Ji* was anxious about the representative from *Belgium University* who was scheduled to receive him at the airport.

He wished he could convey the entire situation to both the university contact and his wife, who was eagerly awaiting news of his safe arrival.

Fortunately, the tension and worry were soon replaced by relief and excitement when he, in the company of a few co-passengers, learned that the airline would cover all expenses caused by the delay and inconvenience.

But next morning, guess what? The connecting flight was still not fit to fly and all passengers had to wait one more day in Moscow.

Being suffocated by this unexpected and unwanted delay of two days, all passengers decided to step to reception of hotel, where they all requested to arrange for at least some sightseeing in Moscow to utilize that extra day.

As said **FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE**, the wish was granted by airlines and *Shiveratan Ji* could enjoy snow fall of Moscow along with frog soup which he had to have against his will to counter the extreme winter. His journey was becoming increasingly adventurous, but these hurdles also adding bunch of new experience to his life.

Upon returning to the hotel, the news that the flight to London was ready brought smiles back to the faces of all passengers. The next day, they arrived in London. Yet the series of challenges was far from over. The final flight from London to Brussels was deemed technically unfit, giving *Shiveratan Ji* yet another unexpected opportunity to stay in London for a day.

All the experiences and lessons from the troubles and procedures he had endured from Delhi to London now paid off. This time, he was confident—no longer nervous or anxious as he had been in Moscow.

Perhaps destiny was especially benevolent, offering such a diverse array of experiences within such a small span of life.

The London flight finally landed in Brussels at 11 p.m., in the dead of winter, when all roads were deserted. He stood alone outside the airport,

completely helpless and clueless about how to proceed further. Forty years ago, without mobile phones, Google Maps, or online cab booking, the psychological pressure he experienced can hardly be imagined.

But as the saying goes, ‘Good happens to the good,’ a ray of light in the darkness seemed to be sent by the Almighty.

A young man on a bicycle suddenly appeared, and Shiveratan Ji immediately approached him for help. Being a stranger in Brussels, his presence understandably made the cyclist hesitate—or perhaps, he was a little scared, unsure about trusting someone from another country.

Finally, the young man began pedaling, and Shiveratan Ji ran alongside him, pleading for guidance. He knew it was late at night, and the chance of finding another option was slim.

As they say, God's house may be late, but it is never dark.

Finally, the man on cycle agreed to help him. And Shiveratan Ji with his attaiichi (suitcase of modern era) sat on the back seat and both reached home. The man offered beer and some food to him. This man was certainly an angel, who without any lust or want of anything in return helped him.

I am sure in our lives too we come across a few people who disappear after providing their help in our worst time.

Next day that man took him to his college and Shiveratan Ji's respect and gratitude for him reached zenith when he refused to take anything for helping him.

It was at that moment he spotted the lady warden, to whom he had to report at the hostel. I am sure if anyone had asked him how he felt at that very moment, he would have said,

‘Nothing less than attaining Moksha or Nirvana.’

He had finally completed his first flight journey, and his feet had touched the campus he had always dreamed of.

The trials, nervousness, and fear he had endured over the past few days, combined with the sheer excitement and joy of reaching his dream land, now poured through his eyes in the form of tears.

Management lesson

...

Never fear *fear itself*,
as in the end,
it always leaves you more
MATURE and more BLESSED.

BRUSSEL'S DIARY



Chapter 5:

RETROUVAILLES: THE JOY OF REUNITING AFTER A LONG SEPARATION

Ring Ring! Ring Ring! Telephone was ringing in India. Yes, you guessed it right and yes, this call was from Belgium.

Shiveratan Choudhary was so anxious, restless and excited to speak to his family who in India, was waiting for nothing but to hear his sound.

It would be significant to remind the readers that this call was immensely special not just because it was my father who was on the other side but five decades ago to have a phone connection was nothing less than having a Ferrari today.

Having phone connection was such a luxury and privilege that anyone in society could have easily guided you to the house of the phone owner if you had just mentioned **“HE HAS A PHONE CONNECTION”**.

Phone was more than sufficient to separate you from others in society, making your social status too high.

Ramesh ji Choudhary, my uncle a businessman by profession, was the owner of this phone which rang to announce my father's call from Belgium.

Everyone, including my mother *Sharda Choudhary*, my grandmother and I, all rushed to my uncle's room to hear the voice of the person whose absence had been making us all feel restless.

This moment was too emotional for all of us and especially for my mother as it was the first time the beautiful couple had to experience the pain of being away from each other.

Mom took the call. "*I have reached safely*" voice from Belgium brought happiness on the faces present there. The call lasted for only a few seconds. But these few seconds were so costly and precious that it dissolved the weight of worry from each family member's heart and mind.

The readers, meanwhile, can thank God to have given them the privilege to talk to their family and friends without limits and restrictions over a call with a nominal cost in this world of digitalization.

Though my mother could talk to my father for a few seconds only, the happiness on her face was easily noticeable. Her forehead was free from worrying wrinkles after several days. Mind was relaxed as her husband was safe there in Belgium.

I am sure readers can connect to the feeling my mother was experiencing then and of course sometimes words are not enough to explain some feelings that certain moments unexpectedly gift us.

Shiveratan Choudhary's dream of pursuing Ph.D. overseas had come true and not only it changed his life but of others in the family too. This journey of his flying overseas offered each member an opportunity to gain rare, painful yet precious experience of life.

Almighty had a gift for everyone.

Where on one hand the absence and separation from her husband *Shiveratan Choudhary* was painful, on the other hand the same proved to have and refined the relationship between my mother *Sharda Choudhary* and my granny *Kanchanbai Choudhary*.

Imagine that after facing a lot of struggles and problems, have succeeded in making a castle with cards of deck and you have managed to keep it steady and firm for several years. Over several years with your sacrifice, hard work and dedication you have succeeded in transforming this Castle in your own way. Now, suddenly you notice a blow of wind coming towards the Castle you have preserved for decades. How would you react?

Could you guess who is maker of Castle and who is the Wind? They are personified as the mother-in law and the daughter-in-law respectively.

A lady who has run a family, who has headed it for decades, has put sacrament in her children and has a well-established control over family would obviously act with strictness, utmost cautious on finding a newcomer in her household.

As the newcomer i.e. the daughter-in-law belongs to a new generation and might not agree with several traditions that are being practiced in this house for several decades. It is quite natural and obvious for the mother-in-law to always be in a protective mode about her already existing position among family members.

The situation for my mother was quite challenging. It was India of 1970s when **PARDA PRATHA** was practiced and my mother *Sharda Choudhary* had to bear with it too during those days.

Absence of my father *Shiveratan Choudhary*, provided the **SAAS-BA-HU (Mother-in-Law and Daughter-in-Law)** duo with the opportunity to explore several new dimensions that were still untouched and unexplored.

Also, the distance of thousands of kilometers had opened a new window of Love and romance among my parents.

Now letters had become the carrier and of emotions for this Couple.

Unlike today when the medium of communication has surpassed our own imagination and expectations especially when phone is as common as tooth brush.

Undoubtedly pouring emotions into a letter and then sending it overseas and only to receive a reply in 2-3 months, had been certainly adventurous which Millennial can feel alien to.

While exchange of several letters was going on between my parents one letter had something in it that brought tears of joy in the eyes of my mom *Sharda Choudhary*.

The letter had informed her that the passport and Visa process for her and *Chinmay* had been initiated and very soon she and her son would be in Brussels.

Readers can very well connect to the feeling of *Sharda Choudhary* on receiving this news. Her eyes were now dreaming of meeting her husband *Shiveratan Choudhary* overseas.

It was not less than experiencing heaven for someone who belonged to a small village.

Here I would once again like to make a special mention of my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary*, who was always ready to extend his help to my mother.

From Visa interviews to final travel day, his support reached before asking. He has always been my role model.

Shiveratan Choudhary had arranged tickets for his wife and little *Chinmay* in advance.

During those days Visa interviews could be attended a few days before the scheduled departure. Since my mother was not well versed with such formalities and she could not have made it all alone.

But before my mother could worry for all these my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* was there to make the whole process smoother for my mother.

My uncle with his wife, *Pusha Aunty* and son *Dinmay* accompanied me and my mother during this time.

Yes! I know what you have just noticed. This *Chinmay- Dinmay* symmetry in names is in fact another interesting story which we will certainly share in the coming pages.

My grandmother was so upset that day as *Chinmay* and his mother *Sharada Choudhary* were finally all set to leave for the airport to catch the flight that was going to take a woman to her beloved husband and a son to his father to whom he was very much attached too and since childhood.

Separation is always painful and it is beyond the mere attachments in relationships. Whether you love someone less or more it hurts you when you feel the present is about to become a memory.

My mother was upset too as she was soon to be away from her family in India.

But the sadness was overwritten somewhere by the excitement and waves of enormous happiness that was then in her heart and of course, it was obvious and justified as her wait to meet her husband *Shri Shiveratan Choudhary* was coming to its end in next few hours.

Flight was from Bombay (now, Mumbai) and me and my mother reached the Embassy safely with my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* and his family.

A decent and budget hotel was awaiting our arrival there. We all had a nice stay and sleep that night. Next morning, we all stepped to the Embassy. As soon as my mother *Sharda Choudhary* put her first step inside the Embassy building, the temperature difference was felt immediately.

Yes, the readers must be astonished and amused as air conditioners are very common now a days.

But during 1975-1976 it was not less than the eighth Wonder of World for a common man from a small town. My mother could not stop herself from asking my uncle “*what is it that is making everything inside so cool?*” My uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* who had been a businessman and was a frequent traveler, was aware of air conditioners and he patiently explained it to my mother.

Same day Visa for both *Chinmay* and *Smt. Sharda Choudhary* got approved.

Next day Bombay airport was to witness our first flight. We arrived there to catch our flight. Once again, a completely new experience was awaiting my mother as she never had a chance to fly anywhere before. She had to go through all the process of checking, ranging from scanning the luggage to getting boarding pass and reaching the gate from where she had to board the airplane.

In general, it really looked so amazing and somewhat impossible too, for a woman who never stepped out alone anywhere before to this day, to actually manage or to complete the entire process of checking which is evidently complicated for any first-time traveler.

But *Smt. Sharda Choudhary* was so motivated and passionate to meet her husband *Shiveratan Choudhary* and that she made it all possible which actually looked so challenging.

Indeed, it was. My mother had to enquire several times for almost everything, every process as all these were completely new to her.

Airport those days were also very different from what we see today. Any person flying overseas had to bear with the suspicious eyes of customs and immigration officers staring at them continuously as if the traveler is nothing less than a convict.

My mother *Sharda Choudhary* also experienced it all. Despite every hurdle she succeeded in reaching the airplane with her son *Chinmay*. The zeal, curiosity to meet her husband and a passion to make her son meet his father were the forces in background that made all this possible for my mother.

Finally, my mother and I were inside the airplane. My mother was very nervous which was quite natural for a common woman flying for the very first time and nervousness increased in many folds when the flight was about to

take us up in the air.

But Almighty was sending dose of relaxation in different forms to *Sharda Choudharya* and this time it was in the form of a co-passenger who was also from Rajasthan. This somewhere brought down the level of tension hopping inside the mind of my mother. *Meha ji*, the co-passenger from Rajasthan promised to guide my mother in Brussels when help was sought by her for the same.

My mother was continuously encouraging me by making me feel that it was a matter of a few hours after which I would be with my father *Shiveratan Choudhary*. She describes how happy and excited I was to meet my father after a long time.

Every experience was unique and special like wrapping the seat belt for which my mother was guided by the air hostess, taking me to the toilet/lavatory where also the proper help and guidance was provided by the cabin crews.

Although, the surroundings of *Sharda Choudhary* inside the airplane were full of new things but her mind was completely focused on her husband, and she was counting every second eagerly to meet him.

Soon the airplane was ready to take off the Indian land and to take this mother-son pair thousands of feet above the ground in clouds where the feeling of being in heaven automatically comes as all one could see around him/her are clouds.

Getting a life partner who always keeps your happiness and comfort above his sufferings and problems is nothing less than winning the battle of life.

Sharda Choudhary was one such lucky woman.

Since my father *Shiveratan Choudhary* who had personally experienced the roller coaster of problems and challenges while coming to Brussels via Moscow and London, and of course, didn't want his wife and son to go through that suffering.

During those days only one direct flight, **SABINA AIRLINES** (then National Carrier of Belgium) was available if someone wanted to fly from Bombay to Brussels. My father had made the booking for us on that airline which cost him more money though he was already going through financial crisis.

But the husband and the father inside *Shiveratan Choudhary* was ready to face any hurdle when the question was of the comfort of his family.

Soon, the announcement from cockpit cheered and delighted my mother's face though she didn't understand fully but she understood at least this much out of the announcement that the airplane would land soon.

Chinmay being a small kid was enjoying so much. He was continuously looking outside the window: clouds, greenery, big buildings and the view of a city from several feet above the ground.

Remember *Mehra ji*? Yes, the co-passenger from Rajasthan promised to help my mom on arrival.

While my mom was asking him for help, he very quickly went out of the airplane ignoring my mother completely. Perhaps he presumed that my mother might ask him for more help.

But no hurdle and no inconvenience could stop *Sharda Choudhary*, and she very well managed to reach the immigration office where the process was carried away very smoothly. Then she collected her luggage from luggage belt.

Now Chinmay with his mother *Sharda Choudhary* was outside Brussels airport.

My mother was very happy but she was in deep tension also as she was afraid of the situation in case she didn't find her husband there. In such case whom she would ask for help and where she would stay along with her son, all these questions were increasing her heart beats.

Amid such worries, the little *Chinmay* heard a special whistle sound. He didn't take even a second to figure out that it was none but his father.

He very well knew this sound which his father used to communicate with him when they used to be far. I still have some blurry memories of that sound and it is really very special even to this day.

"Papa. Papa. Papa." The little boy started shouting and his father *Shiv-eratan Choudhary* was right in front of him. The way they hugged each other and on meeting was undoubtedly a feeling and a moment which is beyond verbal explanation.

My mother was now relaxed seeing her husband and her happiness knew no bound.

Management Lesson

...

Short time SEPARATION always prospers

the romance

and also tests the relationship

between two ETERNAL *souls*.



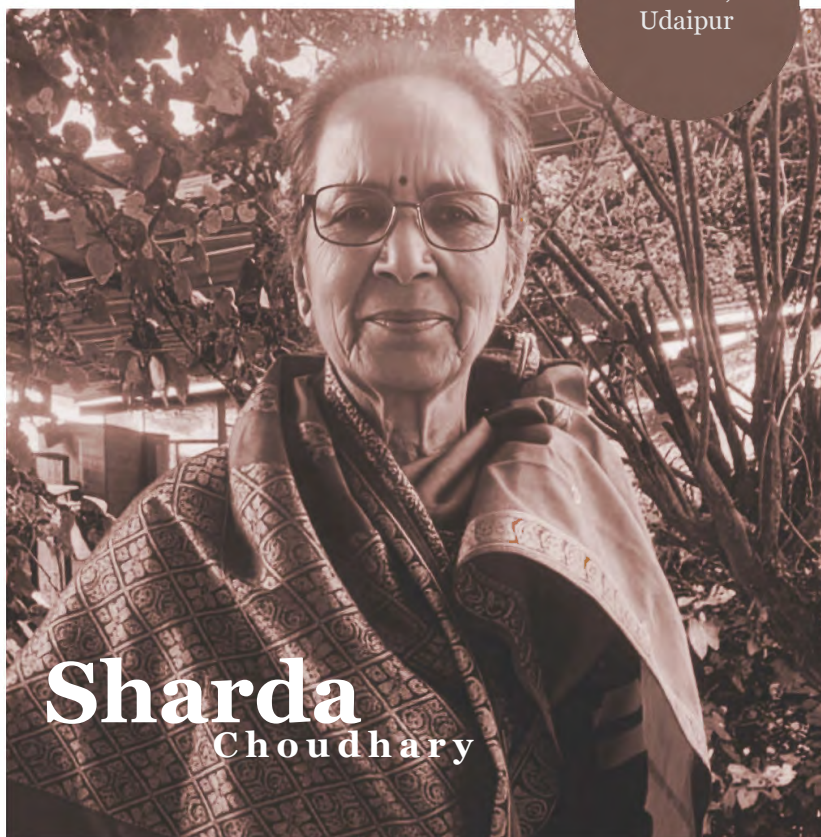
Celestial buddy

Some personal moments are forgotten until they're captured in words or visuals. This book brought back important phases of my elder son's life and revealed events I never knew. He has sincerely brought his journey to life, highlighting its most meaningful aspects.

My heartfelt blessings and best wishes for the success of his efforts and all his future endeavors.

Well done, Chinu!

Mother,
Udaipur



Chapter 6:

VISION BRINGS NEW PLACE AND PLACE BRINGS NEW VISION

‘Heaven’ the most fascinating word, powerful enough to make anyone dive deep into a world of imagination, having all kinds of comfort. A place everyone wants to experience.

During our life we created a lot of images in our mind regarding how Heaven would be.

For everyone the way to experience Heaven during his life’s journey is different. Some find it in luxury, some find it in the togetherness of someone, for someone it is the world of clouds that is seen while traveling by airplane and so on.

And the way *Shiveratan Choudhary*, his wife, and son experienced the Heaven was through the high-tech cities, the modern culture and lifestyle and the diversity of the Belgium city back then.

Traveling from India, a developing country to a developed one as Belgium was as good as traveling from Earth to Heaven.

A middle-class family from a small town who had never come across small machines other than Fan, Bulb etc. was now surrounded by *ultra-luxury machines* like washing *machine*, *oven*, *escalator*, *dish washer*, *chimneys*, *gas stove* and *many others*, was no less than a heaven of comfort.

From a rural environment to suddenly a world of multi-storeys, malls, pubs, festival, carnival, amazingly clean roads that are many times wider than the roads my family had stepped on to in their life, highways and many others– the *Choudhary family* was living in Heaven.

And it was natural for them as they were fortunate enough to witness in 1970's what India would possibly be after 40 years from then.

It is basic human nature to get attached to something which seems new and strange to him. But with passing time, gradually the excitement, the zeal, the curiosity that covered the heart and mind, loses its intensity.

Each of our lives might be filled with such examples where the innate human nature became dominant.

Fighting for the remote of a newly purchased colour television, adjusting the colour, brightness, contrast etc. of it several times or being very careful with scratch on a newly purchased bike or car, washing it every day would have been a story of almost every house.

But, with time this attention and care vanish, and these things become regular to us once they become a part of our daily routine.

For *Choudhary family* also, eye widening technology and the developed and well-established township were now part of their daily lives.

My father *Sri Shiveratan Choudhary* who was there to pursue PhD in Agriculture Economics was now working on his thesis with the help and guidance of his lady warden Maron as well his two-mentor guide. This kept him busy then.

The developed environment and culture of Belgium had started affecting the thinking of my father and it played a great role in the development of his mind.

Because of this effect the way he used to see life and used to plan the future of his family got completely changed. This effect was so strong and positive that it didn't stop with my father alone but it did develop in my mother so much and had a significant role in my future life as well.

Three years of our stay in Belgium gave *an exponential growth to the thinking* and a way of living to my family. The effect was visible in our language, our lifestyle.

To visualize the future one doesn't need to be an Astrologer.

Yes! Usually in one's live one comes across many new discoveries and innovations on a day-to-day basis.

We being surrounded by many such machines all the time but a few of us force their mind to make it visualize the future implications and in what way the future generations would benefit by these machines.

In fact it requires a great vision to visualize what other benefits humanity can squeeze from an invention, and *My father Shiveratan Choudhary was one such person.*

That day whole evening only one word was audible in every corner of my

house.

It was **‘COMPUTER.’**

The readers of this book might be surprised at listening to this as a computer would have been a part of lives of many young readers since their childhood but the day, *I have mentioned above is almost four decades old.*

During his PhD in Belgium my father *Shiveratan Choudhary* was blessed to be one of the persons who could work on a computer, forty years ago when it was almost new to the world and of course unknown to a large portion of people around the Globe.

Though the Computer then was not so advanced and was so huge in size equipped with magnetic tapes and several other circuitries. *Shiveratan Choudhary* was now groomed enough by the Belgic atmosphere that he could very well feel to have been working with future.

He not only learnt and understood its use then but also, could visualize the future impact of this machine and how Computer was going to revolutionize the working process and how it going to influence each field of life and work for coming generations in coming decades.

This outlines the futuristic and visionary aspect of Shiveratan Choudhary.



BELGIUM ON THE BOAT...



Together, we make the best team.

Management Lesson

...

ETERNAL DESIRE,
Exposure and *Experience*
always
prosper the VISION
and
Three '*E's*' Makes
A huge
difference to
any aspired journey.

Chapter 7:

FIRST BUNK: THE MOMENT EXCITEMENT OVERCOMES THE FEAR

Meanwhile little Chinmay who was now almost five years old was admitted to a primary school in a village in Belgium.

The little boy was enjoying the new world so much with his two new best friends, namely Gumzalo and Camillo.

With time it's quite natural for the mind to lose the clarity of any incident or memory. While some names, people, incidents, faces, gossip etc. are lost completely, some become blur but don't leave our thoughts fully.

Some actions of ours are stored permanently in our mind just because either they are the first of its kind or they teach a lesson or be the last.

That day I, with my two best buddies Goumzallo and Camillo were enjoying time together at my school. We three were having a lot of fun during lunch break. Out of this fun and enjoyment the three of us decided to bunk the class post lunch.

The plan to bunk the class ahead of lunch was completely spontaneous as none of us wanted to put a stop on our fun. The want of non-stop fun injected so much courage in my heart that I, without caring about any consequences, marked that day as my first bunk at an age of five years roughly.

Our teacher who was tall, beautiful, her feet resting on high heels shoes was clapping and giving indication to all students that the lunch break had come to an end and they all should resume to their respective classes.

But, we three didn't pay heed to anything and rushed out of school.

The excitement, the happiness, the curiosity, the anxiety you feel while going against any rule is like intoxication and hangover of first love.

The history repeats itself.

During my 10th standard I for the second time in my life bunked my class after which the boy Chinmay became a lifelong fan of Amir khan and Juhi Chawla (Bollywood's actor and actress).

I was very attached to my friends, and I always felt the same from their side too. Without any hesitation we used to enter each other's houses, and it was natural for each of us to attack the food kept inside the refrigerator.

I was fond of tasty food and this nature of having friends around me didn't leave me till my college life.

One story which often gets narrated by my mother Smt. Sharda Choudhary can make the readers smile as this story is about the Chinmay's love not for a person but for Muskmelon.

In Belgium on a particular day when my father Shiveratan Choudhary brought a Muskmelon from market, I didn't attack it directly but before that I clicked a photo of it.

Surprised? Relax it's not like I always used to click photos of Muskmelon before eating it, but this Muskmelon was very special as it was from India. So somewhere it reconnected me to my older days.

Somewhere it was an indication of the love that I had for my country India. Though this feeling was not active always but from time to time some activities used to underline my affection for India.

Age is not a bar if you want to learn something.

I fully agree with the quote cited above. Anyone can learn anything at any age. What changes with growing age is the speed to grasp something completely new.

The mind of a child is more or less the same as a clean blackboard. Which makes it quite easy to write anything on it and since the blackboard is clean, the written data becomes quite legible. This is perhaps the reason why a child learns so much in his early age.

I at a bare age of five or so was fluent in French language. And this learning helped my mom a lot as I used to accompany her during her shopping to act as an interpreter.

But as said there is no age to learn something, within a year my mother also became so good at French that even when we returned to India, we used to

communicate in that language.

French language later became a secret message conveyor between me and mom especially when she wanted to give me some instructions or messages before any guests.

Connection with French has now become very less but it is still and relived by a few words used at times by my Mom.

The memories of my eyes dazzling by lighting and decorations all over malls, buildings, streets, big Carnivals during Christmas still turns my conscious elsewhere sometimes.

Also, the scary feeling after watching the movie Dracula during one such Christmas in Belgium is unforgettable.

With the present generation it is quite common to see a child spending most of his time either watching cartoons on TV or on mobile. Mobile and TV are no doubt parts of his entertainment and of course the primary source too.

But it would be surprising for the readers if I mentioned the love of a child for a cartoon character four decades ago when it was too uncommon and also unaffordable for a common Indian child.

Being in Belgium how could Chinmay avoid being in love with the famous cartoon character Tintin as this character was etched to Belgium itself.

My attachment and love for Tintin made me carry several magazines with me when I was returning to my country India.

I still have a corner in my heart for *Tintin*. The character of *Tintin* got rejuvenated around the Globe once again when a movie directed by *Steven*

Spielberg hit the screens all over the world.

To mark an honor for his beautiful work a special train fully painted with *Tintin* characters was brought to Belgium as a tribute by Belgium Government to the Tintin Character's Originator and it truly blew life to my childhood memories of Tintin.

A warm gratitude to *Mr. Spielberg* for **refreshing my childhood love** for My *Tintin*.

Also, how I can miss *The Great Charlie Chaplin* as well as Laurel and Hardy who used to rule my heart as all kids of 20th Century and *Even My Painting of Charlie Chaplin speaks my Fondness for the Man*.

The quarter we used to live in during our Belgium journey was somewhat like a student quarter which had a garden facing it and close to the garden, a sand field was available where all children used to play.

Along this playground went a road above its level.

A strange sound that used to act as an alert or invitation to all children of the locality—a call to rush towards it. It used to come from an ice cream van.

And the ice cream used to be so delicious that still in this age whenever I travel to Europe especially Italy and have *my favorite ice cream* there, my mind starts remembering the taste of Belgic ice cream I used to have during my childhood.

In our life some incidents, some places, some people despite our contact with them though short in duration, succeed in *occupying a permanent corner in our mind*.

Management Lesson

...

Just like the very
FIRST PADDLE
which
always takes *extra effort* to bring
the BICYCLE in motion,
and
in life also it takes
extra courage to do
anything for the
FIRST TIME.



REMINISCENCES



Classmates at Belgium with Class Teacher

Chapter 8:

GRIEF OF LOSING THE ANGELS OF YOUR LIFE

Journey to Belgium is one of a similar kind for me as well as for my parents. It is so deeply linked with us that till today– different stories of different occasions that took place during our stay in Belgium often form a part of our conversations.

Help, support and love of many people are behind the beautiful and memorable time we spent in Belgium. Without it perhaps the memory of those days that my and my parents' journey could not have been that great.

My whole family sincerely thanks all of them from the core of our hearts.

But some of these people were almost like family and they remained with us from the day of our arrival in Belgium till the day we took off for India permanently.

It would be always less in whatever ways we thank and try to pay our gratitude to *John Merry uncle and his family* whose presence and participation were always felt at almost every small or big occasion like dining outside, a nearby country trip or any other thing.

He was as close as our family is to us. He indeed owned a divine heart and every support that came from his side was with absolute selflessness.

Goodness is present everywhere and is not confined to boundaries.

It might come as an element of surprise to my readers if I disclose the land where John Merry Uncle belonged to. He was from Pakistan.

Yes, from a country globally known better for its bitter relationship with India and always making headlines of news for conflicts with our country on various fronts.

He is a true example of the saying *God resides in every human*. Caste, Religion, Place of origin, complexion all these are no requirements for being a good human. He was an owner of a pure heart.

He was married to a Belgic girl and converted to Christianity as his religion and was father to a daughter named *Shabida*. Interestingly a crush of mine in those days and memories of those days with her still bring a smile on my face whenever I see the photo album of our childhood.

We—my parents and me very often miss *John Merry Uncle and his family* and pray regularly for their better health and long life.

Wherever they may be at present May God keep that family happy always!

I strongly hope this book reaches that family somehow and they meet us again so that my whole family gets a chance to show our gratitude to them towards their priceless support.

My mother also mentions the amazing and timely support of *Mr. Pal* who was also present during our tough times.

We **all thank you from the bottom of our hearts** for resolving the difficulties in those days.

I always wondered what way two people would communicate in absence of a language. It sounds strange to hear at first.

But nature perhaps knew that evolution of any written language for communication would take time. And hence it incorporated humans with an inbuilt language which fortunately works everywhere.

One and one only Language i.e. the language of gestures!

This language has been with us since the beginning of human history.

Initially when my mother Smt. Sharda Choudhary was unable to both understand and speak French and during that time gestures not only eased her life but also converted some strangers into a good friends who also visited our house with their families.

Whenever we find ourselves completely helpless, discovery of some new skills inherited by nature, happens that already existed within us but we remained unaware.

Undoubtedly That's The Nature!



Celestial buddy

A beautifully written autobiography that motivates through its simplicity and genuine connection to real-life events. Chinmay brings his journey to life, showing how pivotal moments shaped him and offering insightful management lessons along the way. His path to entrepreneurship and his reflections on spirituality add depth and wisdom, making this memoir valuable for anyone seeking personal and professional growth.

Truly inspirational. Congratulations to the author and everyone who supported this remarkable work.

Best wishes ahead.

Brother
London
UK



Nayan
Choudhary

My mother came to Belgium on September 1976 and a year after in September 1977 my younger brother Nayan was born.

For a woman the feeling and thought that she is going to be a mother to a child after a few months gives her a new sense of purpose.

But my mother Smt. Sharda Choudhary was upset. Not because she was becoming a mother for the second time, but because she was alone in a foreign country during her pregnancy. She was away from her in-laws and her own family too.

But as said God has plans for everyone.

In our neighborhood, during that time, lived an old lady perhaps belonged to Costa Rica. She came there to pursue her studies.

There is no age to learn. Age is just a number.

She was a living example of the above quote. In fact, impressed by her spirit to learn in such an old age, my mother also got motivated and joined French class.

During the entire period of my mother's pregnancy that old lady took good care of my mother. Just like an angel she gave her utmost support and care to my mother and disappeared once my family became four from three.

Here *I strongly urge the readers* to extend their help and support to a person in need as and when possible because for some your help may mean a lot.

As updated to you all earlier that I was born in India and then went to Bel-

gium when my father *Sri Shiveratan Choudhary* was pursuing his PhD in Agricultural Economics.

But my younger brother took his first breath in Belgium.

This gave him an additional opportunity to select between Indian and Belgic Citizenship upon attaining age of eighteen.

Here once again the mention of *John Merry uncle* is important as he brought one Buggy for us to play with and I and Nayan both loved it so much that this Buggy travelled to India with us when we permanently returned to our country.

Meanwhile, my father desperately started to plan for going back to our own country India. Though many of his batchmates were trying to get placed in Europe or nearby but my father was firm on his decision.

This decision was a result of several on-going factors.

The huge distance from his native country and his mother as well as siblings were the forces that influenced my father's decision to return to India.

Readers this generation might not connect with the actual pain of separation felt by the parents and the child, pursuing studies abroad, for now-days distance is just for name's sake.

Apart from a normal calling facility parents can see their child live on video calls as well and vice versa and that too almost nominal cost.

Whereas during those days ISD call was like going to the Moon as very few Indians had a telephone connection.

Postal letters were the only affordable option available for a common man. It used to take as long as three months for a letter to reach India from Belgium.

In emergency *Telegrams* were the fastest means available. But everyone used to avoid its use in normal cases as sharing information via Telegram was presumed to be some bad news.

Because of all these problems Shiveratan Choudhary started feeling homesick. Also, he was aggressively saving money to build a house in India.

Later on, this house became the epicenter of transformation for the future of the Choudhary Clan.

And how it is connected to our own journey of development; coming chapters would brief it.

But my mother had a different experience of Indian small town and its culture. The society there was totally orthodox and this she knew very well.

She was now used to the liberal lifestyle of Belgium.

She was enjoying a progressive life where she was continuously grooming herself. Hence, returning to India again was not a welcoming decision in her opinion. She didn't want to travel back and settle in a developing country, leaving the amazing free lifestyle of a developed country.

But my father was firm on his already taken decision.

And it was believed to be the duty of a wife to flow with her husband even if she was not happy with the decision taken from within.

The time was near and the course my father's PhD. and D.Sc. was about to finish. With time coming nearer the excitement of my father returning to India was increasing.

All of us were adding more memories to the three years of our Belgium trip by clicking pictures during our vacation to other nearby places.

The actual importance of a picture clicked today is felt when we see it after several years. It helps us to relive those moments which we captured in pictures many years ago.

Sometimes when I look back at the journey of my life so far and compare it with the life of someone born in the 21st century, I find the youth, the young generation of this century, to be extremely privileged and extremely lucky.

When I recall my early days, I felt to have lost a lot of precious contact. Contacts of people who helped me and my family during the time I needed it badly.

But we couldn't keep in touch with them and gradually lost them from my life.

I strongly wish technology like the phone, internet, social networking sites and hundreds of podiums that this generation enjoys since they are born, had been in my days too.

I find myself so helpless when I try to search them all over the internet but end up with a void result.

The same helplessness I have noticed in my parents as they also miss those lovely people who were as close as family but now their addresses and whereabouts are completely lost from memory and despite several efforts it

couldn't be recalled.

Writing my biography is somewhere **another genuine attempt to reconnect with those angels** in the hope that maybe this book reaches them and they contact me once they realize that this book actually contains a short part of their lives too.

MY FIRST LIP SMACKING...



Musk Melon (My first loving fruit)



A BOND WITHOUT A WORD...





Home at Belgium

DIASPORA AT BELGIUM

1975 - 79



Management Lesson

...

NO AGE bar
for *learning* further
and
your *one small* help
can prove to be
a *life*
changing incident
for SOMEONE.

Chapter 9:

A PROBLEM IS NO PROBLEM WITH A WISE LIFE PARTNER

Life is so unpredictable. Many times, it happens that just when you are about to reach your destination bearing all the trouble and suffering During the journey, a better opportunity is shown to you by Almighty.

And you find yourself in a dilemma whether to go for it or to stop at your destination thinking about meeting the arrangements required to achieve the better and new destination. *As nothing comes for free in life.* For everything you dream in life you got to pay something to acquire it. My father *Sri Shiveratan Choudhary* was about to finish his *PhD in Agricultural Economics*.

While aspiring your dreams, while advancing towards making it come true with each passing day you don't want to stop there instead you try to set a next higher goal for yourself, that's the obvious nature of a progressive person.

After being so many years in Belgium, a Developed Country my father was happy with what he had achieved so far but his appetite was still not finished. This was a gift of the developed culture and environment of Belgium that my father was thinking beyond what he had come for.

He now had a hunger to pursue **Post Doctorate** which was one year course. But as you know any dream to a middle-class common man comes with an alarming question i.e. **HOW MUCH IT REQUIRES** followed by another question **FROM WHERE THE FUND WOULD COME?**

Shiveratan Choudhary was in the same situation as he was clearly told by his Mentor that the scholarship was only for his current ongoing course and it was he who had to make all arrangements if he wished to pursue further studies. The burden of fees was not at all easy to bear and its imagination was sufficient to make him see stars in daylight.

Though my father had some savings which he was doing aggressively to buy his dream house upon returning to India, sacrificing this dream of making a house was not acceptable to him as this was not his dream alone but also of his wife.

The whole situation reached the ears of my mother also. To deal with real life problems the knowledge of academic books is not that important. My mother is not that highly educated but she has excellent common sense to tackle a real-life challenge. Her involvement in this problem was going to be a turning point. My mother suggested my father invite his Mentor along with his family to a dinner.

Soon, everyone gathered at a restaurant one evening. The Mentor of my father was highly delighted post that wonderful dinner. He expressed his happiness and thanks to my father for arranging such a beautiful evening. My mother very quickly seized this moment as She very well knew how to use this moment.

Next moment what came out of her mouth melted and shook the heart of my father's Mentor. "My husband has a great desire to pursue a Post Doctorate but to make it possible he has no option but to work like a waiter in one such restaurant to arrange the fee needed for the course. Which would consume his time he could use for studies and would ask for many other sacrifices too. "

The Mentor in no moment understood what my mother wanted to convey. Everyone has a corner in his heart that reacts to genuine problems of somebody. The only thing needed is making your appeal reach that corner of his heart. And my mother had done that.

Within two to three days confirmation of extension of my father's course duration with scholarship was received. Readers can understand the importance of a practical and wise life partner.

Soon the day came when my father *Shiveratan Choudhary* was getting his degree of PhD in Agricultural Economics. It was a big ceremony and everyone was invited. The dream of my father that he saw a few years ago was now a reality as his degree was right in his hands. Of course, a moment of great pride. A calmness and satisfaction could be seen on my father's face as years of his hard work and dedication had paid up finally.

Let's shift our attention to my younger brother *Nayan*. Who had been growing up in Belgium. Unforgettable incidents of *Nayan* sometimes cute sometimes scary, had started taking place.

One evening my brother *Nayan* was going to market with mom. Somehow my mother and he lost their eye from each other. My mother was clueless. Absolutely no idea where *Nayan* could be. A complete darkness before the eyes of a mother.

The pain and restlessness of separation of a mother

from her child can never be described in words.

She was unable to inform my father regarding it. Every second was like several years, mind getting heavier, restlessness increasing with each passing second. Several clues were dancing in her mind. She was rushing to every place where she had even a little hope of finding *Nayan*.

It was the time when help was being sought for from the Almighty inside a mother's mind somehow searching for her child. Almost after thirty minutes had lapsed a neighbor appeared just like an angel with the news that Nayan was seen sitting at a nearby place. Mom rushed to the place with great hope and she found him right there having fun.

At present we can enjoy narrating this incident but, on the day of its occurrence only my mother knows how long was those thirty minutes.

Many other incidents are awaiting the readers to make them giggle imagining them. The buffet of all such incidents would be made available to you without missing even a single one.

Time elapsed and the day to return to our country India came very near. My father arranged tickets directly for Mumbai via *Sabena Airlines* as it was the only direct flight available. Here I sincerely apologize and deeply regret having missed to mention the name of Javed Uncle among the Angels my family met and got incredible support from during their stay in Belgium.

All the sweet and bitter memories of Belgium, the people we met here, the change Belgium gave us and many other precious moments were now continuously playing before our eyes. We all were in that phase of life when we were about to separate from a place, its people, memories made over years, our own daily routine and perhaps much more in a few days.

The pain of this separation was definitely being felt by each of us except *Nayan* as he was too young to realize all this. But on the other hand, imagination of breathing in our own country after a couple of days was making us all smile.

Perhaps My age was very small to differentiate between India and Belgium or to understand what country meant actually, but the mention of India on several occasions by my parents and their friends had touched a portion of my mind and heart. And I was excited to return to my country India.

For my mother *Sharda Choudhary* the pain of separation from Belgium was because of an additional reason which was elaborated in the last chapter. In Belgium she was enjoying the complete freedom. Where she was free from those *Orthodox* and conservative practices like

Parda Pratha. Also, the super developed environment was something she was going to miss in India.

But she was still happy as even with less comfort and various restrictions it was her own country. The love for Indian Soil was certainly above these luxuries.

Keeping in mind the luxury and comfort that all of us were used to during these three four years of our stay in Belgium many items of kitchen, machines etc. were also booked by ship to ensure they reach India by the time we reach India by flight.

Of course, how we could forget to book our toys as they have a great role in our development. *One Billi (Cat), a toy was very close to Nayan and it was also shipped to India.*

Management Lesson

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Being PRACTICAL

and

Being EDUCATED

are entirely two *different things*

and

undoubtedly

A less educated person

can also PERFORM or handle a situation in a better

and

more *productive way* than a highly *educated person*.



Family on the Couch

THE UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS



Me with Nayan (Younger Brother)

Chapter 10:

BACK HOME: READAPTION OF PAST HABITS

I, along with my parents and my younger brother Nayan were at the Brussels Airport. All the close friends of my father - Javed uncle, Paul uncle and John Merry uncle were present there with their family, to be with us till our last moment in Belgium.

Hearts heavy, with nothing to say, we and all just wanted the time to pass slowly, since we knew that all of us are going to be in two different countries the next day.

Finally, Sabena Airlines took off and after a couple of hours we landed on Indian soil.

We were now breathing in the air of Mumbai. Excitement was on the seventh heaven as after almost four years, *Shiveratan Choudhary* was in India among his family and friends.

This feeling of returning home filled the eyes of my parents with tears of joy.

My parents were trying to figure out the changes in India which would have happened during their stay abroad. Mumbai airport was renovated now. Several new changes were catching the attention of my parents.

Since we are visualizing India during 1979, let's not forget to highlight the *Emergency of 1975-1977*.

That period was over now and the India we had landed to was under the *Prime Minister* ship of *Late Choudhary Charan Singh ji* and India was about to exercise voting rights to elect its New Parliament as This Prime Minister Govt. had lost its majority on the Floor.

Back to the Airport where *Shiveratan ji and Family* had just landed and once again we were heading to experience the hefty procedure of immigration at Mumbai airport.

Unlike today, when no one bothers about the small items like watch, camera, i-pod, Walkman etc., you carry while coming out of international airport. The India of 1979 was tied with thick chains of corruption born out of excessive red-tapism.

Every item, be it a wristwatch, walk-man, transistor etc. was checked thoroughly at immigration counter. This was the reason we tried to hide some items in our clothes to avoid paying the custom duty imposed on it.

A heavy tape recorder was also with us and it was noticed by the immigration officer. "Rs one thousand" was the answer of my father when he was asked the price of it at the counter.

Immediately my father had to pay custom duty for it. Surprised? Yes,

because it was Rs. one thousand in India of 1979. Forty years ago, it was much valuable.

After facing the annoying immigration procedure my parents came out of the airport with a bad mood and hot and temper. But all the anger and annoying feelings were flushed the moment we saw my uncle Ramesh ji Choudhary and his family.

Happiness was multiplied seeing that their family had also turned four from three.

Dinmay and Chayan, My Two Cousins. I know you must have just noticed the symmetry in our names.

Though my father and my uncle were in two different continents during the last four years and communicating with each other was difficult, the bond of love that existed between the two brothers and of course between their wives as well didn't weaken at all.

The two brothers i.e. my father *Shiveratan Choudhary* and my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* went a step ahead to pass on the bond of love that existed between them to their next generation also by naming their children this way.

Chinmay, Dinmay, Chayan and Nayan four brothers in descending order of their ages

Now we all were going to *Mumbai Railway station* to catch a train to reach for our final destination, Udaipur. We were completely unaware of the surprise waiting for us at *Udaipur railway station*.

The train arrived at Udaipur station and we moved towards the exit. Coming out of the station our eyes widened seeing a crowd of around four hundred people, all there just to welcome us.

Everyone known to us from our whole family members including *extended one, shopkeepers, neighbors and friends* were there to receive us at the station. Now each corner of our heart was feeling that we are in India among our people.

It was a grand reception, as if some Politician or Actor had arrived over there. **Returning from Abroad at that moment was not less than what Rakesh Sharma, first Indian Astronaut would have felt upon returning from space.**

Love and affection were not the only factors behind this grand ceremony.

My father *Shiveratan Choudhary* did PhD and Post doctorate, and that too from abroad during the decade when literacy percentage of India was merely thirty six percent and when two thirds of Indian population couldn't see even high school.

It was something the whole society was proud of.

We were welcomed by *Holi Festival colors and Garlands with Melody of Musical Trumpets.*

That welcome ceremony was such that my parents never forgot it. I remember it myself, though the memories are blurry.

Inertia, a physics term which describes the characteristics of anything living or non-living opposing a sudden change in its state or physical position and of course not only humans, but even non-living things take time to settle to a new state or position.

The same Inertia we all were experiencing now after returning to our own country after living abroad for four years in Belgium.

The lifestyle, the culture, that we had been a part of during our stay abroad was not going to leave immediately.

From the very first day in Udaipur, our body started signaling that it was not comfortable at the new place. The change was so deep that it was felt in every single habit be it food, weather etc.

We were in a rented house of *Kaluram ji*, our landlord as well as owner of a business of Sweets.

The house was a typical traditional old house having big Verandah big rooms. It was situated in *Dhauri Babdi* area of *Udaipur city*.

None of us could sleep that first night after our return to India.

For us everything was very new, even the time zone our minds were familiar with was now different. Then the mattress also and all this collectively led to a sleepless night.

If you ask me who was suffering most due to this change, I would say, *Nayan* my younger brother. Unlike us he took his first breath in Belgium and not in India. Since his birth he had stayed in Belgium and this of course was the very first time he was breathing Indian air.

His body was used to the clear drinking water of Belgium but in India the purity of water during then was not at par with the one his body was familiar with. Taste was also different. Mineral water was not sold during that decade in India.

Pointing my finger at my brother *Nayan* as the most suffering person has a very strong reason and of course it is comical too. This small boy was unable to Potty as he was used to using Western toilets there in Belgium but here, he had to complete the natural task on an Indian toilet.

For the first few days he couldn't do it.

Seeing the condition of health of his two sons *Shiveratan Choudhary* started getting them fruit juice daily to boost their immunity. Of course it was expensive.

Fortunately, we were living with the family of my uncle and one day my *Pushpa Aunty (wife of Ramesh ji Choudhary)* suggested to my mother to save the hard-earned money for the house my parents were dreaming of building rather than spending it to buy juice every day.

My aunt's suggestion hit the correct place in my mother's heart and she discussed it with my father. Thereafter lemon and other affordable things were given to us for good health.

We were living in a joint family where my grandmother, my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* his wife, his two sons *Dinmay and Chayan* were with us. My father had a great respect and faith for my uncle.

The Fantastic four gang viz **Chinmay, Dinmay, Chayan and Nayan** were having a great time there.

Also, my Bade Papa *Nirbhay ji Choudhary* who was posted at *Jabalpur*. And He and his three daughters used to also join us on our fun as and when they were at our Home during their vacation.

I belong to the *Jain Community*. My grandmother used to go to a nearby temple where the Jain preachers used to preach. One day *Nayan* also went behind grandmother following her.

The chemistry between my mother and my aunt was so good. They used to help and support each other without mentioning the need of help.

It was a usual day when my aunt noticed my mother busy in kitchen work and immediately stepped ahead to help her. “If you are taking care of kitchen work, I would help children with their bath” my aunt said to my mother.

After a few minutes my aunt asked my mother to send *Nayan* for a bath. “He must be there,” replied my mom. But my aunt could not find him there. She searched the ground floor also but returned back with empty hands.

Now everyone was panicking and that day luckily my father was at home so he also started searching for *Nayan*.

Near to our house there was a bicycle shop of our relatives. My father arranged a bicycle for everyone there to speed up the search. Meanwhile the police were also involved, and they also joined the search operation.

After almost an hour, *Nayan* was seen coming home on a bicycle with one relative with his soft toy *Cat (Billy)*. He was looking so happy and was rising the stairs with his *Pet Cat (Billy)* in his hands.

My father could not help his anger and slapped him tightly on his cheek. The anger was justified and was obvious too as what we all had gone through in that one hour can't be described.

My father's temper came down after a while and he apologized to the Police for all that happened and rewarded them for their cooperation. Everyone else was offered snacks and tea. I still remember the way my brother came that day on a bicycle.

Once again coming back to the progress of planning and construction of Choudhary house.

This house is deliberately being emphasized so much as it has a priceless contribution in shaping up my life.

My uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* had two plots in Udaipur one in Ashok Nagar (an upcoming suburb of that time) and another in Hiran Mangiri (little out of Udaipur Periphery)

He offered to choose anyone for construction of his dream house and other plot so left would be constructed by him.

But my father showed his willingness to construct both houses on the same plot and live together. The proposal was happily accepted by my uncle.

For this purpose, a specific registration of plot in the name of both i.e. my father and my uncle needed to be done. At that time such registration used to cost Rs. four hundred.

Readers of present age can find it so less as it is less than the cost of one-time meal outside nowadays.

But during those days, forty years back, it was a huge sum of money. And that's why my father decided not to go for it and start the construction of a joint house as he had great faith in his brother.

Raw material like cement, sand, bricks etc., for construction of a house used to be very costly during that time. Cost of one packet of cement was as high as Rs sixty. But, the Belgium connection of my father was going to prove an additional advantage.

Being NRI, my father could trade in dollars and by doing so the price per bag of cement was brought down to Rs. thirty only.

And that's why products purchased against the Dollar used to be so cheap. My father also bought a scooter for my uncle the same way at a lower price and as well as that time there used to be license raj and products were usually sold in Black Market price.

Construction of the house was going at a good pace and my mother and my aunt used to go to the construction site for supervision.

Here comes a new character in my life *Umesh ji Nagori* Brother in law of my uncle *Ramesh ji Choudhary* and maternal uncle to *Dinmay* and *Chayan* and of course same for me and *Nayan*.

I don't want to miss this occasion to mention here that he never let us feel that he loved his own nephews more. His love for us four was equal.

I will really be so thankful to him for his impartial love for my whole life.

Umesh uncle, whose house was very near to our new house which was under construction; came one day. He wanted to take *Nayan* with him to his house along with him and let Mother and Aunt can come to construction site later once their Home Affairs of the day get accomplish.

That day my aunt was busy so my mother alone left for the construction site. She took a Taanga (A vehicle pulled by horse) for it. When she was hardly a kilometer away from the site she heard '*mumma mumma*'. She surprisingly looked back and found Nayan there with his soft toy Pet Cat (billy).

She immediately asked the Taanga wala to stop. Nayan was coming towards her running crossing the road totally careless about the traffic.

A child hugs his mother on the road. Mom took him to Umesh uncle's

house where uncle was crying not finding *Nayan*. Great relief was served to him as soon as his eyes saw Nayan and his mother.

And the extreme embarrassment was dripping from Umesh uncle's face as *Nayan* was under his care when this incident took place.

Well, the presence of the old generation like *Grandma and Grandpa* is very necessary for a happy family as they guide the young generation from time to time when something important is left undone.

Similar guidance came from my grandmother to my father, that schooling of the children should not be delayed anymore as now that they are in India they must adapt to the Indian literature.

Soon myself was admitted to Kasturba Gandhi School and Hospital, a nearby school where a hospital also used to run inside its campus.

In school I became the center of attraction as an overseas returned boy and students and teachers all used to look at us with surprising eyes as I used to speak in French and was very weak in Hindi (one of India's National Language)

Whenever (even at this age of 40's) travels along that Road, my Head automatically bows down in devotion to My Very First Indian School and all Blur Memories tries to get rejuvenate again.

Indeed, The First to any Periphery is Always like First Love.

Meanwhile the Choudhary house was ready and we all shifted there.

I was admitted to *Gayatri Vidhya Mandir*, a nearby school along with *Dinmay, Chayan and Nayan*. However, the school doesn't exist now.

From here starts the journey of the boy evolving as **CHINMAY** from *Chinu*.

Management Lesson

...

THE FIRST

to any Periphery is always like

First Love

and

Sometime look back

into past for such MEMORIES to

rejuvenate your present.

VINTAGE MEMORIES



Pushpa Aunty, Chanda Didi, Prem Bhusa, Kamla Taiji, Kanchan Bai Ji, Kamla-Jaswant Ganna, Bindesh Ganna, Roopesh Ganna, Chitvan Kothari, Dinmay Choudhary



*Mangi Lal ji Kothari, Tara Ji Pokharna, Dharmesh Kothari
(My mother's uncle and his family)*

My mother's and her siblings



Sharda Choudhary (Mother), Chuki Shrimai, Paani Mausi, Raji Mausi, Tara, Mausi, Gopal Bhaiya



Tara Mausi Ji



Sri Deepchand ji Kothari



Ramesh Uncle



Pushpa Aunty

Chapter 11:

PRIMARY SCHOOLING: FOUNDATION OF VALUES

Let us dive deep into the ocean of memoirs of my childhood when some great ethical lessons of life were taught to me.

Whenever I recall the golden memories of my childhood and most of the time, I dance around memories related to a few things i.e. my childhood friends, my first day at school, some incidents that made me better thereafter, memories with my parents, fight or fun with my siblings etc.

I am sure the same would have been the experience of my dear readers.

When we are born, we all are an empty slate. Whatever happens around us, whatever we see, smell, touch, taste, listen they all be for the very first time for us and perhaps this is why a child takes so much interest in everything, attempts to recognize, touch, taste and everything around him.

Mother is the first teacher for every child.

That's why it is also said that schooling begins at home as the learning process for any child starts from the very first day he is born.

School comes in picture when a child starts understanding the language and start communicating also.

In my life that stage had come. Now the strong foundation for shaping up my bright future was put on as I was admitted to a more formal school.

Gayatri Vidhya Mandir was the name of the very first Indian Formal school where I took admission in.

As soon as the memories of my school days turn conscious into my mind, my heart goes extremely emotional and I somewhere become restless wishing to relive those moments again if I could.

The memories are more than three and half decades old but it never feels so.

Even at present, Whenever I cross the school on my way the little chubby Chinu is in front of my eyes who is seen playing around **Gulli Danda and Kanche (glass marbles)** with his friends.

The school was situated in Ashok Nagar, Udaipur and it was run in two residential buildings. It was only up to Vth standard.

At present the school is no more and its absence at that place makes me feel extremely low.

Life in actuality is a series of incidents. Most of which leave our mind untouched and unaffected and have no significant lesson to learn from.

It is only a few incidents that **touch your soul and conscience**.

Nature is full of diversity. People are different in many aspects like complexion, body built up, intelligence, place, caste, nationality etc.

Some are good looking, fair and intelligent and some are not. And people **make use of this difference** and make fun of someone not having such qualities.

But, it's wrong.

I am lucky because an incident at a very early age taught me to treat any individual equally irrespective of his appearance; body built, complexion, caste etc.

An incident which **changed my perception of seeing and judging someone** based on his outer looks.

Yeah, I know you all are curious to know the brief of that incident but before briefing it let me introduce you to my two best buddies namely, **Amit Burad** or Fondly called Peppy and **Suraj Bilochi**.

It makes me feel so **happy and spiritually proud** that we three are still in touch and the understanding and chemistry between us is so strong that we don't need to frequently meet or get together to keep our relationship alive. *A casual phone call sometimes, especially on our respective birthday is enough for that.*



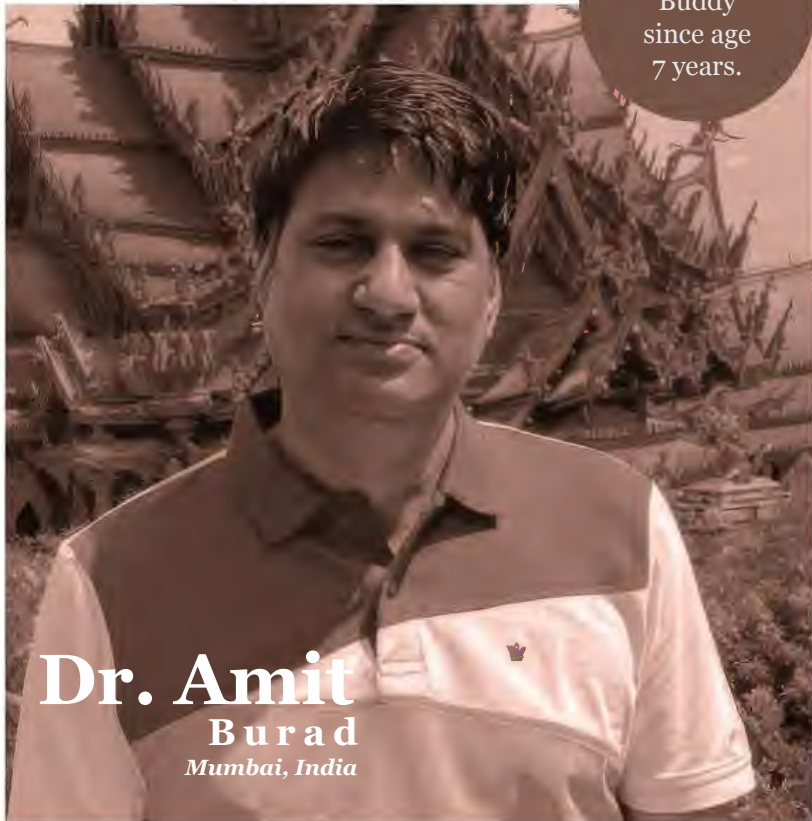
Celestial buddy

I am so proud of my friend for transforming ideas into this beautiful book. Through determination and creative spirit, Chinmay has crafted something truly special, capturing both wisdom and heart.

Seeing this journey unfold has inspired and moved those closest, and I know this work will uplift everyone who opens its pages. ***The honesty and energy within this book promise to spark new perspectives and bring comfort to readers seeking hope.***

Congratulations, my dear friend—it's an incredible achievement, and I cannot wait to watch your words make a difference in the world.

A
Soul
Buddy
since age
7 years.



Dr. Amit
Burad
Mumbai, India

Just like any other usual day I with my two best friends introduced above and if I remember it right Dinmay (my cousin) also was standing on the terrace of my school as the assembly was yet to start.

We all were looking towards the road passing in front of our school.

Udaipur has always been famous and has been inviting tourists for several years. During those days several African Students used to come to study for Graduation and Post Graduation.

That day as we four were standing on the terrace of school, an African student was seen going by the Bakery shop which was near to my school. Seeing him we four started saying *KAALU KAALU KAALU* (meaning someone with black skin).

Upon hearing the voice, he looked back but we four ducked down and hid ourselves behind the boundary of the terrace.

Soon the assembly of school started for the day and the presence of one person really scared the four of us badly.

The African student was right there among us. With him, our principal Bhatnagar Sir (person with charming face, white skin and grey hair wearing glasses) was standing and in fact he only brought that African student in.

The matter was already briefed to our principal by the African student and at the end of assembly he tried to find out the culprits by asking “Who did it?”

We four were really very scared, our faces turned pale. None of us knew that the African student was familiar with that KAALU word. And he would come to complain this was not at all imagined by us.

None of us opened our mouth to confess our misbehaves. At that moment we just wanted to be safe and were praying for the problem to get over soon.

Though After few minutes the problem was over and we were safe but the words of my principal sir were penetrating my heart deeper and deeper and further it shook my soul.

“Every Individual is human like we are and any sort of discrimination against him on the basis of caste, complexion, nationality, physical appearance, financial status etc. is highly shameful act. We should respect every individual the way we want others to respect us.” The Principal urged all students.

Apart from the above heart shaking lesson which was embedded in my DNA thereafter, my heart was somewhere heavy with feelings of another guilt i.e. **Guilt of hiding the truth** and not dare confessing it before everyone at assembly.

Since my second standard itself, Lessons on Ideology of *Mahatma Gandhi* was a part of the syllabus and I was so much inspired by him that my subconscious mind literally saw *Gandhiji* right before me holding his stick. I felt him so alive.

I till date have no clear idea of why such a dream or strong imagination took place in my mind and what has been the purpose or the message it wanted to convey to me is still being looked for and let one day understand it deeply.

I know my fascination can make you laugh the way my friends laughed when I told them all this at that time. But whenever I read something about him or hear about him the same dream which I saw in my subconscious mind in my childhood becomes so alive.

Let's come back to the '**Kaalu incident**' and of course Telling a lie or hiding the truth both are equally bad and *Truth is incomplete in the presence of either of two.*

That day in assembly I was so scared of the consequences and by not confessing my use of an inappropriate word for that African student I also did not let the Truth come out before everyone and this was the guilt my heart was heavy with that whole day and still remain so to this today.

Let me **not miss this opportunity to express my grief** for my words for that African student and also to urge you all not to make fun of anyone or discriminate against anyone on the basis of characteristics which are given by nature and not taken by choice.

Now time to introduce my teacher who had contributed a lot in shaping my future by guiding me correctly and further by enriching my mind with ethical values.

The first name that strikes my mind is Devi Lal Sir. He had dual responsibility of keeping the children physically fit as well teaching them the art to paint their imagination and emotions on a paper.

Yes! He was both our PE teacher and drawing teacher.

I find it a universal truth that PE teachers are always strict though he was a drawing teacher too but colors could not do much about his strictness. He was the strictest of all the teachers.

He used to punish us and even beat us some time with a stick. *It may sound unusual to the students of the 21st century* where teachers are not allowed to punish students, beat them etc.

In fact, even parents were comfortable with this harsh punishment given

to students for violation of any rule or for misbehaving. I remember when during one of the parents' teacher meetings my mother gave her consent for such punishment to him when and where required.

The actual magic of that stick in incorporating moral and ethical values in me was realized over the time. The punishment which looked unfair and inappropriate to me at that time was felt necessary and justified with time.

By God's grace, I was a bright student and used to be either the topper or the second rank holder in my school exams. And whenever I missed first rank it was secured by none other than my one of the closest friends Amit Burad. We two used to occupy the top two ranks.

We were not just best friends but also healthy competitors. Future goals and planning used to be the topic of discussion between us. We had a common rhythm at heart may be because we landed to this Planet Earth hardly with difference of one hour i.e. *his Birthday is on May 01 and Mine is May 02.*

That was the beginning of our super strong bonding and we two are still together although we speak once a Year i.e. on our **B days which both of us never ever forget.**

Another teacher who is very close to me was the Owner as well as the Director of our school *Sri Anand Bihari Vajpai ji*. He was merciless when it was about imposition of discipline in students.

His two of daughters namely *Archana* who was studying with me and *Sadhna Di* who used to teach us, are also very close to me.

Archana and I are still good friends. The memories of *Sadhna Di* teaching me inside class still becomes so live whenever we talk to each other over the phone on her Birthday every year.

Dubey Sir (although he is no more on the Planet) is the next in the list of teachers my heart is still connected with.

His three grandchildren also used to study with us. *Rahul Dubey* my friend but senior to me, *Ragini* and *Rinku* (if remembered well) were in my class.

Here; touching their feet I would really like to express my gratitude and deep respect from my heart to all my teachers.

I believe behind the successful, happy life, good morals and ethics of any person there are slaps, scolding, punishment etc. of the teachers who have been a part of anybody's journey since his/her childhood.

Being at home a child is always surrounded by family persons. Because of their immense love and affection with the child Family Members are so careful and caring for the child.

This love and care separate the child from the ruthless world that exists outside the boundaries of the house leaving the child to grow soft and immature to handle tough situations of life.

Hey! Need not worry, **School** is always there to fill up this missing experience of every child.

Unlike a child's home which contains alike flowers, school is a bouquet of all sorts of flowers, some very beautiful, some dull, some lousy, some costly.

In my school we also had students from different backgrounds, religion, caste, area, economic condition etc. providing me the best opportunity to visualize and also learn a lot from the diversity of my country on a micro level.

When you learn from persons coming from different economic conditions the true value of money reaches your heart and it makes you kind and generous to people with scarcity of basic things for life.

I remember *Tulsiram ji*, son of a maid of our locality, was also in the same school.

It was a school picnic to a very famous **Ranakpur JAIN Temple** somewhere around seventy kilometers from Udaipur where we all were going for two days by school bus.

My parents, grandma, uncle and aunty all came to see the arrangements and also brought all necessary things and food items before the bus left for the venue. They all were so concerned for me.

My grandma talked to the school staff and teachers making sure her grandchildren are taken proper care of.

Bus was running towards its destination with all children singing and dancing inside throughout the journey.

Meanwhile, Tulsiram ji misbehaved with someone and the matter went into the ears of our Director Sir Shri Atal Bihari Bajpai.

In no time Tulsiram was seen posing like a Murga and was beaten with a slipper by Director Sir.

Most probably this was not liked by most of the students there then but today when I turn back to see and understand the importance of that strictness I feel it was needed.

Strict administration is needed to bring discipline.

Today while narrating this part of my life my emotions are very strong and I am living those moments again. And one recent incident has added fuel to fire.

Almost after thirty-two years in 2016 I met *Shri Atal Bihari Bajpai ji*, then director and the owner of *Gayatri Vidhya Mandir*, my first school. His first site took me thirty- four years back and my mind started unfolding the young face of him during those days.

Happiness of seeing him is beyond explanation. His teachings and lessons all started dancing in my mind.

Apart from teachers I have some unforgettable friends from that school some of whom I have lost contact with this long journey of life and some are still in touch.

Amit and *Sooraj* are my two best friends of that Time Zone whose mention is there in the beginning of this story itself. Their cousins *Dhiraj*, *Neeraj* and *Sushil* were also with us in the same school.

Some other friends from my own class whom I still remember and trying till date every possible way like social media platforms or through common friends to get in touch with are *Keshulal Ji*, *Vijaylal Ji*, *Kanhaiyalal Ji*, *Vikas ji*, *Hamnder ji*, *Mukul ji*, *Sanjay ji*, *Mehmood ji*, *Madhvi ji* and *Neelam ji*.

Most students were senior to me in age and physique. Especially *Kanhaiyalal Ji* was very tall and strong and with such a personality when he used to talk to or argue with teachers it used to amaze all students in class.

During our third-fourth class I with my senior friends viz *Vikas ji*, *Sangeeta di*, *Mukul ji*, his elder brother *Sanjay ji* *Hemant Ji* etc. used to try our skills at the unofficial *National game Cricket* in the *Gautam*

park situated right in front of my school and it was very frequent norm during our school days.

Incidents like breaking window glass, Ball hitting a person etc. are common when cricket is played in streets or parks surrounded by residential buildings.

One day while playing I took a shot and unfortunately it went and hit a woman who was buying milk from a nearby milk parlor.

She was hurt by the ball and her anger was obvious. She took the ball as well as bat with her directing me to call my parents if I wanted the bat ball back.

Had it been something else I probably would not have cared but it was bat ball so I took my father with me to her house. Seeing my father, she was more embarrassed than angry at me when the ball hit her. She was the wife of my father's very close friend.

This incident still giggles us whenever we meet.

Memories are created by incidents that make us cry, smile, shock, afraid, nervous and several other emotions. Imagine what would happen if our mind doesn't store these memories or incidents.

These are memories which make us feel our age. Otherwise, it would be so dark to see and learn from our deeds in the past in absence of the light that comes from diamonds of these memories.

If I ask the young readers what they could do with twenty-five paise (fourth part of one rupee and sure Millennial Generation must have also not seen it ever) in current time. Of course they would say 'Nothing'.

This was my pocket money for a month when I was small. Today I know it looks almost nothing but this meager amount used to buy us our favorite *Poppins and Mint*.

The taste which even today takes me to my childhood and always wish let those Days can be recreated again.

Management Lesson

...

CHILDHOOD MOMENTS

and

Friends are Anti-Depress Pill

for Forever

and

Always remain in touch with

your BUDDIES

and

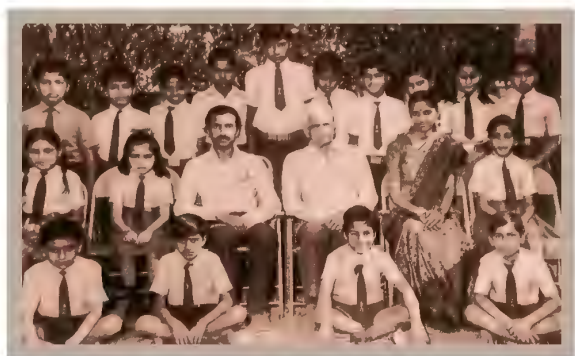
it will always keep

you Energized to ***fight***

any Battle at your

Aspired Journey.

SCHOOL DIARY, UDAIPUR



Chapter 12:

AND HERE THE INNER FLAME ALIGHTENS

Coughing with a burning throat, an unpleasant feeling in nose and mouth along with bad smell and taste and of course this is the experience of almost everyone smoking for the first time.

Undoubtedly smoking for the first time is pretty awful. Your coughing body tries its best to eject and filter the bad smoke through your lungs.

Readers must be surprised and clueless that at such bare age of seven why I am mentioning all this.

Yeah! I had this experience at that age only.

Since the beginning this book has been revolving around the characters from my father's side and it would be unfair if I don't make my readers

meet my Dada. Confused?

My mother were five sisters and some of them are not alive at present. Everyone used to call her father *Dada*. Despite him being our NANA (Maternal Grandfather) in relation; all the children used to call him *Dada only*.

With brownish blue eyes, fair skin, light mustache and head decorated with traditional *Mewari Turban*, *Dada* was of an attractive appearance.

Though he was also there with us when my parents returned from Belgium but my mind hardly outputs any incident of that time.

After that, we were expecting his presence among us during the Home-Entry ceremony but, My Dada could not mark his presence at the Home-Entry ceremony of our house at Ashok Nagar.

He came indeed after some days. Of course, it was not the first time we were together but my memory throws this as the first meet with him.

I had returned home from school that day and unknown about his presence I entered my house and saw him enjoying a puff of Bidi (Leaf folded around with tobacco or more precisely mini cigar) in the Drawing Room.

Being a child I with great curiosity asked him what it was as I had not seen it before. "Do you want it?" He replied and brought his hand closer to my face offering me Bidi.

Experiencing a puff of Bidi at that small age was so adventurous for me, I didn't deny his offer and gripped the back end of Bidi between my fingers in same style my Dada was doing while taking his Puff.

And as shared in the beginning of this chapter, I didn't like the first experi-

ence of smoking.

My *Dada ji* was from a well to do family and he used to trade in *Tobacco*. My *Nani Ghar (Maternal house)* was situated in *Lasani*, a small village around 15 km from Deogarh (Rajsamand District now) which is known for famous Palaces and was around 125 km away from Udaipur dominated by the *Jain community*.

Tobacco was one of the major cash crops in that village then.

Nani Ghar used to be our vacation destination and all of us used to gather there during vacations.

I could not ever receive love and affection from my Granny. My mother was brought up by her grandmother (Dadi) as my Nani ji passed away at a very small age of my mother.

At that time our Dada used to live alone although his younger brother *Mangu Kaka and Kakisa and his son Dharmesh Mama* and his family used to reside also in same Haveli but separately.

During those days the center of attraction of any village used to be the Bus Stand. After reaching the bus stand while coming from Udaipur we used to disappear rushing towards *Nani ghar* in excitement.

The young readers would call it stupid and may laugh at this also, if I tell them that it used to take us seven to eight hours in covering a distance of approximately 125 km during 1983-84.

Today the same distance can be covered within just less than two hours. This might be just a small example of evolution of technology and infrastructure development for the young generation but the one like me who has witnessed both the speeds knows how significant it actually is.

My Nana ji was in the lending business also and a road used to slope down to his shop and nearby the shop my *Nani ghar* was there.

I and my cousins used to have all sorts of fun when we used to meet each other at *Nana ji's Haweli* and just Imagine what sort of fun's hurricane used to be brought when several childish minds (children of five sisters in total) used to gather at a place.

My Nana ji used to get up early in the morning and while cooking tea for everyone at the Kerosene stove (During that time most of Village Houses used to cook over coal/woods) his voice would keep trying to wake us all.

Hey, let me not forget to mention the tea was not cooked with **Cow milk** but from **Goat milk**. Dada had a pet goat and we had to have her milk too. The taste of that milk and the purity of it has disappeared in this long run of time.

Unfortunately, the development of Humans has been achieved at the cost of nature and also the natural milk has lost its identity with Time.

Like every child we also used to mind very small things and used to fight amongst each other over it. Everyone used to get emotional and hurt if someone among us used to get something extra care or attention or even food stuffs etc.

It was then when we used to stop talking to each other or used to highlight the partial behavior of each other's mother and sometime also used to abuse each other badly.

Undoubtedly, now these incidents/moments always bless us A Podium to giggle whenever we recall them among same cousins and further we all always endorse strongly that those were most golden moments of our Life.

Here is an advise to young kids to enjoy as much as you can with friends and cousins as These oldie childhood Moments will be your rescue cushion when you will have low moments in your adulthood.

Growing population gave birth to increased competition among people and the smell of soil of villages was slowly taken away by the feet of migrants who left villages and settled down in big towns/cities.

It is saddened to observe that the soil thus taken with their feet could neither even reach town and lost its meaning in the journey of this development itself.

After having the experience of a puff of a *Bidi* at a very early age The Destiny had something more for me to experience yet.

The Almighty had perhaps seen a good future businessman in me and he introduced me to a very first formal trade of my life.

Right in front of *My Nana ji' shop* in Village Lasani there was a *Tea-Pakoda stall of Madan Chacha*.

There was a *Divyang person (Deaf and Dumb)* aged somewhere seventeen or eighteen used to work. His disability did not become a stopper for our communication with him.

Body language was very well used by us and we used to have a great time talking to him.

Along with *Tea and Pakoda (an Indian deep fried snack) Madan Chacha* used to sell ice cream also in summer time. One day he offered us (all cousins together) if we would like to sell ice cream and make some profit.

I, my younger brother and my two cousins *Mulchand ji and Gopal ji (My Eldest Mausai Pani ji's Kids)* agreed altogether to the proposal and went to the bus stand to receive an ice cream box early morning.

The box was sold to us for Rs. fifteen by *Madan Chacha* and we were supposed to pay it once we sell Ice Cream by end of the day.

The Periphery of the village was very small and we four decided to carry the ice cream box on a bicycle and sell it throughout the village by knocking each door.

That whole day we four could be seen roaming streets and inviting people in loud voices (Ice cream le lo or in English Take Ice Cream Pls) to let their mouths taste our delicious ice cream.

Unlike mature people kids don't hesitate in trying anything and it led our Ice Cream start selling fast.

Soon the news of our door-to-door ice cream selling fell on the ears of my Nana ji and he found his reputation under danger.

As a consequence, we four were scolded badly when we returned home at the end of Day.

But not caring much about the harsh words of *Nana ji* we four were worried about the net sales.

The businessmen inside us were still active and were worried about the net profit or loss we had made out of our first investment.

And guess what? We had incurred a loss. Now the next worry was from where we could arrange the loss as we had to pay fifteen rupees for the box

of ice cream we had purchased.

Those days in India especially in rural areas along with the currency system people used to barter and it means one could exchange any goods in lieu of the goods he needed instead of paying for it.

During those days our *Nana ji* used to store his grains in the basement of His *Haveli (Big Mansion)* and whenever we used to crave ice cream, chocolate or soft drink etc. we used to steal some grains out of it to give to the shopkeeper in return.

After incurring loss in our ice cream business, we decided to do the same. We gave grains good enough to compensate for loss to *Madan Chacha* from whom we had bought the ice cream box.

Failure is a better teacher than success is.

Now today while writing this **Memoir Book**, myself can state that the loss we made was actually a gain of a lifetime experience and undoubtedly one More Dot connected which laid foundation for *My Future Entrepreneurship Aspirations*.

Today also whenever someone returns home from his Nani ghar after a vacation people expect him to gain some weight. The same way I used to be teased when I used to return after my summer vacation by my close relatives as well as neighbors.

Udaipur has been always a highly socializing city and get together has always been very much IN Trend and of course even today.

In fact, these frequent and sometime long get-togethers used to bore us sometimes.

But I never knew one of these get-togethers would shape up my life for Forever and further will enlighten me enough to frame my future by teaching me the way to use my aggression in a positive way.

As promised in very beginning of my Book, all incidents and events will be christened in Positive way only and of course No Negative criticism at all and that's why not stating Name of Relatives below.

Indeed, An advance caution and info to Readers.

My parents were in a get-together at the house of one of the very close relatives of my father.

I, my younger brother and my two cousins *Dinmay* and *Chayan* were perhaps with my grandmother and could not attend the function.

Soon after the return of my parents from that get-together the son of the same relative also came to our house with one closer relative.

After some time, loud voices were heard from the corner of the house where they were sitting.

My small age mind got more alert to each word reaching my ears. Many unusual words were being heard as well as visualized by this small mind of mine. *Some words like maar dunga (I will kill you), Barbaad kar dunga (I will destroy you) etc.* really shook me from within.

A Big Silence was observed at my house after the son of that relative and another relative who came along left the house and still it echoes in my ears whenever sometime myself Time Travel to Past in form of Memories

My father had a beautiful habit of keeping a record of his important event

(especially low one) in the form of a diary and Poems.

He used to write all his personal feelings and emotions and even some of which he did not use to share with us also.

After few days of that Life changing event, I luckily found his diary lying loosely in his wardrobe and obviously had few pages describing what he went through because of that incident.

He had put his heart open in the form of words in those pages of diary and every word of those pages is still very fresh in my mind.

Myself promised myself on that day to keep it secret always and not sure why and how myself had mad that promise but certainly **Now Feel a True Blessing.**

And even today let me not reveal it to keep Positivity in its High Decorum and let me keep myself aloof from commenting on the reason or about the person/persona who was/were responsible for all that took place that night as no matter whom I blame or hold responsible for any act.

It is the Almighty who is the caretaker of one's deeds and would punish or reward him based on his observation and not on the basis of my views about him/them.

Though it looks negative and tragic from far but whatever happened that day brought me a new vision and goal for my life.

Those pages of the *Diary* had turned into burning flame inside me and undoubtedly produced a huge aggression within me and the said flame of the inner fire within me never got low and it is still very much alive.

The impact was so heavy that I decided to do something very big and

meaningful in my life and it kept me focused always and later became my greatest strength cum asset.

The meaning of BIG has certainly changed over the span of time and let me get unfold in coming chapters and Future Books.

The sight of those relatives on various occasions used to add fuel to the fire within me and making my determination stronger.

At This Podium, let me have an honor to sincerely express my gratitude to the Almighty for blessing me with that incident and also for providing me at the same time with enough wisdom to take all that sorrow and painful moments of my father in a positive way to make my future better.

Indeed, you all guys are getting heavy with those life changing events of My Life and let's get Lighten with Musical Moments and of course Time to mention Amit Burad again.

As shared you earlier he was our **Musical Rockstar** of our group who used to play several enchanting tunes with his *Benjo* at our birthday ceremonies and our other family gatherings.

His father used to have great collection of music cassettes ranging from **Gazhals to Hindi movie songs of famous singers like Md Rafi, Talat Mehmood sb, Kishor Kumar and Mukesh etc.** and myself used to visit their home frequently and also used to feel spiritual amused with the way Amit and his Elder Brother *Sameer Bhaiyya* used to sing and play the instrument along.

Indeed, such musical visits to Amit ji home let develop my own taste buds for Hindi Songs especially for *Kishor Kumar Songs* with a latent desire to have my kids playing and singing in same way whenever myself have them in future.

Here let me coin A Question for Readers ‘**will it happen**’ and for that you have to keep surfing the book till end.

Back to My Parents, after residing in India for some years my mother realized that somewhere my father was not able to adjust here with low packages and opportunities and further there was a social pressure also as most of our relatives and neighborhood had been to Business Community.

She talked to my father over that issue and then they decided to move abroad again and my father started applying overseas for job. He had also applied for a *Nigerian University* and his application got selected for the interview round.

A team from *Nigeria* reached *Mumbai* to conduct the interview and Air tickets for Mumbai and Back Udaipur beside stay at a five star hotel was arranged for my father. His interview was good enough to make it to a successful appointment.

But at the end the patriotism and affection with Indian soil did not allow my father to foot outside again. And he refused the offer.

No Doubt Now that we all were destined to grow up in our own country’s soil.

As mentioned in the previous chapter our school *Gayatri Vidha Mandir* was upto fifth standard only and now my parents and uncle were looking for a new school for our next classes.

After a deep survey and having received a lot of recommendations for the Newly Opened School, ‘*Central academy*’ in Udaipur; my parents and my *Ramesh* uncle decided to admit four of us in this school.

I and *Dinmay* were admitted first and *Chayan* and *Nayan* were to follow

us in the next session of admission.

A lot of happenings are to come in the very Next chapter and before we start That New School's journey I would like to share an interesting incident.

One day my mother was cooking on a gas stove late evening time and My Younger Brother *Nayan* was sitting near to mom while she was cooking and he was hardly 6-7 years old.

Suddenly the power cut took place and my mom lit a candle to continue cooking. But then something happened that no one had expected.

Nayan inadvertently removed the gas pipe of the stove and cylinder got disconnected and gas from cylinder was now open to the atmosphere.

As a burning candle was near the gas pipe it didn't take a second to form a big fire bubble and all got panicked. But I don't know despite being afraid and shocked how my hand reached the pipe through the fire and I connected it back to the stove.

I had unknowingly saved everyone from a big danger. But the fear never left me since that day and even after so many years I find myself unable to gather enough courage to connect pipe to cylinder or switch the cylinder. I still find myself uncomfortable near the cylinder.

Here Readers can observe strongly that Fire can scare you throughout Life and the same Fire inside you can make your Journey a Productive and an Inspiring one positively.

A Promise No more fire in next chapter and let me lighten your Mood and Time to Turn to Next chapter.

Management Lesson

...

Keep always

Alive the Inner Flame

and

of course with POSITIVITY

as your close

buddy otherwise

the same

Flame can destroy you.

Chapter 13:

THOSE GOLDEN MOMENTS.... I WISH SOMEONE COULD BRING IT BACK.

So far in the journey of my life you all must have noticed how several incidents had affected or more precisely influenced my life. Some of them were joyful and some were tragic.

But irrespective of their nature and time of occurrences they were utilized to become a source of inspiration and be used in a positive sense.

In the very last chapter, the boy Chinmay had been experiencing smoking at a very early age and he was now trying to find out some positive ways which would lead to a destination and where his inner flame (which resulted from the insult of his father) could finally rest.

Inner flame cum drive is a must to succeed in any field.

‘English’ was not less important in those days than what it is for the present generation. I was fortunate as my parents always knew it. They kept this in mind while searching for a new school for me, one I would join from class VIth onward.

As *Gayatri Vidha Mandir*, my first school, offered classes only up to the fifth, my parents, together with Uncle *Ramesh* and Auntie were deeply involved in the search for the best English school for both me and my cousin *Dinmay*. (*Nayan* and *Chayan* were still quite young back then).

After every recommendation and feedback was thoroughly scrutinized; *Central Academy School* in Udaipur was declared the best for us. Of course, it goes without saying that it was an *English medium School*.

But before we dig out my journey as a student, let’s jump into some more giggling memoirs of those *Primary School Days*.

Cinema and Cinema Halls, these words have lost its charm and influence over a period of time as in this **21st century You Tube, TikTok, Instagram, Facebook** are the new norms.

Three and half decades ago, this was an intoxicating word or only mode of entertainment for Indians. People were crazy for it. It was the time when a person who used to work his fingers to the bones for just one meal a day, used to try his best to watch the first show of a movie.

Weeks before a film ever reached the cinema halls, its posters would flood every street of the city, people used to spend several minutes gazing at the big size posters of movies outside a cinema hall while crossing by it.

In villages, announcements used to be made by loudspeakers, making sure of the participation of everyone when a movie show was arranged in their or neighboring villages.

Cinema was in real sense a part of everyone's life with no age bar. Audience of every age group used to be equally excited and desperate to be lost for three hours until the movie reel used to roll.

This powerful, cinematic-intoxicating wind was soon inhaled by me and my brothers too and of course, the dazzling world of cinema didn't spare us either.

Amitabh Bachchan, Rajesh Khanna, Shashi Kapoor, Rishi Kapoor, Vinod Khanna these names were flowing in the blood of everyone. People used to faint out of happiness with their single glimpse on 70mm Screen.

Those days cinema didn't mean only a story but people used to populate their mind with dressing sense, hair style, dialogue, the way actors walked or spoke etc.

Unlike today when dozens of movies come and go every week; a single movie used to run for several months then. This was the love and respect offered to a good movie during those days.

Cinema and the craze for The Great *Amitabh Bachchan* were flowing in my blood too and it got noticed strongly when I for the first time instructed the barber to get me a similar haircut.

Those days' actors used to have unique hairstyles. Long bell-bottom trousers were in fashion too back then.

Me and my three brothers, one day decided to get a haircut similar to Mr. Bachchan and undoubtedly, that day we were very happy as our heads for the first time had a decent hairstyle as per our Benchmark.

Amitabh Bachchan was my role model since that time and I was so connected to him that whenever I used to look at him on the big screen or on

posters, the inner actor within me used to shake up, yearning to become an actor like him someday.

But yes, that was a dream and the reality was waiting for us at home and we four returned home with that fancy hairstyle and our happiness was now about to end.

We sensed this with the first reaction of my father upon seeing us.

In no time we four and my father were on bicycles again and we all were heading towards the same salon where we got this cinematic haircut.

The barber there received heavy scolding for obeying our instructions and was now instructed to turn the four Bachchans into Gandhis by my merciless father.

Reminding this incident makes me smile now but that day I was upset about its occurrence.

But it was just the transformation on outer head, the inner mind was still a huge lover of Bollywood and this love has been on continuous multiplication with passing time and till today.

I myself will certainly discuss more in coming chapters how it has become one of my driving forces to keep celebrating Golden Words 'Aspiring to Inspire.'

During that decade one more invention was the center of attraction and having it in home was a status symbol as the number of its owners was in single digit in almost every society.

It was *Television*.

Though TV used to be bulky, black and white, manually operated then but the craze for it was the same as for having a luxury car nowadays.

Being the only possible and available source of visual entertainment was perhaps the reason.

In our whole colony only one family used to have the *Miracle Machine* i.e. *TV* and they used to live in *Umesh Mama's home* on first floor as their tenant and it was common for them to have someone at their door requesting to allow them to watch something on it.

I remember it was perhaps Sunday 10th of July, 1984 when the *Nakhuda* movie was to be shown on TV channel and of course *the very first Movie of Udaipur city on TV*.

As soon as I and my friends including Amit Burad also got this news, all of us approached to that family's home and requested the lady of the house to let us watch that movie.

The way I watched that movie sitting on the floor with non-blinking eyes was proof of how deep the Hindi Cinema was in my mind and heart and that's why the movie 'Nakhuda' is still very live in my memory.

Coming chapters would witness the effect Bollywood movies had on me. *Stay tuned!*

Playing pranks on someone is no doubt a great fun! But what if the prank goes wrong?

Afternoon sleep post a good lunch has been a practice in my family for several generations and of course a sleeping person is an easy prey for playing prank on him for the children looking out for every possible way of fun.

That day my father was sleeping after having his lunch. Me and my brother Nayan were playing when a naughty prank idea hit our mind. And the target chosen was my sleeping father.

As I said, the movie had a great impact on me and with this prank I was going to try my acting skills.

We rang the doorbell and pretended as if someone had actually come (Saying “Namaste Uncle please come inside” and asking to wait here by the time I call my father) to meet my father.

Yes, it was just a scene building for the prank.

After ringing the bell, I very quickly went to my father and told him that someone had come to meet him. Since my father was in a good sleep, before ruining his sleep he wanted to know who it was at the door.

I insisted on coming to see personally and he woke up and walked towards the hall and found no one there.

Both *Nayan* and *I* were happy with the success of our prank and we were laughing out loud.

This laughter lasted very short and soon replaced by tears when a powerful slap hit my cheek. My father was very angry with us as our silly prank had eaten his sleep up.

That day I understood pranks are not always fun and can't be done with everyone. Of course, it was the first and last prank on my father because the echo of that slap is still very fresh in my ears.

The upbringing of a child plays a very crucial role in shaping up his future

and how his parents and grandparents or other family members *among whom he lives see life is the main part of this upbringing.*

Living a decent and honorable life along with being on the path of morality and integrity becomes easy if one has just one guardian to guide him to the correct direction. And that's why I find myself very privileged as I had two such motivations always besides me.

We belong to Jain community and my grandmother used to spend some time (sometimes in day sometimes in evening) with all the children chanting the Mantras like “**NAMO ARIHANTANAM NAMO SHIDH-DHANAM....**” and used to tell us about Jain religion and its principles.

Those lessons by her made a permanent place somewhere deep in my heart and I even today correlate my personal and professional life with those lessons for a better output. And even today by chanting those Mantras I deliver my gratitude to my grandma.

On the other hand, my second Guru was my father. But he was different from Grandma in the sense he didn't believe in these religious rituals and all. What he had complete faith in was that for the survival of mankind and consequently of this world, Humanity must exist in each human being in its true sense.

Merely chanting Mantras and worshipping God won't help the world in running peacefully. Every individual must be kind and respectful to every other breathing on this planet.

Both Gurus were trying to make me a better human. And I am thankful to them as none of them ever prohibited me from following the other one. And that's why I had the liberty to listen to their teachings with an open mind.

I believe since these teachings were fed in my mind during my childhood,

the ethics, moral, values etc., remained with me till date.

Also, these lessons were never on the cost of my extra-curricular activities

During my summer vacations I with all my brothers used to play all day in the space within the boundaries of my house. We used to leave no game unturned. Hide and seek, Gilli Danda, Run and Catch and several other games were played daily.

When did the last time you saw Sky? I am sure most of you would struggle to remember this. In fact, the truth is most of us have done this several months ago and that too for such a small period that is insignificant.

Nowadays a multi BHK flat and further Internet is the world of almost all of us. We hardly care about the real world outside our small world.

Readers of the present generation would not have experienced the calmness and freshness we used to get when we used to sleep on the roof.

Nothing between us and stars while sleeping on the roof.

That decade, air conditioner was almost an alien word for common people and we - before sleeping on the roof - used to cool its warm surface by smashing buckets of water on it.

While narrating the story those memories are sliding in front of my eyes.

One great advantage of sleeping on a roof was that the Sun used to wake us up with his first ray. And in case he failed, our grandma's voice used to be a final alarm for us.

During those days roof used to like an extension of kitchen as those days

everything (especially ketchup, potato chips, traditional noodles or savinya etc.) used to be prepared at home only, and in our case, my grandma mostly and further it was not readily available at grocery store at that time.

Indeed, now a day's all snacks are just a mouse click away and of course all home stuff preparation habits have become more or less extinct especially in urban areas.

My Mother and Aunty used to prepare several kinds of snacks i.e. potato and banana chips, tomato ketchup, sewai/some sort of noodles (both sweet and salty) under my grandmother leadership and *without even realizing that these homemade items* would be sold in packets/bottles one day and would be so commercially successful.

Here you can see how scarcity of available time with people has raised tremendously so much demand for these well packaged foods or in more generic language 'the junk food'.

You may call it modernization of culture if you want and just wait for few pages and myself will narrate how entry of *Maggie happened into Indian kitchens* and undoubtedly a perfect case study for Millennial generation.

The sweet and adventurous story of Nayan always runs parallel to my story. In fact, he owes a credit of making some of my stories more worth remembering.

It was during one of those summer holidays when we all were playing. My house, my uncle's house and Anandi Lal ji Mehta uncle's house had a common big entrance gate.

While playing Nayan got his finger hurt with that gate and it was bleeding severely and the same came in notice of my father and to my Bade Papa/ Eldest Uncle Nirbhay Singh ji who were entering home through this Gate

Those era's fathers used to slap first the kid whenever any mis-happening happens and then only they used to take corrective actions and my father had the same reaction and *Nayan* was first slapped before he was taken to a doctor for bandage.

Nayan had several other similar incidents on his name 😊😊.

Now, that we are talking about him I remember one more incident which myself promised all of you (*in This Book's Earlier chapter*) to share you.

It was during *October- November* when an annual fair used to be organized by local rotary club where my *Uncle Ramesh ji Choudhary* was an active member and if not wrong, he was the *Fair Management Chairperson* for that particular fair.

Me, Nayan and mom went to see the fair and my uncle, aunty, Dinmay, Chayan were already there. My father perhaps joined us too but after sometime.

Fair was awesome and we were having fun. But, *Nayan* was *Nayan*. How he could let that moment go without making it a memorable day for all.

In the next few seconds *Nayan* disappeared from our eyes and suddenly everyone forgot about the ongoing fair and all efforts shifted to search for him.

An announcement was made by local authorities upon our request and intimation of Nayan's missing was in the air.

After a few minutes of announcement, a man was seen having Nayan with him towards the podium of fair authorities.

After which everyone could resume breathing and their down faces got cheerful especially of my mother and we resumed our fun again at the fair.

Mother has always been given the Most Worshipped Designation throughout civilizations and in different time era and undoubtedly the word 'Mother' certainly deserves that respect and love.

But somewhere the love, sincerity and worry of a father for the future of his children are left unsung by almost all societies of the world in past and present.

Let me make sure to **mention what my father did for us** and undoubtedly his care for our present and future has always been priceless.

As shared in earlier chapters that a few years of my childhood were spent in Belgium and that world was far developed than India of that time.

Even if someone gets away from a place it is not that easy to change or forget a few habits that one develops during that stay. Not just for the mind but for the body also.

My father knew it very well and he knew what his children liked in Belgium and also that those things didn't sell in India then.

As a loving Father, he decided to arrange for the food items which the children liked in Belgium.

French fries were something we really loved a lot and always used to crave for it but it was not sold in India then and even not at restaurants or food market.

So, my father started making it himself. He used to cut the potatoes in the

same shape and fry them. That way we used to enjoy the Desi French fries with homemade Tomato Ketch-up and of course even Mayonnaise was also not available.

Also, my father was very alert and cautious about our nutrition and he knew that the food we were having on a daily basis was lacking protein. So, he decided to get us eggs.

Indeed, you guys must be surprised keeping in mind that we belong to Jain family where strict vegetarian diet is followed strictly and religiously.

As said earlier, my father was not into religious beliefs and had been always follower of humanity as religion. So instead of caring about any other thing he focused on our good health.

But he knew that he was going to be challenged by other elder family members and society. So, my father shared *a secret code* with us for eggs.

The code was **White Potatoes or Uff**. (I know it's funny 😊😊)

Also, since we had to make sure that no one sees us eating white potatoes or more precisely Uff, my father used to serve it in his bedroom's bathroom.

How is it possible that the *secret doesn't get decode* by our cousin Dinmay and Chayan and soon they also joined our *White Potatoes* gang.

During those days it was fun but now when I remember those things I realize how caring and dedicated my father was.

Meanwhile proof of my being a bright student came. It was a letter from *Gayatri Vidya Mandir School* management saying that I was chosen as the best student of the school and a wrist watch would decorate my hands shortly by Bajaj Sewa Shram; a company manufacturing Hair oil and other

herbal product.

I was asked to visit their factory which was near the old railway station of our Udaipur city. I along with *Devi Lal Sir* went there to collect my reward. We both waited there for a long time and later received an assurance but never the actual watch in real.

But this non existing watch became special for me as Nayan never missed a chance (especially after tying the soft cotton towel on his wrist) to tease me saying “I have worn your watch, can you see it?”

Honestly, I am happy that I never received the watch otherwise these beautiful memories of teasing and laughing at each other would never have been created.

I thank and bless my younger brother Nayan for all this.

Let me *refresh some memories* of my last chapter alive and as said last time that my father was somehow meeting his both ends although his earning was very small and so was his savings.

In our family and even among our extended families my father was most educated but on the contrary everyone else had a scooter or a car in their house whereas my father had to paddle a bicycle daily for commuting.

Unfortunately, it was that century when more you had studied the lesser money you had and to justify that it there was a famous Indian saying of that time i.e.

‘Goddess of wisdom and Goddess of Wealth can’t exist together.’

Readers can now better understand that despite all problems my father

never let us yearn for anything.

Since cycle is the highlight of this page and of course an incident getting alive in front of my eyes and it was on a bad day my father met with an accident while riding his bicycle and got his leg broken.

The fracture took almost a month to cure. During this one month he was at home lying in bed and during this period, I still remember how I questioned him many times as to why he didn't have scooter.

Now I can read *his silent eyes of that time* while jotting this incident for all of you.

On various occasions my relatives and other people of society made me to feel what economic level I come from and even with their mouth shut they used to make me feel low with their ugly messages coming from their eyes.

During festivals and special occasions, when every other child of our extended family used to get a costly gift and myself and my younger sibling Nayan used to get something very inferior to what others had received.

And in that too they never failed to make us realize that even that small gift what we got was not deserved by us. And it was just for the sake of event formality.

Everyone used to weigh love and money together. What you deserved never depended on your love for someone but on the basis of what they would get as a return gift.

No one ever cared about our crying heart inside.

No one could see how that partiality based on our financial status penetrated our hearts and the more similar incidents kept happening and the

stronger my path of doing something in life became.

Today, I would like to have this opportunity to thank them for all that otherwise I could never have realized the reason for my existence.

A humble apology, readers to *get involve all of you with this incident* and let's make ending of this page again with my love for Cinematic world and let smile float again on your faces.

I completely missed our Gaytri Vidya Mandir's favorite teacher and her name was Bindu didi (we kid to address our Teacher with Didi which means elder sister in Hindi language) and further me and Amit ji used to be her favorite students.

One time we misbehaved in class badly and she stopped talking to both of us and it kept on many weeks and undoubtedly her silence was hitting hard for both of us.

One day her younger brother who was a special child i.e. physically and mentally disturbed, died. I and Amit went to her house to meet her during this emotionally challenging time.

That broke the silence between us.

Just after few days of that incident, our school took all school students to a highly successful film '*Nanni Maa*' (*in English it's grandmother*) and that movie was tax free and for first time learnt the word '*Tax Free Movie*'.

We all kids were in joyful mode under our *Bindu Didi* leadership and you all won't believe that how we walked around 5 km from school to movie hall and back without any single word of complain.

That's the magic and pulling power of colorful Cinema Screen and

undoubtedly this movie has further laid *my foundation stone stronger* inside my heart and soul for Cinematic world.

A big thanks to *Bindu Didi* for that cherishing experience of that movie.

Time to turn this page as the little boy is ready to dress up for his new school and tighten your belts, readers for more excitement of middle school days.

Management Lesson

...

HUMANITY

is the SOUL of any *religion*

and

undoubtedly BEGINNING *years*

of any child lay

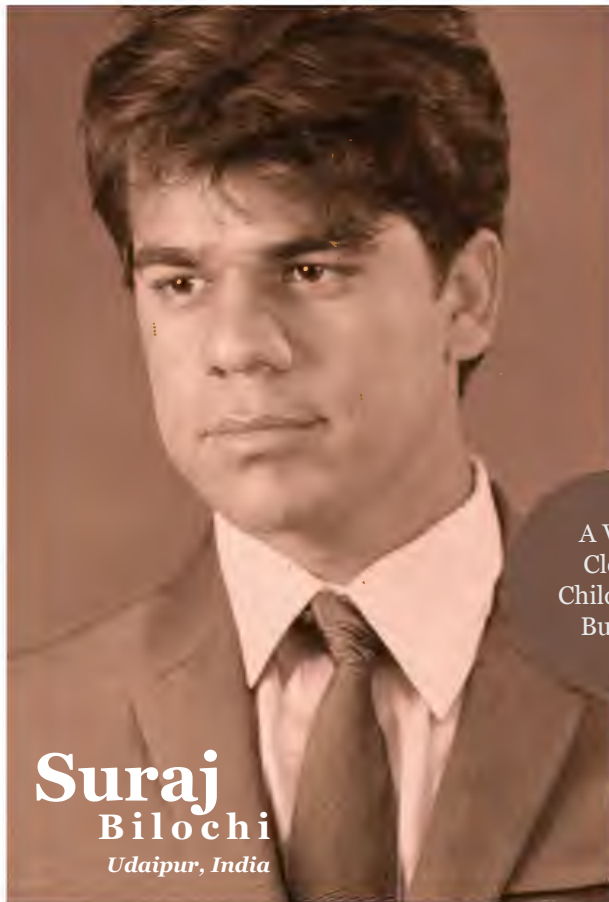
its FOUNDATION

for upcoming journey

of his *aspiration.*



Celestial buddy



A Very
Close
Childhood
Buddy

Suraj
Bilochi
Udaipur, India

My dear friend Chinmay came from Belgium and joined Gaytri Vidya Mandir, and from the very beginning, he stood out—not just for his brilliance, always topping the class while I settled for a second—but for his pure heart & unshakable discipline. He used to eat my tiffin every day, and somehow, even that became a memory I now cherish.

After 5th standard, he changed schools, and I never thought our bond would last—but it did. Through every phase of life, even after marriage, he remained the same—warm, grounded, and loyal. From sharing aloo Phulka and Sindhi khadi chawal to sharing life's highs and lows, ***it's been 45 beautiful years of friendship. And still counting.***

Because True Friendship is never miles apart—it lives in the heart.

Chapter 14:

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL BEGINS WITH CRICKET AND CINEMA'S DOUBLE BONANZA WITH MY MAGGI

After enriching his treasure of memoirs with his Cinematic love and influence along his various other childish experiments and adventures of his primary education days; *little Chinu* had been getting ready for his new class as well as for his new school on July 11th, 1984.

I was not at all nervous or scared of facing my first day at my new school as I already had completed my primary education i.e., up to Vth standard.

I was in fact incredibly happy and excited while putting on the new school uniform which was complete white and had a black tie along with it with the name of the school on it (*CA*) viz *Central Academy* written in red color.

The boy Chinu (of course myself) who already had a Start Up Business

Experience (**at an age when kids enjoy licking the melting ice cream and myself was trying to sell it door to door**) in his sleeves along with the taste of a cigarette puff with know-how of how to push the boundaries of self-courage while bunking the class for the first time and also have his mates in accomplishment of same (**the development of team player skills and thinking out of box**) etc. was now staring at the bicycle just like *any tourist admiring India's pride, 'Taj Mahal'.*

My mind was totally on the imagination riding to the school by my bicycle.

To express what exactly was going inside me let me ride all of you to almost one year back i.e., in **June 1983** when a sports history was written by our Nation on International level for the first time in Gentleman's Game.

Yes! Yes! I know some of you have already guessed it. Yeah, that is correct i.e., **THE CRICKET WORLD CUP.**

Undoubtedly It was **a historical pride moment** for The Young Independent Nation Like India to be the World Cup Winner and **that too in England itself** under whom India was a colony for more than two century till August 1947.

Nothing would suffice as compliments for our then Indian Cricket Team that brought us international recognition, enormous confidence and pride to every Indian along with the World Cup.

Cricket got a place in the minds and hearts of almost every Indian thereafter and **rest is history how today's India** is the undisputed superpower in the same Gentleman's Game.

For me also the first day to my middle school, the new uniform, the new prayer, the new class and every other thing was new to me and of course making it a historic day in the book of my life in the same way as been written for Indian World Cup Win in Indian History Book.

Still remembers the first interaction with the new Principal and few teachers surrounded by new faces in the assembly hall and everything was so special.

Also, the timing of school was different (from 12:30 pm to 17:30 pm) giving me a new experience of attending a day school.

My dear readers! Do you remember Umesh uncle? Yes, that is right! the one whose house was near to ours and who never differentiated between his own nephews (Dinmay and Chayan) and us (I and Nayan) while pouring love.

Indeed, you must be surprised why all sudden I jumped to Him and Just wait as one more memory of celebration is associated of these **June 83 World Cup** winning moments.

In June 1983 Umesh uncle was about to lose his bachelor tag and was getting married and still remembers that **Auspicious Date of His Marriage i.e., June 3, 1983.**

Before his wedding, a small get together was arranged at our *Ramesh* Uncle's house and all the family and friends were guests that night.

Among the happiness and hustle-bustle of the ceremony, there was something around which the crowd (especially the Men and Children) was stuck and everyone was paying full attention to it trying to listen to the sound coming out from that device.

That device was **RADIO** and of course the Heartbeat of That Indian Era.

For present generation Radio could sound Radio FM that comes with smart phones inbuilt in it but during the 80s Radio used to be a box shaped device pan India.

Undoubtedly it was one of the major media of Broadcast in India at that Era beside Newspapers and magazines.

That night when the semi-final of the Cricket World Cup was being played Radio was acting as the **Sanjay of The Mahabharat** narrating the movement of every single ball of each over during the match and every Indian listening to the radio was like Dhrustarashtra converting the audio into visuals in his mind.

Soon the news of India winning the semifinal made everyone jump off the ground at ongoing ceremony at our Uncle's Home with uncontrollable happiness and excitement.

Our players deserve a salute who did not let that excitement end there itself and rather they undertook the ultimate responsibility on their shoulders by **making the impossible possible by winning the finals.**

The team not only won the World Cup but also the faith of millions of Indians in them and that is why every newspaper expressed sincere thanks to our then cricket team as they had made that historic day possible.

That win put the name of our country on the headlines of every newspaper around the Globe.

Let us get back to my new class **VI-B** with the same excitement of World Cup win.

The sixth standard had two sections viz VI-A and VI-B and a student would get A or B depended upon the medium (English or Hindi) in which he/she had studied till the lower class i.e., class I-V.

The existence of section B was a good step of school management keeping

in mind that the sudden change in medium could take away the interest of students in study but at the same time the feeling of discrimination among students of both sections could not be overruled.

Well and here myself joined VI B and I got a new gang of amazing friends.

Abizer, Yogesh aka Ashok, Arvind, Sumeet, Piyush, Rahul, my cousin Dinmay, Chandra veer and some girls also namely Nikita, Anupama, Vaishali (not sure about the correctness of name so let it be V for time being) etc. are some unforgettable names from that class.

As you all know Chinu and funny incidents existed together.

But wait and before that I tell you one of those interesting exploits of mine which was very similar and I assume you all have at some time enjoyed the funny speech of Chatur in the movie '3 Idiots'.

What mess is created and how a funny and embarrassing situation develops when one uses some words without knowing its meaning.

It happened to me during my VIth class when I got up to ask the meaning of the word **ASTAN (Breast)** during a running class of Science Subject and that too from a lady teacher.

Suddenly the whole class burst into laughter over my question and the teacher's face turned red out of anger and I was asked to raise the same question to my mom.

I wonder how innocent I was then because later I realized everyone knew that word except me.

But the positivity out of that embarrassing incident is that my innocence added a funny memory to everyone present then and I still use to enjoy that

scene from 3 Idiot movie whenever I see it and remember my own deed at that age of eleven in class VI.

Hope my book reaches my then classmates and that incident becomes alive in their mind also.

Back to cricket for a moment only, the **1983 Cricket World cup win** of India had added fuel to fire within every Indian youth's heart for cricket and took the passion to a very high level.

We also used to play cricket whenever we had any moment of leisure time. In fact, we used to reach our school early for that.

It was during those play times when one of our classmates and friend Arvind highlighted us the importance of Oxygen and its future scarcity because of growing population and pollution and he visualized the commercial sale of it in future at that time.

And no doubt today the Greenhouse effect and Global warming are main concerns for the World and **always remember him** whenever surf or discuss any documentary or new on it.

As mentioned somewhere in the beginning of my journey delicious food has always been my weakness and I used to crave for it badly.

Time to introduce My Best School Buddy i.e., Abizer Tinwala of that time and of course his lunch box had quenched my watering mouth many times.

His father used to work in Kuwait at that time and he used to send him variety of snacks, chocolates etc. that I was a fan of.

I was from a middle-class family where lunchbox meant something like

Roti/Sabji and on some special occasion aloo paratha, but it was something my tongue used to get bored of easily.

That is why I used to jump over Abizer's tiffin box like a cat jump over a bowl of milk because his tiffin always had some delicious snacks, chocolates etc.

Indeed, TV was gaining more and more center of attraction at our small world of Udaipur along our Golden School Days and it is the same TV which made all of us of My Generation aware of many new games and their importance on Globe.

Here the complete credit goes to **Summer Olympics of July-August Month, 1984.**

Now a days subscribing sports channel/channels with the beginning of The World Cup or Olympics is a happening trend but, in those days, the common thing **was to purchase the very first television** so that viewers don't miss watching such events live/recorded.

The same period also witnessed the color television hitting the Indian markets for the very first time.

Unlike today when television is as common as a bicycle and it was a privilege having television during those decades as very few could afford it.

But 1984 Summer Olympics increased the number of houses having television and one of such houses was the house of our neighbor Subhash ji Mehta Uncle.

He also bought a color television before the Olympics.

I and other children of our colony used to enjoy Olympics, Movies and

Chitrahhar (a very popular Bollywood songs program of old and new movies of that era), Krishidarshan in his house on his TV.

During such gatherings myself developed a chemistry among his three children (Bhavna didi, Manish and Shilpa di) and still celebrate the same vibe with Manish although we meet 1-2 times a year.

Truly Said by **Elders and Scholars** that childhood friends do not need regular meetings and even after years when they meet, they hit immediately.

As stated just earlier that this Olympics introduced Indian Youngsters with several new games like Squash, Table Tennis, Badminton etc.

At that time except A small ball no other equipment was available to play either Table tennis or Squash in most cities of India including my Udaipur city.

But Indians and Indians who are famous for **JUGAAD** (pls google the word for non-Indians to understand more about it) and how we cannot made Table Tennis or Squash Bat also.

A copy or notebook was used as Bat for table tennis and the school bench/ Dinning Table used to become the table and the empty wall of classroom/ home used to be our Squash Court.

Here let me share an interesting terminology for our readers to know that the television was called **Idiot Box** at that time as its popularity was increasing by leaps and bounds and further people were spending too much time on TV

Whole India especially small cities like Udaipur were under TV celebrations and not anyone expected a Tragic Event was at doors to shake the whole country and plunge millions into tears of sorrow.

Our the then Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi got assassinated on October 31, 1984 by her own Bodyguards.

It was in fact the assassination of a great leadership.

For continuous twelve days after the incident, no other program but Classical music by Ustad Bismilla Khan, Shiv Prasad, Hari Prasad Chaurasia, Zakir Hussain was on television.

I was not that grown up then to understand what our Nation was going through and I then realized how deeply television got connected us all when those twelve days no other program was broadcast except classical music.

It may surprise young readers of 21st Century that there was only one tv channel viz DD-1 pan India except Big cities which used to have DD2 also.

Still people were satisfied and happy comparing to today's hundreds of channels and tv shows which are still not enough to bring a fraction of that satisfaction.

Honestly now a days **feeling more nostalgic for TV** seeing it is slowly and gradually in extinction mode in hands of online streaming but as human let, we keep embracing the change.

The death of a beloved member or friend always takes us deep inside an Ocean of sorrow and tears but the same shake us stronger when the death is premature.

During more or less same time I had seen my father crying in the same pain over the death of his Young Friend **Shantilal ji Kothari** (Amet town, Udaipur) and at that time only I could connect and feel the pain of the nation on the sudden demise of **our Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi**.

He was one of his two closest friends and the worst tragic moment for my father was that he had to bear the pain of another premature death of his second closest friend **Shri Devendra Ji Mehta** too after some time.

Before being a friend, Devendra Ji Mehta was also the first cousin of my father. His death was caused by a road accident with a bike during his Jaipur business trip.

I cannot even describe my father's emotions and expression out of pain at the sight of the dead body of his beloved friend-cum-brother.

Death is mortal and that was very much first-time exposure of mine to this naked truth of life but here I can state that **memories are timeless**.

A lot of sweet memories are connected to late Devendra uncle and his entire family.

Not only during every festival but also almost every weekend both families used to be together at his house where I used to have a lot of fun with his five daughters out of whom only one was younger to me and one was of my age and the rest were Didi i.e., elders than me.

But as we know childhood is the age when we learn maximum. During one of such get together fun moments at Uncle's house I learnt mathematical division lesson and it was taught to me not by any elder person or teacher but by Goldie i.e., the one girl who was of my age among the five daughters of my uncle.

In fact, it was **the exchange of knowledge** between two of us and she learnt multiplication from me.

From the core of my heart, I thank her for making me learn division so well

that even today while using it in day-to-day life or business activities she is remembered and thanked.

Though we both live in the same city but in this race of life and progress, time for socialization has become so limited that even we couldn't meet for almost three decades.

I strongly pray to the Almighty to make it possible one day.

I really have been so blessed to cherish shower of love and care from people other than my parents during my childhood and one such person was **Rani Aunty**, wife of late Devendra uncle.

She was extremely beautiful and her grace cum appearance always were comparable with that of **Late Maharani Gayatri Devi (The Queen of Jaipur State, Rajasthan and later Member of Indian Parliament)**.

I still sometimes get a chance to meet Aunty mostly during some condolence event/events or during some domestic flight journey and her love and affection is still very same for me which is really a blessing in today's world where people hardly care for others.

Let us be back to the assassination of Indira Gandhi which was undoubtedly a huge loss to the Nation and whole country was worried about the future governance that who and how Nation would get lead especially when Late Mrs. Gandhi had already set a remarkably high benchmark of Strong Leadership.

But soon that question was answered and it was **Rajiv Gandhi** i.e., eldest son of Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Ex Air India Pilot and he was sworn as Prime Minister of India to fill the vacuum at Highest Political Designation of the Nation.

His charm was soothing and his handsome look was like that of a Greek God and on the top that **his smile was so enchanting** that you cannot leave your eyes from his face.

After few months National Election, the whole nation showed full faith in him and Rajiv Gandhi won with a great majority at that time.

Yes, I can **surf the astonishing and little boring eyes of my readers** while going through *Rajiv Gandhi* persona and his political heirship and here request you to hold further as he holds the credit for today's digital ecosystem that we and you all are celebrating.

Indeed, he was the tech visionary and he was the first to introduce computer to the common mass and his technological reforms of that time laid the foundation of **today's Indian superpower status** as Software Solution Provider all over the globe.

In one of my coming chapter/chapters let me reveal some interesting facts about the love of my grandma as well as of one of my friend's grandma for *Rajiv Gandhi* and also will share **how my first face to face live exposure** to his smiling face has changed my persona forever.

Time to introduce all of you to my Bunty Bhaiyya aka Vishal Kacharra, our new neighbor.

The mother of *Bunty Bhaiyya* (now she is no more) was almost of the same age and an old friend of my Ramesh aunty and they already had a great chemistry between them and soon both families including us also started mixing up at each other's house.

Bunty Bhaiyya and his three siblings namely Sapna Didi, Smita di, Vikas ji we all became exceptionally good friends soon.

We children were like pearls and Aunty (mother of Bunty Bhaiyya) was the main string that connected us all. Her unbiased love, care and motherhood for all of us equally still fills my eyes as and when I remember her.

She is no more but her smiling face and love flowing out through **her eyes is still very much alive** in my mind and undoubtedly such memoirs are timeless gems of any treasure.

Cricket had started flowing in children's blood after the Indian World Cup Win and our Bunty Bhaiyya was already too much into it and we all accepted him as our leader and we all were also caught by that cricket fever.

Playing cricket at our house, street or nearby grounds had become a ritual for all of us under our Captain Bunty Bhaiyya.

Just few months after the tremendous victory of India in the World Cup, our nation claimed yet another victory by winning the Benson and Hedges Cup in Australia.

The Indian Allrounder Cricketer Ravi Shastri was Man of the Series and for the first time an Indian got Audi in prize.

The look and status of that car touched the heart of many Indians at that time and with the grace of Almighty in 2014 I owned my first Audi i.e. my dream car.

The happiness of owning it blew me in these moments of this chapter where I was feeling as if I had myself won the **Benson and Hedges cup holding it high in the air.**

During the same period, I had **the honor to witness** the launch of another product which is nowadays part of almost every Indian kitchen and there will not be perhaps any child who has not tasted it.

The undisputed King of every kid's wish list i.e., **Maggie and only Maggie**.

During those winter days of my 6th class, one day each and every student at our school was given a **free packet of Maggie** with tomato sauce and it's MRP (**maximum retail price**) was Rs two.

It was the launch of Maggie (instant Noodle with Indian spice mix) in India by Nestle, India as a **two-minute preparation** to settle any stomach's hunger.

Every student throughout India got that free packet worth Rs 2 under Nestle's promotion plan and strategy for India and further the direction for cooking was also demonstrated over many streets and roads including in my Udaipur city.

For everyone, the taste was completely new but not for me as I had it several times during my stay abroad. (Thanks to my father)

They knew it very well that once they made the lion taste the blood and of course the lion would have to come searching for it later on.

And they were right.

Even today I **enjoy eating Maggie with the same interest** which I had while eating it for free for the first time during my 6th class and since then the amount I have spent behind its taste really surprises me.

A small free packet turns into billions over years. Isn't that phenomenal marketing?

In one of coming chapter, **a similar launch of another business** would

be shared with you all and that would excite you all **how such marketing strategy becomes part of our lifestyle forever.**

Undoubtedly this chapter has got too long, keep aside the book and **have a short coffee break** before myself share you about my more hidden cinematic desire.

Beside Cricket, there was one more thing which was driving me towards it more and more as I was growing up i.e. the pull to Indian Cinematic World.

The craze for Cinema as described in previous chapters was multiplying and further the frequency of seeing myself as an actor in dreams was increasing.

The start of the political career of Shri Amitabh Bachchan with his childhood buddy (i.e., The New Prime Minister Shri Rajiv Gandhi) and my latent desire of becoming an actor; both events were happening with same pace.

Now let me ride all of you cinematically to **Zawar Mines** which is still an incredibly famous place near Udaipur for its zinc mining (A Business Unit of The Indian Mining Giant Vedanta Ltd.) and for me **a pilgrimage where my cinematic dreams** kept fueling manyfold.

During those days it was better known as **Hindustan Zinc Ltd** and it used to take around two-three hours to reach there from Udaipur by train and now a days by car it is reachable within an hour.

The city was really so planned and beautiful that it was an example of a well-organized, planned corporate city of that time. It was as good as a modern town having every comfort for living within it.

The reason why this Zawar Mines suddenly came out of blue as it was a fre-

quent place of vacation for us in those days as we had some close relatives and friends there.

Vijay ji Mehta Uncle (Son of my father's aunt), Lal Chand Gandhi ji (My mom's cousin) and Kewal Uncle (A dear friend of my father and further his wife was a childhood friend of my mom) they all used to live there in Ashok Nagar and Prem Nagar colony.

Lal Chand Uncle was posted there on a remarkably high rank post.

Those vacations used to be more special for me and there I not only used to have fun but lot of movies watching also.

Imagine watching a movie under an open sky on the same 70mm screen. Yes! That is what I used to enjoy during my vacations at Zawar Mines on Mondays (Monday used to be the weekly holiday there and not on Sunday).

That way I used to watch movies under the sky and used to **dream of becoming a hero** and undoubtedly the acting and cinematic worm inside me were getting fueled.

And one supporting hand i.e., Vijay Uncle was also there to fuel my cinematic aspiration by encouraging me.

As I said I have been lucky and blessed since childhood.

Happiness and tragic events **always walk hand in hand** and it always **makes life more meaningful** and I am feeling it more strongly while memorizing such events and moments.

Readers must be thinking that how all of sudden I have gotten so philosophical.

One more **shattering news** was there during that time around only and it was the sudden demise of incredibly young Lalchand Gandhi uncle in a bus accident. It was really a sad news for all of us.

Undoubtedly for his immediate family it was both tragic and challenging.

Of course, life does not stop even when we lose our most beloved person but, it is not easy to pull the train of life back on the right track when a lady also **loses his eldest kid of 15–16-Year-old after few years of her Husband demise.**

Here Kamla Aunty (wife of last Uncle Lal Chand ji Gandhi) really deserves a genuine salute and I always **admire her patience and sacrifice** throughout the journey of upbringing her rest two children after the demise of her husband and her eldest son.

What else can be more challenging than hiding tears and sadness to keep her children smiling in absence of her husband who.

I always remember strongly whole Gandhi family and my childhood Zawar Mines days on **8th of May** every year as it is Kamla Aunty's marriage anniversary, her husband's (Lal Chand ji uncle) death and the death of her eldest son all three incidents **took place on that same strange date.**

Despite all the odds and tragedies; planning and working for a better tomorrow is what life is about and here a salute to Kamla Aunty for Making the word 'Life' more shining.

Of course, the ending of Indian Cinema of my era has always been happy one and how this chapter ending can be without happiness for my readers.

One day with a big surprise my father bought home our very first television set and it was **Hotshot TV** (Black and White) and for millennial readers

the said TV was from the company of late husband of Bollywood actress, Rekha.

Whole family happiness especially of mine and my brother had been on the top of world and its highly challenging and further it is difficult to explain today's readers about **the level of our Happiness Quotient** when they have their own separate TV in their room or directly on their Mobile Phones.

Undoubtedly it was a big deal at that time.

Keep turning to the next pages of the book as more and more such happiness moments are ready to unfold for you.

Management Lesson

...

Life

is very much like

A Cinematic journey

and

Let we

CELEBRATE each *color of life*

so when we look back;

it ENTHRALLS us like

A Cinematic experience.

Chapter 15:

SPROUTING OF RELIGIOUS SEED AND CATCHING THE TRAIN TO ENGLISHTAAN

Previous chapter showed all of you the display of beautiful techniques (called Jugaad mostly in our language) that the little boy and his mates adopted to quench their thirst for playing the newly seen games like Table Tennis, Squash etc. during the Olympics for which the actual tools were not available then.

Further the same chapters displayed how the little boy's creative mind quickly learnt to use school benches as table for Table Tennis, his book and notebooks as bat both for Tennis and Squash and also, he managed to play both games using the same tennis ball.

The school bench acted as table for tennis during free sessions and after classes a piece of wood became bat to win street cricket games.

Indeed, Necessity is the mother of Inventions.

Let us get ready and of course time to soak in for Chapter 15.

We all friends used to steal time out of our routine works to enjoy playing games until we all came across a new addiction. **READING Comic Books.**

Nowadays 3-D cartoon movies and shows on Tv are available like air to breathe. But during those days the famous cartoon characters were all on paper only. But of course, their 3-D motions always used to play in our imaginations.

I was from a middle-class family and so were most of my friends. And as you all know lack of money brings extremely limited resources with it.

During those days most of us used to get only Rs.2- Rs.5 as our monthly pocket money.

That used to throw us two options before us either to sacrifice our childhood or to learn the magic of sharing within a network.

But that scarcity in our pockets brought us some fantastic extra skills i.e., Skills to utilize the available resources for maximum output. **That is basic Economics.**

For present generation kids exclusive cartoon channels are available with all sorts of cartoon characters and in multi-language 24x7 through year. But during my days Comics used to provide us the same fantasy and fun that a kid used to get by watching a cartoon channel today.

Those days children who could not afford to buy comics could take them on rental basis and charges used to be calculated on daily basis.

Since all of us used to have limited money with us and we came up with a beautiful solution that could make it possible to enjoy maximum comic books at the least expense. Each of us used to borrow one book on rent for a day and within the same 24 hours we used to exchange our books within us.

That way for the one-day rental price of one comic book everyone used to enjoy several books and undoubtedly **Magic of Networking**.

Yes, knowledge gained through practical situations of life lasts longer than the same learnt through books.

But there was something special that I came across apart from those comic books. And it was **Fictious Novel**.

In my group we had Vinod Ji Goyal who was senior to us by around three to four years and he used to borrow novel/novels and not comics. Now since he was also in the networking chain, his novel used to come to me also in exchange.

And on top of that Vinod Ji had a good taste of novel as well so the very first set of novels I came across was of the then very famous writer *James Hadley Chase*.

James Hadley was famous for his Suspense Thriller Erotic stories.

The best part about such a novel is that they aggravate the hunger to know what would happen next and the reader doesn't stop reading it unless he digs out and bares the suspense.

So, while reading those novels I also started getting anxious about finding the climax of the story but there was a Time Hammer over my head with a

pressure to complete the book as fast as possible to avoid two days' rent for it.

That inculcated a beautiful skill in me at that little age i.e., talent of fast reading and I started finishing a complete novel in nearly an hour and half which other people in general used to take three to four hours to finish.

Thanks to Almighty for adding that skill in the list of my assets.

Though it started with reading novels and comics but that habit of fast reading and grasping soon started helping me to save time while reading any sort of documents and understanding something.

Subsequently you have more time to act afterwards.

So as said I read a variety of comics like Chacha Choudhary, Batman, Superman, Spiderman, Phantom/Baitaal, Motu Patlu, Nagaraj and also used to surf novels written by Gulshan Nanda and many others.

Since we used to exchange books among us, I used to also narrate stories that I used to read during those 24 hours and my friends used to tell their stories. That way our brain used to have a memory test, **another positive aspect of exchanging books.**

No doubt, lack of funds really taught me **many essential skills** but here a small incident is worth sharing with you all as it throws light on the quality which is perhaps every one of us has born with.

My father used to teach us (me and my brother) and on a similar day in the afternoon my father was teaching us and was also breathing through the puff of cigarette in a very relaxing mood.

Suddenly the face of my grandma was seen right through the smoke and in

no time my father removed the burning cigarette, hiding it in the curtain.

Though my grandma had seen him smoking, she did not let the modesty vanish and very beautifully acted as if she did not see her son smoking at all.

Both my father and grandma handled the awful situation very maturely and did not let each other feel embarrassed but the best acting of both went in vain as the curtain could not bear the heat of burning cigarette and caught fire.

And very shortly the heat and smell in the atmosphere raised the anger of my grandma and my father was scolded badly.

Even nowadays (till his departure from planet Earth) we used to tease my father reminding him of that incident. But his quality and sacrament that he showed that day by not uttering even a word while grandma was bombarding him with her anger, deserves sincere praise.

And this is **the beauty of our nation's culture** where respect to our elders is given.

I guess cigarettes have given me several interesting and lifelong memorable incidents because just now I finished telling a story and another similar story is auto buffered in my mind and is ready to be told.

Anil ji, the youngest son of our neighbor Sri Anandi Lal Ji Mehta has always been always my close buddy and still he is.

He happens to be somewhere six to seven years younger to me and so you can imagine how small he would be then during those days when I had just started going to middle school.

One particular day we were playing in a park (Durga Nursery Park, Udai-

pur) which was just a km away from our houses.

Anil ji being the youngest used to catch everyone's attention. While playing when Anil ji was not seen for some time and everyone noticed his absence and we all got worried because he was very small.

So, that worry made all of us search him in all dimensions.

But the position in which he was found left our mouths opened. The boy was found behind an ambassador car (an Indian Model inspired by Oxford Car of 1960s) with a cigarette and enjoying its puff with smoke in the air.

With that smoke coming out his mouth, our belief of his being a child younger to us also blew up.

Before we all could utter anything, Anil ji dropped on knees and requested all of us not to reveal his secret to his parents and we all looked at his afraid innocent face and promised him to bury his secret in our hearts although we used to tease him in private.

Deeply sorry Anil ji, today I opened up with a belief that remembering that incident through this book would fetch a smile on your face also.

Since we are reliving days from 1980s decade, it would be worth throwing light on the lifestyle and physical strength of people during that decade. And comparing the same with that of a person of the present generation would unwrap how soft and delicate we have become over the time.

It is quite common for our generation to notice sugarcane juice sellers, while driving or walking through streets or roads i.e., ready to serve sugarcane juice can be enjoyed anytime as and when mouth craves for it.

No physical strength is required to enjoy the same as machines are available

to squeeze the juice from raw sugarcane and let your teeth rest.

In fact, very few people would willingly crush the sugarcane with their teeth to enjoy its juice as it requires strong teeth to peel off the sugarcane and in the present generation most people meet a dentist before their thirties.

But what if I say that my grandma at her age of seventy-five plus used to peel off and chew sugarcane like an orange.

And wait! Not only for her but for all grandchildren.

My grandma was continually active even in that age and she played an active role in our upbringing.

Apart from our routine care she made sure we got to know Jain religion and our Hindu culture and for that purpose we all children used to be taken to several temples from time to time.

As told in our previous few chapter that my grandma was a regular visitor of temples especially when some religious **Pravachan (Preaching)** was arranged there.

Since talks about Jainism religious preaching are going on and of course Paryushan, a very famous and important Jain festival must appear on this page.

During the rainy season, the importance of those temples used to spike by visits of Jain Munis (Preacher) who used to come for religious preaching.

And our grandma used to take all we children there by **Taanga (Horse cart)** to attend those preaching at Thobh ji ki Baadi, Udaipur situated somewhere 4-5 km from our house.

Obviously, none of us was interested in those preaching then but there was something we used to sit there for till the end of those preaching.

At the end of every preaching along with **Prasad (gift blessing from the Temple)** we also used to get 25 paise or 50 paise or one rupee as Prabhawana i.e., a monetary gift.

And for that I used to settle on grounds along my brother and cousins during entire preaching, desperately waiting for that moment.

Drop by drop makes an ocean.

The above saying is really true and I realized it when those small amounts of twenty-five paise, fifty paise collected through Prabhawana, together became **Sixteen Rupees.**

Now the amount may look negligible but during that decade, for the surprise of our readers, I had bought white Tennis Shoes with that sum of money which was just sixteen rupees. I also brought white canvas shoes and collected some Rs 28/- during those 8-10 days.

Here I would like to urge my readers to inculcate the habit of savings as even a penny saved today can turn into a big sum overtime in future.

Although the reason for attending those preaching was somewhere selfish, ultimately the money collected was not only saved but also used for a good purpose.

This is how new habits make place in your upbringing and become an asset for lifetime.

And here let me not miss the Podium to credit my grandma for the feeding

of my mind with sacred religious values and with guidelines of Jainism in initial phase of a child foundation building journey.

Although most of the time I am kept busy by my business activities but whenever my mind gets connected to the God that full cycle of my memoirs starts playing as flashback and That sets my whole body and mind relaxed.

Since she talks about my grandma and her taking us children with her during her visits to various temples are going on and Here Let me not miss the opportunity to mention **Jhadol**, a place near Udaipur, (hardly fifty kilometers from there) from where roots of my grandma originated.

Jhadol is situated at a high altitude and further the weather, the soil, the rain it receives all these are favorable for the farming of Turmeric, Rataalu/ Purple Yam and other crops that grow below ground.

But here the special and brief mention of Jhadol is because of some unique experience I had there.

Once during her religious visits, my grandma took me to Jhadol. It was the first time when I just didn't see a river flowing but also landed my body into it and took a bath as well. That experience was completely unique.

Within a couple of days that I spent there my soul got deeply attached to its air, its soil and the smell of its atmosphere and just 7-8 years back (**Year 2012/2013**) this spiritual attachment got rejuvenated when I got the opportunity to be there again with my wife and kids.

Out of my emotional attachment and being in the same air of Jhadol after so many years, my heart knit few lines organically then.

Let me have **an honor to invite all** of you to surf those
webs of words

सात्विकता, सौहार्दता, मुस्कान...
काश ये अंग होते
हमारी जीवन शैली के, हमारी विचारधारा के!
शालीनता, सहजता, सौम्यता...
काश ये खुशबू होते
हमारी व्यवहारीकता के, हमारी कार्यशैली के!
स्वार्थ रहित फल वृक्षाएँ, दूर-दूर तक फैली
हरी-भरी सोच
और
ये स्वास्थ्यवर्धक आरण्य
... काश ये गुणावमकता होती
हमारी सभ्यता की!
क्यों नहीं हो सकता?
क्यों नहीं हो सकता?
... सिर्फ एक कदम
आओ इसी एक कर्म को बढ़ाएँ
हमारे गाँवों की तरफ
और
देखे - कैसे अध्यात्मकता का यह चक्र पूरा
होता है।
यही तो सच्चा वैश्वीकरण है,
यही तो Globalisation है।
- चिनमय वर्धमान

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE POEM

*Purity, Harmony, and Smile...
If only these were a part of our lifestyle and
our way of thinking!
Grace, Simplicity, and Gentleness...
If only these were the fragrance of our behaviour
and our working style!
Selfless trees bearing fruits,
fields of green spreading far and wide
Undoubtedly these
are symbols of true health and harmony.
If only such virtues became
the essence of our civilization!
Why can't it happen?
Why can't it truly happen?
..... Just one step.
Let's take that one step towards our villages,
towards our roots
and
see how the circle of spirituality completes itself.
This is the True Globalisation —
the real "Vishvikaran".*

- Chinmay Vardhman

These lines together appear as a poem and every word of it defines the depth of my spiritual connection with this place.

Let us continue with my grandma again and one more incident connected to my grandma is worth telling.

During our childhood, our grandma was very particular and cautious about us. I am sure at some point of time most of the readers would have applied mascara somewhere on their body or tied black string in wrist or legs to keep evil eyes Inefficacious.

But my grandma was a step ahead when the matter was about our safety from Evil Eyes.

My father had four brothers including him and Tejprakash Uncle was at third number in chronology of descending order.

He was serving in the Geological Survey of India, Ajmer (Rajasthan) India and used to come often to meet his mother i.e., my grandma at Udaipur.

He was good at doing remedies to keep the evil eyes distant, so my grandma used to ask him to perform those remedies on us.

Also, since we are talking about my uncle let me brief a little about his vision.

It was during those decades when my uncle once saw me cleaning spectacles for my grandma and he said casually that future spectacles would be having an auto cleaning system in it and not only that it would have **an intelligent system that would enable us to command it to show us what we want.**

After many years when **Google Glasses** were launched globally, his uttered words started dancing around me and my hands automatically stood high to salute his vision.

Even today whenever I come across **Google Glasses** or any similar innovation, it reminds me of my late uncle (he is no longer on this Planet) and I get stunned by his strong vision i.e., undoubtedly, he was ahead of his time.

Well! We have been unfolding so many adventurous and interesting memoirs of my childhood days but all these together would not combine to their best taste unless the Salt is added to all these ingredients.

And the salt to my biography is none other but my little innocent brother Nayan ji.

His innocence and the childish activities done out of that innocence have carved unforgettable and invaluable memoirs on our life stones.

Let us drive back to the house of our Umesh Mama ji (maternal uncle of my cousin Dinmay and Chayan) because the incident took place there.

During those decades motorbikes were not in fashion and in every house the only two-wheeler vehicle that could be seen was **Scooter especially Lamberatta, Bajaj or Vijay.**

Umesh Mama ji also used to have a grey Vijay scooter which on that day of the incident was parked near the kitchen and Umesh mama ji was inside kitchen having his lunch of the day.

Finding the scooter free and its owner busy, we children (myself, Dinmay, Chayan and Nayan) thought of trying to drive it. And for the same I and Dinmay ji pushed it off the stand.

What we did not think of was that the scooter would require balance once we remove its stand, and it was heavy enough for us to balance and the unwanted happened. The scooter with a loud noise fell on the ground within seconds.

All our planning and excitement disappeared in the air with it and we all got very nervous all of sudden. We all would be beaten for the mess we had just created and that was the least what we expected at that moment.

Umesh mama turned up at the site immediately but his reaction over the situation surprised us. He seemed more worried about us and he very calmly put the scooter back on its stand without a single harsh word for us.

That reaction of mama ji really boosted our respect and love for him further and our childish experiments also remain continued in future also.

Since we are enjoying an incident that took place at our Umesh Mama ji's house, one more incident at the same place had made this place in the list of achievements of our sweet little Nayan ji.

Near to his house there was a farm field which had trees of sweet, yummy plums/ guava and mangoes. Children and ants are similar in the way to find their favorite dishes and also in reaching the spot to get it by hook or by crook.

So, we used to climb the tree to pluck the fruit to calm down our appetite.

One day Nayan ji also appeared at that place and seeing everyone high on the trees, he also tried to climb the tree but unlike others he could not make a soft landing when he jumped off the tree.

Soon his leg was decorated with a white plaster on it, and he had to bear its weight by the time his fracture hand got recovered.

Nayan ji had many such incidents in his hat. As the number of such memories started increasing, everyone had understood that Nayan ji and such small injuries would walk together.

Indeed, several other stories of Nayan ji would capture future pages of this book but now let us take a U-turn and reopen my journey of interacting with Jain religion.

The religious role of my grandma had been highlighted many times while peeling off the layers of my memoirs and undoubtedly her promptness and care for us is certainly incomparable.

But right now, one more name for an alike contribution jumps out of my mind.

Shri Keshulal Ji Maharaj, this name is so great that my hands have automatically joined to honor him with my face parallel to the ground while jotting these words.

The name is going to appear on several occasions in future and of course he played a religious catalyst for the whole family.

Shri Keshulal ji Maharaj was a true Jain saint (Muni/Preacher) as he used to feed his stomach one day one time only and used to fast completely on the next day (no grain, no fruit, nothing at all). He throughout his life had practiced that habit to have food on alternate day and that too one time only.

Not only that and further he used to accumulate his food by going door to door and beg (Bhiksha).

There were many occasions when he did not get food at any door, and he

had to starve the whole day because he used to eat only once a day.

While writing words in honor of him; his simplicity, his walking style, clean mirror-like mind and a heart like a child and many other qualities and memories associated with him have come alive before my eyes suddenly.

His way of living life really inspired me a lot.

Our house was one of those fortunate houses where he used to knock for food and my mother used to be very prompt in keeping his favorite dishes ready in the early morning itself as his holy feet could be at our doors at any time during a day.

No one had any idea when he would come and my mother always made sure that he never returns empty if in case he visits our home for Bhiksha,

Shri Keshulal Ji Maharaj and his connection with our life would be felt on many occasions during the advancement of my life journey.

Once again, a sincere gratitude to him from my heart.

There are many such incidents to be briefed and of course this book would advance narrating different incidents at suitable situations completely keeping in mind to deliver positivity to readers.

But for now, it is time to take you guys back to my school days as many stories are to be told from there as the school was a garden where I met with flowers of other religions as well.

Childhood is the most innocent phase of any person's life. It is basically the age when we like or dislike someone based on his nature towards us and not at all on the basis of his name.

In fact, at that age names used to be nothing more than a tool to recognize a person.

It is gradually and further unfortunate when our mind is polluted with several misconceptions, and we feed our mind with lot of presumptions about many things without actually verifying the rationale behind it.

Religion, caste and all such dividers are seen in the name of a person only when our feet start entering teenage phase leaving the innocent childhood far behind.

You all must be thinking why suddenly our Chinu is being so philosophical.

Well! Answer to your confusion lies in the name of my best friend of that era and I am going to re-introduce to you. Do you remember my close friend Abizer Tinwala?

He was closer to me among all my friends for the reason we had the same kind of progressive view to life and he was similar to me in many other positive ways.

The strong friendship between us left no place untouched and we could be often seen together at each other's house.

We were like two brothers from two mothers following different religious practices and beliefs.

A beautiful habit of almost every child is like that he tries to know everything he finds new that comes in his way.

Be it an object or any religious custom or even a new food item, the child

never hesitates in advancing his foot in knowing things better.

Children are like scientists; they try a new thing first and then make a judgement about it. We on the other hand are prejudiced about many things and also are a slave of a lot of disbeliefs.

My brother like friend Abizer was from the Bohra **Muslim** community.

Here a little elaboration about the Bohra community is needed for my readers as I believe many must have heard this for the first time.

Bohra community follow Muslim religion and they have different attire and different rituals as well as little different sets of Muslim beliefs and different mosques as well.

This community is very progressive, well cultured, business oriented and on top of that well educated.

As a child the culture and the religious practices of my beloved friend Abizer ji were completely new to me and hence the curiosity of knowing it automatically made a place in my mind and heart.

I and Abizer ji used to often paddle our bicycles to reach his house at Bohrawadi.

On no occasion did I find myself less than a son to his mother. She (mother of Abizer ji) used to welcome us both with great affection and happiness.

I was not only getting closer to his family, but my mind was also getting a lot of new stuff to feed with. During those playing and having fun with my friend, I indirectly became aware of Bohra Muslim community.

Just for your info also, readers which myself had also learnt during one such visit to Abizer ji home that the most sacred pilgrimage site of Bohra community in India is situated on a bare distance of one hundred and fifty kilometers from Udaipur. The place is better known as **Galiyakot** in Dungarpur district, Rajasthan.

Those memories of paddling to the house of Abizer ji and the motherhood of his mom for me make my eyes flow out of emotions even today and further a sincere thanks to Abizer ji and his parents for their love and making me feel a part of theirs.

Having given you an idea about our chemistry in general, let me shift the camera angle towards my school days **where class eighth was going** to witness our courage and confidence and how a life-changing decision was taken by us.

Till now I never threw light on my academics and generally it happens when someone is bad at studies. But on the contrary, I was excellent at General Knowledge especially at Geography and History.

No, no guys, I am not boasting all of you but those years I gathered several awards in school GK competition and my consistency in sweeping awards was soon noticed by school management.

Thereafter I represented my school in various inter-school competitions and there also by the grace of Almighty my name remained in the list of winners.

Many people find history boring or difficult because they perhaps try to mug up the data or facts about a person or place. Fortunately, I never did so.

Whenever I read about any person or place, I imagined myself to be there

and felt each incident closely as if for that much time I had travelled back in that time zone.

Same interest I had in Geography. And of course, the interest in any subject or in learning any work multiplies, if one finds a good mentor.

And for these subjects of History and Geography I was fortunate to have Khamesra Madam, an excellent mentor who gave a solid ground to my interest in the subject and let my knowledge go higher and higher.

Today even wherever I travel to any part of the Globe this interest in History and Geography enhances many folds.

Khamesra Madam wherever you are today; Through this book I would like to touch your feet for planting and nurturing my continuous thirst (which is still young) to learn more and more about World History and Geography.

Indeed, enhance knowledge and further award-winning rhythm always let the self-confidence touching the sky and further eventually support you to take any firm and mature decision.

Myself had been cherishing the same phase while taking a major life changing decision at the threshold of class eighth.

Hope you all remember that I had told you that every class at my school had two types of sections.

One for English medium students and another was for pity students like us who were still better at Hindi than at English.

But my confidence level was on Cloud Nine and further I took my best friend Abizer ji in confidence and we both decided to share benches with

English section students.

Very soon the application for showing our willingness to continue our education in English from class eighth onwards was on the principal's table.

That sudden jump from Hindi to English medium was going to be super challenging and our faculties showed their concern over it and advised us to reconsider our decision.

But the said Jai Veeru pair (famous duo buddy from Iconic Bollywood Film Sholay) did not move an inch from their place.

Our confidence brought the approval in our favor and now we both were English medium students.

Although it was a very new experience being in the new section of my class, but we got absorbed well in the new English ambiance shortly.

Of course, now I was sitting on the same bench with those students whom I had always seen as superiors when I was in Hindi medium.

But my experience with them was different. They were quite cordial and soon I had several new friends from that section.

It has been many years and hence hard to recall names of everyone. Raghu-nath, Sharad, Sanjay Maheshwari, Sanjay Khamesra, Parakram, Parihar ji, Kabir ji etc. are the names my mind has managed to trigger right now.

Well, the new section brought new competitors as well.

On one hand we had a pressure to learn English as speaking in Hindi was broadly prohibited in our new section and on the other hand, I had Ra-

ghunath ji, a pre-established topper of that section, as my competitor.

Of course, we were good friends but when it was about academic performance, we were healthy rivals.

Just like Khamesra Madam was to Geography, Aarif sir was a committed and brilliant mentor for Mathematics.

Though his presence in class was enough to make the students shiver, he was never tough on me and Raghunath Ji.

While other students of my class were made Murga (a typical school punishment in shape of being a Hen) and slapped for their mistakes by Aarif Sir but for me and Raghunath ji he used to shower us only sincere advice and of course never ever any those punishments.

It was because we were very sincere and under his mentoring, I was really learning math.

$$(x+y)^2 = x^2 + y^2 + 2xy$$

The above formula is just one among several formulas which I learnt absolutely from him and whenever accidentally such formulas come before my eyes, it reminds me of you Sir.

I am really thankful to all my faculties and friends for making that phase of my life meaningful and learning.

While all these were going on and English Language was layering over our tongue and from the backstage something was coming to shake everything.

And I know, what I am going to say, would surely have happened to many

of the young readers.

Administrative Transfer of my Father.

Yes, my father was promoted to Dy. Director as well as transferred to Jaipur with more administrative responsibilities on his shoulders.

The news spread happiness among all of us as my father was now heading towards the most advanced city of Rajasthan that was its capital too.

Considering several issues, my father decided to shift to Jaipur alone temporarily at that time and of course he used to visit us often during his holidays.

When a family person lives away and alone from rest family members then being worried about him is natural. Same was the situation of my mother and us while papa was alone in Jaipur.

And one day that happened when my mother wanted to save her remote living husband, through her daily prayer.

Our door rang and my father was there in a *Lungi* (a formal daily wear lower) with a white plaster shining on his leg. The moment I and mom saw it; we rushed towards him.

It was during the month of September/October and my father got hit when suddenly a Camel-cart appeared in front him and he had his leg fractured in that accident.

That was the moment when my mother melted completely seeing my father in pain and decided to shift to Jaipur with him as soon as our school session ends in April month.

Of course, now the calves had to move along with the cow, so I and Nayan ji were also preparing our heads to get shift to Jaipur.

Just by thinking about shifting to Jaipur, I was filled with both sorrow and excitement. On one hand I was going away from my friends with whom I had played and had memories of years and on the other hand the excitement of living in Pink city was bringing a smile on my face.

Well, the time passed and soon December came with a colorful and joyful Christmas. The pleasure and excitement of such festivals multiply when you are in a big city.

Our very first visit to A Big City i.e., Jaipur.

I remember being taken shopping by my father on the eve of Christmas. The place was in Johri bazar inside some hotel, and I was super excited to purchase a sleeveless designer T-shirt and very first light brown jeans.

During the same winter holidays, we tore the thread of cricket ball literally without caring about the fire that the Sun was throwing on our body and face.

My father had taken a house on rent in Jawahar Nagar Jaipur and close to it one park cum playground was there.

The pitch over which our skin was tanned, was in that park only.

Also, we met **Shankar Bhaiya**, a street cricket hero there whose sky penetrating sixes and boundaries were really eye-catching and later I felt his image in M.S Dhoni (India most iconic cricket Team's Captain who had changed Indian Team attitude and Aptitude for play) and always used to remember Shankar Bhaiya whenever I saw Cool Dhoni playing such big

shots on TV.

And talking about my cricket, I remember when we went back to Udaipur after our very first Jaipur trip with super tanned faces, everyone used to tease and enquire but we knew it was a reward of our cricket fever.

Soon the Holi season knocked the city and we were ready not to let any face be left without color keeping in mind that this is going to be last Holi before we shift our base to Jaipur in next few weeks.

In our neighborhood Shekhawat Uncle and Aunty used to live with their sons and daughter-in-law and one of their sons was recently married and for her daughter in law it was the first Holi at her in-law's house.

Everyone was enjoying colors and cuisines, but nothing could be more tragic than what happened that day.

The new bride slipped as a group of Men and Ladies had been trying to put colors on her aggressively and in that she came down through stairs hitting her head several times on stairs and her soul left her body by the time she reached downstairs.

I was the witness of that unfortunate incident and after that I could never love or see the colors of Holi the way I always had before.

Even never ever played with colors on the said Festival after that and till date.

Since then, a question always penetrates my heart that at what cost a festival should be enjoyed? Is it justified to be extremely careless while having fun during any festival?

And even today one guilt often makes my heart heavy that perhaps that

misfortune could be avoided which took place in presence of several people that day.

But it is life and of course many things are beyond our control.

But as promised earlier, I would not let any chapter end with a tragic story. And I am sure my next experience would cool down the atmosphere.

I come from a generation that has seen the evolution of almost all gadgets and machines which the current generation is surrounded by from their birth itself.

The launch of Refrigerator was something beyond our imagination. Hardly had anyone imagined that a machine would produce ice cubes in summer.

During Summer of 1986 we had our very next machine i.e. The **Refrigerator** and of course the very first time at our Home.

Before that refrigerator became a member of our family, we used to purchase ice from the market or lot of times you used to have from Ramesh Uncle's refrigerator whenever we craved for cool juice or any such thing.

After the refrigerator became handy, we started putting many things like milk, juice, water etc. in it.

Also, during that time Bourn Vita (a Choco powder brand highly popular in Indian Subcontinent during those days and of course still it is) introduced a manual Shake-maker and by using it the delicious shakes could be enjoyed anytime without stepping out.

What could have been better than that for us and that too was given free under their promotion campaign along purchase of Bourn Vita half kg.

And for ice cubes to cool our shake, the refrigerator was already there and since then, every morning cool Bourn Vita shake and cold coffee used to wet our throat before going to school.

Honestly speaking that Life was really super cool with those small ice cubes and even such small things used to keep our Happiness Index always smiling.

Wish someone could brought up again that childhood happiness.

Yes, it is the time to wrap up this chapter, but the next chapter has a lot to say about my journey to Pink City and how Jaipur city has developed a special place in my life and still the most favorite city of mine.

Stay tuned to be a part of it and see the beautiful Pink city with my eyes again.

Management Lesson

...

The freedom

to make DECISIONS strengthens

young minds

by building their CONFIDENCE

and

courage,

while their surroundings

help NURTURE their *sensitivity*.

SCHOOL DIARY, JAIPUR



Chapter 16:

HERE BEGINS MY DAYS AT PINK CITY AKA MY MOST FAVORITE CITY

Previous chapter showed us the process of infusion of several amazing life changing qualities in our hero Chinu and how the strong foundation was put in his life that would make his flying at high altitude possible.

Well, it is high time to unwrap the never forgettable incidents of my school days and memorizing itself is enough to make me younger.

Let us continue from where we had left.....

As updated in last chapter, my father got transferred to Jaipur and he shifted there alone first and before shifting our whole family completely to Jaipur, we were taken for a holiday there so that we get accustomed to the New Ambiance in advance.

And since it was a holiday, every possible way of having fun was touched. Ignoring the fire producing Sun, we played cricket a lot, sacrificing our fairness completely.

This is the beauty and one of the most innocent features of childhood that a child seldom cares about his looks when it is about having fun and playing games.

We enjoyed the holiday to the fullest.

Before returning to Udaipur from our Jaipur Holidays, Father updated myself and my younger brother that after finishing our Eighth standard, you all will be shifting to Jaipur along him and of course with our mother.

As soon as the news fell on our ears, still remembers well that we felt mild pain of separation from Udaipur along the happiness and excitement of shifting to pink city i.e., a bigger and more advanced city and undoubtedly That is the way the journey of Any life Marches Ahead.

Here it is **interesting to mention** that packing and shifting of luggage during that decade was entirely different and was not as easy as it is today as of established logistic players like The Agarwal packers and movers and **Many others** who apart from doing their basic job of shifting the luggage, also takes care of packaging, loading and unloading and insurance etc.

So, our mind very soon got diverted towards the packing of luggage and was hardly free for making our eyes wet and hearts heavy by thinking about shifting to Jaipur.

Also, somewhere we everyone had accepted that elopement to a Big and Modern City of Jaipur will bless more carrier opportunity for Father and for better education of us.

We all were sad leaving our relatives and childhood buddies behind in Udaipur but at the same time we were happier to live with my father again and of course for mom it was like A Festive moment as she would be uniting again with her Husband who had to travel frequently to see us.

And that was hampering his health as well as it was risky. Remember? I told you how my father met with an accident and got a fracture while being at Jaipur.

Further and undoubtedly The Pink City was having its own Charisma and that was too magnetic to take our attention away from the sorrow of leaving Udaipur.

Well, finally the packing of goods was at an end and a truck was at our door awaiting the shifting of finalized goods to be at its destination i.e., Jaipur.

Every other family member who was not moving to Jaipur with us, had wet eyes and shaking voices while saying goodbye to us on that D-day when we had to catch our train to Jaipur.

Our grandma, Ramesh uncle, Aunty, our cousins and many other close relatives as well as friends walked with us to the cab on that day.

We were travelling to Jaipur by train and further the feeling and excitement was at its peak level and along the running train our attention started shifting away from Udaipur.

All that we were waiting for then, was arrival to Jaipur.

We had left a vacant house behind us in Udaipur. And for its maintenance and care we started looking for a tenant and that responsibility was assigned to Ramesh Uncle.

Soon a doctor and his family filled up the vacancy of our house and with it the silence spread to every corner of our house in absence of its owners was over.

Interestingly We, the landlord to the Doctor family in Udaipur, were a tenant in Jaipur, to a Pandit ji whose house was in Durgapura, Tonk Road and was located just beside to a government school.

Pandit uncle was an aspirant preparing for Civil Services exam and was living alone in the house at that time and he really made us feel homely and comfortable by showering us with his love and care.

Those readers who own a house and for some reason or out of some circumstances are forced to live as a tenant somewhere can very well connect to the sense of discomfort we had faced initially in newly rented house.

It is not that there was any issue or trouble thrown from the owner's side, but the four walls we live within take some time before they accept you and of course before you accept them.

Since my father had some experience of the new city Jaipur, He brought us there almost two months prior to commencement of our school. He knew that the weather and the city itself would demand some time to get familiar with.

It was the Month of May, and the temperature of Jaipur city was making new highs every next day. Air cooler was brought in to counter the suction of body water level by summer.

That was really a challenging period for us as for first time we were exposed to such extreme summer.

Also, during that time, we met a colleague of my father and undoubtedly

A Wonderful Handsome Gentleman and who was none other than our *Kaul Uncle*.

Serving at the same designation in the same office of my father, Kaul Uncle had been from Kashmir and had a beautiful heart. His qualities brought him close to my father as well as to all of us and this friend of my father soon became a family.

Now by this time more or less we were settled in the New Ambiance and Now selection of a new school for us was the question of the hour.

For an affluent person, purchasing anything is only a matter of his liking. Money has no role in it for him. He owns what he likes.

But, for a middle-class person it is never about liking a product and my family belonged to this category who used to see price tags before saying that they liked a product even to themselves.

Because a middle-class man has to lift several responsibilities on his shoulder with a little penny he earns in his pocket.

In short, my parents were looking for was not just a good school but a good budget school.

Considering his earnings and expenses, my father slipped for that government Hindi medium school, which was next door to our rented house there, but my mother was not ready to accept it at any cost.

She had decided and was firm to admit us in an English medium school and of course The monthly budget was not unknown to her even.

But at that point the future of her children was at stake and she was even ready to sacrifice all her jewelry and savings if needed to accomplish our

admission.

Seeing the determination and courage of his partner, my father also agreed to mom's decision and henceforth the search for an English medium school fitting in our budget began.

Kaul Uncle also joined the Mission School and further his cooperation helped a lot as he had been living in Jaipur since several years.

Finally, **Subodh Public school** met all the conditions and was chosen for me and **St. Francis School** for my younger brother as Subodh School was from Class IX till Class XII only at that time.

The financial struggle that my parents had to go through post our admissions to new school, was clearly visible in our food plate. Some items were replaced while some completely disappeared.

For example, we were habituated to include Ghee in our food but Vanaspathi Dalda replaced it and even many times it was also absent from our plate.

Here I am sure this was the least that came to our knowledge while the actual struggle faced by my parents would have been much more surely.

Many utensils and gadgets that we carried with us while returning from Belgium, were sold by my mom to narrow the financial ditch. Here I must mention **my mother's contribution and support** that she extended to my worried father in making both ends meet.

That phase was a real examination of coordination among us and the smart solutions to cope with that financial crunch. And my parents played it so beautifully that even during that hard time, we did not lose our smile and we really were happy from within.

Well, this was how we got admitted to a new school in Jaipur. Now let us check out my school and be ready to go through a big list of my new friends from that new school.

Frankly speaking I was incredibly happy and excited to reach my school on the very first day and somewhere I was reliving the memories of **Central academy Udaipur** which I did not expect to reoccur.

Unlike last time I did not paddle a cycle to reach my school but here there was a red colored government bus for commuting. I used to board the bus from a bus stop near my house around few meters away.

Honestly, waiting for the government bus for school always use to add fuel to the adventure and excitement. The red color bus proved a green signal for my new journey.

Not only that, waiting and halting for some time at series of bus stops till the arrival of the bus for school, threw an opportunity to make new friends.

Because several other children used to board the bus from these different Bus Stop Points.

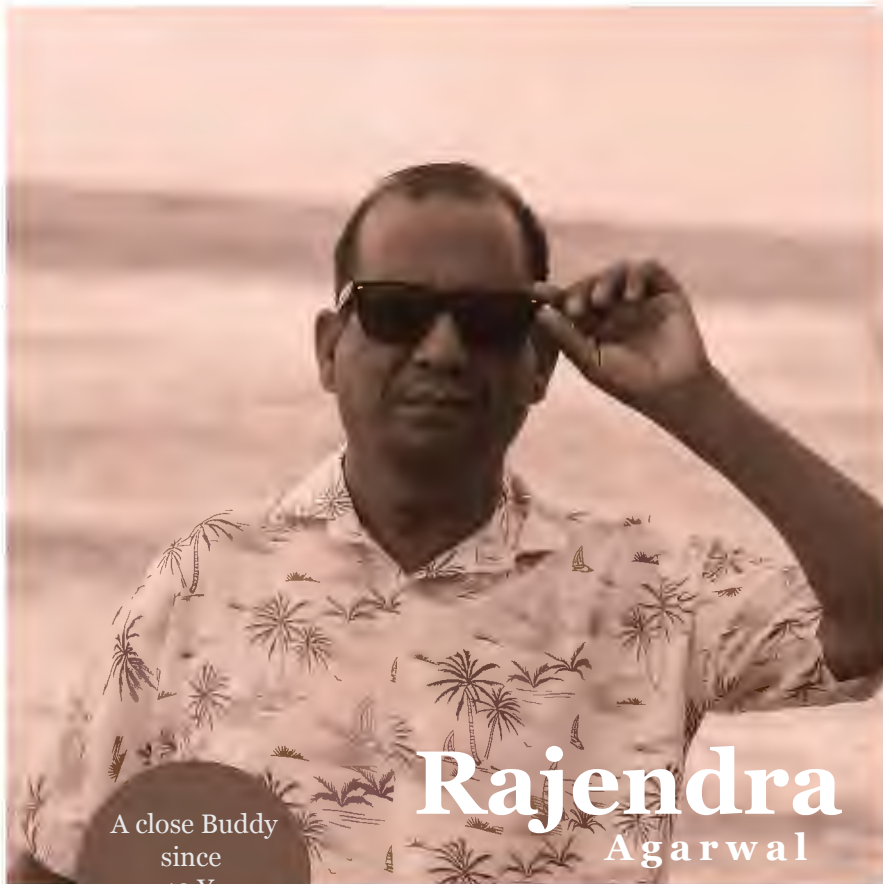
The very first name that strikes my mind is **Rajendra Agarwal ji**, also known as Chacha among friends. He used to reside in Durgapura (hardly 300 meter from our new rented house) and his father was the Ex- Sarpanch cum well respected local Politician of that area from Congress Party.

The present posh area of Durgapura, Tonk Road used to be a village during those days and hardly anyone would have ever imagined that Durgapura could turn into a posh area someday.

Dev Nagar used to be one of stop of the Bus after Durgapura and this stop



Celestial buddy



A close Buddy
since
age 13 Years.
Jaipur India.

Rajendra
Agarwal

Chinmay! A mentor who guided his junior by keeping him close & helped him move forward in life.

A friend who stood by through every joy and sorrow. A friend who considered us as his own, above everything else.

That's my Chinu Bhaiyya.

made me meet *Ajay Gupta* for first time and till now we laugh on remembering those Bus Days.

And a few hundred meters after that, I met with *Vikas Goyal for first time, my best buddy and my best friend* who was with me from 9th class to 11th standard. He used to board from Gatta, a place just before the Tonk Pathak Bus Stop.

Those everyday journeys by a government bus to my school with my dear friends were really so precious and we all feel nostalgic about these Memoirs whenever we meet for our Yearly Get Together Moments at Jaipur on every January 13th of the Year.

Yes, and this time the length of our trousers had also progressed while advancing to A Better City from Udaipur as our New School used to have full trousers as part of the school uniform.

The complete dress code was to have grey colored pants with a white shirt decorated with a grey tie.

In that school we had an additional advantage that Management of School used to run a college campus prior to our admission and this was very first Year of the School i.e., starting from **Class IX** and we were only the Batch beside being the very First Batch of this New School.

So, just like the first customer to a shopkeeper, we were special for our management. And we really received a warm welcome on our first day at our school.

The campus was huge as it was just in the back of the same College Campus of old Subodh College and it has been just adjoining to Durlabh ji Hospital on one side and RBI campus on other side and still it is at very same place.



Celestial buddy



Childhood
Friend
Since 14 Year old,
Jaipur India.

We often say that change is the only constant—but true transformation is something deeper, shaped by years of events and struggles. Chinmay's journey reflects this exact evolution.

This book beautifully captures the challenges behind what may seem like a sudden transformation. From the mischievous, brilliant young boy I met in 1987 to the humble, unifying force he is today, Chinmay has grown into a polished diamond shaped by experience.

A must-read for anyone seeking inspiration for their own transformative journey.

On the very first day, we were introduced to every faculty there. Management was really concerned about its well-established image of their college campus and so we had a team of amazing faculty.

I still remember every faculty with their faces.

Science was in the responsible hands of Sri Bamu Sir. English was under Chandra Mitra madam and a remarkably interesting and giggling incident is linked to her. So please keep reading as the coming pages would have the brief of that incident.

Similarly, Balwada Sir took care of Geography, Mala Madam was for History and Nirmala Madam eased Hindi subject for us.

Nirmala Madam was so good at her subject that I really excelled in Hindi literature or may be myself was having extra flavor for the Hindi Language and further it was my privilege that I was her favorite student.

And the Head of all those genius faculties, the one under whom the whole setup was flourishing i.e., our Principal Sri Bamu Sir who was also our Science Teacher.

But as said, good days don't last long. Bamu Sir soon got replaced by Smt. Bela Joshi Ji, the then principal of M.P.S Maheshwari Public School, a very renowned and excellent school of the city in those days.

She was better known as the other name for Discipline.

None's ears were untouched by the gossip of her strictness and therefore everyone had caught mild fever on hearing the news of hers joining the school as the new Principal.

And She stood by her famous name (Statue of Discipline). After she joined our school, what to say about living things, the discipline was visible in non-living things as well.

Now today I can endorse it also strongly that That's the quality of a True Leader and she is undoubtedly although at that time she was a tough nut for school kids always.

While briefing you guys' details of my teachers, some more names of my friends which I could not mention above are making all efforts to jump out and be written in this journey of my life.

So let me put their names and empty my desperate stomach.

And the list goes like: Vikas Goyal, Ajay Gupta, Ravi Parikh, Rakesh Soman, Mohammed Aslam, Ashwini Bagga, Hemant Mehta, Suresh Balani, **Megh Kothari, Nitin Jain**, Mohit Mathur, Vijay Mehra, Ravi Malhotra, Manas Bhatia, Salahuddin, Vishal Seth, Manish Purohit, Pradeep and Sanjeev Garg ji who joined us in Xth standard.

Mohammad Sheikh was also there although he left school after finishing IX standard and he was from Kashmir who was elder to all of us in age and further an excellent cricketer plus always with smiling persona.

Why myself sharing his name separately as just few months back one of our school mates updated about the news of his death and it shook me internally.

In the list next are Vishal Seth ji, Pradeep, Md. Aslam, Ashwini Bagga, Hemant Mehta, **Megh Kothari, Nitin ji**, Vijay Mehra, Sourav Agarwal, Jai Singh, Suryaveer Singh, **Muneel Patel**, Sourav Jaiman, Arvind Sharma, Satish Karel, Prashant Dhynai, Vijay Gupta, Manish Purohit II, Yogesh



Celestial buddy

Childhood
Friend
Since Age 16.

Dr. Muneel
Patel

Port Blair India

Growing up with Chinmay — or ***Chintu dada, as I lovingly call him — was nothing short of Magical.*** Every moment, from innocent childhood mischief to daring adventures, is etched in my heart forever. Some memories still make me laugh uncontrollably, while others remind me of the courage & resilience we discovered together.

This biography is more than his story; it's a celebration of the bond we shared, and the lessons life quietly taught us. Reading it feels like stepping back into days of pure wonder. I feel blessed to have been part of his journey.

Sharma etc.

The last few names above joined us in the later phase of our schooling i.e., in XI and XII class.

While briefing, it seems as if the whole class of my Subodh School Days have come alive and it seems all the students are sitting right in front of me in very much school uniform.

Along that, visuals from our playground have also come live which used to huge and more or less like A Stadium Size and here let me have an honor to invite all of you to join virtual surfing of Playground and our Canteen

Raghuveer Singh Sir used to our very first PT Teacher during our IX class. He was an ex- Rajni player and was a part time coach to the students at my school.

He was really a gleeful person and further he was working at Regional Headquarter of RBI (Central Bank of India) which was just in back of our School Campus.

We used to enjoy a lot his cricket session and we all used to cherish his passion and obsession for that game.

Let me angle camera of my eyes towards a very important part of the school campus where each student has its own memoirs i.e. **The Canteen.**

A Canteen of course as you all expect was famous for its hot Samosa and Vada Pav, Pastries, Cream Roll and other stuff.

But here something else has dragged its discussion all of a sudden. Vikas Goyal, remember? whose name is been appeared in bold among the big list of my friends from my new class.

As you all know how affluent my pocket was in those days. The pocket money was just like a drop in the ocean. But, like every child I also used to crave for canteen dishes.

with my pocket money I could enjoy the samosa only a few times a month but still I enjoyed it almost daily. **But how?** That's where Vikas ji comes into the picture. He loved me so much that just like a mother, he never ate a bite of his samosa before sharing one with me.

Sharing is caring was practiced among us in a true sense.

Just after the lunch bell used to ring, within a few minutes hundreds of heads could be seen in front of the canteen and students used to rush to place their orders as the stock used to be limited in comparison to the demand.

But that fun of rushing and then snatching dishes from the one who could buy and get it successfully, was priceless.

I know what's up in your mind right now. But before you presume something let me clear that all of us used to bring lunch from home. But we were back-benchers and used to take advantage of it.

The homemade lunch used to be inside our stomach long before actual lunch time. And we had chosen our history class for that malpractice. While Mala madam used to dive into history, we used to fill up our tummy.

In short, I was having an amazing time there and had no expectations left. But the Almighty didn't want to stop the shower of his blessings and had a surprise for me.

Further on the top of that A Bonanza i.e. A New Face appeared in our class and of course that was Rakesh Somani and for me he became the most



Celestial buddy



Your first book feels like a window to our shared past and your incredible journey forward. I have been blessed to walk alongside you in those early chapters of life, witnessing your dreams, struggles, laughter, and determination.

To now see those moments so beautifully woven into a book is truly magical. ***You have always carried a pure heart and an unshakable spirit, and this creation is living proof of that journey.***

For me, it's not just your book—it's our shared memories finding a voice. You're more than a friend, you're my brother, and I feel proud, humbled, and deeply connected to your achievement. May this be the beginning of many more milestones, and may your light continue to inspire.

special for a reason that he came all the way from my town Udaipur.

Seeing him, I was once again connected to Udaipur, an inner happiness had blown throughout my body.

The one I had never ever met in Udaipur and was unknown to me completely still I had a lot to talk to him and further the Udaipur connection made us feel instant connected as if we had been known to each other since long.

Rakesh Somani was living with his aunt who had the residence at Gopal Bari, Near Bus stand, Jaipur.

My luck was at its peak and that was the time I was about to realize my actual age and sexual hormones. Rakesh ji had a scooter whose ride was soon going to make both of us more adult and younger.

A few minutes scooter ride before the School Assembly to random places or more precisely wherever girl schools used to and it had become Morning Ritual for both of us then.

With his arrival, I got settled faster in School in all ways and now I was finding the same unknown city remarkably familiar.

The grocery shops, the vegetable shops, the streets, the roads, and all nearby places now felt as if they belonged to me in some way. Everything was smooth and I was in the city of Joy.

But a contemporary incident was at the door to shake the inner walls of my emotions.

Rajawat Uncle was one of our neighbors in Durgapura, Jaipur. And his house was the epicenter of the incident I just mentioned above.

A grand ceremony was organized at his house and making of delicious cuisine was under process to serve the honorable guests invited.

An alive belly goat was standing at their entrance door and was watching every coming guest and his eyes were asking everyone there for help.

Perhaps he had sensed that he would be soon a part of each guest's digestive system and I was watching that whole process from my house.

The time had come for the goat to move to its destination. It was taken to the backside of the house and it had the last few minutes left of his life.

I remember the pain in his eyes and his voice. He was imploring for mercy. None paid ears to his painful voice. In fact, his last voice.

After a few hours, the innocent goat was a part of every guest's dining plate. The feast was enjoyed by everyone. Only my father attended the function from our house and mom and we both brothers remained at home.

Though no one was touched at all, I was shaken by the death of that innocent goat. First time I felt that immense pain he had gone through in his last moment.

That day I could decode the message of a goat when he had been begging for help and requesting everyone to spare him.

I vowed that I will never ever touch Non-Vegetarian Food and that lasted only for a couple of years.

Well guys that's really an interesting episode of my life when this highly emotional preaching guy turns to Non veg. Not only that you would see

how long he has remained non vegetarian. That's also interesting.

You Guys have to remain Patient little more now because it took place during my 11th and 12th standard and so for now there is much more to be unwrapped from my tenth standard.

Let's continue unfolding the memoirs of my high school.

Though I had everything now in the new city but of course how could the memories of my old days leave me. After all I was far away now from the love of my Aunty, my grandma and Ramesh Uncle.

When you are away from your beloved persons or friends or family, it's not like you miss them all the time. To be precise there are some particular events of your daily routine or some particular habits that remind you of someone particular whenever you perform those activities or when those events come your way.

For me that event was Having tea with my Aunty and it was cup of Tea around where I and Ramesh Aunty were deeply connected. Every day (while residing at Udaipur) we used to share our talks over a cup of tea. Surprisingly, my aunty was completely non- beverage drinker but she used to make it for me happily.

No word can fit for that love and affection of hers for me.

Wherever you are My Aunty, accept my soulful gratitude and respect. I pray for your long and healthy life.

Coming next, do you remember our brothers with rhyming names? Yes, Dinmay and Chayan. The fantastic four connections of ours made us trav-

el to each other's location during holidays. Sometimes they used to come to Jaipur and sometimes we used to visit them in Udaipur.

Those days a new gadget had hit the Indian territory. It was **Computer**.

As I had mentioned in my initial chapters how Sri Late Rajiv Gandhi ji brought Computers to India and How his great vision made our country today capable enough to make that technology a part of Indian Workplace as well as Education system.

Thanks to him and his vision that India adopted computers in those early years and today we are one of the Biggest IT service providers.

At that time, it was not easy at all for the Govt. to convince people of the benefits for this newly launched computer as The Labor unions and Trade unions had the opinion that the machine being so efficient, would take away the jobs of several workers.

The future benefits of making computers part of our life could not be seen by the then people and rather it was seen as Anti-socialist, something that would leave the masses hungry and jobless.

Very tough Protests and Demonstrations were faced by the then Government.

Change always comes at some cost.

But sooner or later the crowd stands by your decision if your intentions are fair and genuinely leading to progress of masses.

Same happened then also. So, the crowd that was protesting the incorporation of computers at the workplace, queued to learn it in front of training Institutes.

I was also one among them to learn it. (Of course, not one among the protesters) and it was during summer holidays after finishing my ninth class when we all went to Udaipur to meet our family.

And there my parents, who always were alert for my education, decided to make us learn computers. We enrolled for the course in **IICT Institute at Udaipur**.

The institute was owned and run by an engineer couple (Dhakar Sir and Dhakar Madam) and I & cousin Dinmay took admission there because Institute owners were known to Ramesh uncle.

And one of my ex-Central Academy School mate **Praveen Ji Vastawat** also joined us there. He was till then just a casual friend and interaction between us was just on surface level.

The course duration was however two months only but at the end of those two months what I achieved was not just a certificate in computer but also a close friend i.e., Praveen.

Yes, during those two months while paddling the cycle to the Institute, I and Praveen ji came remarkably close to each other. Very often we used to go to each other's house and that way I and his mother became very friendly as well.

Even today we are in touch and we are still close at heart.

Any relationship lasts long if that is developed out of true and selflessness and love and affection for each other.

That's why childhood friendship is precious and incomparable.



Celestial buddy

Chinmay Vardhman, I know him from childhood he is one of the childhood friends who is still in touch. Whenever get times try to meet up. Very health conscious. Always inspiring.

He's kind & soft-spoken person but behind that quiet strength is a fierce ambition someone who sets goals with focus & chases them with discipline. He's driven, thoughtful, and never loses sight of what matters most.

A rare balance of patience and purpose that's what makes him truly stand out.

Wishing him great success & all the best for his autobiography.



A Childhood
Buddy

Because the bonding we develop at that early age with anyone is very candid and pure. It doesn't base itself on any business ground or any hidden self-benefit. All we need in our childhood is love for love.

Anyways, so that was how I got face to face with a computer for the first time.

That day I realized what my father had felt when he had seen a computer for the first time and why he was shouting out of excitement on that particular day and about which myself had elaborated already in one of my chapters.

But my experience was different. I was happy and excited but only just before I started learning it.

Believe me it didn't used to be so user friendly in those days. And what I am trying to say can be understood by those who have worked on MS-DOS where every action you perform is done through various commands.

I really got so nervous memorizing those many commands then. But now my fingers just play over the keyboard and with My favorite pet My Mouse and here a warm gratitude belongs to continuous advancement of computers which are getting more and more user friendly.

However, those two months were really fruitful.

But wait! That vacation didn't end at the computer only. How could we miss visiting our maternal grandfather's house at *Lasani*.

Our whole family arrived there and election fever was on there. Not sure whether it was assembly elections or Panchayat one but participation by local people and party workers was at its peak.

The whole village was covered by party banners, hoardings, batches etc. and the election hang over was on everyone's mind.

My Nana ji (Maternal Grandfather) was known Congress Party's (the then Ruling Political Party) Supporter and on the contrary my cousin Mama ji (Sri Dharmesh Kothari) was and still is a fanatical BJP supporter.

Readers from village areas know that the real feel and picture of any democratic elections in India can be seen in villages only whereas in cities the charm of elections gets perhaps blocked by big buildings and people's busy lives.

Top leaders used to personally visit each house and street during election campaigns in that era and hence I got a chance to see the former Chief Ministers of Rajasthan *Late Shri Haridev Joshi and Late Shri Shiv Charan Mathur*.

But at the same time, I remained unlucky to have missed to see *Late Shri Atal Bihari Vajpayee ji* (one of the Most Popular Prime Minister and A Great Orator) who also put his holy feet in our Grand Father's village during same elections.

Our country is the largest Democratic Country in the whole World and the elections are like festivals and here as people really participate in their own way and as per their own wish.

That was my first interaction with Indian Elections as well.

However, I don't find it the right place to share the story of my first voting (which of course too many years after that) in this Book.

But yes, if this book of mine is loved by readers and if I am capable enough, maybe the next book would follow soon and that would certainly have the

brief of my voting experience.

Meanwhile we returned to Jaipur after having such a beautiful and fruitful vacation and there also the same election fever was spread.

The news of *Shri Rajiv Gandhi's* (the then Prime Minister of India) arrival there was spreading like fire in a forest.

There was a strong rumor during one of those days that around 8 pm night the car of Shri Rajiv Gandhi ji was expected to pass through Tonk road while going back to Airport and our house was situated on same Tonk Road.

Hundreds of eyes were staring eagerly at the road just to have a glimpse of the charming leader. His fame was phenomenal.

The wait of thousands got over soon and *the Ambassador car* (which used to be Politician and Bureaucrats unofficial Carrier) containing our Handsome Sri Rajiv Gandhi ran along the street.

That was the first time when I could see him so closely and live.

He was magnificently fair and his cheeks were reddish pink. His smile drove me crazier for him and still very fresh in front of my eyes.

In later years when I started *reshaping and reworking* on my own personality, The then captured smiling and charming image of Rajiv Gandhi ji (in my mind) **inspired and guided me** further to become a better me.

His craze was incredible among the masses including in our own Home.

My grandma and the grandma of My School Friends Rajeev and Sanjeev

Agarwal (who used to live hardly 2 kms away from our home) were huge fans of Shri Rajiv Gandhi ji.

Whenever Rajiv Gandhi ji used to be on TV, Grandmas (mine and my friend's one) used to start greeting the TV as if real Rajiv Gandhi ji in front of them.

They used to watch him on TV without blinking their eyes like the Chukar bird stares continuously at the Moon.

The Whole Gandhi family used to have **larger than Life Charisma and Popularity** and so was their influence on the public. They were literally worshipped and People had great faith in them and they were assumed to be the savior of the masses.

Well, much more has to be said in this context but for now, let's continue my high school days stories.

So, as I said I was back to Jaipur and my school had also resumed and now I was the student of Xth standard.

Undoubtedly Each class of school is important and has significant role in shaping one's career but the class I was then i.e., Xth is really particularly important as it is the first class from where the marks and performance of yours starting get saved as a certificate.

And the kind of person you have been since your teenage, is judged on the basis of this/these certificates. In fact, the seed of your career gets its soil during that standard only.

All my friends from 9th class were with me now in Xth but Rakesh Soman had to leave the class as he was shifting back to Udaipur, left me alone all of a sudden.

Our friendship was unaffected by that and during my all-Udaipur vacations we used to meet each other without fail.

The vacancies created as many students didn't continue in the same school and left, were filled in by newcomers. And among the newcomers two were special, namely Sanjay and Sandeep.

Both of them were from affluent families and their parents were Doctors.

Their ambition was noticeably clear i.e., to get into IITs and as said sincere and focused approach never goes in vain and They did clear the entrance for IIT in their first attempt.

My journey with them was noticeably short because they left the school after Xth Boards Exam but the will to meet them again is still alive in my heart and let's Almighty make it happen.

Well, so as I was saying why tenth class is especially important in our life but there is one more reason behind its importance i.e., **a possibility to change one name/surname or even both.**

Generally, we never complain about our names which our parents decide when we are born and it is completely out of our influence and control. Whatever name we are given we live with it forever.

So, if for some reason parents or even kid prefer to change their Name/Surname they had a golden chance to correct it in their tenth standard during our times.

Yes, whatever name one mentions in the Board application during Xth class, he/she is going to be known by **that name forever from then onwards** and it does not mean that they cannot change it later on but they have to undergo through complex legal formalities.

I know you must be thinking why all of a sudden, these aspects are being discussed Here because **Chinmay Vardhman** was **Chinmay Choudhary** till ninth standard and it was only during the Xth boards when he was sworn by a new name.

It was during that class only when name transformation used to take place and as I mentioned just few pages before, any change is not easy to bring and neither was it.

Changing the Surname to Vardhman from Choudhary, the one which had been in practice since the beginning, was a real challenge.

But before I move further one particularly important question has to be answered and that is **“Who wanted to change my surname?”**

For your surprise it was my grandma who wanted to change my Name to *Vardhman Choudhary* as she had **a dream around my birth** that my name should be Vardhman only and to refresh this incident, pls surf **very first two chapter** of this book.

Further she was also very firm on her decision and also My father was insisting to keep the same Name viz *Chinmay Choudhury*.

The night was fierce and my father tried to convince my grandma in all possible ways. They had hot arguments too. At the same time my mother's eyes were flooding by seeing all that going on between them.

But when my grandma had decided, who could have changed her mind and the same with my father and a compromise deal was framed between Mother and Son i.e., my grand ma and my father.

Undoubtedly the name that appeared on my Board application form didn't have Choudhury in that and since then, I am known as *Chinmay*

Vardhman.

Now today even my children and also Aashka (Nayan ji's daughter) carry Vardhman as their surname and today I can state that my family name has become Vardhman officially.

Vardhman is not only a word but it always gives me a feeling that the blessings of my grandma are always with me. Also, I am thankful to my father who bowed down before the decision of his mother that night and let that change happen.

I was in Xth standard now and so far, life had been so kind to me and so had been the Almighty and as by this time Almighty had already decorated my life with many incidents and circumstances that changed the characteristics and ethical values of mine

Xth class means we have to prepare for Board exam and as discussed its importance just before few pages, there was a pressure on us to get the maximum marks in the board exam.

A havoc was created by everyone. Family members, friends and all known to me didn't leave an inch for me to relax during my preparation.

Since pressure was universal for each of my friends cum classmates and Group study was opted as a solution to ease the situation.

Many times, I used to be at Vikas house for study and behind his house there used to be and still it the railway track was running. Several nights while sleeping we used to enjoy that sound of passing by trains.

But only study? No way! We were in that age when biological changes were dominating some corner of our minds and getting attracted to the opposite sex and romantic Bollywood songs was very obvious for us.

During that time Alisha Chinoy and Her Block Buster Pop Album '**Made in India**' used to rule our hearts beside Timeless Kishore Kumar and of course the then Most Famous Model Milind Soman and Madhu Spray sensual necked Python Ad used to part of our discussions.

We faced an additional problem that our school was not co-ed then (now it is). So, we used to roam around other schools which were co-ed or girl's schools only. Of course, we were only interested in girls from those schools and not boys.

Present generation has the advantage of technology like smart phones with them through which instant connections can be established to opposite sex while being sitting at home.

But for us it was not easy. Roaming in Heating Sun and trying to impress girls with tanned faces were truly challenging.

But that eye-to-eye romance had its own worth and fun. That era was different but romance and love are beyond these today's state of art gadgets and technology.

Also, when we are talking about love, how can we miss our Cinemas who is always there to fuel our Teenage Hormones irrespective of all situations whether it's break up or first love.

Indian Cinema in 90s was rapidly changing.

I was blessed with A Father who always throw out the pressure of exams and studies. After every exam he used to take us to the cinema hall to pacify that.

Just few more page and you all would enjoy the spicy story of bunking the class for very first time for A Movie and it affects that brought to my life

ahead.

So, wait a little and for now let's back to the changing Teenage Hormones.

The boy who never cared about his looks, the one who used to play cricket in burning Sun, getting all his skin tan, had suddenly started spending more and more time with mirror.

The movies or other advertisements or TV shows that were watched just for fun till then, were now being seen to notice the latest fashion and inherit the heroism of famous actors and personalities of that decade.

For Chinu now not only Cricket was of interest but also the cricketers during the continuous popular cricket in India.

The boy was now paying attention towards the dressing sense, the walking style and other charismatic features of famous contemporary cricketers.

It won't be wrong if I name *Md. Azharuddin* beside *Ajay Jadeja* as the most dashing and stylish player of that time. Everything of his be it the way he used to walk and enter the stadium to bat, the lifted t-shirt collar pointing up, the scarf tied to his neck, goggles covering his eyes etc., was so popular that from head to toe his style was trending.

So, you can imagine very well how a boy who had just started to transform himself to attract girl's attention towards him, could have been left untouched by the trending and appealing style charm of Md Azharuddin.

For the naive guy in that field of fashion, Azharuddin was like God and Of course how Indian Cinema would not have played any significant role in my transformation.

Among actors of that decade, *Govinda* had a real unique style and his popularity was increasing by leaps and bounds. The way he danced; his acting skills and his smile all were making his fan following huge.

Apart from these qualities he had a completely new kind of dressing sense. The combination of colors he used to put on was really pleasing to try on oneself.

So, the fashion and looks I adopted, was a mixture of that of these two Gurus during my Jaipur School Days.

I remember attending a marriage ceremony during the same period in my new looks and to my surprise and happiness I was able to catch the attention of a good portion of guests that attended the same wedding.

While adopting those changes in my appearance, I was joined by one of my close friends Vikalp Nagori during one of summer holidays at Udaipur, who was the eldest son of the Eldest Maternal Uncle of my lovely cousins Dinmay and Chayan.

Now I had company and soon we were started being seen in our new get up, at various family functions and events and even when we used to roam around, we used to be in the same looks.

It is very natural to get your attention shifted to everything that is influenced by something you are crazy for.

For example, if you are fond of playing football, you would be attracted to guys who play it with passion. Similarly, if you are fond of singing, the one who sings exceptionally would attract you.

And since for me the craze was to look attractive and handsome, automatically my attention was caught by good looking persons.

Tarun, one of my classmates was one among those personalities. He was very handsome and charming in that era and was perhaps two-three years senior to me in Age but in same class.

Further I met a few more guys with similar personalities during my further Classes viz 11th and 12th.

Generally, the passion and likes we have in our schooling age, fade once we grow up. I am not sure about my other habits of that age but the passion of looking fit and attractive is something that I have been carrying on my shoulders till now.

Very honestly, I would confess today in this book that whenever I used to meet any handsome and charming guy during my Those Growing Days, A corner of my heart used to feel jealous perhaps because I was not so then.

And during every such occasion I used to promise myself that today these people might be better in fitness and appearance than me but after two or three decades I would be owner of a healthier and fitter and of course more prosperous charming personality among all of them.

Jealousy is a human characteristic that leads to both destructive as well as constructive outcomes depending on how one uses this weapon.

For my jealousy, the outcome is positive.

Today whenever we all friends gather at a place during any occasion or event or a casual get together, the dream I had seen during those days of staying fit in my late forties, I find that has come true.

My desperation of looking charming and attractive has kept me young and lively even today while jotting these pages for you Guys.

The same timeframe witnessed the replacement of our current PT teacher Raghuveer Sir who was unable to take out time for us as he was already working for Regional Headquarter of Indian Central Bank i.e. RBI. So, school management found his replacement and Mukesh Dixit Sir joined as our new PT teacher.

And I would say that the new replacement was chosen very carefully and the decision was not taken in a hurry. Mukesh Sir had solid muscles and was an Ex- National Level Player of Weightlifting Sport.

And as I told you my school had already shifted in the new and dynamic hands of Ms. Bela Joshi madam. The combo of these two energetic people changed the whole physical training system at school very soon and everything got improved significantly.

That's what happens when two capable hands join.

However, as I was explaining how surrounding people and things were affecting me as well as to my actions. One more perhaps really important thing was missing from my life during those days.

It was **Money** and fashion and transformation was not possible without spending money.

But as said

When you urge for something with pure heart and dedication, the World rises to help you achieve it.

I got the same help and support or precisely speaking an opportunity to earn.

Remember? I told you how I met several new friends during to and fro journey to my school on Govt. Local Buss. One such friend was **Rajendra Agarwal** or otherwise famous as Chacha, who was from Durgapura and was a year younger to me.

So not only on the bus but also for sports and games we used to meet up at his house and enjoy each other's company. He was fond of games.

Since we used to have a good time together, He knew about my financial crisis and had a solution for it.

I was good at academics and it was well known to him and luckily some children in his family needed tuition to cope up with the syllabus.

That way I was offered the job of tutor to My First Ever Student i.e., Saaurabh Agarwal.

Along with the money I gained a lot of knowledge too. That time I realized that **Teaching is something** where Knowledge doesn't flow in one direction but it travels in both directions.

The tutor also learns a lot from the unexpected questions asked from the students, which he never cared or thought about.

As I mentioned earlier, the habit of small savings was already in me. So, I started saving the earnings from my tuition and started buying myself the required things especially cloths and accessories.

The best part was, the skill that had developed in me because of the coincidence of getting a tutor job completely out of the blue later proved a real asset in my life and during my coming chapters it's effects would be experienced by you in detail.



Celestial buddy



The buddy
of all
weathers
since age
24 years.

Chinmay Vardhman whenever this name comes, an image of limitless potential comes to my mind, a person who is very famous for his discipline, creative writing & sweet talks. Whenever you speak to him on general topics & even your small problems, he puts his view very positively which gives you an immediate relief mentally.

My association with him has been long dating of more than 35 years.

A little pitfall which I had noted & some time I as his soul buddy feel regret that I could not fix it on his strong conviction, views & beliefs on social life aspect but on other sides now I feel strongly proud to observe how he is reaching every hearts & corner of life through his YouTube channel & now this book.

This is also a form of socialisation guys & Best wishes for all his future, holistic endeavours.

However, with money in pocket, I was really having a great time.

But don't forget, the tutor himself was in Xth class and the time of his pre board exams had come and in short, **the examiner was going to be examined.**

However, if I had to rate my pre board exams, I would say It was good and I was satisfied with my performance and preparation. But that was just a warmup provided by school and then came the time for the actual board exams.

The board exams were not like normal school exams. Here the exam center used to be some other random school and not at our own school we used to study in.

Further for the first time Identity cards were issued to each student and that hanging ID card in our necks gave us an awesome feel.

On hearing about boards exams Time Schedule, we were in pressure and were really nervous initially but that pressure disappeared from our heads when we noticed that there was a good gap between each paper.

And an additional relief and excitement was felt on knowing that three months complete vacation was awaiting us right after the completion of exams.

And when I say vacation that implies, we must be going to Udaipur to refresh our memories.

By 1989 March end around, Exam got over and it was up to my own expectations, and the result was supposed to be by May end or June beginning around.

Time to be at Udaipur again and Just like my last trip to my Hometown, I once again took admission to computer class and that blessed me a golden period again with Praveen.

Almost all my friends from Central Academy got the news of my arrival in Udaipur and we all used to gather frequently to play after a long time and that was such a soothing refreshment living the old golden days with them again.

That time since everyone had a long vacation, we planned for a picnic. The spot for the picnic we selected was Bagdarah National Park which is a natural reserve for crocodiles around 25kms from Udaipur city.

I was extremely excited about the picnic with my old friends and my cousins, completely unknown that on that journey the destiny had planned to make me meet two new persons and out of two one would **turn to be my Best Soul Buddy** after few years beside my Business Partner with whom my friendship would be lifelong.

Let me introduce **the said Gentleman** and of course the then Teenage Kid i.e. My **Lokesh Trivedi** and the second one been Manish Hingar.

A spiritual coincidence that while writing this section of chapter we are again at same reserve after 30 years and this time with our respective spouses for our Valentine Day celebrations.

A lot of memories with them have to unfold in the coming chapters. For now, let's enjoy that picnic from my eyes.

We cooked **Dal Bati** ourselves and went to the lake where we were cautioned regarding the presence of crocodiles.

You know it's generally a natural habit of almost everyone that we don't reveal the unpleasant behavior and features of someone we meet for the first time and we would try to be polite and if we can't praise any of his qualities then we try to be neutral.

But yes, once that person becomes our close friend then we throw out all those harsh memories we had digested during our first meet.

Interestingly, Lokesh ji had something to reveal from our first meeting during this Time visit of same place after 30 years (February 14, 2021) and of course it was harsh and not sweet.

During our first meeting he found me immensely proud, arrogant and someone from an affluent family. And perhaps he was right because myself was residing in Bigger city than Udaipur and I always used to be in that metro style.

So, it was obvious to have that impression also on others that Lokesh ji noticed.

Now after so many years fortunately **he found me completely 360 degrees of That Perception** and undoubtedly A Long Journey of Improvisation is behind that for this evolution.

Back to Summer 1989 picnic, the picnic got over with lot of sweet memories being engraved forever to my Treasure of Memoirs and with that and hence after that in middle of that long vacation in Udaipur myself was back to Jaipur.

And now I was sweating as the reverse countdown had started and the result of my Board exam was going to be public very soon.

It was the D-day and I had my results handy. Since I was a bright student in

my class, my parents, my friends all had high hopes and expectations from me.

The least percentage they all had projected was above eighty and of course in our era, percentage above Eight used to be highly impressive and not like **today where even 97% plus is not enough.**

But the result had something else inside it. Percentage was exactly seventy-five and of course it brought everyone's face low. Yes, it was well below expectations.

But nothing could be done then. The marks I had scored were permanent in nature and on my journey's Timeline for forever.

My father knew that I was upset after the board results and as I told you earlier also, he always paid attention to these stresses and tried to ease the situation although we used to **have lot of confrontation** as of *different school of thought and opinion about life and aspirations.*

Since we still had half of the vacation left with us, the said proposed tour was a warm welcome from whole family.

Those days my father's cousin who was previously working in Zawar mines near Udaipur and about him I had shared **all of you some interesting incidents** of my childhood days around him and now was shifted to New Delhi. So, my father took that opportunity and talked to him and we all were invited to New Delhi by them.

Actually, New Delhi was his workplace but he used to live in Ghaziabad. And since it was the month of June beginning traveling via non-AC-Bus (those days AC Buses were not so popular) to reach Ghaziabad from Delhi was like chewing iron balls. But somehow, we reached their house.

They were happy to see us and blessed us a warm welcome.

Since none of us had ever got a chance to visit New Delhi i.e., an ancient city and Now the Heart of the Nation as capital, so we all were super excited.

Within two days, we had visited all the famous sights of Delhi like Lal Quila, Qutub Minar, India Gate, Appu Ghar, Lotus temple etc.

I still remember enjoying the ride of magnetic cars at Appu ghar, near Pragati Maidan where **ASIAD** Games were organized.

Also, still can inhale the spirituality and the calmness of the Ambiance as soon as my feet entered the Lotus Temple, that is something I can't ever forget. It was like entering a completely different world that has no noise, no pollution.

We all really had a great time and experience there.

However, my father had planned for a trip of barely three to four days but still things started getting ugly before it.

The behavior of hosts had started changing and we all could smell it. Although I was quite small at that time but was still mature enough to read the stress spread over my parent's face.

That evening saw the end of our Delhi trip and suddenly, my father decided to leave for Jaipur. None of us asked the reason behind shortening the planned trip.

But That incident shook me from within. It taught me the lesson to protect one's self-respect when one is a guest at someone else's home.

That short trip to New Delhi taught me not to stay at anyone's house until and unless the request is from deep heart and soul from Host Side.

The fear of being insulted at one's house had marked its place so deep in my mind that even today myself avoid to live anybody's home (except very few close well-wishers) as much as possible and further make sure that myself is **not there more than for 1-2 days maximum.**

So as the journey of life progresses, it teaches us a lot of things and makes us better and less vulnerable.

Anyways so all of us were in Jaipur again and everyone including me had recovered from the shock received from my board result soon.

During that time only My Ramesh Uncle was at Jaipur for some Business Affair and was staying with us and he noticed that there is a need of an automobile vehicle at home and further myself was ready to check in for High School.

And my uncle talked to my father and proposed to buy me a scooter and affirmation was given by my father for the purchase of a scooter but the next problem was something permanent in nature for any middle-class family i.e. "The crunch of money".

But my uncle not only proposed but also was ready to arrange it. He took care of financial formalities and of course to be repaid by Father in due course of time and which he did within Timeline.

And a brand-new Bajaj Super Blue colored scooter was standing at our door the next day and it was basically for me as my father didn't drive any vehicle about which myself had shared you the reason in one of beginning chapters.

Just imagine a young stylist guy who had just passed his Xth boards and now he had a new scooter in his hands which was completely under his control only.

For me it was not less than an Airplane.

With a scooter now, suddenly the distance had become no worry for me and further Time had gone when I had to take an auto or bus.

There was no worry of waiting for a bus for several minutes.

Here if I mention the price of petrol per liter during those days, you will certainly curse the government for present prices of it. It was just Rs 10 around which one had to pay only to load a liter of petrol in his vehicle.

You would be more surprised if I say that for us even Rs 10 was not that small but petrol rate was not a big problem for me as now myself was earning being A Tutor.

In fact, the problem was something else as you know at that age when you are below eighteen and further if you get a free hold on a vehicle, you want to drive it fast and when I say fast it means really fast.

That's common. All boys do it. I also made the same mistake. My scooter used to talk to the wind and used to drive while singing and enacting on scooter itself.

I used to enjoy the speed **but not after that day.** That day I was driving my scooter with my school friend Nitin on the back seat.

At around 5 p.m., we were crossing some place on the Tonk Road, in the front of Mahaveer colony near Gopalpura and as usual the speed of my

scooter was really high.

All of a sudden, a truck appeared since the speed was remarkably high, in no time I got awfully close to it. I had surrendered and closed my eyes.

I could not avoid collapsing with the truck and the next time I opened my eyes I was lying on a bed of a clinic of Dr. Sharma uncle in Durgapura.

We were fortunate and none of us, including my scooter, suffered any major injury. Perhaps the Almighty just wanted to warn me and **put a permanent fear in my mind.**

And he succeeded in it. After that day, a permanent fear of speed got fixed in my mind and thereafter, I never rotated my wrist more than half on accelerator grip while driving any automobile.

In short and fortunately I was taught a good lesson with least injury. Further a well-deserved Thanks and Warm Gratitude to My Nitin for his patience and calm in that critical situation.

He managed to get the help of passing people and admitted me to Sharma Uncle's clinic with their help. The story could have been different if Nitin ji would had lost his presence of mind that day.

Also, I got a permanent scar on my left elbow. Whenever I notice that mark even today, the face of Sharma Uncle comes right in front of my eyes. He was a Retired Army Doctor and he was running a charity clinic in Durgapura Main Market.

Unlike other clinics in the vicinity, in his clinic there was no fee and also whatever medicines he used to receive as samples from various medical companies, he used to distribute them among his patients for free of cost.

He was a handsome person with a more handsome heart. And because of his kind and generous nature as well as of his low cost-effective proper treatment for diseases he was really popular in whole Durgapura.

Indeed, some of the incidents take place just once in life but the learning out of them remains in our mind forever.

However, as you all know none of the chapters of this book can afford to have a low energy ending so it's time to make you giggle with one of most memorable fun incidents of my life. Of course, this incident I am going to talk about, belongs to the same time frame.

After a long vacation, the school has just started.

Gunjan Ji, one of my distant relatives and also a friend from Udaipur was in Jaipur during those days for the treatment of his grandma.

Since he was both family and a friend of mine, we started meeting and he was welcomed to our house there.

Around that time the movie which was creating a buzz among Youth Hearts was **Qayamat se Qayamat Tak**; the debut movie of **Amir Khan** as lead actor and **Juhi Chawla** as lead Actress.

Every song from that movie was a super-duper hit and was trending those days.

I and Gunjan decided to watch that movie anyhow and it was playing in **Ankur Cinema Hall, Sanganer Gate** and was showing it from last few months continuously and unfortunately this cinema hall doesn't exist now.

The day we had chosen to watch the movie was not a holiday and my

school was open. And the plan to watch the movie that day was extempore. Actually, the hospital in which the treatment of his grandma was going; was just adjoining to my school.

It was during pre-lunch classes, when my mind cooked the plan to bunk the post lunch sessions and watch that movie.

Yes, it's very obvious to include someone in your plans when you are intended to break some rules and Gunjan was well there for me in this adventurous trip. During lunch we both met and fled to the theater to catch the movie by scooter.

The innocence Of Amir Khan and his unbelievable natural acting made him my most favorite actor for forever and further **Juhi Chawla** became my all Time Most Favorite Actress.

The pair on screen drove me crazy and till today I couldn't like anyone more than them. The place in heart that they occupied by their first movie couldn't be replaced by anyone.

Undoubtedly this chapter has gone too long but at the same time it is Truth that Teenage Years are Most Precious Years of any Human as these are Founding shaping Years of any Human's everlasting Persona.

Let's wrap this chapter here itself but A Promise that in coming chapters I will open my heart more and would share with you all how Amir Khan had proved a virtual mentor to me in my journey of self-improvisation.

Stay tune and have a small break before we altogether cruise for **My High School Days** from next page onwards.

Management Lesson

...

Good or Bad Experience

especially of childhood

and

Teenage Days

lay FOUNDATION

for the *character* and

personality building and some of them remain Forever.

In short,

cherish each experience positively

as it will always turn into

An Asset for FUTURE *happenings*.

Chapter 17:

HORMONAL CHANGES CHEMICAL IMBALANCES AND NEVER EVER FORGETTING MEMOIRS

The journey till my Tenth standard had showered my life with various experiences. Good and bad times came like seasons, and both proved good mentors in shaping Chinu.

It's time to take a tour of my life further, and its lessons during my further classes; **Let's go.**

Just like Our updated qualification is being asked when we rub our feet street-to-street while searching for a job and unfortunately in the very same way which faculty would be most suitable for you after your Xth standard is decided based on the marks you get in an individual subject.

The one who gets good marks in Mathematics means he is either to be an Engineer or An Accountant and one who does well in Biology simply means A Doctor in making.

No one cares about the area of interest of the candidate.

In fact, it's also true to some extent that most of the students hardly know about their own interests at that small age. As of that we all look up to the faces of our parents and whatever they decide is bagged on our backs.

My case was no exception and I was plunged into the Science stream based on the scorecard of my Xth class.

If you ask about my interest, Science was not my choice ever. I was among the kids who found the Arts subject more innovative and interesting.

Subjects like History, Geography etc. used to attract me a lot and these were the areas where my mind used to feel relaxed.

Yes, my admission to Science Stream was because of the dreams of my father who wanted me to return to Society as either an Engineer or as a doctor after my graduation.

This way an Arts lover boarded a Science Train.

Of course, I was not the first child who had to sacrifice his interest for the sake of the dreams of his parents, and of course It is quite common even nowadays.

In fact, My Most Favorite Actor *Aamir Khan's* famous movie **3 IDIOT** was also based on the same issue.

But the worst was still to follow for me.

I was not only married to **science** but I was asked to love it as well and

further too much pressure had started mounting over my little head.

Also, a sense of unnecessary competition starts developing among parents to make their Children perform the best in **Exams**.

The reason why I have written the EXAM word in bold and underlined is because it was not only about our performance in 11th and 12th standard but **also for the entrance exams** related to various Engineering and Medical Colleges which were being forced upon us.

My father who used to bring me our favorite food items while returning home from the office, was now bringing application forms of various Medical and Engineering Institutions/competitive exams.

This unwanted shift had eaten up my interest in studies and very same subjects turned into liabilities from Assets.

An additional reason behind that behavioral change was that my efforts and dedication could not bring a good percentage on my Xth marksheet.

Because of that my mind had started refusing to take the pressure of studies and I was **self-convinced** that I could deliver the same level of output this time by dedicating a few hours only against those several hours being spent during my Xth.

A kind of seriousness spurt not only among Guardians but also among all students now entering XIth standard.

Also, the new class made us choose different ways, and it was like a foundation for separation among our own friends.

Since in my friend circle, we had a variety of scorecards. Some had excess in science whereas some performed good at Arts and Some friends showed

their back to us and moved towards Commerce

Hence, we all got divided into different groups/sections of Class XI. Further with the due course of Time, I could notice the gap among us getting wider, but there were still few who were very close.

Going back to my personal front, increasing and continuous pressure from parents finally made a tutor (Hope you remember I was a tutor to some students during my Xth class) to take tuitions for himself and to **perform his best** in all coming schools and competitive exams.

Well, there is a lot to reveal from that time period but it's time to ease the situation for my readers and bring down the level of seriousness for now.

Of course, during our childhood our mind generates hundreds of questions daily and some of them are so complicated that even asking our parents about it may put them in an embarrassing situation.

But this incident is about something which was and in fact is still a taboo in our society.

We were living at that time in a colony named Income Tax Colony and had two friends Rajeev Bhaiyya and Sanjeev Bhaiyya who were elder to me and were also our neighbors.

As they were senior to me, their distraction towards the opposite sex was more too. Sanjeev Bhaiyya used to visit us frequently not because we were very favorite to them but because someone else used to pull them to our house.

It was the daughter of my landlord. They had an intense crush on her and her single sight was enough to make them crawl to my house.

But, here they mention has some other purpose so let us keep their love story sideways for now and come to that subject whose finding and subsequent answer made me restless.

It was during their conversation when a word entered my ears and that awakened the sleeping question regarding one advertisement that I used to see on TV but had hardly any familiarity with.

The word was **Sanitary Pad**.

For the Millennial Generation it might not be that strange but for us it was something to be kept as top secret and was not to be discussed with elders at all.

Indeed, my question about that pad was obvious to receive a strange and angry expression from people.

I wish the **PADMAN** (a popular Bollywood movie of Year 2019 starring Akshay Kumar) was made in those days.

Further Thanks to Government initiatives and our media, these things today are seen as a normal biological phenomenon and not as a taboo anymore.

Since we have been talking about the advertisements of that era, there was one more advertisement **that inspired me to keep myself healthy**.

I was in that age when biological changes within my body were provoking me to shift my attention from books towards my appearance to attract a beautiful female. But the advertisement I am talking about had a more promising and longer-term impact.

The Ad was about a soap (**Santoor**) where a woman was thought to be the elder sister of a girl child when she in fact, was her mother, when she goes to receive the girl child from school. And the credit was solely given to that soap.

Wait! Are you guys thinking that I started using that soap?

No! The actual impact of that visual was like I also started dreaming of being that fit and healthy that people would also misunderstand me one day as the elder brother of my child rather than a father.

With God's grace somewhere I could manage to live that dream at the age of 50 Years.

Well time to taste some more flavors of Income Tax Colony. That colony has many memories with it. Let's relive some of them with my eyes.

As I was saying how **my hormones were changing my behavior** and how ideas to look attractive were continuously popping up in my mind.

Who better to follow than contemporary actors of 90s and *Sanjay Dutt* was one of the names that fit as a synonym for looks and style in that decade.

Looking into the mirror again and again and comparing yourself with Sanjay Dutt may feel so dramatic now at this age of life but then it was really a motivation and fun.

And I guess nothing has changed in these three decades as I often notice my children doing the same stupidity nowadays that I did when I was their age.

Indeed, once you live a situation you understand someone better who is going through the same situation. Hence the acts of my children make me **relieve my old days** and a smile automatically appears on my face.

Now before I connect the next dot of this series let me introduce you to *New Chinu*.

Why I am saying this is because the Chinu you all have met till last chapter was happy and satisfied from within and when you are so, you always be happy and don't get irritated on normal occasions.

But this Chinu was no more like the previous version.

This time his backpack was full of books for which he didn't have any more interest.

Of course, Being an Indian Son of course he couldn't go against the decision of his parents, but the dissatisfaction was on continuous rise and further were bringing dramatic changes in his behavior.

The nose of this Chinu was always available for Anger.

The reason behind this was that nothing was going as per his wish. Neither he was with his favorite books, nor any girl was coming in his life to tame the ongoing Hormonal changes.

Now comes the incident for which the above introduction of New Chinu was necessary.

It was during lunch time sometime in 1990 when everything was in a jolly mood except me for the reason I elaborated above.

Soon some discussion started over some topic that I really don't recall now.

Yes, when you are irritated from within you don't need much fuel to change a healthy discussion into an argument. Further I didn't take much time to spoil the situation and my anger multiplied very quickly and shifted from my nose to my mind.

Out of that anger I made the lunch plate fly and soon the wall of our rented house was painted with Daal Chawal etc.

Once the anger inside me changed into such inappropriate action, the temperature of my mind immediately came down and now I was in my senses, and realized my blunder.

I knew my father was going to reward me for all that mess I had created and I was more scared that moment than I was angry before that action.

As expected, my father erupted as a volcano when he returned from the office.

Well with this incident, my readers would have got an idea about how the dissatisfaction was continuously boiling inside me and coming out often.

Anyways the time was passing and one day my father returned home with a news that made everyone so happy including me. After a long time, I was satisfied somewhere.

As you all know my father was a government servant and till Udaipur we had been residing in our own house. But things got changed when we shifted to Jaipur, and now our address was always a rented house.

And the difference between the two always irritated us.

Rented house always comes with a checklist you receive on day one from your owner i.e. A Do's and Don'ts list.

That confines your freedom of expression somewhere and while doing anything those rules keep circulating in your mind. and we were not used to such adjustments.

In short, living in a rented house never gave us satisfaction.

That evening announced to all of us that he had been allotted a government quarter and undoubtedly that was something like a bolt from the blues.

Everyone was so excited and happy as if our prison term was over that evening.

Without any delay we changed our address and now we were living in our own quarter. We had freedom and there was no checklist to consider before performing any action.

Cool, isn't it?

Now we were a part of an official campus where dozens of staff's families were living within the same boundaries and it is obvious to start comparing your life, your family with others living around you.

That comparison started weighing my back more. Now my parents had a lot more children to compare me with and the comparison had just one basis and it was studies.

Whenever the children of other staff used to do well in any field, my father used to make me feel that everyone except me was doing something mean-

ingful in life.

My ears used to get filled with scolding from my parents on such occasions.

Many of them had started their preparations for next level competitive exams like IIT, PET, PMT etc. The more they used to study the less my parents used to sleep.

That pressure to excel among that crowd and achieve a different status in society had become a part of my life.

But in that darkness a new member joined our family and Life at our quarter became more colorful. It was a **newly purchased color TV**.

Now we could enjoy our favorite TV shows and movies on the color screen.

A significant credit to this happiness goes to **Kaul uncle** i.e. the same one who helped my father to settle in Jaipur and also in finding the right school for us then.

By the way, it would be interesting for my readers to know that the era I am talking about had a Single DD TV channel only all over India and DD metro was the second channel that got introduced recently then.

But on the contrary that one channel had so many TV serials that wrote History with series like **Ramayan, Mahabharata, Chitrahah** etc. and their Treasure of Memoirs are so lively even today.

Four decades could not lessen their glory and further During Covid in 2020, The Government of India took a very good initiative to bring Ramayana and Mahabharata again to life.

People might argue that since there were no other channels three decades ago that's why people had no option but to watch Ramayana and Mahabharata.

But the series received the same love from the public even during 2020 when the number of TV channels were in four digits.

That clearly endorses that these creations were masterpieces and would always attract the attention of the masses irrespective of what Time we are in.

Back to My World, Life was once again on track and the new society gave me some fantastic new friends apart from that pressure highlighted above.

Puneet ji, *the youngest son of Kaul Uncle* was now my close friends beside other friends in the campus i.e. Amit and Ankit Srimali, Manish Bhargava and many others.

I know you all must be wondering that since new television has joined our family and I don't have any incident linked with it to share with my readers.

Don't worry! Disappointing my readers is just not my style.

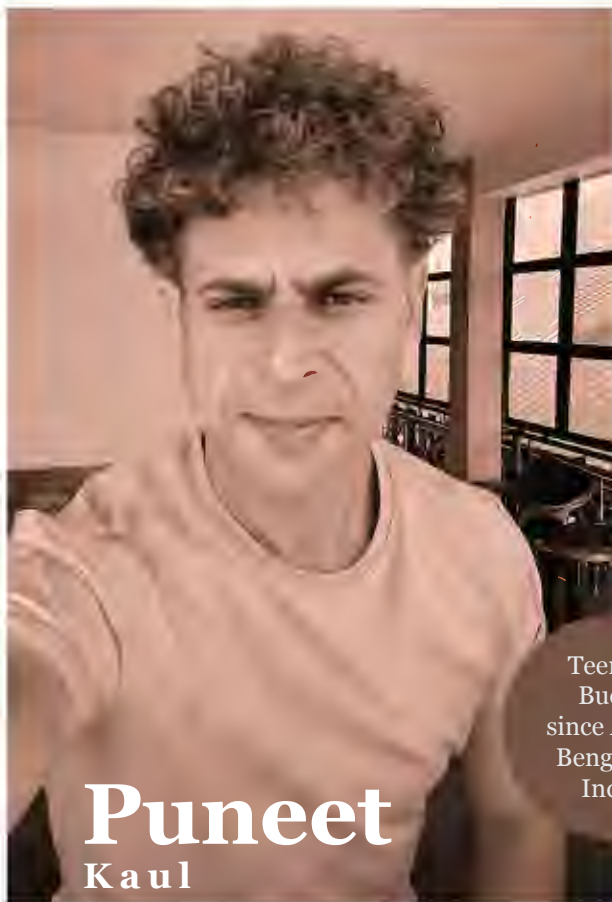
The new television got me a very memorable incident. In fact, **a very new experience as well**. An experience that widened my eye at least by the time it was happening.

During those days only one movie a week used to get telecasted on very single TV channel i.e. **Door darshan and** it was like a drop in the ocean.

Hence people used to get Video Cassette Recorder or VCR on rent along



Celestial buddy



Puneet
Kaul

Teenage
Buddy
since Age 17
Bengaluru
India.

I first met Chinmay in 1991 when we became neighbours and our friendship blossomed while preparing for our 12th standard exams.

I still remember those evenings after dinner—study sessions that often turned into long, late-night chats filled with dreams, laughter & endless discussion. Even then, he stood out—a quiet spark, unwavering self-belief, and a desire to carve his own path in business, despite coming from a simple, non-business family.

Over 34 years of friendship, watching him grow into a successful first-generation businessman has shown me that if you believe in yourself and follow your dreams, anything is possible.

with VCR cassettes of their favorite movies to quench their thirst for movies.

It was on a day when we all friends at our Quarters Complex decided to get VCR on rent and since you know how rich we children were, everyone had to bring some contribution to make the plan successful.

The VCR was with us that night, and several movie cassettes were brought too.

Now you all must be wondering what's special in that and here let me reveal the truth with all of you that among those movies one cassette was of a porn movie.

It was the first time I was about to see someone without clothes other than myself. The experience was something that I can't project on a page.

We were all under a bedsheet and here it all meant me, my friends and the TV as well.

My heart raced like bullet shot out of a gun and we all feared being caught too. The time was **around seven in the morning**. With the rising Sun in the sky, we were drowning in a new world where everything was open and shyness was absent.

It is something that I can't even elaborate here.

But those who had the experience of watching a porn movie for the first time, would understand between the lines and in short that morning really provided me with relief owing to my biological changes.

However, let us march forward and unveil the next happening in my life.

I believe none of you would have missed Amir khan's **Jo Jeeta Wahi Sikandar** movie. In case someone has missed, please watch it and it will certainly fill you with positive energy.

Yes and from that movie Hero Cycle gained a lot of fame among youngsters. The fame was spreading like fire in the woods and very soon my group also got covered by it.

Indeed, A Die-Hard Fan of My Aamir Khan, myself had bought Hero Cycle with my well-earned money through Tuition Classes and I started covering those 8-10 km of earth between our house and school by paddling our cycles.

Every morning, we used to sit on our cycles like Alexander the Great used to ride his horse to conquer the whole world.

Suddenly while talking about the cycle, I remember one incident. It was usual for me to get something from the market on my bicycle. That day also, I was asked to bring vegetable oil from a nearby grocery store.

Puneet ji and I were returning home with that on our cycles.

But inadvertently, the oil missed my hold and it was soon flowing on the road. I knew what money meant for my family and hence we were both in panic mode.

I knew my mom was going to be super upset upon hearing about it. I reached home and reported the loss and was so scared. As expected, my mother just bombarded me with scolding, and I could very well understand her anger because I knew how she managed to make both ends meet those days.

But every incident teaches us something and prepares us for the worst.

Since I am talking about the teachings that life decorates our personality with, another incident can't help popping up now.

The grocery store that appeared in the above incident is **the epicenter of this incident** as well.

On getting instructions from my mother, I often used to get daily use items from the same store and the transaction was recorded at two places. One that the shopkeeper used to maintain and other was maintained by my mother at home.

My mother was a very skilled accountant. I believe Indian women are born accountants because of the way they beautifully maintain the record of every single penny and that's why they are seen as the *Lakshmi* of our house.

And at the end of each month my mother used to tally those two records and used to clear dues.

That month for the first time apart from the items instructed by mom, I got a five-star chocolate for myself from the same store. But I didn't tell my mother about it, whereas I must have.

Perhaps I didn't realize that at the end of month that *mistake would turn so ugly*.

Here I would like to share my candid feedback on the quality of five-star chocolate which has deteriorated so much in these few decades. Today it tastes like sugar and is far-far away from the original taste it had several years ago then.

Well, continuing the incident, like at the end of every month my mother went to clear the dues for that month as well.

But this time the shopkeeper and my mother couldn't agree on a common figure. The reason for that difference was **the same chocolate** about which only the shopkeeper knew and not my mom.

My mother had a great faith in me and she knew if I had taken a chocolate for myself, I would have notified her for sure. Hence, she cleared the due for all items except the chocolate.

She came home and heard the truth from my mouth and was shocked and embarrassed. She felt insulted as she had to face the shopkeeper again and between them the shopkeeper had been proved right.

The whole incident was put before the head of our family i.e., my father. I was instantly carried to the same store.

My father's anger finally came out like hot lava jumped out of a volcano and I was scolded brutally right in front of the shopkeeper. A five-rupee coin was given in my hand, and **I was asked to apologize to the shopkeeper** and to make the payment for that chocolate.

The dues got cleared but that incident, that insult before the shopkeeper is still very much Young in my mind. **A Five-rupee incident taught me accounting of millions that day.**

The way my mother used to keep an eye on every penny, taught me its importance that day.

Today I am a Businessman and for me one of the most important things in my business and personal life is to maintain a proper record of all transactions and clear them well on agreed deadlines.

Here a warm gratitude belongs to My Parents and That **Five Rupee Chocolate Million Dollar lesson.**

With the Almighty's shower of blessings, I have always been celebrating our journey of Business and Here the Big Credit goes to **the very same Financial Discipline** in my business and personal transactions.

As and when any of our client, Supply Chain Member/Vendor or even our Teammate applauds our Business Approach, Five Rupee Five Star Chocolate story get more Younger at **my mind and soul.**

Never ever imagined such **penny valued chocolate Business Lessons will bless Million Dollar Business** to my Business Journey and Now feel strongly **how a Dot is connected** at any human soul's journey while being at the Planet.

So guys, let's get back to school days as a lot more has to be shared to make you giggle.

During those days I was fond of several things, some of which were Cricket, movies, songs etc. and posters of all my favorite celebrities like Sunil Gavaskar, Amir Khan, Andre Agassi, Steffi Graph and some more used to hide the walls of my room.

And when I used to be in my bed, a tape recorder used to accompany me as listening to songs of Kishore Da was my passion.

Talking about the school, a very funny incident is getting visualized straight from my Treasure of School Memoirs.

Time to create a background First.

Hey, I am sure you guys have noticed that in almost every schoolteacher of one subject is attractive and adorable and I am sure now you have the name of the subject in your mind aka **English**.

In my school, my English teacher was really attractive and she was so attractive that boys of my age were her fans, and of course I was also affected by her beauty so much that even during her class my ears used to never receive anything.

Only my eyes used to stare at her and my mind used to cook fantasy.

Like you all know, girls/women are given a super six sense by the almighty. They sense and scan very quickly anybody's corrupted mind.

How could I escape, and of course the fantasy that was cooking in my mind was soon smelt by my **Chandra Ma'am**. Yes, her name was Chandra and undoubtedly, she was a real walking moon.

One fine day after our classes, I was invited to her chamber.

She tackled the situation very smartly and said something that cleaned all the garbage which was cooking in my mind about her. She asked me to focus on my studies saying I was a bright student and **the next line broke all my dreams that I had for her**.

She said she was like my sister and thus cleaned my heart for her instantly. Now, I really started paying attention to her class and my performance improved thereafter.

Turning back and visualizing this incident really makes me laugh at myself and here one more incident is worth sharing.

It is from my 9th class, but I couldn't recall it in the previous chapter.

Being a Man and playing the character of a woman is quite famous nowadays and here the best and most famous example is Kapil Sharma show (Most Popular Indian Stand-up Comedy Show 2010 onwards) where many such characters are shown and they all have huge fan following.

Here I can say with **High Pitch and Shining confidence** that I had played such a role long back in the 1980s end.

During my 9th class we took part in an act where I played Mrs. Mountbatten. My cheeks were colored pink as of make-up and I was looking so adorable. I really became famous in the whole school as Lady Mountbatten or more precisely the wife of My friend Manish Purohit who played the role of Lord Mountbatten.

Even today as and when he makes sure to introduce me as His wife to Friends and Family and undoubtedly *Laugh Riot is bound to happen* and of course we always enjoy it from the heart.

It was during the time when these funny and giggling incidents were being recorded in pages of my life, a very heartbreaking incident took place with one of my classmates Ashwini Bagga.

During the vacations of tenth class, he lost his mother.

That was so unfortunate as for any Human Soul mother is like the ceiling of a house in which one forgets all his stress.

And further shortly the second marriage of his father was an additional wound in his heart. Because during that hard time he and his sister really needed love and care from his father but his father couldn't fill in that loss.

My friend suddenly became so mature and now he started making efforts to earn his bread. He had Father's Transportation Business and he started paying his attention there.

Now, he had to balance his work and studies both.

During the same period Ashwini started working as a Sahara *India* agent and he knocked on my door too as I was close to him. My heart was ready to help him in every possible way but making investment in a private company was not acceptable to my parents.

But I somehow convinced my parents and also promised to contribute from my tuition earnings.

The policy term was of seven years and from day one till the last day of policy, my house witnessed a serious discussion frequently on whether the money would ever come back or not as in that Era **Trust factor** for private companies had been too low.

But the Almighty didn't let the genuine help suffer any loss and our money did return to us after seven years.

Every action of ours gets us something in return.

My association with Ashwini didn't stop here and after a few decades again, **a dot was ready to connect** and for that you guys have to wait till my next Book comes.

Back to Competitive Exams and form filling endeavors under peer pressure, of course my father started making me fill out forms for various competitive exams although I didn't like to appear for those exams at all.

But the process taught me banking indirectly.

Going to a bank branch and opening an account in Bank of Rajasthan Ltd (which is now ICICI Bank), filling up deposit slips, giving them cheques and getting a demand draft prepared for application fee, all these made me well versed in banking transactions.

And all these felt so lively when I recently went to open the account of my children the way my father had taken me to the bank for the first time.

I realized how practical information and experience are passed on from one generation to another.

Anyways, let us move on to the next station of the story.

As I told you guys earlier also, my parent's contribution to my monthly pocket money was very limited and with my growing age hormonal changes were further making me do a lot of new activities.

When our Earth was revolving around The Sun, my friends and I were revolving around Girl's school. To leave a good impression on the girls, the revolution was done on bikes.

But as you know, bikes don't run on water and need petrol and **Thankfully** I was still a tutor to the nephews of my school buddy Rajendra Agarwal.

That's how I could manage the cost of these revolutions and besides that we used to watch a lot of movies at Theatre and many more fun activities.

Cutting Short, basically I was totally into fun those days and was not at all serious towards my studies and neither I had any future goals.

But some of my friends had that clarity in that age itself and they had their future targets ready with them. Also, they were working hard to achieve the same.

One such friend was **Maneel Patel**, who used to pick me up for tuition classes in the early morning at 6:00 o'clock by his *Luna*.

Luna might not be known for present generation readers, but I urge you to please google it and surf yourselves and of course it was a very famous two-wheeler in those days.

It was also seen in very famous movie which everyone would have surely watched i.e. **Andaaz apna apna** again starring my Most Favorite Actor Aamir Khan.

Now, with the entry of Maneel ji in this story, I recall **a very mysterious but hilarious incident** that happened to both of us one day.

As usual Maneel ji was at the door of my house with his Luna to pick me for tuition classes that morning. The street was full of the sound of barking dogs which was not unusual in such early hours of any day.

But suddenly one of the dogs jumped to my Chest and the running Luna lost its balance.

Fortunately, we both got no harm as some sand was there on the road that provided us a smooth landing after fall. We **were surprised** by the dog's behavior until Maneel ji and I both noticed a very strange thing.

We both were lying on the road but to **our biggest surprise** the Luna was still standing on its legs.

There was no one around who could do that and expecting the dogs to set Luna on stand would be the next level of optimism.

Till date we are **unable to figure out** how it happened. But thinking of it always makes us laugh.

This period of my life has so many things to be told and some of which would enlighten the readers while some would make your lips smile and some would make your eyes rain.

But for now, it is time to bring some more smiles on your faces.

So as said earlier, I was now an angry young boy whose anger used to spark for no reason all the time. It was another day when mom and I didn't agree over an issue, and I still don't know what happened to me at that instant.

I warned my mom that if she didn't agree with me, I would **light a cigarette right before her**, and as my father used to smoke, the raw material to execute my words was available beside me.

Since I was a cinematic kid, doing anything in a simple way was not acceptable to me.

As soon as the cigarette came between my fingers, my inner **Rajnikanth** (very Stylish Mega Star of Tamil Cinema) came into action.

In front of my mother the cigarette started dancing between my fingers in a similar style that **Mega Cinematic Star Rajnikanth** used to perform in his movies.

My mom thought I was just throwing a fake warning as I didn't know how to smoke and even if I had a little idea, at least before her I can't show it.

But now the show was on and I lit the cigarette in her presence.

It was only after all that stupid performance that I realized what I had done. I was done with my part and now the ball was in mom's court. I knew **my Mega Performance** would be shared with my father with more spice and Tadka as soon as he is back home from his office.

In the evening when my father returned home, the whole incident was shared with him but to my surprise my father didn't react to it at all. Perhaps that day he saw his childhood in me and maybe he recalled how he had his first cigarette.

Whatever the reason was, I escaped safely that day.

But as I said everything happens for a good reason, my stupidity actually turned beneficial to me in the way that I swore to my mom to never smoke again.

That single promise made to my mom has kept me away from this slow poison.

Well! Let's pause the journey for a while and before we go ahead, I want you to recall something from past chapters.

Remember **that incident** that set a flame within me to do something, to become something and to dedicate my life and not to deviate till I achieve all that.

But I didn't realize how and when my biological changes had overcome that flame within me. How and when I blocked the way for the fuel to keep that flame alive.

Indeed, I was just travelling in a train without knowing where I had to go and **Without aim, without purpose**, life was passing.

Occasionally the flame used to ignite when those characters, **the reason behind that flame** used to cross my way but perhaps my hormones were stronger that I couldn't maintain it for long and remained aimless.

But as you know nothing is permanent.

This aimless student gains that fuel again and progresses in his life. This journey from darkness to enlightenment would be soon ready for you to feel in the coming chapters.

All these incidents that are being shared with you took place in **Durgapura, Tonk Road Jaipur** and the place was like an alive scenery and was a home to every natural beauty.

Green fields, grassland, farm, Pond and many more could be seen near and around our quarter in Durgapura. The place was famous as an **Agricultural Research Institute**.

Apart from anger on my nose I also developed a new habit. I became so talkative. Sometimes the description of anything given by me used to be far away from ground reality.

My friends knew my habit well and used to adjust the description provided by me regarding anything. In short, I was coined as **Gappebaaz** (An Indian Generic Word for Person who exaggerates any content too much) during my school and college days.

Now in the present time when they meet me or talk to me over phone, for them it is **something not possible to digest instantly** that the Chinu they knew then has changed so much in these years and now he is so sin-

cere, mature and serious.

As I was describing Durgapura and we used to have the bus stop (**around 1 km from our Quarter inside the campus**) where the school bus used to pick and drop us and my legs used to walk that distance while returning home from school.

One day as usual the bus dropped us (Nayan ji and me) at the same bus stop and we both started walking along the same streets that we used to cover daily to reach home from there.

But that day the sudden appearance of someone forced us to change our path home. It was a very **big giant Lizard-like creature**. Its sight **freezes our blood and jammed our mouth** so tightly that we couldn't even scream.

Without talking to each other we decided to change the route and rushed from there in no time.

After reaching home when we told mom about the creature we had seen, we came to know its name. It was called **GOERA in Hindi language**.

The animal is giant, and is poisonous too. One more quality of this creature made it popular during **Shiva Ji** reign.

This giant Lizard holds the ground very firmly and **has a very strong grip** that makes it suitable to climb hills or big Heights through them. Shiva ji had **a special unit of soldiers** who used to ride these Goeras during war to attack the enemy's forts situated on hills.

Just see how a mere sight of an animal taught us so much about the past.

As described, Durgapura was so beautiful and peaceful. During a holiday

Pani mausi (Eldest sister of my mother) with her two sons namely Mulchand and Gopal visited our quarter.

Hope you remember *Mulchand and Gopal Bhaiyya* with whom I was selling ice cream door to door. It was my first business as well.

Well, so with them my *Nana Ji* also came.

It is obvious that whenever any family or friends come to your place, they want you to show them the most famous places in that city.

Since Pink City is in discussion, how can someone miss **Rajmandir Cinema Hall**.

My Nana ji was not at all willing to go there but he had to surrender once we all urged and very next day, we all i.e. Nayan, Mulchand, Gopal Bhaiyya and I in surveillance of Nana ji were in the campus of Rajmandir Cinema Hall.

The campus of this Cinema Hall is amazingly huge and beautiful. It's more **like a Palace** than a cinema hall. We were speechless by its sight.

Finally, we all passed through the dark passage and reached our seats inside the screening hall.

The movie was **Vijay** starring Anil Kapoor, Rishi Kapoor, Sonam etc. and directed by Wizard the Yash Chopra.

Sonam was a famous Diva those days and was famous for bold scenes and of course the movie had some bold scenes and we children were ok with that and were enjoying it fully.

But Nana ji (maternal grandfather) was getting more and more embarrassed with each scene and his condition inside the hall was making us laugh.

When we reached home Nana ji explained his situation with my mom and also how because of us he had to face such an embarrassing situation in front of his grandkids.

Wrong or right that I don't know but **those moments are very precious.**

Well for now let us recover to what extent our Chinu went to gain his Manhood to make the opposite sex fall for it.

There was a time when the heart of Chinu melted even for a goat that was screaming before its final breath. Hope you guys remember the whole incident being shared in my last chapter.

It was this moment **when impressing girls made me forget** all past incidents.

Those were the days when all I was obsessed with was my looks because most of the time my mind used to cook the recipe for how to impress a girl enough to make her accept you as her boyfriend.

When the subject was about Manhood, how could muscle building be untouched for long?

Muscle building demanded eating meat. We heard that eating meat would give us a charming face and improve our appearance.

Since non vegetarian food was not cooked at home, I had to find some other spot where I could add meat to my muscles.

Here, Mathur Uncle, a friend cum colleague of my father, proved helpful. His elder son Mohit Mathur was my classmate and a close friend as well.

Non-vegetarian food used to be cooked in his house regularly on weekends and hence its smell started pulling me to his house on weekends.

I started visiting him on weekends regularly by my scooter. I was **so regular** that in those days if you had asked me my plans for the weekend, I would have said visiting Mathur uncle's house.

I was **not alone** in that race for manhood.

Many of my friends were also eating meat for the same reason and of course everyone didn't have a Mathur Uncle in their life, so they used to satisfy their hunger in restaurants.

In Jaipur non-vegetarian restaurants were very uncommon in those days.

Sometime those days my friends and I used to go to Lal Kothi Scheme (**a neighborhood on Tonk Road, Jaipur**) because there we had such an option available. And payment used to come from our individual pockets equally.

But that change in my eating habits came to an end in the future.

When, how and why these questions would be addressed in coming chapters when my college life would be shared with you.

By the way it is true that non vegetarian food and alcohol have a strong linkage.

Since I had started to enjoy eating meat, it was quite possible for me and my friends to start pouring drinks as well.

Alcohol started slipping through the throats of my friends, but it could never reach me as I had witnessed so many tragic incidents caused by alcohol since childhood.

Therefore, I isolated myself from that poison.

Several occasions came where I could have lost my control before that addictive liquid, but I didn't.

One such event was the birthday party of my classmate and friend **Surveer Singh Ji**, a man so tall maybe around six feet four inches. On that night all my friends were enjoying alcohol and I insisted from all directions, but none could break my firm decision.

After the party was over, my friend *Vijay Gupta, Maneel* and I were returning home on his **Stylish Kawasaki Bajaj Bike**, and of course it was a Triplet ride which is quite common in India even nowadays.

The drunk person had the handle in his hands and I and Maneel were in the back seat.

Near a crossing he stopped the bike and started looking at the Moon and then he asked us *Why that Moon was not coming to him*. We (Maneel and I) both were laughing at the stupid questions of my drunk friend.

Before that I had only heard about such stupidity that someone performs after few pegs of alcohol and this was like a live show.

Somehow, I didn't fall prey to alcohol. But that **didn't mean** I was isolated

from all bad habits.

Those days Nayan ji and I had limited money with us, and the lottery was seen as a promising method of generating extra income. We started purchasing lottery tickets frequently.

Just what happens in any gambling, before losing a huge money you start with little winning.

We made a few rupees from it and were addicted to the lottery. The announcement of lucky winners every week used to excite us. Fortunately, before that habit could harm our finances, the lottery system was banned by the Rajasthan Government.

The Almighty saved us from this addiction.

Since and also well explained above all of you how I had addressed the muscle concern for better looks, **the next factor that was buzzing was my Height.**

I became so obsessed with my height. It became a concern for me.

I started trying several techniques including exercises, diet, medicine etc. to reach a height of five ten or six. I didn't know that genetic factors play an important role in it and you rarely grow exceptionally different from your family members.

My parents were average Indian in terms of height and hence despite my several efforts, the top of my head could touch the level of 165cm on the scale.

Interestingly, when you have some inferiority complex in your mind, you try to be ready with a counter answer in the event of people making fun of

your scarcity.

Henceforth I started listing and reading about famous personalities with short heights.

And I had many. *Sunil Gavaskar, Amir khan, Sachin Tendulkar, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Tom Cruise* and many more were in the list. Despite their short heights they were the best in their respective fields.

As and when height issues used to upset me, I used to console myself with such examples.

Indeed, and in short, **the length of the pen doesn't matter** but what matters is what you write with it.

All these efforts, wasting our time and energy were just for one reason i.e., to woo girls.

Wish teenagers could have a mentor at such a critical age of their journey and of course it could have changed our perception regarding opposite sex and love.

Perhaps we all could save our energy and **could focus entirely on building our future** rather than roaming purposelessly behind girls.

I really feel these taboo issues must be addressed in our school to save children from such deviations in that age. Because all that happens is because we lack clarity regarding such topics.

Clarity brings dedication and dedication avoids deviations.

The journey of my 12th class is on the way and to feel it you just have to turn a page. So, keep reading and keep learning from my mistakes.

Management Lesson

...

A Mentor

at the RIGHT time

always

makes a HUGE difference

and

an *idle resource/soul*

can be turned into

an Asset.

JAIPUR DIARY



Chapter 18:

IT WAS TIME TO FACE THE MIRROR

With so many incidents, finally I was sitting with my friends on the 12th class benches.

In short, one year closer to the board exam and also many other competitive exams that my parents were dreaming of since the day I had entered into 11th standard. The pressure was touching the danger level as my parents were having a lot of expectations from me.

Well, whether I could stand at their expectations and whether their dreams could become reality, these incidents still have time to show up.

For now, let's begin the journey of my 12th class.

This journey was special for the fact that India and I both were facing the

same ups and downs during that period.

Our country was going through **a dark phase**. The economy was on ventilator and foreign reserves had gone to all time low. It was like a dark moon over the Indian Economy.

And as I said My condition was not better than that of the Indian economy then.

It was equally dark inside my mind regarding my future. I was an aimless kid. Moreover, preaching from my parents to focus and perform well never fell on my ears.

Teachers on my other side were equally irritating.

Twelfth class was being projected as the last chance to become something in life. It was being shown as if you failed to get admission into a premier institute then your career was over.

But I didn't allow my ears to get affected by all those lectures ever.

Even with my interest in almost all subjects dropping sharply, it couldn't be seen by my parents and why I am saying this is because my father was adding new dreams regarding my career every day.

This time it was not about clearing entrance exams conducted by any Engineering or Medical Colleges, but he wanted me to make it through the NDA (National Defense Academy) exams.

Serving the Nation was something that was also exciting to me and I really wanted to do that but still I couldn't prepare myself for NDA. The problem was not the written exam but the physical fitness.

My body was average and I was not that physically strong. Also, perhaps my body knew that shaping it up to that level would require a lot of time. So, physically and mentally I had given up on NDA.

Still, I filled its entrance exam application form.

Readers might be surprised if I had no dreams at all in that period of my life when everyone else had some expectations from me and they had some dreams about my future.

Actually, I had **a dream too** about which I had shared with you in one of my earlier chapters i.e., *to be in the creative world*. It got influenced by the ongoing plans of my classmates or peers or my parent's expectations

Meanwhile, when many of my friends and classmates were dreaming of going to Russia for higher studies and same willingness also arose inside me but I had to back down owing to my economic situation.

That era was not as fortunate as the present generation is.

Today the Government has several schemes that allow candidates to avail Education Loan for such studies and up to a good amount it is collateral free. Nowadays even a child from a middle-class family can make such dreams come true.

But it has made me **determined from the inside to become more capable** in future so that my children could go abroad for studies easily if they want to.

I know it's strange to have such thoughts in that age but perhaps that broken aspiration had made me mature for a while.

Now to witness this journey and to know whether I could make it possible for my kids to study abroad and whether that really paid good, my readers **have to wait for my next book** that would continue this journey of mine as a parent.

Anyways, one more aspiration got shattered and my bad mood and unwillingness towards my studies continued.

I was not at all in that mood of trying to be among toppers that time and further **was well aware** that a reasonably good percentage of marks could be obtained with minimum hours of study.

That confidence made me lay back and relax.

Before My story continues further let me have the Honor to let you visualize how the political awareness used to be among Indian citizens long back then.

Nowadays with the presence of several social media platforms, anyone having any kind of political opinion can go and puke there on his social media wall or has the freedom to go against any person's view on the same platform.

In fact, the presence of social media has digitized everything and hardly we notice a bunch of people discussing ongoing social and political issues face to face. Everything mostly happens over the internet.

Even with our neighbors and friends we prefer conversing over mobile apps.

During those days of the 90s such an environment was absent and people really used to meet each other to discuss any issues. Also, during that time even people were very active in political debates and they used to keep

themselves updated with newspapers.

On my home's dining table several such discussions used to take place among my father and his friends.

And in my circle, it had a different face.

Never trust a smiling teacher (*In the original saying, "teacher" was replaced by "Politician"*) slogan was made so much popular among us that we had it even in our class written on a board hanging on the wall.

Whenever any teacher used to teach with a smiling face, all of us used to look at that board to drag the teacher's attention to that slogan which was *shouting at him/her silently that we knew the truth behind that fake smile.*

Indeed, politics was flowing in each and every citizen's blood in some or other form.

Soon, India was going to be shaken by an incident that was going to disturb the political content in each Indian's blood.

The day was **6th December 1992**. To avoid any controversy, I am purposely skipping the name of the above incident but **my smart readers can google the date and read it in detail.**

They themselves would agree with my silence on that incident and would also realize **why and how the harmony as well as social fabrication** of our country was at risk after that incident.

On top of it, another fuel was added by the matter of **Reservation**. The whole country was disturbed and everywhere one could see people protesting and sitting on Dharna.

Studies were at halt and also there was a fear among all in stepping out to go for schools and for any college entrance competitive exams.

All the students under fearful situations were hopeful that seeing the country's situation, the Government would make that **year a zero year** i.e., something that we had seen during Covid crisis of 1920-21 when students were promoted to the next standard on the basis of their past performances.

But we were not that lucky.

That incident of **6th December and the ongoing reservation issue** had cost so much further loss to our economically ailing country and for the first time India had to pledge **its gold reserves** to get funds from IMF and World Bank.

On one hand our country was losing its **rank \$ reputation** on various **Global Financial Index and Parameters**.

On the other hand, my father was losing his faith in my efforts to shape up my life which was obvious because I was not at all putting any attention and seriousness towards it.

The more my father was getting worried about my future; the less I was putting efforts to ease his psychological stress. **The cold war was on between us.**

With every positive result by my batchmates, the level of confrontation and grievances between my father and me used to escalate to a new level.

Perhaps we both were guilty in some way or other.

As I mentioned before; my parents were not that rich but my best education was their topmost priority **irrespective** of the high cost of these Premium Engineering and Medical Institutions.

But I was not at all paying any attention to his willingness and dream and rather I was paying more attention to my opposite sex and about my looks.

That attraction was on its zenith.

It became an additional reason for visiting my hometown, i.e., Udaipur so I can have more and more opportunities to meet girls at social events and family gatherings.

Further and Fortunately, **Dandiya** viz a Folk dance of Gujarat had stepped in Udaipur city as well and that threw a golden chance for boys like me who were trying to get closer to a girl to initiate a talk.

What could have been a better way than getting a chance to dance with a girl without knowing each other but unfortunately never ever been able to woo or even speak to any girl at such a function.

Moreover, I was never ever able to learn the Dandiya Dance but *Still Those nine nights of Navratri* used to be a great time for us since the purpose of Dandiya night was something as explained above.

Since I have been talking about leaving an impression on a girl, let's not forget cinema that was also making me shift my attention from my career and books.

Even the Almighty was making me meet people who could encourage and accompany me watching a movie.

My Paternal Grandfather, who was called back quite early by God before I could meet him, was in the Police department and also updated you all of you in my very early chapters.

One of his colleagues was very close and my grandmother used to tie Rakhi on his wrist as a spiritual brother although he was not a sibling by birth.

My grandmother used to visit his house often and on one such occasion, Myself and Nayan were also present in Udaipur, Grandmother took us also with her to his house which was around 45-50km from Udaipur city i.e., at **Nathdawara City** (very famous Lord Krishna Temple).

Being a policeman, he had a powerful voice and an impressive personality. His Head used to have trimmed hairs that looked so decent on his fair face.

He was so generous with children that he never let us feel what profession he belonged to and also he had very special affection for my mother whom he also treated like A Daughter.

And to my greatest compliment, his house was a few feet away from a movie theater and he did take us all there to watch the movie '**Painter Babu**' (starring Manoj Kumar and Meenakshi Sheshadri).

During the same trip, all the children got a chance further to watch yet another movie back-to-back but this time with no guardianship. The movie was **Rajput** starring the very first Superstar of Bollywood **Rajesh Khanna** and on top of that most of the movie was shot at Udaipur and nearby area.

The movie was enjoyed by all of us at **Vandana talkies** that had opened recently in that locality.

The time wheel was moving and the vehicle of my life was approaching a very critical stage. And of course, everyone else had that realization except

me.

My classmates and other students of my age who used to live in my neighborhood were very sincere and serious about their board exams as well as other competitive examinations.

Perhaps they could understand what those two years meant in terms of their whole life career ahead **which I couldn't**.

I was shifting away from my textbooks as well as from some close friends who were now in other wings of school for other streams other than science.

One such close buddy was **Vikas**. He was now a Commerce student while I was married to science. Although I always wished that I could have divorced science stream then.

The two streams took us in two separate directions and gradually the gap between us became significant.

The two Jai Veeru (*very famous Iconic Bollywood Film Sholay Characters*) kind of friends were now behaving like strangers to each other.

I really don't remember the other reason that added fuel to fire and widened the gap.

The examination hall is a place where even enemies become friends. But we both missed that chance too as Vikas could not turn up for final exams and met a fatal accident before it.

Vikas had a **Yamaha Rx100** bike, something for which everyone used to crave then and before this cold war that was going on between us, we both used to cover the way to school on that bike itself.

But when love is honest between two people, this **kind of distance doesn't last long.**

That held true in our case as well.

The gap was narrowed (although it took almost two decades for that) and we became Jai Veeru again. That's another beautiful part of my life. But that would be narrated in my next book.

I can understand your curiosity but since **it is a different aspect** of my life's journey, I reserve the topic for my upcoming book.

Well let's not forget the main event of that year that was going to break a lot of dreams and expectations mostly of my parents as I knew from heart how much effort I had put for that event and **the outcome was already known to me inside my Heart and Brain.**

Your Guesses are correct and The Event was **the 12th Board exam.**

To optimize the performance of their students in actual Board exams, every school provides its students with the same environment by conducting a **Pre-Board** exam that throws an opportunity for the students to experience the *same psychological pressure and time management issues* that the actual Board exam would be testing in future.

It was around January end/February beginning when our Pre-Board exams were to be held.

Since I was not serious even for the actual board exams, you can easily guess how serious I would have been for these well psycho Hyped 'Pre-Board' exams.

There is a very famous and a valid saying that we all are under surveillance of Almighty always and my God knew it very well that I had no interest in learning bookish knowledge.

Of course, The Almighty had arranged for me to experience some real-life bitter truth.

Just before Preboard psychological pressure reached its height; a very heart-breaking news came on January 10 that my maternal grandfather (Nana Ji) was not among us anymore.

Everyone gathered for his last rituals at Village Lasani i.e., the same village where we all used to enjoy our vacations.

Never ever thought **that trip to Lasani would be the very last one** for our whole family and *never ever dreamt the ending of a relationship with Village Lasani like that.*

It is our culture that whenever someone leaves this world his family members host the people in society, friends and other known unknown people for a meal.

Originally the purpose of such mass gathering would have been to gather all people who knew the person who had died so that everyone can pray for his soul to rest in peace.

That's what I believe but with time the real purpose of the above feast started losing its purpose and people started to focus mainly on the feast ignoring the person completely for whom it was arranged.

And that's why that question that troubled me then and still **it troubles me even** at present

“Is that feast really necessary?”

Well, the answer to the above question is not important but **what is important is to educate the millennial generation** about the purpose for which that feast or gathering was initiated in the past.

Anyways our beloved Nanaji was not among us and what I noticed further was scary or **in fact ugly**. The family he had nurtured during his life took no time to forget him and their attention shifted to **the assets he had left behind**.

My Nana Ji had no son but five daughters and in the Nineties society and culturally daughters and son were not treated alike although law was in place.

So, dividing the property among five sisters soon started stinging in everyone's eye. The younger brother of my Nana ji had a son and he stepped forward as the heir.

All five sisters accepted it half-heartedly although there had been a lot of debates/confrontation/ grievances among close as well as extended family members of My Maternal Grandfather's side.

As promised, the Book must spread positivity only and let me **not share further insight** of those ugly spats and fumes.

Indeed, I may sound so mature at present while jotting these words but you won't believe that I myself was wearing a shining Blue Pant and Pinkish Shirt (with Strip Belt on it) on the very Feast Day which was in honor of My Maternal Grandfather's departure.

But whatever I experienced it had **certainly affected me also**.

We were back in Jaipur with a Vow by My Mother that she won't return back to her Native Village ever and won't attend any Family Event ever except the condolence ceremony.

Even today she and her sons (I and Nayan) respect her vow from Heart and Soul.

My mother soften and of course she had lost her father. When we love someone so deeply, we always want him to come back to us.

I know that's not possible but still logic doesn't work over emotions.

During that time around, one day all of a sudden, a puppy entered our house and despite our several attempts to guide him away from our home, the puppy used to come back again and again.

And that repeated attempt of the puppy to be with us made my mother believe that it could be the rebirth of our Maternal Grandfather and he wanted to be with us.

So, we adopted the puppy with love and the puppy became our family.

Nature doesn't do any discrimination among its creatures and taking care of that small puppy was as challenging as growing a human baby.

The puppy used to pee and potty here and there often and I was assigned exclusively as his natural call cleaner.

Gradually his maintenance and care was becoming a headache for each of us and finally a day came when the puppy got loose motions and that broke our patience.

We decided to get rid of the puppy by dropping him off at a remote location from where it can't come back to our house. So, my brother Nayan and I sat on our scooter to accomplish the task.

I still remember the eyes of that puppy. The moment when we were going away from him on my scooter after dropping him around 5-7 kms away from our house. He was running towards us with full energy.

Perhaps he didn't know about humans.

Even today whenever I remember that incident, I really feel so ashamed and guilty and this letdown was never repeated again even when we had our Tiger (German Shepherd Dog) at our home around a decade after.

About him in later chapters.

Let's come back to my board exams as the pre board exam is over.

The result of the NDA exam was also out during that time and as expected my name was missing from that list of successful candidates chosen for it.

Perhaps it was the only common dream of me and my father.

Not only my father, but that day I was very upset too. Well, it was just the beginning of a series of failures.

Talking about the 12th board exams, it was very important not only for the students but for the school management as well because a bad result from their students would surely risk their reputation as well.

As of that the school management was very serious and further it was the

very **first Batch appearing** for 12t Board from this Young School at that time and continuously Management had an eye on each and every student's preparation.

To closely monitor whether students were taking their board exam seriously or not and further to figure out the areas they were lagging, the school management started conducting mock exams on frequent intervals.

But these mock exams revealed **the hidden truth of mine** before everyone including my parents. The results of those mocks spoke everything.

As you know, the reins of school management were in the responsible hands of Bela Ma'am and there was **no scope of any kind of mercy** when it was about discipline and student's performance.

I was not the only student whose bad performance in mocks had caught madam's attention and of course there were several ignorant kids like me.

As of that Bela Ma'am soon called a meeting with the parents of all such brilliant students who had forgotten the importance of the board exam and were not putting in the needed effort to score high in the exam.

My father was among those fateful parents.

Ultimately that moment came when my father and I were sitting in front of our strict Bela ma'am in her cabin.

My father had to listen a lot because of my carelessness towards my future and studies and as a responsible parent, my father was digesting all the bad comments being thrown by the lady in front of him.

But soon a moment came when something that uttered from her mouth broke my father's tolerance.

‘There are things that you can’t understand without becoming a parent’ my father spoke to ma’am after losing his threshold.

Perhaps madam’s words had deeply hurt my father.

These words of my father back to Bela Ma’am left her speechless and somewhere she could realize that my father was very responsible as a parent.

Yes, this incident changed her perception regarding my father but still it could not change my attitude towards my board exams.

Now coming back to that child who was there in that cabin along those two highly learned and mature people.

It is a general tendency that we seldom like any strict teacher during our school days and so was my case also, in the context of Bela ma’am for her strict and highly disciplined commanding nature.

She was a **powerful lady** and had managed the whole school setup so well that during her tenure the outcome and growth of the school kept on rising to new highs.

During our childhood we always kept a distance from such people who restrict our fun and freedom. But as the age passes and our feet start fitting their shoes, we start noticing their qualities and we try to assemble ourselves also with those qualities.

Though very late, I learnt a lot from the management style of Bela ma’am.

Today in my business I try to maintain the same discipline and be equally strict towards certain things. Because **now I know** that to inculcate good qualities and habits in our children or staff, we need to force them to move

away from their comfort zone.

Sometimes future happiness comes at the cost of present pain.

Today I really want to break that resolution (**taken as soon as I passed 12th class**) of not turning back to my school until after achieving something meaningful in my life.

I really want to **meet Ma'am today** and bow down further to thank you for being among those persons who changed my life and decorated my shoulder with such good qualities and habits that made me what I am today.

Well, let us leave it up to **Time when, where and how** my above wish will get accomplished one day.

After this Parents and Bela Ma'am meeting, one fine day A notice appeared on the notice board of our school which gave a sudden thrust to everyone's heartbeat.

It was the **Board Exams Timetable**.

It really doesn't matter whether you are serious about your studies and exams or not but the timetable has certainly affected all of us including me in the same way.

Indeed, the timetable made me also serious about exams and wish myself could have got serious a little earlier.

Before you all guys also get serious, Time to relive colors of Farewell Party with all of you.

Our school management decided to establish a ritual of organizing a Farewell Party for the batch that was about to spend their last few weeks in that school.

Since board exams were at hand, we were now guests for very few days in our school.

Once again, I shifted my energy and focus from boring textbooks to the farewell party. As far as I remember it was the third week of Feb somewhere near *Holi*.

I had a grand stage to perform and a huge audience cheering for me, what else I would have wanted.

Being a Cinema-holic guy, I had to put no effort into entertaining the audience with my dance and the dance steps of recently watched movies automatically started coming out.

And the most recent of them was the movie *Shiva*, a Hindi dubbed movie but originally belonged to Telugu movies.

The movie was a super duper hit on theatre screens, and my legs and body were dancing the way famous actor Nagarjuna had danced in that movie on a song picturized in the backdrop of college and undoubtedly it had won the audience heart.

Don't miss to surf this song at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=54h3m4bJXhw>.

So now you all can imagine how minutely I used to watch movies and learn everything be it dialogue or dance or dressing sense.

In short, I can state with high confidence that through my eyes the cinema had started flowing into my blood and since the same blood flows in my children, I feel so glad to see my youngest child dancing so well.

He reminds me of my school days.

My performance that day was great but since the day I have been talking about is almost thirty years older, I couldn't record that moment on video capturing gadgets.

In those days very few well-to-do families used to have Video cameras and one of my friends had it and he did record those moments too but within a few years it was lost somehow.

I wish just like the present generation, each hand had mobile phones then so that *those memories could have been recorded on multiple phones*.

I wish I could show my children how their father set fire on stage that night by his performance and I **really wish** I could see that dancing Chinu again.

Anyway, let's move ahead because something else also happened that night which happened also for the first time as if *Hitler* had become Sonu Nigam (very famous Bollywood Singer and Performer of 2000s) suddenly.

Yes, our super strict Bela Joshi ma'am held the mic that night not to announce something but to sing a song.

Keep open your eyes Guys and of course You heard it right. For the very first time the whole school was going to listen to a soft, melodious and sensual voice coming from her mouth.

Further she chose a very popular Bollywood English song for such an occa-

sion and **Her song selection had already made the audience crazy.**

We all just blew with the song **“My heart is beating”** (from Film Julie of 1970s) In her voice and honestly if I had to compare it with the original song sung by Preeti Sagar, undoubtedly madam’s voice rating would have been at par with the original one.

Not only mine but on that day she, with her amazing voice, really changed her Hitler’s strict image that we all had in our mind since beginning.

An honest clap for your performance ma’am!

After the farewell party was over, every student got autographs from all the teachers on a white T-shirt and I was so immature at that age that I couldn’t understand the purpose of doing that.

And within a couple of years the T-shirt got misplaced and of course it was because of my ignorance and unknowingness of the value associated with it at that time.

Well! Going ahead. Now, the number of heads that used to be present in our class saw a decline and most of the students had chosen to study at home for the approaching board exam.

Anyways, as I said how much interest I was showing towards my Board exam preparation, the expected outcome of my efforts in boards were somewhere known to me already.

My conscience was already prepared for an average result.

You guys must be surprised why I am saying all this suddenly because the board exams had begun now and I was just counting days to get over.

All my readers can connect to my feelings at that point as there are always two kinds of presumptions of anyone's result i.e. One that the outside world has and another is what your soul has.

For example, my parents were expecting a remarkable result in my board because they were not aware of the things that had been cooking inside my mind all the time since the beginning of class XIth itself.

On the other side it was me who was well aware of all facts. I knew how badly I had cheated myself in the past two years.

*If there is someone who can never cheat, it is only
one's own conscience.*

Unlike my parents and everyone else I had no hope with my score and since I was not at all interested in my board exams, I hardly remember anything of that.

Apart from my board exams, several other competitive exams were also going on during the same period. Visiting different schools to take those exams is **all that I still remember.**

Well, all those examination days had gone soon and now the time was for results/results.

I knew I had *always been a special kid for the Almighty*, but the board result supported **that belief again** and you all will also agree to it if I say that my board percentage was Exact Sixty i.e., neither one mark more nor a mark less than the score needed for placing myself in the 1st Division category.

Though an average score was expected by me, that exact score really shocked me. For a few minutes I couldn't even shut my mouth.

Further my board results would have given you an idea of my performances in various other competitive exams that I appeared in the last few months of that Time.

I got **selected for none** as expected.

Since my parents' expectations were completely opposite to what results I had brought, my house suddenly went into deep sorrow and for several months my parents couldn't recover from this emotional and mental trauma.

Perhaps they still had some hope from the few left results of the competitive exams I had taken.

*I wish I could break all their hopes in one go rather than **breaking it into installments**, and further Selection of other children of our society (staff quarters) was acting like salt to the wounds of my parents.*

Seeing so many rejections of his son, my father gradually accepted the fact and his hopes from me came down to a realistic level and now he was now looking for an alternative for my career.

As always, I have been doing since Chapter 1 and of course the ending has to be with a smile 😊😊 and After Ages I watched my favorite Aamir Khan's New Release '**Dil Hai Ki Manta Nahi**'.

In fact, the title of the movie related to my mood so much.

Because somewhere my mind was also stubborn and was not ready to become a bookworm. I was trying hard to do something exciting in my life and preferring to choose a similar career in Cinematic World but how to do that was the only problem before me.

The very next two chapters are The Black Era of my journey and now if I look back then I would like to christen it as the journey of my nirvana **and of course without Black out Sunshine never gets its respect.**

Also, the same era has Blessed me also my first ever girlfriend as well as our first ever cohabitation with a puppy.

Relax Readers as beside black pages, next chapters will keep your Heart Beating and of course Time to tighten your Belt as Time for Emotional Roller Coaster Dive.

Turn the Page and Get Surprised.

Management Lesson

...

Keep making *mistakes*,
keep LEARNING
and
Keep IMPROVISING
and
of course
a Memorable Journey
is in Making as FAILURES,
Mistakes are
INGREDIENTS of
a strong Foundation of
Success.



Celestial buddy

Chinmay Vardhman embodies positivity, discipline & purpose. Much like a Master Jeweller, he refines lives with patience and precision—keeping you in the furnace of challenges until you are ready to shine in your truest form.

His presence is both warm & illuminating, showing the path where light holds greater meaning. From him, one learns to set aside life's shadows and to walk with focus, strength & faith toward true enlightenment.

A Clost
Confide &
Creative
Maestro



Mukesh
Sharma
Udaipur, India

Chapter 19:

A DREAM DESTINATION FOR ANY TEENAGER I.E. COLLEGE

Never Ever Dreamt that any student can have B.Sc. in Economics + Statistics + Math which generally used to be part of Arts Faculty.

Fortunately, a very New Stream in the Most Prestigious Maharaja College for Science Faculties gave me A Modern and Distinguished way to build my career. It was the time when Economic Reforms and Formation waves were in the Indian Air.

Indeed, it was my father's imposition or more precisely I would say **His Wish** took my journey towards this new current wave in academics. Today when I retrospective about **HIS WISH** and undoubtedly it was certainly very supportive in building my business career and further still giving me the strength to understand the economics of the business.

Under his wish and influence I was also very keen now to go with that new trend but as my percentage was just 60% and till now the cut-off list of selected students had been with higher percentage. So far 5 cut-off lists have been posted.

I even lost hope as my percentage did not match the minimum requirement for admission. Finally, one more list came out.

With a grudge in mind but a tiny hope and belief was there that something would happen and as soon as I learnt about the new list, I rushed to the corridor where the Notice Board was.

Many students were standing beside the list. Due to my short height, I couldn't see the list properly through other applicants' oily and worst odor sweating heads. By pushing some extra power, I hardly managed to get to the list.

Again, my tiny fingers were rolling on the list from top to bottom. Till 34 numbers in sequence, there was no Chinmay Vardhman printed on the list. Here comes N0.35 and the Name **CHINMAY VARDHMAN** was there at last.

Due to some unknown reason, or last moment cancellation by some applicant students, finally I got my admission.

Now the dreams about girls got the first step done and The King of Maharaja college was walking in the corridor stretching his head towards sky and waiting for his queen from the opposite college.

Still whenever I visit Jaipur after many decades of My College Days and pass through my Maharaja College, immediately *Pahala Nasha Pahala Guman*' super hit song from My only and only Aamir Khan's movie 'Jo Jeeta Wahi Sikandar, 1992' gets rhymed in my heart.

Never imagined how this massive Rough Stone Textured Exterior Walled Academic building changed my destiny for forever.

The College was having or more precisely still have Look of British Era and it was established in 1844 by Sawai Ram Singh II on one of the most trafficked Tonk Road near Ajmeri Gate, Jaipur. It was the first place of our freedom that let us think and dream about some beautiful girls openly.

Here, fortunately, the cosmic power was also in our favor. Suddenly, we saw a large group of girls wearing sexy kurtas, jeans, skirts, top with latest fashion, getting into a massive building just opposite to our college, which boosted our confidence to its peak and of course the college was and still is named 'Maharani College - a girls' college.

We felt as if we were in the seventh sky with open wings welcoming all girls passing through. No one among us wanted to miss the opportunity to make at least one girlfriend. Taking a deep breath of with the Admission confirmation The Romance had been in the Air with girls wearing skin-tight kurtas and tops and sometimes No No.... **Most of the time** it took into wet dreams.

Even today, I vividly remember my very first day of college of the College and how any teenage kid can forget it as its nostalgia is very much like very first love. Tying Patrick Peterson (the then very famous West Indies Fast Pace Cricket Bowler) styled shoe lace on my feet, wearing light khaki colour baggy pant with check textured shirt and well-shampooed hair and of course with lot of dreams for Girls in my eyes ; I started my journey for the college on my Blue Scooter with a fear of ragging in college.

Still my school and college friends remind me how I used to drive the scooter i.e., always waving the scooter in the middle of the road with a lot of singing expressions through my face and hands. Indeed, the very same style I was driving on that day to the College and of course enthusiasm was

at its height.

Honestly that only one day i.e. The First Day of College is there in my Treasure of Memory for at least next two years and of course Bunking classes constantly, watching movies and stalking beautiful girls at various colleges, roads/ squares used to dominate these two years.

Luckily, I was untouched with Ragging in these Two Years.

In short, these Two Years were like Two Blank Pages of My Life Journey with No Girlfriend, No Sweet or Bitter Memories and Neither any Academic nor Personal Achievement. In Memory of These Two Years, myself Keeping Next Two Pages of the chapter Black and while turning these two black pages in the end you will observe Sunshine.

And why Sunshine? and for that you must keep reading the whole book.

Maharani College or **College of Queens** just opposite our college Maharaja College or College of Kings always let feel every boy that he was A Maharaja/King and his Maharani/Queen was on the opposite side.

The road between our college seemed like a **Swayam Var Hall** or **A Soulmate Matching Podium** for Young Couples and it always used to give us hopes that we will also get our Maharani one day.

Watching girls out of the colleges was more or less our Daily Routines but of course there was no courage at all even for saying at least a word “hello” or asking Any Girl Name directly from her and here credit goes to our Boys school where we had been studying during our High School.

My Friends especially I at least was dreaming seriously to have a girlfriend, but my poor courage index let this Dream be A Dream only. Two Years passed just dreaming for A Girl friend and our Summer Vacation was there.

During this time our few friends Dinmay (my cousin), Saluaddin, Myself, Lakshmi Narayan and Rajendra Agarwal/ Chacha decided to go to Shimla and Kullu Manali (**a very Popular Himalayan Mountains based Tourist location**).

Why Chandigarh was included at that time Sector 17 was very popular all over India being a very happening Area especially about Beautiful Girls partying over there.

Indeed and *Here Five Young Prince of Romance ready to holiday in Mountains* and with Girls in Mind and of course Now even the Sky was not our limit for our Hearts.

While writing these lines, each and every moment is not getting retrieved from my Treasure of Memory and of course here can state that whatever is able to refresh from those Memoirs some are still close to my Heart and some... let we discuss about it later.

As planned, the five of us landed in the Union Territory i.e., well planned and well-organized Modern City of Chandigarh and it was designed by Swiss-French Architect Le Corbusier in the 70's.

We felt immediately on landing that maybe we were in the wrong place mistakenly and how is it possible to have a place like this in India?

Undoubtedly the city has been such a beautiful, further well organized and disciplined and with well architected sectorial colonies, wide and flawless roads, smooth floating of traffic and on top of those well-behaved local residents.

Here these Five Princes are all over Indian Famous Sector 17 and let us summarize in few words **i.e., it had been Larger than life**. Undoubtedly, Punjabi girls were admired the most by youngsters, and their charm still remains unforgettable.

After being filled with eye teasing, we went to world famous Rock Garden and here, note that it was made of the waste Household items and Industrial Waste; a very beautiful and magnum opus work of the creator Late Nekchand Saini.

Here I felt that nothing is a waste in life if a man desires from deep soul and of course he can create extraordinary things with his power, right thinking and proper direction.

Now it was the time to say Goodbye to Chandigarh and move towards the Mighty Himalayan Mountains.

If my four other friends are surfing these pages and with High confidence, I can state that if I request them to close their eyes then they can also still feel the Mesmerizing Beauty of Mountains, fields on mountains peak, clouds, and greenery which were travelling with us while being on **Rented Maruti Van** from Chandigarh to Shimla.

As we grounded in Shimla, we were the real Maharajas and of course Most of us from the Gang came from Maharaja College. Now The Party Begins but without any alcohol or smoking and we were intoxicated only and only with watching beautiful girls at Famous Mall Road of Shimla.

Yes, we were in heaven and enjoyed every moment there.

Our Hotel was at Mall Road itself and was attached with a Punjabi Dhaba which was our Gossip Place beside for our morning tea, lunch and dinner. Saluadin, The Photographer and the most stylish person among us, made our photos live and of course it was fun to pass through the vibrant Mall Road Market, ogling girls, laughing, taking photographs and many more.

That was **A Dream Summer** which we all were cherishing away from our

books, peer pressure and parents daily scolding although the weather there was cold and only warm water gave us the courage for getting out of bed every day.

One day, we decided to go to Kufri; just a few kms away from Shimla which is surrounded by Snow Peaked Himalayan Mountains and lush green Forest. It was our very first Trekking Experience and **just remembered one incident** of that trekking which has exposed me to A **Real Candid Bitter Truth** while being on This Planet Earth as a Human Being.

In the jungle, we saw a temple and decided to go for Darshan.

When we all were taking off their respective shoes, suddenly we all heard a soft shout 'I am not coming inside' and when I turned around and observed that these words were from my close buddy of that time 'Saluadin'.

I was shocked by hearing the words and his reasoning behind that **(let me not share it to keep positivity which is the National Anthem of this Book)** and honestly felt like someone pulled the chain in the train to stop the train.

His words still echo in my mind.

Still, my mind keeps questioning logically and spiritually 'Why Religion Keep Away People from People' especially when every Religion teaches us enormous purity, harmony, humanity and spirituality.

It was certainly a quite bitter truth of life I faced first ever.

Today I am in the International Business Domain and as of that we keep having Many Business Visitors from various Muslim countries at our Indian Business Podium. Besides Business, when we take these visitors for local tourism especially famous temples of the area and without any blink, they

offer prayers and follow rituals with humility at these temples.

Honestly at that time I always felt very spiritual elevated and further it always heals my Kufri's bitter memoir.

As a **Non-Stop Globe Trotter** from the last 25 years (except two Year of Pandemic of Covid), I have observed closely and realized strongly that **Business/ Money is The Most Secular Holy Place** where Performance matters only.

I wish the entire world would follow and understand Religion in a more secular way and surely it would have made our Planet Earth more peaceful, prosperous and fruitful especially in this today's scenario where the World Community is too divided on Religious Belief.

It's time to leave the religious puzzle in between ...

Of course, we came back to Shimla the very same evening from Kufri's trekking experience and further we all decided on the dinner to move to Kullu and Manali the very same night. We hired a Maruti Van (**which was only permissible in those Mountain Trips during those days**) for the trip and had our trip whole night before grounding to Beautiful Kullu and Manali next morning.

The refreshing weather, new culture, new people and enchanting landscaping was enough to kick off our exhaustion of the whole night journey.

The hotel where we stayed was a very classical one made completely of wood and further it was decked with apple trees in its garden. Still Memories of touching the Apples on Apple Tree for First Time is very much Young and whenever I see any Apple Tree in any part of world, my Manali trip get refresh.

Cigarette holding in fingers, posing like a smoker, sitting on the rock, in different poses like fashion models, we all friends enjoyed the photography session done in the backdrop of Manali River which was just beside our hotel.

Indeed, more, or less deep in our hearts we all wished we could have been smoking but our Morals did not permit us, so we let at least pretend to be smoking and caught those cigarette smoking poses for Forever which are still well kept safe as jewels of life.

Just remembered that **we also all had been at Rohtang Pass** and of course it was well covered in white blanket and complete snow everywhere and further temperature was very freezing. We all friends played with snow and That's all remembrance I have in My Memory Storage.

It is during this Manali Session only we all friends **vowed, determined and promised** to each other that we would at least have a girlfriend before we finish our final session (III year) of the College.

It changed **my life at least** (among my rest of friends of the Gang) for Forever, Guys and Keep your seat belt tight as the next part of this chapter is **so Romantic and Filmy** and it will be difficult for you to keep hold on your Heart.

Yes, we were back to Jaipur and Life resumed but with **A New Mission and Goal**. Bows and Arrow were sharpened further enough and the Sole Target was having a beautiful girlfriend.

Study career and plans were not at all part of our desks anymore. Parents scolding, social pressure and guidance had started looking dear as our Brain and Heart focus was completely on Having a Girlfriend.

Hey Readers, Before, we dive into the Most Beautiful Memories of my college days. I would like to share with all of you some short stories/incidents

of that time which played very supportive **in what I am and where I am standing today.**

After finishing my 12th in academics with such a low score, my father was worried about my life journey concerning my career and further his vision put me aimlessly, careless at that time.

Nor I was interested in medical or engineering neither in any other popular faculty of that time and that was the core reason for his tension.

During that time, my favorite Uncle Ramesh ji as well as the Most Trusted Brother of My Father was invited to discuss my future, especially the career. At that time beside his Coconut whole selling Business, he was the Rajasthan State distributor of Punjab based Sardar Cattle Feed.

He suggested commencing Sardar Cattle Feed Distribution in Jaipur.

One of my father's students, Mr. Rajendra Gupta, used to come home frequently during those days and he was very close to the Family and unfortunately, he was unemployed even though he was over with his formal education.

My father wanted me to associate with him so in this way my career gets direction and also Rajendra Bhaiyya (myself used to address him Rajendra Bhaiyya always) get A Business Profession.

Fortunately, one of our neighbors, Mr. Jagdish Goyal, had a cement shop nearer the highway, hardly half a kilometer away from our private quarters. Mrs. Meena Goyal and my mother were evening walk partners and that built trust in their family.

Jaipur Agro Pvt. Ltd., the name was decided for the company with Father and Mr. Goyal as 50% shareholders. Mr Rajendra (on behalf of father) and Mr Goyal was looking for the business.

Everything was running smoothly in the beginning.

Yes, the Business had to fail as my father was not engaged in day-to-day operation as of his Govt. Job and its related commitment and further, I was still immature and naive in the business world to get involved in this venture.

Father decided to quit from it with a lot of **stressful events cum ugly spats** and ultimately handed over his shareholding to Rajendra Bhaiyya **with No Penny in Return** and further our family like relation with Rajendra Bhaiyya and Goyal Family got soured for Forever.

Indeed, father lost money, Trust on Relationships and on top of that his confidence got shattered for Forever for the word 'Business'. Also, the whole family including me were under high tension and stress and as the elder son of my father it was highly saddened to observe that my father was under such disappointing mode.

Here my flame of doing something big (which was sparked during my childhood and lost somewhere in my school time) had started getting rekindled again and also used to think very strongly that one day I will answer the world to all these ill Happenings to our Family.

Honestly no idea till now what had happened later the Fate of Jaipur Agro Pvt. Ltd and just heard lately that even Mr. Goyal and Rajendra Bhaiyya departed from each other at Business Podium.

That was the very first hard Business lesson of my life which was engraved subconsciously and also here I would like to extend a warm gratitude to Uncle Ramesh for for his enthusiasm to begin a business venture for us.

Failure Always Teaches you and of course it's an investment for the Future and of course I am still

reaping its Fruits Till Now on my journey.

How and of course **A Good Question** and let you keep observing it when you guys start surfing My Book of My Own Business Enterprise i.e. Rocks Forever Inc. in coming years.

During **my college years of 1991-1994** only, my father decided to buy a plot in Jaipur near Sitapura Industrial Area on Tonk Road on recommendation of Kaul Uncle as a future investment for Kids i.e., for myself and my Younger Brother Nayan.

He was having **some savings** from his hard-earned salary plus rent amount of Udaipur Home which he was depositing with our Uncle Ramesh from the last few years. I had been assigned the duty to collect this rent amount from my Uncle Ramesh from Udaipur so that it could be given to the plot owner through the Property Dealer.

Procrastination and Procrastination always frustrate any Human Being especially when the subject is related to collect your own money from your own very Trusted Close Relative. Indeed, it is why it is stated that **the real face of humans reveals** when you are in need of your own money from him/her.

I used to collect our own money (**house rent**) from Uncle Ramesh which he had given slowly with a lot of **patience testing and procrastination** and some time I used to literally beg for Father's own amount.

Indeed, father used to lose his temper frequently on phone while conversing with his Most Trusted Brother on the subject and as of that Father started losing his Trust and Faith in his Brother.

At the end, **money was there** and Father managed to pay back the whole pending balance to the Plot Owner and of course Now he was a Plot Owner at the Capital City of Jaipur.

Yes and it is well stated that the smooth sea never made a skilled sailor and **such experiences** have certainly **played important roles** in what I am today especially in how to handle my own Personal Finances.

Life continues at my Father's Nest as usual and one day He came with **A very Positive news** about his Promotion (**means Higher Salary and more Benefits**) but with **a saddening news** that he had been transferred to Bikaner city (*World Famous City for its Indian Snack Nameen and Sweet Rasgulla*).

Father decided to keep us at Jaipur only so we could keep having Good Education and Exposure at Big City compared to Bikaner which was a very small city.

The continuous and frequent journey between Bikaner and Jaipur was a tedious task to manage his job and family simultaneously. But he was determined and adamant on that and kept travelling the rough road on Govt. Buses more or less every fortnightly.

Of course, it was hectic and fully tiresome. The man was also tense due to his aimless and futureless son i.e., me. My mother was also always tense for his better half ... but it was a tough phase of life for the whole family.

In short, I had seen **a man in the battle of life** for making every episode of life more aesthetic and beautiful for his family and here I would **like to salute My Father** and further a warm gratitude to Almighty for having him as My Father.

At Bikaner my father preferred to stay in a Budget Hotel and Somehow my father secured a hotel room permanently. He shortly became more friendly with Hotelier and with Time Hotelier's whole Family became our Family Friend. We used to start visiting Bikaner as and when we used to have any long holidays. The Hotelier Uncle had two sons and the younger one

became a good friend as we were of the same age. Sanjay Bhaiyya was the Elder one.

My mother even today respects the bond by remaining in touch on phone especially with Sanjay Bhaiyya. Whenever I look back and strongly feel that Sometimes Some relations are Blessed by Almighty.

Meanwhile my father (**after a lot of official letter exchanges/ personal requests with His Seniors**) had been able to secure permission to keep the Jaipur Official Quarter for the family.

Indeed, it was a big relief to the whole family, especially to my Father who always desired that his kids should be exposed to good education.

During this time only Father used to travel to Sri Ganga Nagar also frequently for official assignments and during the said trip, he learnt from his colleague there that their sons are based at New Delhi.

Two had been in Garment Manufacturing and one was doing Research in Polymer Plastics and Here My father told them about me and my ongoing College Education.

Their Two sons advised why not Chinmay take care of our Designer Shirts Distribution at Jaipur area and in this way he could make some money beside some Professional Experience. As a result of that I started selling shirts pcs in Jaipur and of course I was doing it from Heart and Enthusiasm.

I sold among my friends of Jaipur as well as of Udaipur including one of close childhood buddy **Suraj Bilochi**. He started reselling to his friends and relatives and You guys won't believe that he is **still into Active Garment Business** even after three decades.

Durgapura, where we used to live in Jaipur, there was a grain merchant who was known to my father as we used to buy our Yearly Grains for him.

Father told him about my Shirt Business Aspect and he asked why don't we put these shorts at his nephew's show which was at Prime Location at Ajmeri Gate.

I remember I put almost 100 pcs of designer shirts at his nephew's shop and they sold these shirts with due course of time but never returned the money. Indeed, I and even Father followed him and the Grain Shopkeeper but it was a Failure.

During the same time around, one day My Father's Book Publisher Mr. Gopal Goyal and His Elder Brother (**as my father was writing a book at that time**) was at home and while conversing with them I fainted and got unconscious and immediately they took me to a nearby hospital.

The doctor told me that High BP (result of **High Stress**) put me in this mode and it was also an alarming sign for my father.

Father understood that Business is not my cup of Tea and after that he never pushed me to explore Business Entrepreneurship.

Whether Time Proved Him and even Myself Wrong that I cannot be an entrepreneur or not and for that you guys must wait for a few more chapters and even have to wait for the Next Book.

Meanwhile my father was continuously trying hard to get transferred back to Jaipur so that he can join his family back and had been in **touch with all of his superiors as well as all official friends and colleagues** to influence the decision maker for his Transfer back to Jaipur.

Indeed, it was a different India then and of course Political Influence was a more decisive factor even in the internal transfer of any Govt Institution/ Universities and Father also learnt it shortly after the failure of his endeavors at his peer and superior level.

At that time, the State Assembly Speaker (of Rajasthan State) was a Politician from Udaipur and once he used to be our Neighbor and our Uncle Ramesh was closely acquainted with him and Father asked Uncle to assist him on that.

Whole Heartedly he recommended Father request of his transfer to the Politician and also went a few times with father to meet him in person.

After that I and Mom and I used to visit his office (*as father used to be at Bikaner for his job*) to keep checking the status of our father's request and his answer started getting more diplomatic and also some time, we used to face his rude behavior and denial to meet any more.

At that time, I used to vow that I will never ever enter into Govt. Jobs where Politics dominates a lot and also used to determine more strongly that one day will be My Day.

In short, father never got transferred back till Year 2000 and later on we learnt that the said Politician was looking for Money and since we were acquaintances of him so he was not able to ask for it.

An unfortunate part of the Political World when **such culture was more dominating** then and of course India has changed a lot now.

Why I am discussing this part of Political Culture so that **Millennial Gen can understand** how India used to be in the 1990's and of course how they are blessed while being in the Digital Era.

You Guys must be astonished since this chapter is related to My College Days but unfortunately not a single discussion of my classes and studies.

Indeed, Three Years of College are **Blank Pages in terms of Studies** where my focus on studies was negligible.

Whenever I retrospect those years and I strongly observe now that **Those Blank Years were the Most Formative Years** of my journey. Further Those unproductive years **still keep me in guilt** and keep motivating to stretch extra always to **compensate for the loss** of those Three Precious Years of my Life.

Nowadays I Keep sharing my These Black Years of Experiences to Gen Z and Keep enthraling them not to give up with such Dark Time as at the end such event makes **our Foundation stronger** for more enlightening Journey of Self Satisfaction.

Guys, Guys and of course it's Time to get Back to Moments Post Shimla Trip and Keep your Hearts intact as it will beat your Hearts very strongly while surfing this Roller Coaster Filmy Style part of the chapter.

Our college started at beginning of July Month of the Romantic Year 1993 and it was July 08 I dressed well with Patrick Peterson (**The very famous West Indies fast-paced Bowler of that time**) styled shoe and headed towards Maharaja college with the dream of having a girlfriend anyhow in last and IIIrd Year of My College Life.

Still remember well how I was driving My Blue Bajaj scooter on Tonk Road with Kishore Kumar Songs especially 'Mere Sapno Ki Rani' (**the song of Hindi Film Aradhana**) one with just a dream to have my soulmate who could cherish my heart with her touch and kiss.

On that day for the first time, I was not inside the college to attend my class or to meet my friends but I was at the **Bus Stop** which was just outside of our College and further just opposite of Maharani College Main Gate. Tonk Road (A Highway) was just between two colleges.

Eyes were ogling nonstop at Maharani Girls College Gate and been just scanning Beauties coming in and out from that World of Beauties. Of

course, I was not the only person standing on the other side of the road but a few more students also used to be there who were just there to tease Girls and have their Fun Time.

Honestly My eyes were just looking for the Girl where my Heart Fell completely.

While writing these lines, visuals are getting recreated in my eyes of how some students of our college used to hang a Rs. 10 currency note with almost invisible thin tread at the Maharani College entrance ramp. As and when any girl/girls tried to pick the currency note, the boys used to drag it with the thin tread towards them and used to make fun of these girls.

Come on Guys Here come the Moment

Number 7, a very mesmerizing number that changed my life for Forever. It was a bus that always carried some beautiful girls and always took a stop in front of Maharani College Gate.

Wearing a full jeans one piece Skirt (**from Top to Bottom**) with some fluffy hair like Madhuri Dixit (*the then A Popular Bollywood Diva*), **A Girl** walked out to the bus, grounded her feet on the road with high heel sandals and was in rush towards the gate of Maharani College entrance.

Honestly and very True that I felt like a romantic volcano erupted at my heart and my mind knocked my heart hardly and echoing “Hey, look Chin-may, it is your soulmate... it is your soulmate”.

Indeed, there was something of a universal connection or more precisely Karmic Connection. The first time I felt and spiritually realized deeply what it means “**PAHLI NAZAR KA PYAAR**” (i.e. Love at First Sight) land **decided on the spot itself** that by any hook and crook she would be and she had to be my life partner.

During the beginning of July Month, its generally new admission time for 1st Year students at Indian Colleges and same was also happening at Maharani College. Meanwhile I got to know from some other students like me (*who used to stand outside the college to stare at girls*) that the girl who just stole my heart seemed like a First Year New Student.

I Kept ogling her and her eyes continuously till she vanished inside her college campus with her friend. Indeed, **it's been Her eyes** through which I fell for her and till date always keep telling her about **my special affection and love for her eyes.**

As stated earlier that now a days I used to bunk college classes as I had been on the Mission to have the Girlfriend but of course **that day was very special** as this time I had been waiting for my soulmate (guys from my side it was clear that she is the only and only one) to come out again from her College Campus.

Undoubtedly *Heart was on continuous beating mode* and further waiting for her just to glaze one more glimpse of her was something out of Heaven. Honestly **it's highly challenging to put that feeling in words** and of course for that *you guys also have to fall in love.*

She came out of the campus around 3.30 PM and still remember how I was staring at her Non-Stop while she was at the opposite bus Stop with her friend waiting for her Bus. All the moving creatures Human of Animals, vehicles and their voices were completely out of context for me as my eyes were on Her like Arjuna (A Famous Warrior of the Epic Mahabharata) and of course **I was just admiring her.**

But I could not get her attention at all, even though Girls have Sixth Sense to learn about any staring eyes.

After some time, her Bus came and she vanished from my eyes but Her eyes and Her Persona as well as Her Indira Gandhi style walk (she had been walking very fast like late PM used to walk always) remained in my memoir of that day. At the same time the same eyes were **full of enthusiasm** that I would have her glimpse again the next day and so on.

The Next Day came and of course, this day's Sunrise was completely different as it was having an extra cheerful smile and shine and further my eyes were with a lot of dreams of her. As per my usual schedule of being at the Bus Stop of my college, I was well at my duty today, well before 9 AM and started waiting for the Bus having the Bright Number of 07.

Many 7 number buses went through the road but there was no clue of her presence at all. But my eyes were very keen with just A Soulful Aim to see her again and again every day.

The Counting Began and it's been 2 days, 3 days, 5 days. 7 Days and 9 Days and of course My eyes had been waiting for Her coming out of Bus Number 07 from Morning 9 AM till college closes at 4 PM. **No Clue at all of the Dream Lady.**

Finally, 10 days passed and the beautiful face with her Big Eyes was again in front of me getting off the bus with her friend. A blast happened and of course it was the bomb of happiness, excitement, cheerfulness in my mind. Further I decided strongly that I would be making an initiative of talking to her today anyhow.

She went inside her campus and I did not move a bit and waited for her to come again. I was staring continuously at my old model wristwatch's every alternate second needle and the college gate. My eyes were playing shuttle service between them.

More than 3 to 4 hours passed and finally, she came out with her friends. And I was still in my position and strolling like a pet behind the bar waiting for their food.

The very scene was getting repeated every day i.e., she used to come by Number 07 Bus with Her friend and I used to wait and stare at her religiously from Morning 9 AM till she went back to her Home in the same Bus.

Very soon everybody among my Friend Circle of School and College learnt about it and as of that I turned into A Messenger (exchanging messages of one friend to other) always there at the Bus Stand statically.

Here, I want to introduce one of my college friends, Dheeraj, who used to live very near to my Home in Durgapura, Jaipur and he belonged to a Jaat Family and we used to come some time together in Public Bus to College.

One Day he came outside of our College Campus at Bus Stop to catch the Bus for his Home and he saw me and asked me in his typical Jaat Accent ‘Oye, Chinu, Ki ho raha he bhai’ (*Hey Man, what’s up*) and of course he was well aware that why I was standing there.

A Perfect Destined Moment and My dream girl was just coming out of the campus to be at Her side’s Bus Stop which was just opposite of the road where I used to stand while waiting for her. All of sudden one of my friends tells this friend of mine Dheeraj, that this is the girl for whom Chinmay stands here all time and still he is not able to speak to her once.

Suddenly, A Jaat solid hand grabbed my wrist very tight and drew me with him forcibly to cross the road towards my Dream Girl’s side. I still **remember very clearly** how my Heart beats have been beating hard and of course it *could have broken all Medical Equipment* which are used to measure any Heartbeat. Further The Throat got completely dried.

Finally, I found myself in front of my dream girl.

I could not believe the moment was in existence. Dheeraj called the girl loudly in the Jaat accent 'Ae Chori, Yo Choro Thane Khub Chhave He, Number de tharo' (*Hey Girl, This Boy likes you too much and pls give your telephone number*) and my dream girl completely ignored both of us and did not utter a single word back.

Here even I could not speak a word also and also **my eyes were down** and a grand thanks to my schooling in Boys school. After a short awkward silence My Friend Dheeraj said to me 'Chhod Chhod, Aisi Chhoriyo ko Chhod, Jayada bhav mat de' (*Leave it, leave such type of Girls and don't give so much weightage to them*) and settled me again at my previous place where I was standing before.

The incident or more precisely the accident created by My Buddy Dheeraj and complete ignorance by my Lady Dream was one of very embarrassing moment in my life. But indeed, today when I look back on this event it always let me smile and make me joyful.

Not sure where Dheeraj is today and wherever he is, he owes a warm gratitude for blessing me with this **sweet memoir** of my Romantic Journey.

No doubt everyone felt sad when the first attempt failed. But when you are in love the excitement propels you more to meet her again and again. Of course, My Brain was on **continuous creative thinking about how** to approach her and share my feelings to The Lady of My Life.

Very same late night A Bollywood megastar, Dev Anand's movie 'Fantoos' was getting telecast on Doordarshan Channel (**the only channel of that time and run by Govt.**) and throughout Movie Surfing, my eyes were not able to wink for a second and had been weaving lot of dreams about her

presence in my life, marriage, children etc and of course many imaginary senses were knocking my door.

The movie was over by 2:00 am and the said Movie inspired me a lot to write a letter to my dream girl and with firm determination started writing the very first ever love letter of my life and of course that letter is still preserved in our **(me and my wife)** personal bag like A Treasure.

In that letter I had shared my feelings for her and also asked her back if she is interested in me or not shared my wishes whether for knowing her interest in me or not and further requested her that if she is interested, pls do wear a Pink Indian traditional dress on the specific date of July 24, 1993.

Still, I don't know and **may be a Divine Blessing** that next day with hiccups of hesitation and of course with a lot of courage I handed over my first love letter to her while she was waiting for the Bus across the Road.

Fortunately, she also accepted the letter although I was highly skeptical about the same and after some time she was in the Bus and of course she left me with a set of non-stop questions which kept knocking till the D Day arrived.

The questions were very simple and were very repetitive at my brain i.e. **'would she come?' would she wear my requested dress and the color?' and on top of that 'would it really happen?'**

Each day passed in waiting for the D Day and of course each day seemed **like An Era** and of course whole day my Brain and Heart used to hang between Reality and Romance in backdrop of Romantic and Sad Songs of My Kishor Da (*The Great Indian Singer Kishore Kumar*). That well awaited D Day also came at last.

Of course, I started waiting for her on the Day after 9 AM eagerly and desperately and throughout the day many 7 number buses came and passed

but no clue for her. Indeed, the same scene kept repeating for at least 7-8 days nonstop. My heart kept sinking throughout these days with more and more Sad Songs as my buddy, but a silver thin line of hope was keeping my stubbornness alive.

In such a scenario Hope always bless the Benefit of Doubt to the other side and same was also dominating my own tragic situation.

As stated just above after 7-8 days of the D Day, she was in front of my anxious eyes coming out of Her Bus with Her Friend and of course not with my requested Traditional Yellow Dress and of course The Heart was in crashing mode and **a warm gratitude to my Lifeline 'Hope'** which kept my *Heart Beating and subsequently Romantic Alive* 😊😊.

That day I decided to speak any how and after being a few hours in her college campus, she was out with a bunch of her friends heading towards Ajmeri Gate Area by walking and of course I was well behind her in following mode.

Surprisingly after a few steps of my following on two legs, I saw that she was waving from back through her Beautiful Hand asking to go back and she was waving continuously. As a sincere student, I stopped immediately and made U turn back to the Bus Stop of My College Side.

The next Few Days, she kept coming and I kept handing over my Love Letters to her (in those letters I used to pour out my feelings, my love, my dreams to get old with her and also about our future kids) and fortunately she kept accepting it.

Note: as requested by my wife, I won't be able to share with you guys those letter copies here and let it remain private always. But of course, you Guys (except Digital Age Kids who are more or less out of touch from Love Letter Writing) all must have fallen once in True Love and you can easily guess what it must be having inside.

Let's continue and of course, the Heart was on Cloud Nine again and during this time, I started chasing her Bus on my Blue Bajaj Scooter to **locate her home** but smartly she always used to fool me.

During such letter exchange, in one of my last letters I requested her to meet and she agreed and further guided to meet next day at Ram Niwas Bag's Zoo which was adjoining to our college campuses and Here Millennial Generation Kids must be **finding it amusing** and must be *co-relating to Chuja of Indian Hindi Film 'Fukre Returns'* who also had preferred to have his first date at a Zoo.

Time for a little bit of history of this place and of course the said Ram Niwas Bag is a very Historical Garden spreading in a very big area and further home of Albert Hall as well as a zoo along Restaurants area and now **it has been made more beautiful** and *a big applause to various State Govts and Local Administration for making it happen.*

August 09 is the Most Auspicious Date in Indian Independence Fight and it is the same day when Mahatma Gandhi had announced the Nation-Wide Campaign 'Quit India' against ruling Britishers.

Wow what a spiritual coincidence that my first date with my future wife had been on the very same date.

I was at the Ram Niwas Bagh well before the designated time and of course that day my heart and my dreams and my fictionization was on another level.

Further it was a Monsoon Rainy day and it was raining fully and My Heart was simply singing the Song of 'Tip Tip Barish Ho Rahi Hain' from one of Aamir Khan's Film of that era.

Here the waiting started and she kept me waiting at least for an hour and of course my thoughts were getting filled with many 'If and Buts'. Suddenly my eyes were frozen by her glimpse; everything was frozen, the people around us, animals, trees, and plants were completely blurred for me and only the shining face my eyes were gazing at was her.

She came with another girl and not the usual Friend with whom she used to come to college by Bus and she introduced me to her as her elder sister 'Sha Di' and also she introduced herself as Vinita. I was still gazing at her continuously.

The Name had a twist and let me reveal you guys a little later.

During this introduction meeting, I still remembered a live scene of the then Most Famous Romantic Handsome Guy of our College Rishi and he was enjoying romantic rainy moments with one girl in one corner. Of course, I felt too jealous with a lot of inspiration and admiration.

We slowly moved to The Zoo Section of this Historical Garden there and we sat on a railing in front of one of the animal section. Indeed, from inside I was in Heaven Mode and further the Heart was beating in its fastest mode and of course my brain was listening to heart's music very clearly.

Her elder sister kept a small distance and sat on other side of the railing and we started conversing and still remembers How I was speaking rubbish and undoubtedly when looked back and I can certainly visualize that even I was a very raw animal in that zoo and of course wooing a girl had been out of my syllabus.

In that short conversation, she tried to know about me and of course without a single clue that she is taking interest in me or not. What I remembered the most was that I was just disclosing my love for her and eager to get married to her and of course it looks childish now whenever we

retrospect together.

A candid truth is also there that I was obsessive for her then and even now.

A good omen was there in the form of her sister Shadi who advised us for the next meeting at the same place very soon. That day and whole night I kept daydreaming for my Lady love and honestly even sexual fantasy was on its

height and of course that was the Maximum Limit Most of 90s Students used to attain in that Era.

If not missing, we met the next day again at the same place and of course the Elder Sister was also there as usual and on top of that one hour plus waiting. During this meeting I noted that she is finding the meeting bore and of course the credit goes to my inexperience of dealing with any girl.

After that meeting, she started ignoring such meetings further and of course I kept handing over letters and also kept chasing her behind the Bus and her Brown color Scooty which she bought during those days. Yes, I had been successful to locate her home as well as her Home Telephone number

Every day I used to call at least 4-5 times but hardly was able to have her online as most of the time her father or brother used to pick the phone. I also started visiting her home every 2-3 times a week in the hope to have a glimpse covering a distance of 15-17 kms from my residence in the evening time.

Indeed, I was No. 1 stubborn and sometimes I used to impose on her emotionally for the date and of course on Human Ground she used to say Yes. We used to have our such meetings in a street just opposite to Swai Mansingh Hospital (*the Main Govt. Hospital of Jaipur*) and it was also hardly

one km from our colleges.

Even in such meetings, I was a failure to charm her and also well remembered that we i.e. I, Vinita and Shadi had a cake ceremony on September 12 in the same street. Of course, Her Face was glowing and even mine as of the auspiciousness of the day and *of course Guys it doesn't mean that Romance got kindled at the Lady's Heart.*

But of course, my expenses i.e. scooter petrol, greeting cards, telephone calls, cake, new dresses etc etc. had started increasing and also my number of Tuition Classes to Number of Students. Here I would like to warmly remember **BPT** (Bureau of Professional Teachers) owner (*a Punjabi Guy but completely missing his name*) and he coordinated for me at least 2-3 students besides My Durgapura Friend Chacha Aka Rajendra Agarwal Nephew. Undoubtedly, he was a Financial Angel and also I became his favorite Teacher in due course of time.

As she started ignoring me and further heartbroken rumors were spreading about her having many boyfriends and my own near and dear college friends started raising questions about her.

Guys and **don't get surprised we are in the 90s Era** and not in Millennium 2000 where a girl can have many boyfriends beside girl gangs. Indeed and even, **I can state confidently** today that Girls and Boys can have Boyfriends and Girlfriends respectively as normal friends.

Let's focus Guys and let me **continue with the story** and as of that I **decided to defocus her** and embrace my studies and career seriously and sincerely.

No college classes, no other activities, no connection with that girl and just with books at Home.

During September/October 1993, it was during one of these months my parents were rushed to Udaipur as our grandmother's health got deteriorated suddenly and she was in coma and if not mistaken Nayan (my younger brother) also went with them and I was alone at home.

One day, one of my Friend Sitaram (who used to live near to my place) came to Home and updated that today is the last date of Final Year examination form submission. No choice and headed to college on his scooter and well-remembered that I was wearing khaki pants, black stylish shirt (from collection of my shirt business) with dark Aamir Khan style Black Sunglasses (which got famous from his first film Qayamat Se Qayamat) and of course with Patrick Paterson styled white shoes.

Why I remembered this dress from so many decades back and just **Keep your Heart High** as there is a dramatic Filmy Twist in the story just ahead.

Let's Freeze this scene and surf it with Cinematic Enthusiasm, Guys.

We both entered into Main Gate of our College Campus and all of sudden I had observed that somebody picked me from back of scooter with a loud bunch shout that this is the Guy and withing fraction of nano seconds I was in Air like Superman but of course shortly **I was on ground too like A Common Man** 😊😊.

Now, a crowd of Young Students (seems so) were around me and exercising with their legs and hands to my soft body like any Film Star of that Era do.

Indeed, those punches still remind me of Sunny Deol, Ajay Devgan, Akshay Kumar (famous Bollywood Action star of our Time).

Honestly, **they were beating me very well** and while beating I had been trying to get up and all of sudden somebody punched me very hard on my

eyes and My Favorite Black Glasses got broken down or more precisely it saved my eyes.

Before I sensed anything further, I had observed that the other guy was putting a sharp knife inside the knife folder and that made me look at my body and found that blood was starting to pour from my chest's side and immediately understood that this guy had stabbed me.

At that moment, **a power intruded on me**, I suddenly started running here and there to reach the Main Lobby of the college. While running I observed the really funny scene which is generally shown in Indian Cinema, where the Police are always running away from such a violent crowd.

At last, I was at our College Main Lobby and a lot of students came to me immediately including my college friends including Sita Ram and they especially Sitaram and Lakshmi Narayan ji sensed the situation and ordered me literally to get out of the place immediately.

Soon I was out of college on a Luna along Sita Ram and Lakshmi Narayan and of course I was in between them holding my chest from where bleeding was happening. It was just like the scene of the One of Most Timeless Film '3 Idiots' where two buddies had been taking another friend's father on a scooter to the hospital.

Just Visualize this scene Guys and even I can see smiles on all of your faces.

Sita Ram had been intelligent and had decided to take me to a clinic which was a few kms away from the College Campus otherwise a lot of questions might have been asked by Hospital Authority and even **they might have involved Police**. Soon we were at a Govt clinic at Barkat Nagar, Tonk Phatak area of the city and of course **here also Doctor enquired** about this stabbing but smartly again Sitaram told him that he fell at home on a sharp object and as of that this cut got happened.

The doctor got convinced although he was suspicious and 5 stitches were taken on my chest and during this stitching session, Lakshmi Narayan decided to be present to boost my morale. Still can remember how he got unconscious after two stitches as he could not manage to see that surgical process.

After a few seconds Lakshmi was back in action and even my bandage was done and we all left to my home and of course with Big Relief, As my bandage was done, my friends left me at home. Still not clear to me as well as to these friends why this happened to me today at College.

My friends called from home to their other college friends and they learnt from them that there had been a student named Jagdish Rao (**from Jaat community**) who had been contesting for our College President Post which was scheduled after a few days. He was also fair skin with a little similar look and height.

Further that day he was wearing Black Shirt and as of that opposition candidate's supporter misunderstood me as Jagdish Rao and as of that **I was well beaten** 😊😊 and of course once you are in hand of a mob, they don't miss any chance to sharpen their beating skills despite or despite not they recognize that the caught person is not the same one.

It's simple Jungle Rule, Guys.

My friends left me alone after some time informing my neighborhood buddy who used to live just down on the Ground floor to take care of me.

After a few hours I received a call from my Parents on the same day informing me that My Grandmother is no more and asked me to join for her cremation. Of course, I had to lie and told them that I was under severe fever and couldn't travel at all and then asked me to come later on as soon

as I get well.

Meanwhile Puneet advised me that let we get for evening walk with a shawl around me at our Apartment Campus so No Uncles and Aunties get suspicious of my beating and let them **not inform my parents** and make them more worried in this emotionally challenging time of family.

Next Day all Newspapers (Jaipur region) were having front page headlines about the college riot with mention of a student **Chinmay Choudhary** had been stabbed during yesterday's election riot in Maharaja College. One of my neighbors, Manohar Aunty, came **to me to verify** that it's me or not. I clarified to her that Aunt, my name is Chinmay Vardhman and not Chinmay Choudhary.

As of that, I and Puneet made a **ritual to take a small walk a few times every day** at our Apartments Colony.

How can I forget my grandmother who had blessed me with Name Chinmay Vardhman which had saved me from Newspapers embarrassment during this tough time. Undoubtedly that **was her blessing** although she was not more among us physically and meanwhile, I had been talking to my parents every day on phone who were at Udaipur for my Grandmother's death ceremonies.

The story was getting written by Almighty and of course as I always state that He is **the Most Effective and Competent Timeless Scriptwriter**.

As shared you earlier that I became famous among my friends and other college guys that I am always at Bus Stop of our College during college time and one day my School Friend Salluadin (with whom had been to Shimla Trip) came to college to meet me at Bus Stop area. He could not find me there and he asked other students there about me.

One of the students started conversing with him and updated him in detail about the violent attack on me. Fortunately, or unfortunately during that conversation, My Dream Girl was coming out of college campus with her sister and that student immediately pointed out to her, telling her that because of her, Chinu got stabbed badly.

He lost his temper and went to her on the other side of the Road and started shouting Brutally ‘Have you gone mad? How embarrassing are you? How shameless a person you are? ...and many more and further told her sharply that because of you he got beaten harshly and further was stabbed with a knife.

Whenever my wife today recalls this incident and tells that she was shocked and got frozen completely with Salluadin Shouting and of course now we laugh a lot on this.

Let’s get back to the story.

He asked her if she is ashamed even a little bit, you should visit him on immediate basis and with me and by this time she and her sister **were completely hypnotized by his scolding** and without thinking twice they followed him **(of course a complete stranger)** in Public Bus to be at our Home.

Indeed, and now the temperature on Salluadin face was getting normal.

Someone has rightly stated that Friends are Monsters or in **our Indian Languages** we state that *‘Dost Kamine Hotein Hein.’*

Meanwhile, one of my college friends (not remembering who) called home and updated that my Girl is on way home along Salluadin and further ad-

vised me to pretend that I had been beaten and wounded very hard by her.

As soon as I put down the phone and of course heart beating was again on Mount Everest and it took a few seconds before I could absorb this thrilling news. I organized the chaos in every corner of our home keeping in mind that she is coming home for the first time and started looking from our windows about her arrival along Salahuddin.

I Kept the entrance door open so that I wouldn't get up to open it when they arrived.

After some time, I could see Salahuddin and Girls along with him and immediately I rushed to our Drawing Room Divan (*a single bed style sitting*) and wrapped me in a blanket.

Ting Tong Tin Ton, the Bell Rang.

My heart wanted her to welcome her with open arms and further I could listen to my heartbeat crystal clear. My heart was very happy as God blessed my wish. As stated, you guys earlier a few times I always wanted to be in the creative field and of course it's time to demonstrate my active prowess.

I spoke loudly but in an animated grim voice **'Door is open and pls come in'**.

Salluadin entered into the room first but eyes were just waiting for the Breeze i.e. My Girl and of course the Girl with her sister entered the room and from inside my Heart was in dancing mode but as a good actor on face, I had been showing that I am in deep pain.

Salluadin started asking about the incident and how I was feeling now and the Beautiful Girl with her sister sat on chairs which were just next to my bed.

It was a tough moment of pausing my happiness for her which was eager to erupt and further pretended that she seemed the main reason behind this knife stabbing as after all I had to develop a emotional soft corner for Chinu. Also updated her about my grandmother's demise and of course emotion had been ruling the ambiance on that meeting.

During this meeting she also revealed that her actual name is Manju and not Vinita but I insisted that I will keep addressing her as Vinita only as for me she was Vinita only.

Indeed, this meeting had been the turning point of my love journey. At least I was feeling like that but of course still a lot of turns are there.

As they left my home, I was on the seventh cloud and of course I was enthralled, fascinated with the moment. Here you guys can visualize the Moment with My Aamir Khan's Movie Song 'Pahla Nasha, Pahla Guman.'

Elections were also going on in college.

Meanwhile, I headed to my hometown Udaipur to attend my grandmother's 12th Day ceremony cum assembly and still stitches were its place. As soon as the said get together got over, I cut my stitches at Udaipur with my friend and also updated my parents about the whole incident.

Yes, they were in shock but simultaneously relieved that nothing serious happened and all is well now.

Let's get back to Jaipur and let Romance continue and now this journey is in its next phase.

Yes, we kept having consistent dates or more precisely meetings, phone calls and letters/ Greeting Card handover but still her perspective was not clear

to me. I was still missing something concerning love. She had been taking me as his good friend only, never indicating more than a friend.

We used to meet a lot of times at Olympiad Dhaba, near Laxmi Mandir Theatre on Tonk Phatak area (**now-a-days it is said that the theatre is no longer operational**), which was owned by Indian Olympian Gopal Saini. We used to enjoy the food and time there but her sister's presence always makes the meeting saltier (it's been my feeling always). Some time we used to meet at Gopal Bhaiyya Home (**Gopal Sharma used to be father's upcoming book publisher**) and some time we remember him a lot but lost contact completely now and **let's hope one day we meet him again to extend our gratitude in person.**

One time we had been to The Most Famous Theatre of Jaipur aka Raj mandir to watch the Movie 'The Rock' as my Lady Love had always been a Hard-Core Fan of Hollywood Movies. I still remember well that I carried homemade food with me so that we both could enjoy it. But she was enjoying and was too busy with the movie and **I was continuously staring at her** throughout the movie. Of course, it was me who had finished completely the home-made meal.

Dating was going on, **but still one-sided love.**

Uncertainty was dominating and had been growing day by day. The one-sided love with a lot of confusion and puzzles. One thing **still I can state with high intensity** that my love for her was too intense and I was very much clear that I had to spend whole life with her.

Maturity was **craving more and more space** in me during this time around and That was pushing me to figure out My Life Goal as well as about my career leading to it. 'Do something, Do something', these words always used to echo in my mind. I used to discuss this with some of my friends and well-wishers. Sometimes they used to laugh ironically.

Yes, **my mind was in search of something big** and I always wanted to be in the international business arena. During this time around only; My School Friend Jaisingh who was studying in Kazakhstan at time was in Jaipur and he came to college to meet me and **he also advised me seriously and sincerely**, to focus on Career.

Indeed, I got influenced so much by him and further some time here and there I used to get disturbing rumors of her link up with other boys and **it led me determined** on the same day to focus on my upcoming Final Year exams which were hardly 2-3 months away.

I strongly decided to make no more phone calls to her; besides, no meeting and letter exchange and you won't believe guys I kept completely away from my lady love for 10-11 days without any single communication.

Truly said that **if you are away from somebody whom you love or trust**, you realise its importance in life and of course some magic happened and one day she called to Rajendra Agarwal aka chacha at his home and enquired about me. My Chacha as True Friend rushed to my home with this message and of course my suppressed love got erupted again.

For the first time I strongly felt the love from the other side also and I was well back to Cloud Nine as usual and we were back to our Meetings and this time can state **'on Date'** although she was not so expressive but having her back in my life was enough for Chinu.

Sometimes, I used to share my ongoing thoughts and dreams with the so-called Vinita aka Manju, and she used to also laugh sometimes. But it increased my hunger more and wanted to do more and more in the International Business Domain. I had been on a very serious note and focused further for her so we can marry easily. She has been and will always be the very pivotal purpose of my life.

Before sharing more on this Love Story, let me **highlight two more important incidents** of that time.

Rajendra Agarwal also used to take tuitions and of course credit goes to BPT (**about which discussed earlier in this chapter only**) and he was also keen to be part of Export World. One of his Student's fathers (a retired Military Guy and schooling from National Wide Famous Bosco School, Matangia- Mumbai) was in Export Business and Rajendra requested him if he can train him and his friend Chinu.

He agreed to meet both of us and during the meeting **his unexpected demand** for a Huge Amount of Money set us back, but the ignition and hunger got wilder. Some time I used to be at My Neighbourhood Friend **Hemant Porwal's** home (very same guy who had blessed me the book which turned me back to Vegetarian) and just opposite to his house there used to be a Building of an Export House which was **always an inspiring and aspiring flame for me.**

Just for my readers, the word 'Export' **was a buzzing word** at that time and also Indian Govt. had been highly aggressive at that time to promote it with its favourable policies and ongoing continuous reforms.

One day I had been visiting the Telephone Booth/**STD-PCO Shop** (which was generally called at that time) to make a call to My Lady and just outside a shop a young lady in rural wear with one more Teenage Girl came to me. She started begging and telling me that she is pregnant and doesn't have any money to feed herself.

As a sensitive boy, I immediately handed over Rs. 10 (**which was certainly a reasonably good amount in that era**) and she turned back to move forward and I saw that she had been laughing and anybody can feel that she fooled me simply for that amount. Still remembers that very winning



Celestial buddy



Hemant

Porwal

Indore, India

A
High School &
A College Friend
Since Age
15 years.

My friend Chinmay has written an inspiring book that blends powerful management principles with a compelling personal journey.

More than a guide, it's a testament to leadership, resilience, and the human spirit.

Told in a biographical style, its lessons feel **real, relatable, and memorable** — proving that the best management wisdom comes from lived experience.

A must-read for anyone who wants to lead teams and live a meaningful life.

smile of her and of course a very hard lesson learnt and as of that **till now I double triple check** before making any charity/donation.

Life is a Teacher and Let **we keep Learning** and let we don't repeat those mistakes again.

Guys, don't get bored with the Intellectuality of above Para and let's continue with my Romantic Story.

One day I saw My Lady for the very first time in a short Mini Skirt and That was very much enough for the web of Anger and Jealousy to get weave. Further it was a very embarrassing moment for me to digest her in that look and further other boys were gazing at her non-stop.

Undoubtedly, she was looking more pretty in that costume, but, my conservative grooming had been raising a question again and again in my mind 'why for others'. We met that day and questioned her angrily about her dress and she replied with a smirked smile 'It's my life, My choice'.

She had and she **has always been A Fashion Icon** and Still She but of course wearing that costume in that Era was Before Time and today it is very much common everywhere.

In this span even I had started releasing that I had started getting more mature about my Career.

Further my final third-year exams were around and started focusing more on Books and also there was a pain of leaving College for forever. Indeed, Pain was **more for My Lady Love** who had been Two Years Younger than me and it means she had to be in Her College for Next Year Two further.

Will my bonding with her go a long way or not? ...such questions and many other questions were raising in my mind. In short, A Romeo Mind has been dominating and if not mistaken it happens when you love some-

one too much.

With such a state of Mind and of course with full focus on Books (as now career was getting important for me), we got over with Third Years Exams in May/June month, 1994.

Well soaked into Love and Flame of Making something Big... the Chinu was now on the path to becoming 'Chinmay'. It was the time to search '**MYSELF**' and to think over my existence on the earth.

After Three Years of Black Pages, The Real Exciting Journey Begins now and of course these Three Years have been my Foundation Years which has programmed my next 50 Year of my ongoing as well as well upcoming journey.

Now when I look back on this Era of My Journey and of course feels how the dots had been/have been connecting today as of that. Further I have been realising deep down that why I am and have become a serious student of Time Management and maybe that I **am always in hurry to compensate those lost Three Years of Black Pages.**

Guys, Turn the Page and **Get in Tune for the Next Chapter** Where Nirvana happened to Chinu to become Chinmay.

Management Lesson

...

Dark Phase/Blank Pages

always make
your FOUNDATION for

Future Strong

and

you realize it after a few years when you RETROSPECT.

Indeed,

they are

the best teachers

of the journey.



UNCONDITIONAL FUN



Chapter 20:

NIRVANA AND HERE THE JOURNEY GETS ITS PURPOSE

Third Year Results was in the Year and its First Division, and of course not at the Barometer of Parent's Satisfaction and **somewhere even I was perplexed at it.**

The question was on continuous hammering at our dining table consistently about my career. My parents, especially my father, were **highly nervous and suspicious** of my future too. *His expectation for me kept me also bothering.*

Apart from all, my collegemates were adopting the right path concerning their careers and further they had started working in that direction also. But I wasn't and still very much confused.

After BSc. without any enthusiasm and without any clarity on future, I took admission again to an MA (Economics) at Rajasthan University

under my Father's guidance and influence.

The Rajasthan University campus was certainly a huge one and landscaping was quite enchanting and as usual very rarely attended classes there but of course my love story was going on. My bewildered heart: she still stayed at Maharani College for her studies for 2 more years.

Of course, love is a kind of essence that is never affected by distance but even it shines more with it.

Lots of dating, togetherness, hand in hand and M A first year and it seems very *Cinematic for all of you Guys*.

It's not been easy as apprehensions **used to knock hard** in my mind very frequently during these Time Span and Many questions were still unanswered.

What will happen to my career? How will it happen? **How will I get to Marry** My Love as she is from a different Branch of Hinduism and I, from a Jain family?

At the same time simultaneously my childhood memories, learning, incidents and inspiration; **all were in flaming mode again** from inside to do something big and Memorable at My Journey.

It was Year 1995 and furthermore or less Ten Thousand rupees monthly in my hand from a series of Tuitions was keeping me financially stable at least. Here I would like to thank my lady love, her support and of course, my tuition. Six to Seven hours in a day, I used to teach 5 to 6 students a day.

Here, I had assurance that **money could be gained** but with a question striking consistently 'Will I have to shape Teaching as my professional career?

Indeed, today is **the Digital Era** where I see Byju and Aakash with their apex success and I always remember my Those Days of my Tuition. Hopefully, I would have the thought certainly to have Entrepreneurship in that Digital Education But unfortunately, it wasn't in existence in that era.

What is he doing right now? This question was consistently knocked on our doors by peers, relatives and friends too, which was enough to keep me under pressure.

Honestly My Memoir to MA First Year is very much blank and cannot recall any Educational Sessions of the University campus except, well remembering that My Lady used to come some time at University to meet me. of course, we used to have our Dates 3-4 times a week and undoubtedly in presence of your Elder Sis Shadi 😊😊.

During such moments I also used to share my Dreams, My Frustration and Flame to Do Something and today when she retrospect and reminds me of my dreams with her in those golden days, I stand a bit puerility.

No Doubt when you dream with **a force and positive attitude**, the mind manifests the dreams into reality and today I can endorse the same also strongly.

One year passed like Fraction of A Time Cell and Now I got admitted to Second Year/Final Years of My Masters (MA) and of course got First Division in First Year.

Meanwhile, a U-turn knocked heavily into my life and **twisted my life altogether** and That's why it is always stated that Life is A Beautiful Roller Coaster which has its **own swing with ups and downs** plus **Life changing Twists**.

As stating frequently that My College Days and even my University Era

had been A Black Out Chapter in terms of My Education and Career Journey.

And all sudden **you have A Golden Ray and Life change**, and now when I look back and very strongly feel the same.

During that period, one of my close friends from Udaipur came to Jaipur and stayed at our home and further learnt from him that some MBA sessions are going to commence in an institute affiliated with an American University in Jaipur.

Also, its Admission process was simple and straight and by knowing that I was delighted as I got a golden key on the right track at the right time for my bright future.

We both headed towards the institute.

Bald head, lean body, leadership quality, promptness and with excellency at English communication; Mr Ravi, the director of that institute, addressed us with the best ways to execute the work with some precautions. He told us about the curriculum, faculties, future, prospects etc.

We were thoroughly impressed by the minutes of meetings and immediately filled out the admission form. And further I gave a formal entrance exam on the spot and got cleared.

My father disagreed when I put the whole episode in front of him and further, he was concerned of the said Institute Credibility as private schools **(in higher education)** in that era was a very new concept and **also a psychological taboo**.

I tried to convince him and promised him to return the High Fee of said institution with my own earned money in due course of time and at the end **he agreed half-heartedly**.

Table Calendar pages flipped and it's been more than 45 days since my friend continued to stay at our home. Such a long stay was enough and of course it was visible clearly on My Father's eyes and further it was getting redder with every day passing on with his stay.

My parents were uncomfortable with his presence and whispered to me many times about his leaving as I could not manage to tell my friend to see a new place to stay.

“Dear Mister, now you have to manage another place for your stay and further study,” my father addressed my friend with overcoming his erupted volcano and with a calm voice.

I was feeling ashamed at that moment. But somewhere my father was right and further It is rightly said, “when something is surpassed and of course is not good for anyone or anything.”

This is **My Personal Opinion Guys** and I always follow it strictly even till now i.e. “when you respectfully want to stay somewhere either it's your relative's or friend's house, stay there with courteous timeline always i.e., 3-5 days maximum or it would be better if you do not stay.”

Indeed, and even today **I always prefer to stay in a hotel** instead of any friend's home or relative's home to make sure that I never face any such embarrassing situation and also it always reminds me of our 10th class New Delhi vacation's ugly memories. **(pls ready earlier chapter to recall it)**

My friend got shifted to a Jain hostel in the next few days and the said Boys hostel was hardly 4-5 kms from our residence, and here, the positive point had been that our Friendship did not get spoiled at all.

Of course, when the foundation of any relationship is **Friendship** and then undoubtedly basic camaraderie never changes and till today, we are in continuous touch with each other.

Whenever I Retrospect This Moment and of course I can rechristen it as my **Nirvana Point** and of course Here begins the journey of Chinu into evolving as **Chinmay Vardhman**.

Undoubtedly it was the Time of Self-Recognition and Self-Build.

“If **you cannot manage yourself**, it is impossible to **manage your own life and Aspired Professional Journey** irrespective of whether you pursue a higher degree in management from any reputed college or university”.

One very Fine Day my father hammered out those words on me with the Highest Level of Sarcasm and of course it was very impactful which shook me from inside profoundly.

That was my very much so called ‘**Nirvana Point**’ of my Life Journey.

Those words of My Father were very much enough to engrave the word ‘Determination’ into My DNA and My Mind for Forever and still remember that very same night when I promised myself and from that time onwards, I started manifesting sincerely to make 360-degree changes in my personality and persona.

How to embrace Change as making dramatic changes means High Level of Pain and Resistance from the inner side itself.

For that My Magic Action Therapy and Strategy was to rekindle my inner flame through remembering my all-past personal bitter experiences and further recalling every day My Father’s sharp arrowed words.

Slowly and gradually my foundation of Self Building had started construction brick by brick.

As a result, my only and only Focus had shifted on my study for MBA and was determined to learn each and every word of the curriculum from soul.

No friends, No relatives and No socialization and No roaming further unnecessarily, and more precisely, I had determined to have A Monk Life with High Level of Focus on My journey of Nirvana.

Of course, How can I forget my Heart which has always been a source of fuel and of course I kept some space in my window for grabbing my lady love's hand in my hand simultaneously.

MBA Session commenced and it was going smoothly on every Business Day evening and sometimes also started getting to be at MA second-year lectures at the University in the morning session. Also, **every day I had been taking 3-4 Tuitions** also as at the end I had to take my financials to support my MBA course and other personal expenses.

All sessions listened very attentively by Chinmay in Making. My mind was on the target all time. All books and study materials were roaming 24X7 in my mind and only and only focus was to evolve myself dramatically to March towards my Aspiration to do something Memorable.

Times of India and Economic Times started knocking on my doors daily replacing Hindi Newspapers. The practice of reading the newspapers had become a very unbreakable part of my life with breakfast and lunch.

Well-known English dictionaries like Oxford further added beauty to my study desk for learning new words.

Also, I had become a sincere student of Time Management and that helped me a lot in undertaking too many tasks in a single day and some time when I look back and still don't believe how lethargic I used to be as Chinu and even my old school and college friends don't believe it as well.

Guys please note and further **I also admit** that I am basically too lazy from Nature and it is my inner flame which keeps making me so sincere at the aspired journey.

Here I advise my Young Readers that *Always Keep nurturing your inner flame* which will be **the Driving Force** to let you Keep Marching Ahead always towards **your Aspired Destination**.

Yes, everything had been going well now and further One of my school friends Ravi Pareek also joined the said curriculum. *My School Friendship cheered once again.*

I was average at English vocal communication and of course the reason had been my lack of Confidence and Practice and as of that **the Performance behind the Podium** further was even more pathetic.

The curriculum also desired a series of **inclusive sessions and group communications** on a weekly basis and whenever such sessions used to happen; I always faced backwards and further always used to keep myself behind the curtain.

The Inner flame had been my best buddy during those days (**and even today**) and it started **motivating me to overcome this obstacle** and finally I had started practicing hard in front of the mirror and even in the shower.

Finally, slowly and gradually my English communication started to excel in spoken English and started participating at various debate, extempore, sessions. Of course, in the beginning it was always a stumbling one but with due course of time I had got polished and polished.

In short, Golden Words always Bless Magic i.e.,

Keep Practicing always to remain at the journey of continuous improvisation and excellency.

Further, Self-discipline and self-management had become an immersive practice in my life and even today they are my Mentor and keep me grounded. My chronograph of the day started to alarm at 3:30 am every day and of course till today.

Study, Study, Study, My love, My love, My love and Tutions, Tutions, Tutions and complete desocialization.

I used to have a very super-duper hectic schedule in that transition phase and further I could see myself as a New, Energetic, Polished Chinu that was never ever before.

Let's focus on the MBA Institute itself.

There were 25 to 30 students in my class. Some of the gems are still in touch; Ravi Parikh, one of my childhood friends and the other is **Lakshmi Kant ji** beside **Yogesh Pagaria** of Udaipur.

While mentioning his name and immediately His Persona evolved in front of my eyes like 3D Projection and of course he had always been a Happy-G0-Lucky Guy with flabby and food hungry body. He used to smoke many cigarettes a day and was an *Artistic in curling smokes in the Air* 😊 😊.

Lakshmi Kant ji had been from Madurai (Tamil Nadu) and was working as Finance Manager in one factory of Giant ITC (**Imperial Tobacco company**).

I remember very well that we used to share the same bench in the class and our bond became strong with due course of time. He is still in my radius. He taught me a lot about the corporate world.



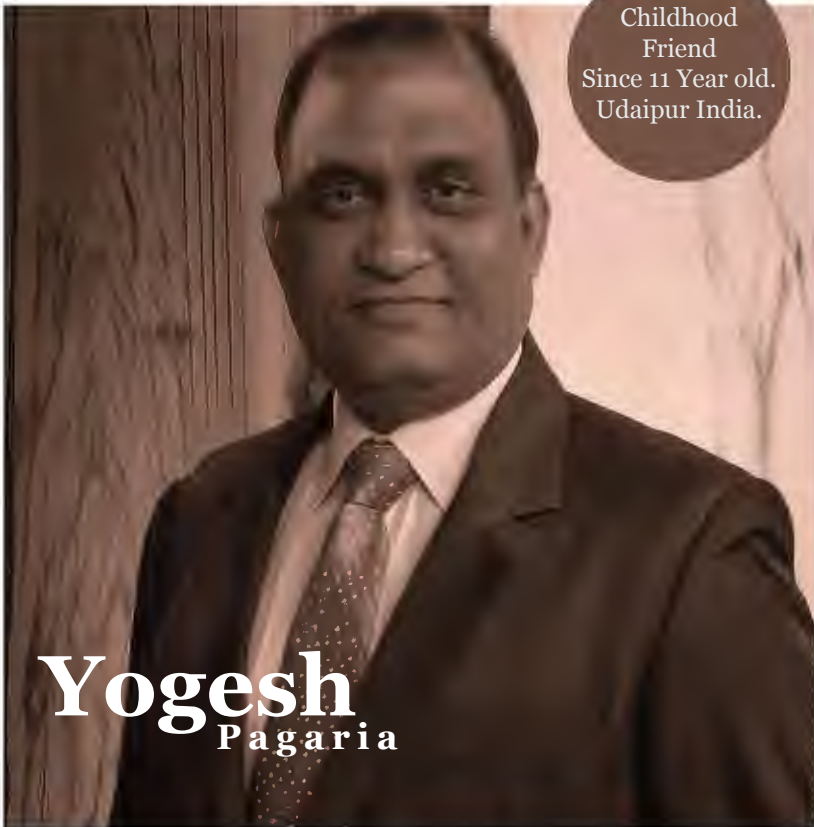
Celestial buddy

For me and many others, Chinmay is a powerhouse of energy, positivity, and inspiration. I'm blessed to call him my childhood friend—always reliable and ready to guide. His ability to create impact is rare, whether for friends, family, or professionals.

From him, I learned patience, discipline, punctuality, and how to stay positive through failures. During our MBA, his encouragement helped me turn a low point into an “A,” shaping my personal and professional path and later inspiring me to pursue Law and Journalism.

This book captures his encounters, challenges, and wisdom.

A must-read for anyone seeking inspiration. Truly, a true friend is the greatest blessing.



I was very fortunate enough to have my very first formal visit to the very first Corporate Office and Factory experience under his leadership. He showed me **the way the corporate office and the factory work** at Any Formal Business Ambiance.

It was an overwhelming experience for me. His contributions and support had been highly appreciable, and we keep speaking about the same whenever we speak live on phone. *Love you Always*, Lakshmikant ji.

A few Years back he even came to My Hometown Udaipur and of course it made me joyous while having him at Home. He is now very much a Fitness Freak and keeps participating all over the world at various Body Building championships.

He certainly deserves a big salute for the way he had transformed himself from a lethargic body to a highly active body.

Sorry Guys for getting to Present Days of *My Buddy Lakshmikant ji* and **let's jump back to MBA Institute days.**

A group of extroverted students were also there in my class who used to actively participate in every session and other extra-curricular activity of the institute. Yes, I always used to envy them and further, it also used to fuel me to stretch extra to outpace them one day.

Am I being able to and for this Question:

Time only can gauge

Guys focus on a very **Handsome and Charismatic personality**, 60 years old, the President and Vice Chairman of an Engineering company (**Punsu-mi India Ltd., Jaipur**) was also one of the most influential faculties at our institute. His name was Sri HC Chopra and he used to teach us in evening



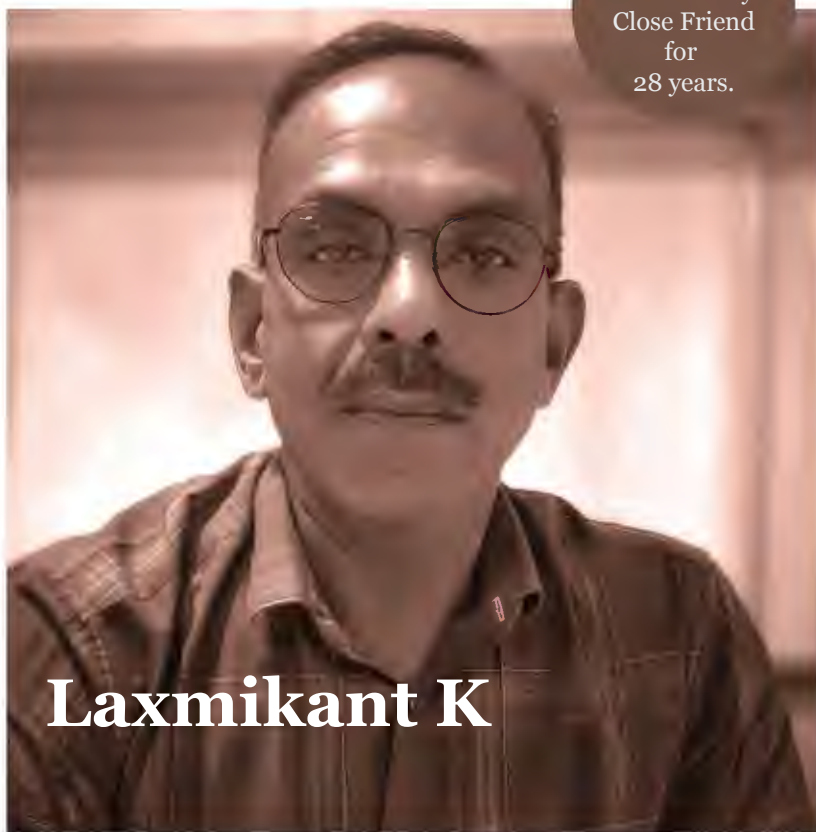
Celestial buddy

As you step into this powerful new chapter of authoring management books, I look back to 1995 — the laughter, intense career discussions, and bold dreams that laid the foundation of your extraordinary journey.

You have never been just a friend. You are my first Management Guru, a brother in spirit, and a force of inspiration for 28 years. Your clarity, conviction, and leadership continue to command respect and ignite ambition in everyone around you.

May your words shape minds, your vision influence generations, and your success rise to the highest levels.

First
Management
Guru & Very
Close Friend
for
28 years.



Laxmikant K

sessions and his teaching skills were unmatched, a top-notch quality.

I always enjoyed his sessions. I was fortunate enough to do the internship under his guidance after my first year. I was very attracted to his aura, workability, promptness and way of teaching.

I am not sure if you are alive or not. But wherever you are, you will always remain an Icon and let your students always carry your legacy and value systems. Your Chinmay is your Brand Ambassador till I am on this Planet. Love you, sir. **I miss you, sir.**

The Indian business industry was growing, and I was still doubtful about my placement and career after my MBA. Further International Business Drumbeat was in Air by the Indian Govt. keeping in mind the ongoing *Forex Crisis in the Indian Economy.*

Further My Father was also pushing me for the same being An Economist by Profession and also, I was pulled towards the import and export business as I felt strongly it is **also a Podium** to serve Motherland and of course Indian Army is not the only venue for which I was aspiring strongly during my High School Days.

With this intuition cum intention, I was *enthusiastically determined* to have hands in International Business.

That was also A Motivating Factor to have my internship at Punsumi India Ltd. **(where my Charismatic sir was the President of the company)** which was also involved in International Business. Indeed, all my internship there was related to the Export and Import business and of course you can say that the seeding was ploughed there only for me to become a part of the International business world.

Today I can state with spiritual pride that My Synopsis related this In-

ternship proved completely wrong as Indian Statistics speaks completely against it. Yes, I had projected in that Thesis that **India's Economy will become \$ 30 Billion Economy** by 2011 and of course *today we are on way to become A Five Trillion Dollar Economy.*

Also, I am sure and proud to continuously observe that before I leave this Planet Earth, **India will become No.2 or No. 3 economy in world.** Here, I am very thankful to my father and sir of course for making me A Soldier to the Memorable Indian Economy journey.

Thank you so much.

Time to have Romance Back which was always riding High during these formative years of Chinmay.

A skinny man, a lawyer and the owner of the STD/PCO extended **his support 24X7** for connecting me with my love. During those days calling from home meant suspicion in the parents' eyes and further their eyebrows could get More Designer 😊😊 as of High Bill and as of that **the STD/PCO was A Temple for me.**

Guys especially **Z Generation**, pls google out **the History of STD/PCO** and it will support you for better understanding of this Temple.

I was one of the most prominent customers of his shop, who kept his money box warm. In retrospect, when I computed it, 40% to 60% of my total earnings from tuition were spent on calling my ladylove, my future wife. The skinny man would open the door for me at odd times. Here Heartily **I would like to express my warm gratitude to him** for his loving support.

One day, we decided to have our Date at the Raja Park area in Jaipur which was the High Spot area of an influential part of society besides Love

Birds. As usual, she was not on time and of course my eagerness to see her increased my heartbeat.

Finally, I decided to confirm whether she was coming for our romantic date or not and at the same time **my eyes were frozen** on the road and continuously checking on her arrival.

A STD/PCO was there in front of me, across the road and in the very next few seconds I was there to call her. As I entered the said STD/PCO, a neat and clean man in white attire with a tilak on his forehead with a long white beard and a small pony on the back of his head was sitting on the owner's chair.

He smiled at me and of course his smile was a very intriguing one and still can visualize it very lively. Still, I don't know why and it might be some karmic connection of our respective past lives and further he asked me to listen to this **Beautiful Poem written by him.**

You guys also read it from your soul and surf it 2-3 times to have deep intense meaning.

तुम आशा के दीप अमित ज्योतिर में बनना,
तुम स्वदेश के लिए सदा सदपथ पे चलना,
तुम गुलाब के फूल, नहीं कांटों से डरना,
तुम चलना तो सदा तो धैर्य साहस से चलना ।

- चिनमय वर्धमान

*Be the lamp of endless hope and radiant
light*

*Walk always on the noble path for your
motherland's right*

*Bloom not just as the rose, but embrace the
thorns too*

and

*when you walk, let courage and patience
carry you.*

- Chinmay Vardhman

With due respect, I took his permission and noted down the poem instantly. He blessed me for keeping the poem as a treasure. This poem has become my morning 'Mantra' like you people offer prayers, medication, bhajan etc. Like many other poetry and motivational sounds **This Poem gives me A Morning Boost every day.**

Undoubtedly Never Ever Met that Spiritual Soul again and it is truly said that some time some gentleman/gentlemen cross your Life to bless A Turn to your journey and very *same I can state for this Gentleman to my journey.*

Around the same time and as discussed earlier, Foreign Exchange was becoming more pivotal for India in those days and one day a beautiful and energetic poem about A specific Indian Army Regiment was there in Economic Times.

This motivational anthem got stuck in My Mind and Soul as it states a lot about many unspoken emotions of that time. Not remembered well in how many days but I had adopted those words in terms of **Indian Economy and its contributors** i.e., Economic Soldiers.

Here, I would like to share with you all too. Whenever I rhyme with the poem which I do every day ritually, I feel more energetic and motivated and further my patriotism gets more polished and younger.

आर्थिक सीमाओं पे डटे जवान,
रेजिमेंट ऑफ एकोनोमी की हम हे शान

हमारे हाथों में बिजली है, पेरों में हे तुफ़ान,
हम हे अंतराष्ट्रिय व्यापार के पेरी

दूश्मन की गलत चालों को करते हैं नाक.
म, हमारे चलने से आती है धरती पे सुख
समृद्धि

हमारे फोलादी कन्धों पर टिकी है देश की
आन, हम से टकराये दूनिया में किस में हे
दम

सारे भारतवासी करते हैं, करेंगे
हमारा गुणगान

रेजिमेंट ऑफ एकोनोमी की हम हे शान

- चिनमय वर्धमान

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF HINDI POEM

*On the borders of economy stand
our Brave Men*

*We are the pride of the Regiment of
Economy again and again*

*Power flows through our hands and storms
rest in our stride*

*We defeat every deceit of foes
with patriotic pride*

*Our march brings prosperity upon this
sacred land*

*On our iron shoulders rests the nation's
stand*

*Who dares challenge us in
the world's grand game?*

*Every Indian sing and
will sing our name always!*

*We are the pride of
the Regiment of Economy*

Jai Hind!

- Chinmay Vardhman

I am very thankful for these bubbling episodes of my life that carry a significant role in making my foundation.

During my MA in Economics, I was familiar with the importance of Economics, and I decided to take Marketing and HR in my second year.

Now undoubtedly, my vision has new rays. I started to read books related to Marketing. The way I saw the world had changed. I was able to understand the value of everything that passed through me. I connected with my Graduation and the subjects I was rolling on.

Economic Times, here I would like to say was **My Brahmastra**. I used to read every article in the Economic Times minutely. I saw and observed many drastic changes in the history of the Indian Economy. The newspaper “Economic Times” supported me a lot to see the world in broad ways. I feel **blessed and thankful to God** for making me witness to the ongoing revolutionizing changes of Indian Economy during that Time Span of that era.

Sometimes I discuss with my children about my generation and tell them that we are the lucky Sandwich Generation who had not only witnessed Old India but also continuously witnessing the continuous fast changing India which kicked off its journey from Year 1991.

Indeed, I feel blessed.

In those days, I used to read many books and newspapers which I also do even now and used to start participating in debates, extempore and sessions that helped me a lot in grooming my persona and overall personality. Further my English-Speaking capability is getting more and more Polish and Fluent.

My wings were open fully and further my shyness was gone and now my self-confidence was shining mode and that was pushing continuously to keep excelling at my aspired journey.

Indeed, A New Chinmay emerged after this whole Two-Year MBA session. The span was very transformative. Here, the lord was shaping the mud on wheels and was making a beautiful pot out of the lump.

Here, I could see my foundation and the seed for international business was grooming and nurturing inside me strongly and further, My inner flame and determination was boosting the flame of this fire to be in International Business only and only.

During that time, Many of My Ex School and College Mates have started settling with their family business or with their other professional aspirations. I was the only exception waiting for an opportunity in the International Business Arena.

Under family pressure and for an interview at least, I prepared myself for an interview in a Pharma company Elli Lilly (American Multinational). I went and then my guts turned my feet back without appearing.

Perhaps my heart was echoing only and only: **International Business, International Business, International Business** and as of that (if not mistaken) I was the only Student of that Batch who was without any job/profession/Business after completion of MBA Course.

I was sitting at home idly.

Here my **Father's Golden Words** (stated below) which he used to motivate me till his last Breath kept me going even in this Time.

“Education is an infinite journey of learning. It helps us to walk along with new generations and challenges and further it innovates you to remain relevant in any highly volatile and competitive scenario.”

Further my father always used to cite an example of Dr. Rahul Gupta Bhaiyya (a well-known cancer specialist at Jaipur only) and further he was the son of Gupta Uncle who was our neighbor (at Udaipur) and also my Ramesh Uncle’s College Teacher.

Whenever we used to visit Rahul Bhaiyya at his home and His Working Desks used to have a lot of Books. He always used to tell us that he always keeps reading whenever Time Permits and, in this way, he keeps updating himself Professionally.

Honestly and of course, Rahul Bhaiyya as first-hand example inculcated consistent reading habits and studies in me and of course it’s my Daily Ritual and without that my Day never gets complete.

It is much better to be alive reading something than being dead with suffocating worldly customs.

Let’s back to the most flaming Question of the Moment of That Timeline i.e. my desire to be one of the International Business Professionals but with question marks **‘Where’, ‘How’ and ‘When’**.

Indeed, It was a revolutionary era concerning the Indian business economy with very instant changes and innovations, but job opportunities were lower in the chart.

Meanwhile I tried a few companies (who were in **Exporting Business**) in Jaipur to join them as interns and here I noticed these companies were very

insecure about new freshers, job experience etc. etc.

I also approached a gentleman with one of my friends, Rajendra Agarwal aka Chacha and he used to state to my friend that he runs an Export company and in that era any firm with Export Tag was visualized like An Elite Company.

Instead of giving us a stipend to join us, his intern asked both of us Rs.10k (**Note 10K was a big money at that time**) and we decided not to get into his trap.

After a few months we learnt that he was a fraud and here we were genuinely blessed to keep ourselves safe.

Guys I missed to share with you one aspect; during my MBA I did a correspondence course on Export Import Business and it supported a lot to understand at least the Technical Terms related to this world.

Of course, it supported me a lot when I had my very first job and before that I also started speaking to Seminars as Guest Faculty on Import Export Arena as of that.

I still remember my **very first session to Sri Ganganagar** and of course it was my very **first public appearance** and also to be on the Podium as A Speaker. The organizers bore my travelling, accommodation and food expenses and of course it felt like being a celebrity.

The way I presented myself at the podium, people were very excited and overwhelmed with my performance and knowledge at the age of 24 years.

I still remember the echoes of clapping in the hall that boosted me with the fuel of energy and confidence that **“Yes, I can do... I can do it.”** Only you need the right podium for expressing yourself.

Meanwhile, I was invited by the same organizers in the same context; now the destination was Bikaner, Rajasthan (India).

As my father was posted there before; so, it was too easy for me to attend the seminar as a speaker. Again, I fetched lots of respect and love during the event. People were coming to me after the event and **being the centre of attraction** also let me feel spiritually elevated.

During the seminar, A young guy equal to my age (not able to recall his name completely) and just remembered his Family Name i.e. Khajanchi ji took me to his factory where they were manufacturing ceramic pots. I deeply remember he had given me a few ceramic pots as memento in the seminar.

Those precious gifts are still adorning my home. Whenever I see the pots, all retrospectives come on the canvas of my mind with some beautiful vibrancy.

Only a repentance; I have forgotten the full name and face of the person who gifted me the pots. But the memories are still alive with freshness. Unfortunately missed his contacts and That's why I always admire social media of this Digi world where you can remain in touch with any one throughout life.

I wish I could meet Khajanchi ji again and let the Almighty make it happen one day.

As updated in last pages that I was determined for International Business Arena and was looking for right opportunity cum opening and meanwhile as of that one of my MBA mate Siddharth Agarwal (his family was owing **Autopal Ltd. which was** very famous then at Jaipur) referred me to his Engineering College friend who started **an IT Training Institute in**

Jaipur named “**Aptech**”.

He advised me to join so I would keep getting exposed to real hand marketing experience till I join my preferred organization of International Business Segment.

In the next few days I was on Board at Aptech Podium and of course the Young Entrepreneur cum Team Leader of the said organization was Tech Savvy with sharp Mind. His Name was **Mr. Amit Jain** and of course still very same Name. 😊😊.

His statement still echoes at my Brain and Soul ‘Join us and do whatever you want to do creatively and expand Business Periphery beside your own learning’.

Undoubtedly such a statement to any Fresher who had just completed his MBA Program is Highly Motivating and That’s why I still respect him from soul and will always respect him.

Love you Amit ji and Keep Blessing always as you always do even till Now.

I worked with him closely for next 2-3 months as part of His Marketing Team and He always used to pat me with his trust and belief that **Chinmay**; you can do it.

With due course of Time, we became good friends with mutual respect and This Friendship is still very much intact and spiritual.

Meanwhile while being at Aptech Institute with Amit ji I kept searching for opportunities at the International Arena as this was my ultimate destination of that time.



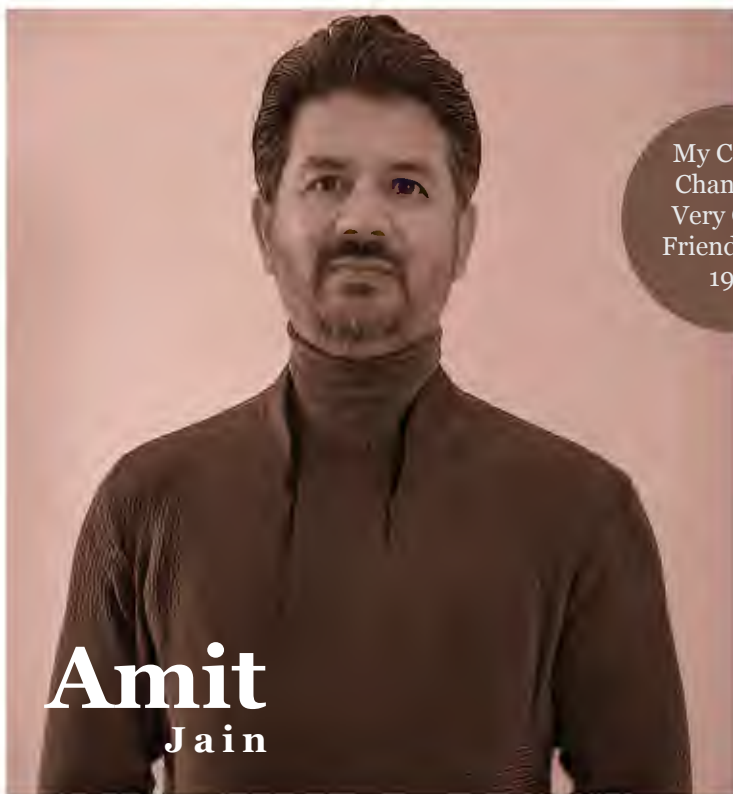
Celestial buddy

I have had the privilege of knowing Chinmay for over 25 years and witnessing the extraordinary journey that has shaped both as the person & the professional he is today.

I still remember the day he came to me, confused, looking for guidance on a significant career move or for advice concerning the challenges of his love life :)

His journey is more than just a recounting of events—it reflects resilience, growth & the courage to keep evolving on all fronts.

What stands out most is not only the remarkable milestones achieved in his career, but also the deep personal & spiritual transformation that shines through his vlogs. His story is inspiring, authentic, and a gentle reminder that true success lies in balance—between ambition & humility, achievement & inner peace.



My Career
Changer &
Very Close
Friend since
1997

Amit
Jain

Here, I would like to say, as an angel, **one of my cousins Chayan** (*Guys you know him well i.e. Four Buddies of Childhood Chinmay, Dinmay, Chayan and Nayan*) came to Jaipur for our home stay for a while. He often used to scan the stuff and things that were around at our home and used to witness the spread of stress and instability to my career even after completion of MBA Programme.

He advised me to come to Udaipur for A Change and also can address some seminars and events which used to held frequently at Udaipur under canopy of Udaipur Chamber of Commerce where his Father (**My Uncle**) Ramesh ji Choudhary used to be Secretary of the Governing Board.

Note: he was aware that I had started visiting other cities to address Seminars related to International Business.

I still remember that stay of My Cousin as he was also there with us at Jaipur, when A Very Shocking and Painful news spread on every news channel, newspapers and all media and still remembers the Date i.e., it was August 31, 1997.

“Princess Diana was No More”.

I felt immense pain hearing the news in the very same way as had when our former Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi ji was assassinated. She was one of the world's most famous, significantly influencing personalities and A Fashion Icon. The whole world loved her and of course, I loved her too.

Here all readers must be noticing how I have jumbled up from my own life journey to Princess Diana demise. Undoubtedly **it is important to share** with you especially with Millenium Kids who can also feel **the Magnetic Persona of The Lady Diana** how influential she was to the whole world Youth of That Era and why she is still so popular even after so many decades.

Time to resume my Journey Again and **of course Clock was running.**

After some time, my cousin Chayan again headed back to his home at Udaipur and just after a few days he called me to be part of an International Business Seminar which was going to be held at **Udaipur Chamber of Commerce and Industries (UCCI), Udaipur.**

Further, he advised me that it could be a Golden Opportunity and of course just after 1-2 days I was at Udaipur. During that time, my uncle i.e., my cousin Chayan's father Ramesh Choudhary was General Secretary (later he became President also) of UCCI and further he was very active at this Podium.

They kept a special session for me. A few MIB (**Master of International Business**) students from Sukhadia University were also there to attend the seminar. Again, with the grace of God, I presented myself in a meaningful and poetic way; the hall was echoed with clapping and appreciation.

“Why don't you take regular classes for MIB Students as Guest Faculty”- A voice drummed my ears and it was of the Dean of the said MIB Institute.

Many Business Tycoons of Udaipur were also present there especially from Marble and Granite Industry. Just for info for you Guys that Udaipur Economy at that time was around Tourism and Natural Stone Business.

The industrialists who were present in the hall were overwhelmed to support me as a young enthusiast. There I got a reference for working with Pacific Industries Ltd, Udaipur which was also in the Granite Business Segment. It was a Stock Listed company at that time and of course still it is and further their shares were subscribed in IPO and subsequent Right Issue. Guys **This is for your reference and context** as Next chapters are around this organization.

Also during this Time I also interacted with Komal Kothari Uncle (**friend of Uncle Ramesh Choudhary and A Prominent Travel Agency Owner of Udaipur**) and he guided me that it's better to work at a small/medium size organization **or more precisely Lala Style company (where they don't have any proper Management Structure and Hierarchy)** as here you could learn more and become an all-rounder instead of being remain at A Business Desk with very limited Business Learning in very Big Corporates who are generally highly structured and organized.

His guidance stuck with me forever and as of that decided not to join any Big Corporates like Tata/Birla and just for the context let me update that I also went to Grasim Factory, Nagda (Madhya Pradesh) for an interview there during that time only.

Back to the ongoing Subject and After the seminar, a few days later with support of My Uncle Ramesh ji Choudhary I headed for a meeting with Jagdish Prakash Agarwal, The Managing Director, Pacific Industries Limited, with my cousin, Chayan and with one of my childhood friend, **Anil Mehta** riding on the Kawasaki Bike of my Cousin.

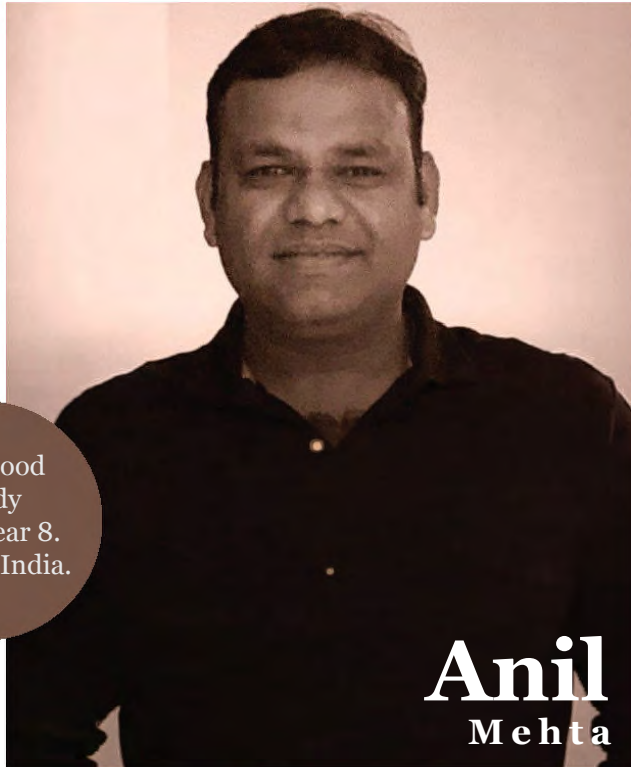
“Please take your seat; I am managing your meeting with MD Sir soon”-A Beautiful Charming Girl, Export Executive, Garima requested me.

Let's keep a suspense pause here ...

and **Grab A Strong Coffee before you flip the Next Page** as now onwards the journey is more related to the Corporate World and of course Romantic Moments are well embedded further to keep these chapters crispy.



Celestial buddy



Childhood
Buddy
Since Year 8.
Udaipur India.

Anil
Mehta

Congratulations, my dearest friend Chinmay, on this incredible achievement!

Your first book marks the beginning of a wonderful new journey as a writer, and I can't wait to read the experiences you've gathered over the past 25 years.

From our childhood to today, seeing you publish a management book filled with moments—bitter and beautiful—makes me truly proud.

Your hard work, knowledge, and dedication have brought you here.

Wishing you great success with this book and many more to come. May it inspire countless readers.

Management Lesson

...

FOCUS AND PATIENCE

on

Aspired Journey

with

OBSESSION AND PASSION

always *carves* the *Path* for you organically.

Kick off

all Noises Around You

and

Just Keep BELIEVING yourselves.

Chapter 21:

TIME FOR REAL ACTIONS AND WELCOME TO REALITY WORLD

“Did you get any appointment before visiting this place?”

- a well uniformed grown physic man came near me and asked humbly about my name, address, and other details.

I was standing outside Pacific Industry Ltd.’s Gate with my cousin Chayan and one of my childhood friends, Anil. It was **a complete goosebump situation** at that time. Register my details into the visitor book of any corporation like A New Breath in the Air.

At the front desk of my prospective employer company, a very humble and charming person was standing beside the reception desk, Mukesh Bhansali, who asked me for my appointment and told us to wait for a while.

Mukesh Bhansali: I was and further will always remain blessed by the man, his togetherness, and his way of teaching about the corporate world carefully. I have a very precious space for him in my heart and let me elaborate later in this book.

After confirming my appointment with Mr. Bhansali, I relaxed to bump into my cousin and friend Anil on a luxurious couch and started ogling the ambiance. Undoubtedly A New Corporate Experience was in the atmosphere and of course my Dreams and Thinking was on its Height while sitting on the couch.

All of a sudden, a very melodious voice echoed in my ears “Dear Chinmay, you should take steps to the first floor for your appointment to meet the director.” Mukesh Bhansali was stating the said statement humbly.

I stepped to the first floor to meet the Managing Director of the company. As I touched my feet on the first floor, I was mesmerized by a beautiful girl, Garima, whom I stated in my last chapter.

I would certainly like to say it was my first and last meeting with Garima at that premises for next 20-21 years and of course met her again in the future; how and why and will discuss if Almighty blesses an opportunity in future to write the Third Book.

Garima, a mesmerizing beauty with a highly phonetic English-speaking girl, added to my shyness more as I was already a very bashful guy when the situation came to talking to any girl.

Garima showed me the way to the Director’s room.

I took permission and entered **the Managing Director's Chamber**. A young, dynamic and impressive person was sitting on the other side of a large wooden lavish desk. It's a large chamber with elegant flooring, luxurious couches and visitor chairs.

Indeed, it was a productive inclusive conversation with **my future mentor** on my current affairs, work and experiences. I successfully stamped my impression on him with my conversation and I felt positive vibes in my mind and body.

"If you can join us as intern; Chinmay, a positive sentence fell in my ears," The MD of the company concluded my conversation with this Melodious Statement. **I was happy to hear the news** because my pocket was empty and I was desperately in need of money.

I asked **further politely** with a twinkle in my eyes 'How much Stipend would be paid as per company policy?' and on that he replied manner fully 'Rs 3000 Stipend'. Indeed, it was **a tiny amount with respect** to my current income of Rs. 10,000, which I was generating from my tuition.

International Business was the arena for which I was dreaming always and always since my MBA Days and This company was offering me **A Perfect fit** to enter the international business market to understand and get experienced in it.

Shuffling the whole situation carefully, I immediately answered, **"Yes, I am joining"**.

I asked him to let me join on the forthcoming first date of next month as I need to wrap up some pending tasks in Jaipur. He agreed. We shook our hands with a hard promise and I left the chamber with a smile.

Garima was not there to see my smiling face again.

I stepped down to the ground floor where Chayan and Anil were sitting. They observed **my smile and concluded** on their own.

We left the premises. On the way from the STD booth (**Telephone Booth**), I informed my parents about the opportunity. The home was full of positivity and happiness. I also called my lady love, Manju, in the evening and told her about this opportunity. She was also happy to listen but **of course with lots of questions roaming** in both of our minds concerning the future of our relationship.

Happiness had been on the seventh cloud and of course fresh air was blowing again in my breath while on my way back to Jaipur so that I can wrap up before I begin my New Professional Career.

Parents were also full of smiling gestures. Of course, I was also happy observing the new way of my life. Honestly The core temptation of this Jaipur visit was only to meet my lady love, Manju.

“I will have to move to Udaipur to open a new chapter of my life to enter into International business.” I talked to Manju during a date in our well frequented Olympian Dhaba.

A shade of uncertainty was glowing on both faces.

Indeed, we were happy, but moving to a new place raised lots of questions in our minds. Our nervousness about our long-term relationships was on spot. Will it work to be fruitful or will it get draining?

How would we remain connected? How can we keep our promises in the future? Clock needles were moving. With every second, fear and uncertainty were making space in our minds.

Before leaving the Coffee Shop, we made a **candid soul-felt promise** to each other to write letters (*of course Mobile was very much in the introductory phase and was very expensive*) more frequently to express our emotions. How will she write a letter? The question was striking in my mind again and again, as she was not a good writer. I had a good habit of writing and she was off the ground on this aspect. But I was confident it would happen.

Both eyes were full of passionate love with lots of questions about whether the relationship will last or not as far as distance. Many spiders were making webs in my mind when I was packing my luggage for moving to Udaipur.

I was almost relieved about my parents' care at Jaipur. My younger brother, Nayan, had got admitted to "Malviya Engineering College; Jaipur" **(Presently, it is renowned as NIIT-Jaipur)**, one of the best engineering colleges in Rajasthan to pursue his engineering degree.

He wanted to stay in Jaipur near our parents as during that span, my father was doing his job at Bikaner and my mother was alone at home. There was immense support from my younger brother, Nayan, to be with my mother at that period.

It's time to move now. My luggage was ready and was put together. "A blue scooter," one of my bump supporters during the most shining days of my life, was also packed and ready to depart Jaipur with me on the train. November 1 was the date I had to join the company.

I decided to move 3 or 4 days so I can settle properly in Udaipur before my corporate journey begins. I reached Udaipur by bus with minimal luggage, clothes and other stuff.

Finally, I reached my uncle's home in Udaipur. I am very thankful and blissful to my uncle and aunt. They always cared for me, always like their kid only. I always pray for their good health, blessings and love. They are

the ones who hold **a very adorable place in my heart.**

Before joining the company formally, Uncle Ramesh requested me to meet Komal Uncle (**Komal Kothari – Kay Tours and Travels one of very prominent Businessman of that era**) for his advice

I still remember his candid advice which he shared in that meeting that your decision to join this company is very much right as here you will become All Rounder in comparison of working in Big Corporations/ Multinationals where **you are bound to be stuck strictly with their designated job profile and system.**

“Did it really help me in the medium and long term.” And of course, **the reply will be there in the very last chapter** so keep reading each and every Page; Guys.

It was my very first day. I, with my pet scooter, reached Pacific Industry Limited.

Unfortunately, the beautiful girl, Garima, had already resigned when I reached. Nobody was there to guide and coach me on the way to start. Many unfavorable gestures stared and gazed at me. A few people there were **observing me with more curiosity.**

It seemed as if I had to undertake **solo performances** to let me fix their attire and approach towards me. For that I had to shape my work with intelligence, self-motivation and observation. Also, I had to take the initiative to develop **a fresh team** who could work under my guidance from scratch as it is **always challenging for dogmatic Human Beings to unlearn and get change.**

It's very normal that a bunch of politics, problems and challenges arise when anyone dares to changes or try to innovate their work domain where

the work is already going well.

Existing people or employees **feel insecure** when a novice person from outside suddenly comes and tries to mould them to his way of working. A new breeze in the environment raises questions **about existing people's workability and performance**. Somewhere the situation started turning complex.

Apart from **all these ifs and buts**, I kept focus on my work and took the initiative to mingle with every teammate in every department to understand the work format of the company. To be silent, cheerfulness and keen observation were my key mantras in that period.

Mr. B R Agarwal was adorning the Chairmanship's Chair during my internship. It was next to impossible to meet him as an intern and of course used to meet our MD regularly who used to always back me up in this complex scenario.

However, I was enjoying my time and churning out every department through my way and observing things like production, finance, customs, excise and commercial departments. Mr. K P Vijayan, Mr. Mukesh Agarwal and Mr. Sajeev are the boosters of my rocket to space. Mr. K P Vijayan was the Personal Secretary of Chairman and Managing Director both. Mr. Mukesh Agarwal was heading the commercial department.

Mr. Sajeev was the maestro of shipping documentation. I spent hours and hours in Mr. Sajeev's chamber and used to ask him lots of questions and doubts which used to raise in my mind. He always supported me and tried to teach me in every possible way by heart.

A usually very reserved-natured Mr. Mukesh Agarwal was always open with me to share his old and new experiences, challenges, and perspectives. He always used to be ready to answer my questions. 'How cool and smiling are you in a puzzling environment?' I asked Mr. Mukesh once. 'Chinmay, I

never let the stress get to my mind;’ He humbly replied.

I engraved **his answer in my mind** forever as a lifetime lesson and since then I always try to avoid the effects of stress on my mind and body.

These all Teammates of that Time taught me a lot and still **their learnings cum Teachings** guide me at every step and stage of my journey especially **when I am in Rough Patch of Business**. Slowly and gradually all other employees became very close to me and became my **life time guru of what to do and what not to do**.

Yes, I settled in Udaipur with time and of course my pet the Lovely Blue Scooter was also there. I stated above that I was living with my uncle and aunt at their home. But I did not want to be a burden to them. It was my wish to settle somewhere as a tenant although my uncle and aunt had too much blessing on me. They wanted me to be with them only.

But **with my soulful and determined request**, My Ramesh Aunty found a Room on Rent near their home. It was on the first floor with an outside restroom. Indeed, *the backyard was a bit haunted at night*. The Gupta family, the owner of the house, was well acquainted with my family as he was one of the Guru of my uncle Ramesh. The homeowner’s sons were doctors (Cancer specialists) who used to live in other cities. Only Gupta uncle and aunt used to live there in their home.

I also planned to outsource my lunch box but, on my aunt’s, **strong and forceful instruction** myself used to pick up every day homely made lunch box from her before going to my job. I used to manage my supper on my own in the evening.

To live by myself had **inculcated the habit of self-discipline and Time Management deeply**. Further all good books also overshadowed my loneliness in the rented room. Whatever I used to read; I always tried to

implement it in my work domain at my Employer company.

Back to My Work World, **I had been and was and will always be** very grateful to the Managing Director of Pacific Industries Limited, who supported me from his Heart and Brain and gave me the open sky for experimenting and working as I wish.

There is no doubt that Every New Revolution and Change gets reverse force as and when it is in process of implementation. Of course, the very same styled reverse force was around too and further **Tons of politics and backbiting** tried to derail the new plan at Pacific Industries Business Ecosystem.

Here kudos also belong to my determination and smiling face which make me under strong leadership of my MD as winner at the end.

Consistent follow-up and implementation at every stage of work was gradually adopted and accepted by the people I was working with. Of course, writing negative moments and sentiments of that era may desire a Book but **a big thanks to my vow** that the Book has to spread Positivity only which is letting me keep short and precise on the subject.

Just a few paragraphs above, I had updated you guys that I had started becoming **a serious Time Management's Student** and My Life was or more precisely even today it is like Time Machine more or less.

How I can Miss to share an incident to all my Readers which is now **A Tale of my journey.**

Suraj (**my childhood buddy who is mentioned many times in earlier chapters**), knocked at my rented home door on the first flush of the morning on Sunday approximately at 7:00 am. I opened the Door and saw

him and very humbly on his face I refused to share a morning tea with him and shut the door across his face as there was not a scheduled appointment among us for this Morning Tea.

But he did not feel insulted as he is one of my best friends and **he respected my decision cum intention**. Unquestionably, the episode had washed away with time at my side but of course not at his side and he still creates a taunt whenever we meet with families and he keeps sharing the entire episode with my sons. Of course, now it always blesses us **a Big volcano of laughter** among us.

During the same tenure, I had become **a bibliophile** which still I am and in the same era, the revolution of computers had just started spreading over every corporation very fast. In that Timeline, **Fax machine sounds** were part of the administration *for receiving quotations, orders, documents and any communication*.

“Loha Garam He, Maar Do Hathoda” - A dialogue from the movie “Sholey” (**All time classic and Blockbuster Hindi movie of 70’s**) was striking in my mind again and again in concern with the need for computers in My Employer’s company.

I read somewhere that if any company wants its progress with time, it should be with the **CHANGE** which is emerging around the corner. **One Teammate One Computer was the New Corporate Mantra** which had started echoing all over among Corporate Circles. But my company had only 2-3 computers in total.

Out of Blue one day with **Strong Determination** to get implement **this New Mantra of one Human One computer**; I fixed a meeting with the Managing Director and anyhow convinced him of new computers in the company with every teammate. Finally, slowly and gradually computers started getting its place on the work desk of each person’s table, but **no**

one was keen to work with them and further they were fearful that they might lose their job as of this Automated Machine.

Undoubtedly Change is inevitable but its transition is very much painful and stressed one.

Under the leadership of Strong Determination and Persistence with strong backing of Top Management; I took initiative with our IT Manager to teach and motivate each person in the company to make a computer a pivotal part of their workflow. We used to have sessions on their doubts to get cleared and taught them to use the machine to make the company progress.

Gradually, all doubts, concerns and questions started getting faded and the environment became **a part of the Digital Revolution 1.0**. Sometimes the use of force is necessary to **Create Something New** and of course *The transition is always painful*.

For Millennial Kids; Let me tell you about how computers have become an integral part of the corporate world and even to our own personal life and of course *a warm gratitude belongs to the Visionary late Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi* who started reforming import policy to import computer to make sure that **our Corporates and Govts get more automated**. Guys The Time Line was **around 1985-1989** and *His Dream to make India an IT Savvy Nation*.

His Idea and Vision cum Reform had started facing numerous Trade Union protests across India, as everybody had been fearing their job loss in the same way as currently a big section of Global Society are protesting against Artificial Intelligence which has certainly the potential to create many opportunities in the future **(it's my very much personal opinion)**.

Wish Late Rajeev Ghandhi would have been around this Time and he

would have certainly been **on the Zenith of Satisfaction** to observe that today **his Dreamt India is Really a Global Superpower in IT Arena.**

Guys; Always look at the other side of the Pyramid of Positive Change and of course **it will bless you Reward, Pride and Satisfaction.**

In the same way, I had no idea the same ‘**Change**’ was supposed to be knocking heavily on my doors. As you know, I used to work at Pacific Industry Limited during the day and **used to take classes** at the Sukhadia University’s International Business School in the evening as Guest Faculty. Undoubtedly, things were overwhelming and honestly, I was enjoying Donning Boths Hats on the very same day.

“Come on in, Chinmay. I have come to know that you teach International Business in the evening at a Govt. Business institute. **I have a very good offer for you,”** the Managing Director of Pacific Industries Limited stated when I entered his room.

I was taken aback, my thoughts scrambled and **I had many questions.**

The Director at Pacific Group of Management and Studies, which was a just started Educational Venture of Pacific Group, resigned for some reason. “Why don’t you take charge of this vacant position? Why don’t you manage the educational unit for us?” he asked. My dream of becoming **an integral part of international business** shattered into tiny pieces on the ground. *The battle between heart and mind played out like a gladiator game.*

I was sad because my dream of achieving international business success seemed out of reach and I was shocked to find myself shouldering the responsibilities that were meant for someone older and veteran in Educational Field.

No Choice for an intern (**when there had been very limited opportunities at Corporate World especially International Business Areen**) except Accepting this offer and of course my mind was filled with many questions, like horses carrying bags.

Without delay, the very next day I was ready to serve at the Pacific Institute of Management near Gulab Bagh (**local Zoo**), Udaipur on a small campus. It was the Era when Govt Educational Policy just got reformed i.e. allowing private institutions to enter the education sector, many private colleges emerged.

This institute was also opened based on the backdrop of this policy and in a very short span It was already well-known as Pacific College. As a private institution, the fees were quite high, so only children from wealthy and educated families joined it generally.

Of course, it was the very first day on campus, all the students gazed at me with confusion, as they were unsure if *I was a new Student or A New Director of the institute*. I met with **Dr. Bhatnagar, a renowned Educationist and the Erstwhile Director of this institute**. It was an honour to exchange a few words with him.

Finally, I commenced my new journey. Initially, my working style was different from others as I took more time to get to know the administration and students. However, over time, I was able to create a friendly and welcoming environment on campus. Additionally, **I started conducting motivational sessions** to keep the students energized and enthralled.

I had been cherishing a great time and was fully immersed in the moment. I started organizing various co-curricular activities, programs and sessions for the students. The students really appreciated these activities as they helped them in developing their overall personality. During that time, the

concept of “**Parents Meet**” was very new in colleges and I also started conducting the same at my New Holy Podium. It used to be a completely surprising experience for parents when **they used to meet me** i.e. *a very young man of 24 Years, with an unexpected, friendly and warm gesture*. However, and generally, they used to get very happy and proud at the time of conversation ending.

Whenever I Retrospect those Moments; I’m glad to have been a part of this wonderful journey. Since we are in retrospection mode; let me share, you guys Blushing incidents of that time and wish you *all could have seen my Pink Cheeks of the moment while punching these words*.

My Uncle and Aunt (Ramesh Uncle) phone used to receive numerous blank calls and my cousin Chayan also used to start looking at me in case we both were near to the phone. Also, a few students’ parents came to our home with marriage proposals due to my popularity (or whatever it was) in college. However, I found *the whole situation amusing cum blushing and still feel Musical in the Heart*. **But everything works on destiny.**

The phone on my desk was ringing continuously at my College Chamber. “The MD Sir is remembering you and wants you to meet in the evening” - Mukesh Bhansali ji from Reception Desk of The Parent Company aka Pacific Industries Limited voice was there on call.

Of course, I had to drive from College Campus to the Company’s Corporate Office and how I can miss to update about my New Buddy aka “**Hero Honda CD 100**” which I purchased with my first few salaries savings and I had to sell my beloved blue scooter to buy this bike.

Why I am sharing you Guys as it was India’s one of the Most Popular Bike of all Time as of its High Mileage and at that time The company used to claim that the bike had a good mileage of approximately 100 km per litre, but in reality, it provided around 80 to 85 km per litre.

Get up Guys from visualizing this Bike of mine of that Time ☺☺ and cut to my MD's chamber.

“Chinmay, do you have your passport?” the MD asked. “Yes,” I replied with an unexpected gesture. “Where is it?” the director asked again. “It’s currently with my parents in Jaipur,” I responded. “Can you arrange to have it sent to Delhi by tomorrow?” the director inquired.

Many strange thoughts, ideas and emotions were swirling around in my mind. *I couldn't help but wonder why they were asking me these questions.*

He tamed by relentless thoughts and emotions and informed me that Company's Singapore Warehouse Head won't be able to attend due to an unexpected personal circumstance in the upcoming the Ximen Stone Fair exhibition at China where the Pacific Industries Limited had

also been participating. Further he told me in an orderly manner, “Chinmay, you are going to China so we have to take your passport for a Chinese visa.”

Indeed, I was delighted inside with a bundle of questions, thoughts and happiness and of course mixed with nervousness. **What will happen? How will it happen?** It was 7 o'clock in the evening and I had an urgent task (**getting my Passport to Chinese Embassy New Delhi**) to complete by the next day anyhow.

To get it done, I contacted Raju Kothari Uncle, who used to official Tours and Travel company for the company and also, he happens to be the younger brother of my uncle Ramesh's friend i.e. Komal Kothari uncle (about whom I had discussed earlier). **He guided me perfectly.**

“No problem Chinmay, just make sure your passport reaches Delhi by tomorrow, the rest I will handle,” Raju Kothari Uncle told me.

The only and only name that was striking in my mind at the time was **My only and only Amit Jain**, the owner of **Aptech Institute** in Jaipur where I had been working under his leadership just after completion of my MBA. At the same time before calling him, I was unsure whether to proceed or not as I was having a little doubt somewhere deep in case if he refused then of course I had no plan B or C. **“Don’t panic, I’ll make sure your work gets done,”** Amit reassured me when I called him on the subject.

His assurance was without any doubt like the **“Sanjeevani Buti** (lifesaving last alternative medicine) for my life. **That fuel was enough** *to start my rocket towards the International Business Market.*

Amit asked Saurabh **(he also used to be ex SPS school mate luckily)** immediately to collect my passport right away from my Parents home of Jaipur and handover it to the travel agent’s office in Delhi personally and very same night he travelled to New Delhi for the same.

“I am Still and will Forever grateful to him for the help he gave me at the My Life changing Turn. He remains one of my best friends and very close to my Heart and undoubtedly **A Gem in my life.** Whenever we meet in London, Jaipur or USA, I express my gratitude towards him repeatedly, but he always responds in a humble manner “ It was an easy and small thing for me” but on other side for me he **was and will always remain An Angel** who made my dream come true to be in International Business Arena.

How I can miss the Podium to express my gratitude again to Amit Jain.

“Amit, you have always been very special to me and will always remain till my last breath. You are an anchor and true catalyst of my life.”

*Will My Passport Reach to Chinese Embassy Next Day;
Will Chinmay fly to China at last and for that
Keep surfing pages further for more Twists and Thrill.*

Management Lessons

...

TIME

is the *Most Invaluable Stuff*

which

cannot be bought or

inherited or transferred

and

let *Aspiring Soul* respect

it Most and the Magic is Bound to Follow you always.

Young Aspirants;

Don't focus on package but on

Learning and Skill Development

opportunities and Money

will chase you

aggressively organically.

Chapter 22:

TRANSFORMATIVE YEAR: TSUNAMI TO THE FOUNDATION OF MINDSET

Let's Tune up altogether for this New Chapter and undoubtedly My heart is beating heavily; indeed, the reader must be feeling the same way while **checking in** for this chapter.

At 11:00 am IST the next day, Amit ji confirmed that my passport had been delivered at the suggested location. Without any delay, I immediately called Raju uncle at Kay Tour and Travel and informed him about the successful delivery of my passport to the suggested location.

He humbly assured me that from here he would take care of the Chinese Visa process. After 3 to 4 days, I received confirmation from his office that my visa had been approved. The news filled me with immense joy and further with **an indescribable feeling** of *excitement plus a little bit of goose-bump thinking about what next.*

Also, I felt proud that now onwards I would be a Responsible Indian citizen representing the Nation on the global platform.

I strongly believe that every Indian who travels abroad is certainly representing The Nation and its culture. During my childhood, I read about the Indian Icon Swami Vivekananda a lot, especially about his visit to Japan, which was very much inspiring. It was fascinating to observe how the Japanese respected and appreciated their National Identity and culture more than any other nation.

This positive attitude towards their own country is evident globally even now and Here Japanese Deserve A Patriotic Salute.

Little bit out of context **but important to share**; now I can correlate what inspired and boosted me to write A Letter to My Udaipur Childhood buddy Manish Mehta ji (My Younger Brother Nayan ji bestie) when I was in College (**it was the Time when Charismatic Bill Clinton was campaigning for his First American Presidency**) and he was supposed to shift to USA with his parents and sibling.

Still remember that in the said letter I had requested him to represent India strongly with **his Behaviour and Approach** and of course now I can understand how the Swami Vivekanand's Japanese Story engraved me deeply to my Soul.

I was filled with the same emotions towards our nation with This Visa Approval News and felt a strong sense of responsibility to represent India on the global platform.

Guys you must have remembered (**as stated in one of my earlier chapters**) I was unable to clear the NDA exam. However, my strong desire (*somewhere deep down*) to serve my nation in any capacity and further my father's encouragement towards economics led me to consider joining

International Business.

I was delighted at this moment to find that I am going to become an **Economic Soldier** now who can help bring foreign exchange into my country which had been starving for the same in that Era.

Upon hearing about this *News cum Life Turning Opportunity*, I enthusiastically informed my father who was delighted or **more precisely he was on the Top of the World**.

Guys I do understand your curiosity of the moment ‘**Have I informed my love or not** who was completely absent in the last chapter’.

Let me have an Honour to Bring back her to the Story and undoubtedly after my parents, **the next call was to her only**. She was overjoyed to hear the news and also felt deeply about **My Aspired Journey and My Conviction** to be in the International Business Arena.

In this call also for the first time I experienced a strong feeling of insecurity at my lady love’s side which she told me many years after marriage that her mind and heart was weighting heaving with questions like.

‘**Did She lose her love? Would he get settled abroad with blonde girls as shown in Indian movies?**’ 😊 😊

A bundle of questions cum doubts also aroused in my mind because we had a long-distance relationship. I lived in Udaipur, she lived in Jaipur, and now my foreign business trip. **Everything was hit-or-miss**.

Guys now I can state confidently that *insecurity and doubt is also a form of expression of love* and of course it fuels the intensity of love among the couple.

But of course, at that time *it was painful and heart heavy*.

On the positive side we both felt with the news of the International Visit, that it will hopefully let our Wedding proceed smoothly, despite being from different religious and family traditions. Also, we both were very much determined and clear to get married with our parents' blessings.

Just for info Readers that in that Era Love Marriage was a big social taboo and as of that many young couples used to run away from their home to get married but here, we **both were crystal clear** that we would Get Marry with Parents Blessing only and only **or else Keep waiting till they say Yes.**"

Back to Udaipur i.e. my Land of Karma; I was unable to travel to Jaipur to meet my family and my love as of very short time at office before I started cruising for my First ever International Trip of course with My Mature Memory (***Guys remember and recall** that I had been to Belgium with my parents in my childhood*).

However, my father was extremely happy and proud of my achievement, and he even got it published in a local Jaipur newspaper. I still have that news cut and have preserved it in my treasure box.

It was undoubtedly a proud moment for my family, especially my father, who had never believed in myself for doing something good in life. **Here a warm gratitude belongs to my transformation in habits and attitudes** which is still very much part of my journey towards enlightenment.

Indeed, still **A Sincere Student of Life** and of course still gaining experiences every day as my life unfolds further and further.

A Break from Philosophical Moments; Meanwhile I received a call from

Mukesh Bhansali, my Teammate then at Reception Desk informing me about the confirmation of my tickets for my first international flight as well as very much first Domestic Flight. If *I remember correctly*, the tentative month was March of Year 1998.

Further He informed and explained to me in detail that to attend the Shanghai Stone Fair, China – **(a global Chinese exhibition then showcasing stone and related technologies)** - I would need to travel from Udaipur to Delhi, then from Delhi to Hong Kong, and finally from Hong Kong to Xiamen, China.

In that period, the Chinese Economy was under a major transformation phase and the whole world was flocking to this Nation i.e. *what we are witnessing now a days for our Motherland India*. As of that the stone import market in that Nation was in rapid expansion and That's why **we decided to participate** in the fair to explore new business opportunities for the company.

Finally, D Day had arrived in my life. Can you believe it?

My Ramesh Uncle, Aunt, my cousins Dinmay and Chayan, **Lokesh Trivedi (my Business Partner of today and A Pillar to my Journey)** and childhood close buddies Amit Burad and Lokesh Nagori, along with a few of my childhood friends came to see me off. Of course, their presence was letting me feel that I was going to the moon as an astronomer or maybe even as a Martian.

Yes, in that period, foreign trips used to be a rare and momentous achievement that used to bring immense pride.

Cut guys and let *the Memory Camera Pan to the Udaipur Airport Building* where I found myself standing alone holding a trolley bag and some documents required to clear my entry into the airport. Honestly and Most

Precisely still remembers how butterflies in the stomach were at its height while doing all formalities of check in and security alone and for the very first time.

Indeed, many readers can correlate it with their own experience of first time Air Travelling and of course it is the Experience that makes you Seasoned and Confident.

Further I was informed that the Managing Director of our company would join me one day before the show only in Shanghai. Therefore, I had to manage the stall preparation along with the products that were to be showcased, even though I had no prior experience in organizing any exhibition whether its international or local one.

Just for Millennial Gen, A small history cum glimpse of that time's Aviation Era.

The Udaipur Airport at that time was quite small and very old which was constructed during the British Raj. You did not need an identity card or an Aadhaar card (of course it was non-existence at that time) to travel, you were only asked for your name and ticket.

It was easy to travel under someone else's name and of course there were many security and admin loopholes during that period.

As of that many mis-happenings happened also and as of that now **our Airport is under High Security Surveillance and Inspection** always for which our Young Gen always complains and now they have context to understand and to remain patient while making security at our Indian Airports.

Guys Lets focus back to where I was i.e. at that Building of Udaipur Airport on that D Day.

After making Formal Check in and Security, I sat in the very small waiting area of that Udaipur Airport of That Timeline where two other people were already present, who seemed to be involved also in the stone industry, just like me.

A flight operated by “Archana Airways” had arrived, which may be certainly **An Alien to the current generation**. Yes, it was the Time when Indian Air started getting reformed and several new airline companies including Archana Airways were introduced in that Eta which most no longer exist. “Archana Airways” was one of them also.

The small ATR (**A French company with Propeller Engines**) flight from Delhi just landed and an announcement was made that a flight going for Delhi has arrived. Still That Announcement echo to my Memory lane and make Nostalgic for that first Air Travel.

Soon Boarding started and I took the front seat at this small aircraft and immediately noticed two people following me and eavesdropping with suspense; were sitting just back of me.

All of sudden, a deafening roar filled my ears, signalling that it was time to take off. My heart was racing with a mix of excitement, nervousness and fear. I can’t fully describe the overwhelming rush of emotions I felt and you guys must correlate with your own first experience of Air Travel. My stomach was churning with anxiety as my mind tried to *handle all the different emotions cum situations happening at once*.

Soon Aircraft got settled in White Flurry Look Clouds and I felt calm and relaxed, realizing that air travel is not as difficult as we often think. After 90 minutes around Delhi airport was in front of me and before that let me share with you guys about airline services and hospitality of that period. No Doubt Food used to be yummy and with variety and The Crew always let you feel that **you are in a Five Star Restaurant in the Air**.

Gen Z won't understand it all 😊😊 as nowadays we have more and more Budget Airlines with no frills and services in Air. 20th Century Flyers would always remember Those Golden Moments of Travelling in Air.

As I mentioned earlier, I was standing outside Delhi Domestic Airport. While waiting to take the shuttle bus for the International Terminal, I struck up a conversation with two fellow passengers (**very same guys who had been sitting just back to me** and who were under my suspicion radar that they are also from Stone Industry) who were also waiting for the shuttle bus.

One of them was Mr. Yogesh Choudhary, who inquired about my reason for travelling overseas. I told him that I was going there to attend the Xiamen Stone Fair and he also updated me with thrill that they are also bound for the same show. We then introduced ourselves and shared information about the companies we represented.

The other person's name was Mr. Pankaj Sharda and both were representing the same company and were also travelling for the same Xiamen Stone Fair, China.

Both individuals were integral to my life, and as we traveled for business together, they became an unforgettable part of my journey. Mr. Pankaj Ji Sharda helped me during a critical moment in my life, and I will always be grateful for his support.

While I cannot go into detail at this time, I may share more about this experience in the future.

I was happy and looking at everything with curiosity and enthusiasm at the Airport. Two strangers till now, Mr. Yogesh Choudhary and Mr. Pankaj Sharda, who had experienced international travel for such international stone exhibitions, have become well acquainted.

Since then, Both Gentlemen became very well-known and have been always in constant touch. Mr. Sharda helped me during one of the major turns of my Professional journey and even words are not enough to extend that gratefulness. Guys, Guys and let **me shut here otherwise ongoing emotional flow for them will tempt me to reveal the Future.**

Keep Guessing for the Future; Guys ;0 😊 and **Time for China Now.**

After a few hours, we had arrived altogether at Xiamen, China with a connecting flight from Hongkong (**then Part of British Govt**) to Xiamen, China.

We all checked in at the same hotel and here courtesy belonged to the more or less only and only Travel Agent of that time i.e. **Kay Tours and Travels in Udaipur** who used to handle hotel bookings, air ticketing, and other arrangements for any overseas travellers originating from the Udaipur area.

Just For Millennial Gen Readers, it was **the Timeline** when we used to *have Business Communication through Fax, Telephone and Postal Letter* and **of course No Internet at all.**

Mr. Yogesh and Mr. Pankaj were sharing the same room and while Mr. Uttram Kochar had already arrived before me to welcome me in this room which we were supposed to share together. He was also working as a General Manager in a stock listed Marble company.

His Smile and Motivating Voice was enough **to tame my initial hesitation** about sharing a room with a total unknown person. **His support and togetherness helped me** a lot in handling my First Overseas Nation visit related nervousness and excitement in a way that I would never forget.

Here I would like to state strongly 'Kochar sb., love you from Heart and Respect from Soul'.

Since **Mr. Kocher is the Show Stopper** of this part of Story and *let's continue with him for the moment.*

Mr. Uttam Kochar was my First Corporate Guru of Stone World and undoubtedly a very motivational and dynamic personality. **He taught me the proper way to interact** with other businessmen and his dynamic persona always left everyone curious and impressed.

During that Timeline, The Stone Industry was highly unorganized and lacked Corporate Structure and Professionalism. As a result, many educated and experienced professionals from the corporate world were not interested in joining the stone industry.

Here, I delved into the disorganized stone industry sector 😊😊 to learn more about it, especially about the International Business aspect **for which I was obsessive and highly possessive.**

His hand of support of that time inspires me even today to support any New Youngster coming to our Stone Industry and on this subject *always stretches extra to extend my hand to such Young Aspiring Kids* and undoubtedly, **it's a way to extend** my gratitude to my Kochar sb.

Guys, let your visualization camera pans to the Next Day of My Arrival to the Dragon Nation.

Early Morning Time and of course A splendid buffet with a live kitchen, set in a soothing environment with a glittering chandelier, bone china crockeries, well-dressed chefs, waiters and on top of that The Restaurant Manager; The experience was truly unforgettable and after all it's My first very five-star hotel breakfast. I ate delicious food without my current dietary restrictions. That part of Treasure of Memoirs is still very live as its **very same adrenaline feeling is very same** *as what you have for your First Crush, First Love* 😊😊.

First is always First and of course *Those Time Cells still make me overwhelmed.*

The very First Day at the Shanghai Exhibition and Convention Centre; I started mingling with people around me while preparing for the Booth to represent my company at the show.

We managed to acquire stone display stands and informative banners to showcase our products. However, the sector was unorganized and did not prioritize professional presentation then. **Looking back today**, almost 25 years later, **it's amazing to see** how the unorganized stone industry has transformed into a **professional and visually stunning industry** with excellent presentations and designs.

Indeed, **Marketing Products** has become more informative and transformative today and further weaved well now into the fabric of the corporate sector worldwide. Here, I am sharing all these for the Young Generation, so they can understand **India's Positioning Aspect** in that era.

Our company's presentation was also lacklustre, consisting as other Indian companies i.e. a stand only with a few products and brochures featuring our logo. Over time, undoubtedly all Indian Business Segments including Stone Business Community have learned and grown stronger.

In the past, **India as A Nation was not even A Brand** on the international stage. I will tell you more about it later.

Back to the Shanghai Stone Show 1998 and just a day before the Show starts, the Managing Director of my company arrived. That same evening, I learnt that there would be an urgent meeting late evening among Promoters/Owners of North Indian Stone Industry who all had been staying in the very same Hotel.

Just for Info: South Indian Stone Industry and Their Product Basket was well mature and they had been **always following Healthy Market strategies** to expand their Market and Product Basket.

It was North Indian Stone Industry during that time with very limited Product Basket and as of that they had **always been hungry to expand their Market** and *further even ready to Kill each other to have Business* 😊.

The following morning, during breakfast, I learned that the said meeting had gone on until 5:00 am and further all Promoters/Owners of North Indian Stone Companies decided to set a **Minimum Floor Price for their products**, ensuring that everyone *would receive the best possible price for their goods*.

Indeed, the manifesto on paper was a **profitable cum revolutionary concept** for the industry. Everybody had been **thrilled and positive** at the Breakfast Room but back of the mind, I was a little skeptical keeping in mind that the Stone Industry had been still very much an unprofessional sector.

Was I Correct or Wrong about my Skepticism and **Just few more Para Guys** 😊 😊.

After a few hours the exhibition's curtains opened, and I still remember, crystal clear, that I was dressed in a yellow tie crafted in Belgium that had belonged to my father. I wore it with a blue shirt, black pants, and a blazer.

As I stepped into the stall, many eyes looked at me with suspicion and excitement as A New Young Man started to mingle with people full of enthusiasm. **A New Professional** was born here in the industry.

Apart from that, one of our stall's neighbours, An India Origin who had been settled in Hong Kong for a long time, had a good grip on the Chinese market in the Stone Business Segment. Hence, **all Indian suppliers were interested in working with him** as he had good Chinese market experience.

Sometimes, when some Chinese customers came to us and used to tell us that they bought material from him, I was not sure **if I was right or wrong**, but I always told them that he also buys these materials from us.

On the same evening, the Indian gentleman from Hong Kong ironically said to my Managing Director, "This young man is too sharp and he is stealing my customers " and still could *inhale the feeling of that particular Moment of My MD (Managing Director)* who had been the spiritual pride of me for that.

Guys **Are you not curious to learn** about the Fate of Minimum Floor Pricing Agreement carved one night before the show begins.

The very same First Day of the Show it was **trashed away hardly** as every company had been skeptical about other companies quoting less and they would lose Business in respecting this Agreement.

Undoubtedly **Trust Deficit** had been on its Highest Mode and **Unfortunately its very same story even after 25 Years** among Indian companies including now South Indian Stone Companies also.

Let me share more **some other time about this Mind Set** of Indian Stone Companies including companies where I got associated in the last 25 years plus.

Meanwhile for all four days of Show I had a great time connecting with

Prospective Clients while adhering to all company and Global Business Protocols. Further My Managing Director also encouraged me to communicate in a manner that aligns with International Decorum. In short and what **I remembered in nutshell** is that **My Dream to be in the International Arena** was getting accomplished and of course I had started feeling of Being An Economic Soldier contributing to Indian Forex Corpus.

which our company was owning Mines at Jhansi Area and the said red Granite popular name was Jhansi Red and also it was too much in demand in China as of their love for Red Colour/ Communism Ideology.

Too Much Business is Enough to Bore you Guys, lets sensualize to Break it and Time to Discuss My Girlfriend. Undoubtedly, I had been Missing her every day while being in Shanghai and also was too excited to share **what U Turn had been Happening** to My Aspired Journey.

Guys, it was the Era of **Fax and High Cost of International Calls**, and it was not possible to speak even for a few days as this Digi Generation are connected throughout the world in Real Time and Free of Cost.

Competitive International Cards was the only option but **still it was expensive** and used to Call Family and Manju every 2-3 days for a bunch of seconds. *Remember well* that sometimes the calling card used to get exhausted **while trying to have her on the phone** as most of the time *it was her father/brother who used to pick the phone* 😊😊.

Indeed, **it has been 90s Love** and My Young Readers of 21st Century pls surf Movies of that Timeline and **then only you can understand Romantic Nuisances of that Time**.

Back to Shanghai Business Landscape, The show had come to an end and the next day we all had to fly to India. Suddenly, I received a call from my Managing Director for a one-on-one meeting in his room.

“Chinmay, there is a lot of potential for our products in China. I want you to stay here for a month, start meeting people, and grow our connections,” My Managing Director stated looking into My Face.

The statement **completely shook me** to the core and anybody could surf my pale and nervous face at the moment. Some Time *such Moment proves Life Changing Turn* and you realize it when **you look back observing** how Dots had been getting connected.

Undoubtedly, it's a great opportunity for anybody including me to explore anybody's potential in a country where **the language barrier could hinder progress** for foreigners who don't know the Chinese language.

Even **all the sign boards were written in Chinese** and the same language barrier still exists when anybody visits China even today. It was and it is a clear message for foreigners even today stating that if they wanted to work with them, **they would need to learn Mandarin/Cantonese language** beside understanding *the Chinese culture and tradition in their documents and business meetings*.

That's why All international corporations around the world always have a Chinese language expert in their office in China and further the spurt in Popularity of Mandarin among Foreigners also endorses how Chinese Policy i.e. **The China Theme a Happening Trend Globally** even today despite ongoing *Geopolitics stress between USA and China of Year 2020 onwards*.

It was **genuine for me also** to be afraid of the Chinese language because there was rarely any English fluency in China at that time (still not so much guys) and On top of that, I had **zero practical experience** in international business.

The next challenge was **getting used to the food habits**, which was man-

ageable compared to dealing with a completely new country with a 100% language barrier.

“Yes” and **not sure even now Why and How** I accepted the proposal of my MD but Here I can endorse for present and upcoming Young Aspirants that **Just a Step Extra and you will Win the Fear.**

The managing director calmly and confidently gave me strict orders. Honestly and still remembers so well that My mind was completely blank as Fear was on Top of the Huge Opportunity Ahead. I was unsure of where to go and what to do.

Generally, People scream with The Time Less Word ‘Eureka and Eureka’ when they observe A Big Opportunity and here me *a hardly 25 years old was in Tsunami Mode* 😊😊.

I was completely unaware of any strategy and here forget about any such specific market strategy, yet I accepted the offer. My managing director advised me to extend my air tickets for a month through Kay Tour and Travels, owned by Raju and Komal uncle, who were also present in the same hotel in China where we stayed.

Immediately requested Raju Uncle to extend my return date to India. At that time, it was an easy task to get change ticket dates compared to today **and even an option for an open date ticket was available** and of course nowadays you must specify the date if you want to extend your ticket. I asked Uncle Raju to keep my travel date flexible for China.

At the next moment, I found myself alone in my room, sitting on my bed, battling with a storm of Tsunami thoughts as if I were about to be engulfed by a vast sea. Mr. Kocher and others were preparing to leave China the next day.

Executives of Indian Companies including Mr. Kocher had a plan to explore Shanghai in the evening before they flew back home the next day back home. He also motivated me to join them, so **I escaped from the ongoing Storm of Thoughts** in which I was.

Shortly I, along with Mr. Kocher, Mr. Pankaj and with some other Indian guys were enjoying the commercial downtown street of Shanghai. We were amazed with **the Shopping Arena of that downtown** and *all Big Brands were under Neon Light's shower* enhancing its presence there.

All Sudden I saw a *Yellow Full Sleeve Violet style Fabric T Shirt* of An International Brand (**about which I also used to read in Magazines/Management Books**) and got mesmerized with it and without thinking twice, bought my first International Purchase and also *wore immediately to add on to the Memorable Evening of that day.*

I was in a *Festive Mood with that Yellow T Shirt* on and was in my own thoughts enjoying the pride of wearing this T Shirt and *Kocher sb. brought me back to reality* 😊😊 and learnt that all others decided to be at the Disco which was already in front of us.

They also pushed me and we stepped into a Bar cum Disco. It was a fascinating and new experience for a middle-class family boy like me, the darkness, glittering lights, smells of alcohol, high bass sound, young crowd, boozing girls etc.

What you generally see in any Hollywood Movie of That Era, very same styled High Pitch Disco Bar was there around us. All the guys with me were boozing and enjoying the moment but it was me (I think only me in that whole ambiance) who was sitting with closed eyes and having sip of fruit juice.

Undoubtedly **Indian Middle-Class Values** of That Era was in its

High-Performance Mode and here I always endorse and admire my up-brings which keep me like this even today.

It was a complete wonder for them to see me like this and all the guys in my group were looking at me 😊😊 as if *I were an outsider or came from a different planet*. I completely ignored the atmosphere and kept my eyes closed.

Guys Here A Romantic Thrill Checks In 😊😊 In the next moment, a woman about 30 to 35 years old approached Mr. Kochar. “I want to dance with this man,” she said to Mr. Kochar, looking towards me 😊😊.

“I think *she is fascinated by your charming behavior*. She wants to dance with you.” Mr. Kochar told me with a suppressing laughter.

I immediately took Mr. Kochar by the wrist and told him or more precisely forcefully let we leave the place without delay. Mr. Kochar and our other companions of the evening kept laughing throughout till we were back to our respective hotel rooms.

In Short Kochar sb *was successful in keeping my stress of that day beautifully away* and of course **a warm Kudos to him**.

The Middle-Class Values and *the Strong Conviction of Being of My Manju only wins and Guys Keep Holding your Hearts* that **Time Keep testing your Character** and *let me keep sharing such more interesting stories in coming pages of this book* 😊😊.

Back to the Next Day at Shanghai, all Indian Guys including My MD headed to the airport for their flights back to India. I was feeling completely puzzled and of course now I was alone completely in that Hotel, with thoughts racing in my head about what to do or not to do.

Let **me accept with full honesty** that for the next few hours I cried heavily like a small kid and every item in the room seemed to **witness my emo-**

tional state of that moment. I felt completely isolated as if I had been abandoned in a foreign country or place where there were no friends, only strangers, no native language, no familiar people, no Indian food and no internet in that era (**just in context for Digital Gen**).

Further I didn't even know the best path to take to grow our business and finally, I wiped my tears **and determined myself** to become a **winner in all situations**.

Almighty always Bless some Angel in any Dark Scenario and Here for me that Angel was A Nepal origin Chinese Translator who our company hired for the show, and we became good friends during the days spent together at the show.

"Of course, please come," echoed the voice of Mr. Bipendra (if I remember the name correctly of that Nepali Angel), a young Nepali guy, on the other side of the call.

His presence on the phone itself filled me with joy and of course it was bound to happen as and when you encounter even someone from a neighbouring country (**in An Alien Land**) who shares your language and religion, *you feel a sense of karmic connection*.

He spoke with such a persuasive charm that I couldn't resist joining him as a room partner. I left the Hotel very same day and headed to join him in a shared room at his hostel where he was staying.

As we saw each other, we greeted each other with warm hugs and felt joyous and **My Feeling** was like you have a bosom friend nearby. Guys: I am feeling too nostalgic while webbing those specific moments into words for this Book.

He treated me to delicious Vegetarian food and a masala chai in that buzzing International Hostel Ambiance where you can find Students from every corner of the world. Very shortly and in the next few hours *I started*

feeling Homely in that Landscape with him and his international friends.

Soon we found ourselves in a situation ripe for conversation. I shared with him our initial plan to expand our business into China. He listened attentively and grasped all the requirements. He promised to explore avenues for growing the business in China, in exchange for **a small commission or some perks** beside his travelling expenses to be borne by the company.

On this matter, I contacted my company regarding the young boy's commissions or perks. The company promptly gave me the green light to proceed.

Together, we crafted a well-thought-out plan for advancing our Business Exploration Adventure. **On top of that** he was very much familiar with all the routes, trains, transportation options and the behaviour cum mannerism of Chinese people.

It was truly fascinating to stay in his world-famous hostel for two days, with all its world-class amenities. There, you could feel the essence of the **"one planet - one country"** movement. Students from all corners of the globe, whether from Asian, African, Latin American countries, or elsewhere, **were united by the same purpose:** to study Mandarin and contribute to the prosperity of their respective nations' economies.

China was the most rapidly emerging country in that era in terms of economy, industrial innovation and the proliferation of large factories. All other countries aimed to catch up with it, as it **was becoming a global sourcing nation or more precisely famously stated that** China is becoming the Factory of the World and of course it is today in 2020's.

It was truly beneficial to work with China during those times and today, India is facing similar situations to those China experienced 20 to 25 years ago.

I had some conversations with his friends and felt very happy. All in all, it was a very good experience. Now we were already geared for our business journey. I still do not remember where we started from.

In retrospect, I think it was Shanghai, where we began our first independent business exploration expedition. We interacted with all the prospective Stone Business clients in Shanghai with the help of a Nepali boy who communicated fluently in Mandarin. I shared whatever knowledge I had with the businessmen in terms of our Organization and our Products and contributed to Bipendra's momentum.

One thing I genuinely observed about myself was that I was good at business communications *especially how you used to follow up consistently for even minute info* and how I used to gather feedback from these prospects.

I could properly analyse next steps to be taken and where to move. I used to send fax and even used to write emails to the people we met just after the meeting through a cyber cafe and even sometimes from the computer room located at the Nepali boy's University Campus. Also, **I used to prepare quotations** and sent to these Business Clients who requested us during our meetings or *during communication exchange through fax/mail post meetings* under the guidance of our Managing Director.

In short, A Young Professional was **enjoying putting Rule Books** (whatever he read during his MBA Programme and after that through various Business Magazines/Management Books) into **Actions at the Real Playground**.

Undoubtedly, I was **also making mistakes** during such meetings and post meeting communications but improvising very fast to make sure it doesn't get repeated. Of course, **Self-Learning was on its Zenith** and *which I still cherish at every twist of my Business and Personal Journey*.

From one city to another and nonstop travelling, we covered a lot of ground during this ongoing business trip. After much effort, our dedication started to turn into Fruits. We secured our first business deal in a particular city. I was very excited to inform my company's MD and he also applauded from Heart and further requested our Documentation Executive at our office to make a Proforma Invoice

Finally, the Proforma Invoice was signed and approved, and the first Letter of Credit (LC) was opened by our very first Chinese clients under the canopy of Bipendra and with my little contribution. Our first business was with a company named **Xiamen Stone Development; Xiamen China.**

There was a dynamic fluent English-Speaking Young Girl and a charismatic man who were very kind and supported us in every way. Although I have no contact with them now, I am sure if we meet again, *the rapport would be just as musical as before.*

It was our first deal for Jhansi Red Granite Blocks (Raw Material) Business with China. At that time, India was not well acquainted with Chinese business policies and trust as it is today. The name of an agricultural bank appeared in our documents for the deal. To ensure everything was legitimate, I asked some reliable sources for confirmation. They verified that it was.

The bank had and still today has a very good international rating so we can proceed with the deal. During our business trip, we visited Shenzhen to explore our business opportunities. I want to **highlight Shenzhen** (at that time it was on course of becoming **Today's The Shenzhen; Guys Google about it**) because we already had an established client, a major company that was becoming one of the biggest corporate entities in that region and now its second largest Stone Group of the Nation.

We were conducting business with them already and the account was han-

bled by our MD himself. The entire operation of that Chinese company was overseen by a dynamic woman and her husband. I had a meeting with her.

Although she was good at talking, she was very strict in business matters. We finally got our next business deal from them, which was for Granite Slabs. During that time, **China was importing slabs and finished goods** also and of course the present generation must be amused to learn it keeping in mind that today China imports maximum percentage only in Raw format and further Chinese Govt. Policies today are non-friendly on it.

I informed my company about closing the deal with the New Customer and further Business from this Shenzhen company and everyone was pleased. Of course, we i.e. **I and The Nepali Buddy** were also High on this Achievement and rewarded us with an **Ice Cream Feast** which I still have the Habit to do 😊😊.

Guys Shenzhen is the Border Town (then) with Hongkong (**still it was under British Rule**) and I started considering flying back Home as it's been a month around travelling many Chinese cities and That too without any Indian Meal and without any Date/Dates with My Girlfriend.

Before wrapping my first ever Chinese Travel, let me not forget to share a very important, funny and sensitive incident. I had faxed a message to our Company's Documentation Dept. for A Performa to be made for a Chinese company and in that message I **put a note** (like any Die-Hard core Fan of Cricket) **asking what had happened to a particular cricket match of India related to an Important Cup.**

The Documentation Faculty Teammate Sajeev ji (**from whom I learnt a lot and a warm gratitude always for him**) updated me with a fax that India won.

Here our Millennial Readers can visualize how the world was without the internet in that Era and with very limited access to cable networks and how **we used to get any news** when phones, especially international dialling, were very high priced.

This small fax to Mr. Sajeev has an interesting **twist and story ahead**, and let me share in this Book only and till then let me keep under tight cover. I'm sure you'll find it amusing 😊😊.

My business trip was coming to an end. "I think I should return now," I informed my managing director in a phone call conversation. My managing director immediately became concerned and replied, "Yes, you should. It's been quite a few days already."

I handed a small envelope filled with money to the Nepali guy and assured him to talk to the company about the remaining amount. I thanked him for his professional service and **hugged him tightly for a few moments** with *warm gratitude Thoughts for being my Emotional Anchor in my very First Dive* into Deep Business Ocean.

We Both Departed with Teary Eyes and Heavy Hearts with Promise to remain in touch continuously personally and professionally and I headed towards the airport to catch my flight for My Motherland i.e. India.

Finally, *I landed in Mumbai, India* and of course **excitement was high** to be with my Family Members especially with my Girl Friend in the next few hours.

I was amazed to see a long queue at the immigration. Back then, Mumbai Airport was smaller than it is today. The immigration process used to **take easily 2 to 3 hours to complete**. That's the India of 25 years plus back.

I was told at some places and by some known Global Trotters of that time

that you might have to offer a bribe to avoid intense checking when crossing the immigration process. It's a bitter truth about India that I shouldn't mention here, but it's a reality and today, **the atmosphere has completely changed and** I am proud of it.

I felt a bit afraid as I was carrying two liquor bottles for my MD who instructed for the same as per Indian Custom Rules of that time beside one yellow t-shirt that I bought during the trip. Some big eyes were gazing at me as I stood beside the immigration inspection desk for the baggage check. The customs officers checked **all my belongings intensively**, which was my first experience with them.

Finally, I cleared immigration with a big sigh of relief and headed towards my connecting flight to Jaipur from Mumbai.

After a few hours, Jaipur came into view. The airport was quite small back then. My parents were waiting for me at the airport, and *it was an incredibly emotional and beautiful moment for me.*

It was the first time I **saw pride** in my parents' eyes. Their eyes were filled with tears for their once seemingly directionless child, who now stood at a respected place in life. It was a huge change in my life. They bombarded me with questions about my trip and we had a good conversation.

I visited my friends in the neighbourhood, wearing a yellow t-shirt. Everyone was amazed to see my t-shirt, as India wasn't producing such High-Quality clothing at that time. I felt quite amused, **like a shining star** in everyone's eyes.

Hold on Here My Readers and of course A Twist is coming 😊 😊.

The next sunrise brought a different atmosphere to my home.

“Should we get him married now?” The words echoed from wall to wall in my home. My father wanted to take the initiative to discuss among relatives and Society Members for my marriage. Of course, he started talking to my relatives and at social gatherings, boasting about my accomplishments. Meanwhile, my mother was aware of my relationship with my lady love, Manju Ji.

Wont you guys be interested to learn about my next date in my Shining Yellow Full Sleeves T Shirt just after my Overseas Trip. Her eyes were full of pride and lots of questions about our relationship in the future, especially after my first foreign trip.

In those days, a foreign trip indicated hidden pleasure for people.

I also had made a very good friend named Mike Lu, whom I met during this recently concluded business trip. He worked for a company called China Petrochem, which also gave us good business. We took lots of photos with a tiny camera I had. I got the rolls developed and showed the pictures to Lady Love.

Of course, she liked them a lot, but there were **lots of questions emerging in her eyes** regarding hidden pleasure. The love that I could clearly see in her eyes was indeed the pinnacle of love. Undoubtedly it was not easy and convince her that your Heart i.e. *Chinu is very much the same guy, but I still could get shine her smile in that Date.*

Time to be back to My Business Desk and I travelled to Udaipur after a few days with my family and my lady love.

As soon as I reached Office and I met immediately with my managing director to discuss the trip. His expression showed confidence in me as the company had been able to secure a few favourable business deals beside

High Prospectus of Having more. **His gestures conveyed the success of the trip.**

Also, at the office I was treated at some corner with **Pride and some with hidden jealousy and back side criticism.** Whatever it had been, **all forms of Human Expressions** had endorsed *my Arrival and Acceptance to the Business Periphery.*

It's easy to attract/generate business in the market but **executing/delivering it is much more difficult** and of course challenges are ready to unfold.

“Ring, ring.” I received a call from Bipendra Ji (**the Nepali Guy**) asking for the remaining amount that was promised when the company hired his services. His follow calls and fax/mails (**some time**) were very much religious.

Let me not get further on the subject otherwise *negativity will start dominating the Positivity of the Book.*

In short, it was disappointing that the company had not fulfilled its promise, and I strongly felt at that time and even today it was important to acknowledge and rectify this. I expressed my regret to Bhupendra Ji on behalf of the company, **admitting** that the company had not kept its promise.

Although I had established a good relationship with him during my trip, he respectfully listened to my words and expressed his disappointment in strongly abusing words. Further He informed me that he would not be willing to work with us again which I also respected from Heart.

In this way our business journey came to an end. **The incident really shook me** and taught **me an important lesson** about the corporate world.

The Big Lesson which got engraved forever in my Brain and Heart from this incident is that in the corporate world, **it's important to fulfil your promises no matter the cost.** Making and keeping promises in the corpo-

rate world can greatly benefit your business.

While jotting those set of words/lines about the Above Corporate Lesson, undoubtedly A Question is popping genuinely 'Have I respected and implemented this lesson at my own personal or professional journey or not' and Here **Answer lies with** My Business Associates, My Overseas Sales Teammates and Clients, Vendors especially of Personal front.

Deep down at Soul, I strongly feel that **My Performance on Trust Worthiness Index** has always been a High Scorer.

For Young Business Aspirants, **Formula is very simple:**

Promise/commitment Accomplishment = More Trust for you and your company = More Business and More Yield = More smile around
😊😊.

Back to My Business Podium, The next scene was full of phone calls and faxes regarding the order we placed from China. We were unable to arrange the materials for which we had received orders.

In relation to this order (**as some parts was to be supplied from South India**), I spoke to **Mr. Sunny Joseph** for the first time. He was looking after our company's Bangalore Based Factory in Bangalore, South India, as the Manager of the Unit. Also, I was introduced to **Mr. Javier** by our Managing Director who was the General Manager of the South Indian Factory.

Let me cut here guys and I will talk about my trip to Bangalore a little later. **First about my First Salary finalization moments** which always make BP on Roller Coaster Drive for any Intern/very Fresh Corporate Aspirants.

I felt it was also the right moment to talk to the managing director about my internship payouts as well as about to be on Payroll.

Our managing director used to hold a key position at Sruti Synthetic, one of the biggest textile companies in Udaipur. Our company took over Sruti Synthetic during that time only as he always wished to be a part of the textile world too.

Note Guys; just for your info that India used to be a Traditional Power in Textile world always and further Export from India was on surge.

This was the first time I met Mr. Kataria, who looked after the reception desk at Sruti Synthetic, as Mr. Bhansali at our company. Mr. Kataria was assisted by a dynamic woman who was also present at the reception desk. I went there to meet my managing director.

I waited for an hour. Then I received a call allowing me to meet my managing director. We talked about my salary. "How much do you expect, Chinmay?" he asked. Incessantly, I replied, "Rs. 10000." **He accepted without any hesitation** and inside my Heart was on Cloud Nine.

Guys; 10,000 rupees was a rewarding amount for me at that time and If I calculate it in today's terms, it would be Rs. 1,00,000.

Once I was out; I called my parents first and informed them about my raise and also to My Lady love and of course now we can marry each other with high confidence as we both felt This News will bless the Right time to discuss our marriage with our respective parents.

Smile, Enthusiasm and Happiness was at its zenith around me but I was not aware *Life is full of twist and turn like snake and ladder Game* :0 😊.

Keep Scrolling further and Romantic and Corporate Thrill is there to Keep

you Hook up 😊😊.

Now my father was **very eager to arrange my marriage** and had already begun talking to people and relatives to find a suitable girl for me in society. On the other side, I and Manju were both desperate about our marriage.

Subtle hints were beginning to start emerging at home from my side more prominently about me and Manju although my mother was somewhat familiar with it already and my father started **feeling more concerned** that my son could get out of control.

Let's discuss this *Two Generation Differences Episode a little later* 😊😊 and meanwhile let's head back to the Corporate World.

Very unexpected news I heard that someone who was giving his services to Birla Vikram Cement (**Chittorgarh; 120kms around from Udaipur city**) as vice president sales, is joining our company and he was already at MD office.

I received a call to go to the Managing Director's room immediately. When I entered, I saw the tall and handsome man with French Beard (**in the age of 45-50 years**) counting the stitches on the couch where he had settled into a restful mood.

My managing director introduced me to the man and informed me about his upcoming joining. He also instructed me to plan my next visit to China with him. It was a moment of uncertainty for me. Although I had confidence in my abilities, still **there was something unsettling**.

However, since it was an instruction from my managing director, I had to follow it as he was my team leader and more experienced.

While jotting these words for this Book, Now **with High Confidence can state** that my Managing Director's decision was correct as I was very naïve

to the Corporate World and of course Experience matters and further he must have wanted to grow the business in a smoother way.

Honestly at that time, I was highly insecure that My Golden Chance to Prove My Capabilities might get shattered and now I had to work in a more Caged way under the New Team leader. Thanks to the Almighty that **Still I was and still I am Human** 😊😊.

As instructed by our MD We travelled together for China Mainland and Hongkong. First, I visited our existing client in China, whom I had met during a stone exhibition and also we had some meetings in Hong Kong.

As our business tour was coming to an end and were getting ready to get back; personally, I started feeling that the person with me during our business tour was not fully satisfied with the facilities provided by our company as promised. He was accustomed to more professional corporate standards and easily had access to all the amenities there.

During our business tour, he was confirming details to his family members about the driver, vehicle and other arrangements to ensure everything was organized properly from our company. **His unsatisfied expression** spoke volumes, revealing more than his words did during the series of phone calls he made to his family.

Indeed, the stone industry used to be unorganized at that time and still it is to a major extent which **also endorses how much scope this Industry has for Growth.**

He had arrived from Vikram Cement (Birla Group) which was a Highly Corporate Structured and Professional Organization. **He had a great lifestyle at Vikram Cement**, with a good salary package, chauffeur and a private vehicle for personal and professional use.

After reaching Udaipur, he had a conversation with our Managing Director and not sure what was being discussed and after that he almost discontinued his services with our organization and instead resumed working with Vikram Cement again without formally intimating our company.

Here I must confess with honesty that I felt relaxed with little inner joy as I found it free again to adapt my work as per our Managing Director's vision directly.

Note: Later, I met the Vikram Cement Professional 2-3 times at Airports and always met with High Regards and Smile.

However, this experience taught me the importance of having a well-organized company.

Bringing someone from a highly organized corporate background into a less organized environment can present challenges both professionally and personally **until and unless the said Professional is determined** to turn around the Environment as per his Benchmark.

Now, things are looking up at work and we had started receiving good orders for granite blocks and slabs from China and the said Nation had become a key location for my business deals.

As time went on, my Managing Director expressed interest in joining me on a business trip to China next time. I was truly grateful to him for treating me like his teammate and for sharing his hotel room with me. We often used to exchange our experiences, especially on this trip.

One Day in a serious tone, he discussed the company's sales figures with me and told me, "Chinmay, you excel in communication, traveling and punctuality plus other attributes but you are *missing the Closing of Sales Part* with client and You **need to focus on it** as it's the most crucial *to turn*

any positive sales pitch into Real Sales”

It was one of **the Most Twisting Corporate Lessons** which stuck with me **Forever**, and Till now his words *always echo to stretch extra any Sales Pitch into Real Sales*. Generating Real Sales and Business from the market is what Matters Most to Corporate Balance Sheets.

After that **My Sales Negotiation Approach changed dramatically** and sales numbers also started reflecting on Papers.

In this chapter itself, I discussed a Strong Charismatic female CEO and owner of a **Shenzhen based Chinese company** who was one of our clients and our MD was taking care of this account directly. We were facing challenges related to payments from them. I was also one of the responsible teammates at the company tasked with consistently following up on our outstanding payments.

Here I would like to introduce Ashish Agarwal, the youngest son of our then Chairman, who also joined me for the first time on a trip to China to recover the said outstanding payments which was a Big Amount. It was a great feeling to travel with him.

As planned, we headed to Schengen, China and stayed there for almost 45 days.

For Young 21st Century Gen and of course **they would observe very weird** and its true and you can consult further your Guru Google that at that time, there was no proper foreign exchange services or credit card services available. We always had to carry traveller's checks (**google out guys what is it** 😊😊) or very limited cash in dollars.

We both frequently used to visit the woman client's office, but there were no positive signs of recovering the payment. We were facing a time when

we had no money to sustain ourselves smoothly and a lot of times, we used to walk many kms to save every penny.

Even many times we used **to have one time meal i.e.** just buying plain rice and eating with some Indian Spices which Ashish ji carried with him from India.

How I can miss this Podium to express my deep appreciation for this Rich Son of our company's then Chairman. He never made me feel like his employee.

We used to share the same room in the hotel and sometimes he would *even let me sleep on the bed while he used to sleep on the floor*. Sometimes, **he used to restrain his hunger** to make sure that I always have enough portions of the food.

The 45-day journey was a valuable experience for me, helping me understand **how to sustain on a tight budget** while abroad without any support. Further I developed a friendship with Ashish ji which still is very much in respectable mode and after that we travelled to many nations together including China again.

It was a significant lesson for me i.e. **how challenging it can be to recover money** in the corporate realm if the intention of the other side gets polluted. **Still this Experience is very much Young in My Memory.**

Even our Managing Director observed that it's wastage of time and he instructed both of us to go back home.

Guys you won't believe that as soon as we landed in Mumbai I had Poha (**An Indian breakfast Dish**) and Ashish had Samosa and Poha. Honestly it quenches our Soul and of course your own Nation Food always makes you shine especially **when you don't have it in the last 45 days**.

In today's world, Indian food is becoming globalized in every way and That's why I'm sharing *this incident also to help today's digital generation understand the Time* when we had **limited food options globally for Veggie Indians**.

My Corporate world's journey was taking good shape, and also I had been keeping sessions at MIB (**Master of International Business**) Institute to remain updated with live Global happenings and I always used to feel Young while being with more or less same Age Students.

Let me continue with Mr. Sunny Joseph and Mr. Xavier which I left in between in this chapter. My Managing Director instructed me to visit the company's Bangalore factory to understand more about South Indian Granites and the work process of the factory.

Of course, it was my first visit to Bangalore and I stayed in the company's own Guest House at Sada Shiv Nagar (**the Poshest Area of the Bangalore and just back of Kannada Cine Actor late Rajkumar and late Puneet Rajkumar**), where I met Mr. Narayan, who was caretaker of the house. He was very humble and had a unique hospitality with serving delicious food and welcoming guests. His presence made me feel very familiar and his unconditional love was evident. The way he cooked food was impressive and I still remember the taste of every morsel.

The factory was approximately 40 km away from the guest house.

The guest house was very large, and the General Manager of the company also used to stay there, occupying a certain part of the house. I had a formal meeting with him in the factory. This **person was truly a Gem** and further he was Non-Internet Era's "Wikipedia" of knowledge.

I had a series of formal and non formal conversations about his experiences and knowledge, I felt small in comparison and started realizing that **I still had a lot to learn**. He ignited a hunger for reading in me and **showed me**

the right way to read and target particular content that would lead me towards my goals.

I started reading about global world affairs more vigorously and started accumulating information about international businesses, which was very valuable to me then and still is. Reading Deeply about Global is **now DNA** of My Persona and **A Die-Hard Habit** and *a major extend of credit goes to Mr. Xavier for that.*

I always found our conversations very stimulating and unfortunately, Mr. Xavier is no longer with us, but **his teachings continue to live on in my personality.** You can feel a glimpse of his knowledge that I have acquired.

Now Time for My Sunny Josphe (Mr. Sunny Josphe) whom I also met during this my first Bangalore Trip. Despite being only 4 to 5 years older than me, he had been working with our company for almost a decade overseeing the entire factory's production and its execution in a very efficient manner.

He served as a **mentor and coach** on various aspects of Natural Stones and its Procurement plus Production Aspect **despite having different schools of opinion** about International Business and Market Expansion Strategy. Of course, we **used to have sometimes heated discussions** also on the subject without compromising mutual respect. Still till jotting these words *we are very Good Friends with High Respect for each other.*

His extensive knowledge also brought me great joy and further I always was a sincere student of his, **except wherever we had differences** 😊😊. I am truly grateful for his diligent assistance *especially on his sharp eyes for High Quality Production, Quality Control and Packaging* which is **still intact in My Business Approach** while serving customers.

Guys Mr. Sunny Jospeh will be more ahead and before we close this Chapter, let me share an interesting incident which stuck with me forever and of course *you can feel that how dumb I was* 😊 😊.

Across from our Sada Shiv Nagar Guest House, there was a small tea stall. Every now and then, we used to visit that place in the morning or evening. It was the first time in my life that *I saw a Beautiful Indian girl having Tea and Holding A Cigarette in her other hand, blowing circular smoke from her mouth.*

I was completely astonished and amused by the scene in front of my eyes **(Keep in mind that I was from a very small city and it was the Era of 1990s)** and how I could forget that Beautiful Girl. It was indeed shocking for me and personally, I felt like I had come from Mars or another planet to visit Planet Earth.

Unfortunately, it has become more a common trend to see Indian Girls and Women in the Restaurants and smoking lounge smoking cigarettes and of course *That's the Cost to be paid for Globalization.*

Here My Digi Gen Readers may have differed schools of opinion and of course you can bully me on this old school state of Mind, but this is what your Chinmay is still today.

Management Lessons

...

TRAVELLING BESIDE BOOKS

are *Best Teachers*

and it always *Glow* your Persona and
State of Mind further.

Travel A lot and Read A lot.

Continuous LEARNING is the Key
and Always remain a Student.

Experience counts

and

don't look for Monetary Packages

in the beginning of your career

and

MONEY Follows you organically

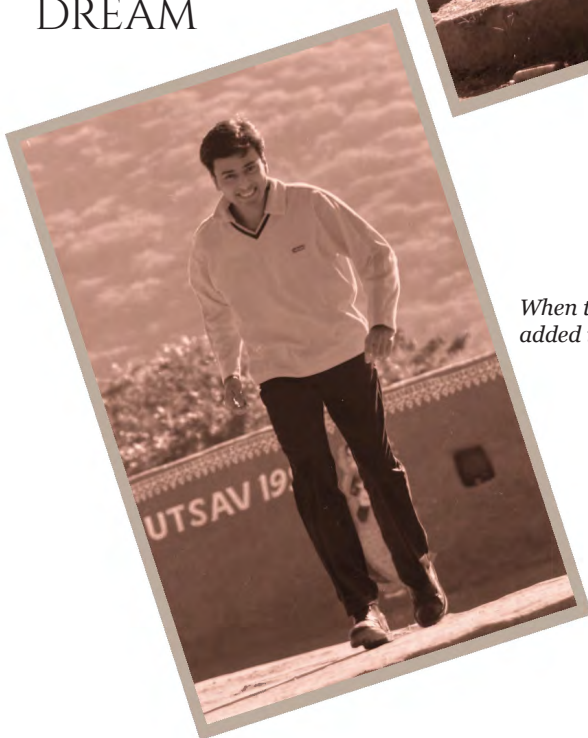
once you are EXPERIENCED

and

Exposed to the

Corporate World or even LIFE.

WHEN YOUR
PENNY
BUYS
A SMALL
DREAM



*When the "YELLOW T-shirt"
added in my cupboard*



A DIVE
INTO
GLOBAL
BUSINESS





CHINA
VISIT



Chapter 23:

MARRIAGE ON CARD: A TUSSELE BETWEEN ARRANGE ONE OR LOVE

Guys you must have not forgotten the Last Chapter and if yes, **revisit it right away** where my father was eager to arrange my marriage.

He had been **closely observing** how I was growing and further **he believed strongly** that my steady progress in my International Career now was under building mode on a solid foundation.

It truly inspired him to want to get me married as soon as possible.

My father was somewhat aware of my relationship (a warm gratitude to My Mom 😊😊) with a girl that went beyond friendship—she was, of course, my love. However, everything took a turn for the worse when my father decided to arrange a meeting with a girl from Ajmer city, who was a distant

relative of one of our family members.

My father wanted **me to marry within our community**, and I was completely against the idea he was planting in his mind.

Eventually, he pressured me Like 90s Father 😊😊 to meet this girl and forced me onto a bus to travel to Ajmer for the meeting. The moment I boarded, my face turned pale with a mix of anger and tears throughout the journey. I cried a lot during the entire trip.

At this point, I **would like to pause** and leave out some painful details that would only add to my stress, **so I'll skip it**. Sometimes I find it difficult to express certain matters.

My experiences and emotions unfolded during the journey **which evolved me more emotionally and spiritually towards My Love** so it may be best to keep some details censored. Finally, we moved back home, and **my father understood clearly** that Chinmay would marry whoever his heart desired, which, of course, was my love, Manju.

There was **a complete silence between my father and me** after this incident as if we were *two banks of a river, separated yet connected*. Somehow, indirectly or directly, my father had **reportedly tried to convince me** to marry within our community.

I was mentally shocked to reflect on this, especially considering my father's education in Belgium and his otherwise modern views on society. However, when it came to his own son, everything changed. It was a surprising U-turn.

It is very easy for me to write it **without understanding my own father's state of mind** and his experience of life at that time. Indeed, I consider **myself open-minded, secular, and A Globally Well Travelled** and however **here, I am uncertain about** how I would react if similar conditions arose

for my own children in the future.

Why is he like that? Honestly that was **the Question** which always kept Hovering me about **My Father's state of mind and Behaviour** during that Timeline.

Meanwhile, my mother was quietly updating my father about my serious relationship with Manju ji and at the same time, Manju ji was informing her parents about our relationship. Guys Let me pause here and let me share more about the same later on as **your faces have started reflecting also with the Grief and Painful moments of My Storyline** 😊😊.

Time to Make your Heartbeats Romantic.

As you know, my job requires me to travel frequently from one city to another and even from one country to another, which **had led to a long-distance love relationship with Manju ji**. However, my love for her had deepened further and the urge to see her had kept my enthusiasm alive.

I made it a point to travel from Udaipur to Jaipur every 10 to 15 days. While visiting my parents and brother at Jaipur; meeting Manju ji became my top priority above everything else.

Due to the long distance between us, she had started missing more and more emotions from each other. As of that **she got propelled to send me her very first letter filled with emotion, harmony, and divinity** to the address of one of Childhood Buddy Suraj Bilochi.

Anything First is always Most Memorable Treasure and further if it was A Love Letter then of course You Guys can imagine How I must have been flying in Air at that time *what Indian Actor Aamir Khan did in Job Jita Wo Sikandar* 😊😊.

I rushed to collect it without any delay from Suraj's Home and As I held it in my hands, I took a long, satisfying breath and closed my eyes, feeling grateful to the almighty.

Finally, I opened the letter and started reading it and suddenly an immense volcano erupted within me, filling me with spirituality, love, happiness and emotions. The experience was truly tremendous, unforgettable and remains vivid in my mind.

My cupboard began to fill soon with a chain of love letters and our love was at its peak despite **we were physically 420kms from each other**. It was the perfect time to transit our relationship into something long-term.

You're right guys; we were in **a very serious phase regarding our marriage**.

On a serious note and very True that She is an equally significant character in my life journey and we always have to respect her school of thought or more precisely instruction (*only A Couple who is married or in relationship can understand what I mean* 😊😊).

Therefore, You would surf below some Blank Space for my audience to understand the depth of our spiritual connection and *so let it be censored to respect the Lady wish* 😊😊.

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Censored Censored

Guys especially *Millennial Gen* can visualize how we used to make call which you cannot imagine in wild also about such scenario and of course **you are blessed to be part of present Digital Era.**

Suddenly, a group of notorious individuals appeared armed with swords, knives and other weapons and a brawl broke out. In that moment of fear, I quickly act and urged Anil to leave the place immediately. However, he didn't understand my feelings at that time.

Guys I explained **in one of the previous chapters** that I had been injured by a knife during my college days by a group of people, and **I still can't forget the pain and fear** from that experience. Whenever I find myself in similar situations, the entire incident from my college days plays out like a movie in front of my eyes and **I react instantly** to leave such a situation.

Every time I meet my friend Anil, we end up discussing the same topic and he teasingly says, "*How cowardly you are!*" However, he also appreciates me now for staying away from such situations and incidents.

Treasure of Memoir is such that I am occasionally getting strayed from the Timeline, *An humble Apology for the same My Readers.* However, **I will do my best** to keep you on the edge of your seat while you guys surf the secrets of my life.

Time to **change Focal of My Memory** to the Business Timeline of The Moment.

It was my first time attending an Indian one's International stone exhibition in Bangalore (**now officially known as Bengaluru**). My company was also participating in the exhibition and all of our teammates from both northern and southern India were gathered there, making it a fantastic experience for me.

I arrived in Bangalore two days early, as **I was supervising** and leading the event on behalf of my company. I wanted to understand the setup and processes to ensure that our booth preparation workflow get more smoothly.

There were **two very important incidents** that happened: one is exciting and the other one which incorporated valuable lessons about management for Forever.

Whenever I manage a project, I remain actively involved in every aspect, from minor tasks to top-level management. This includes everything from cleanliness to design and to furniture arrangement, documentation and fabrication. **Indeed, it's part of My DNA** and not sure where it comes from or may be **because of too much reading**.

Just few hours back show was about to open, I was overseeing cleanliness at our Booth in the show Mr. Xavier (**our GM of Bangalore Factory**) placed his hands on my shoulders and stated “Chinmay I admire your hardcore dedication to every detail, I am confident that you will achieve great success in life.”

I still remember his words, which resonate in my mind and have left a lasting impact on me. I often wonder why he said that and the answer remains elusive.

Indeed, it guided and **enlightened me further with My Management Lesson** that when you get involved in any task, it's important to first manage and complete all aspects of the work yourself.

To build an effective team, you **need to actively participate as part of the team as well**. **This approach can lead to excellent results as a whole Team.**

At that time the show used to be in the Palace Grounds in the heart of Bangalore and of course nowadays it happens at a well-established International Convention Centre which was not there at that time. It was the first day of the exhibition which used to be always with low walk-ins and we were standing at our stall.

All Suddenly; the word **Wow** escaped from one of our Teammate's mouths and everybody started looking towards our Teammates eyes were looking. When we all saw a very young and European looking gorgeous girl crossing through our stall. **She was so beautiful** that we all struggled to find the words to describe her beauty. Even now, when I think back to her looks, my heart and body gets mesmerized.

Meanwhile, we all witnessed a young and dynamic man standing beside her; he was also strikingly handsome and could easily catch everyone's attention and of course it was enough to upset and demotivate our Team at stand 😊😊.

A movie titled "Raju Ban Gaya Gentleman" famous scene was recreated in which a group of boys called out to a girl from behind, saying "**Palat,**" aka "turn around." That exact incident seemed to be happening at our stall. Everyone was captivated by her beauty and tried to make eye contact. I was certainly among those drawn to her.

The sun was at its peak externally as well as internally at our hearts and further few rays of light filtering through our Show's industrial canopy were enhancing her beauty, much like *a model walking down a runway in a fashion show.*

It is said that when you desire certain things in life with full dedication, nature will respond to your wishes. With the grace of God, our telepathy worked and she turned towards our stand, walking with the handsome man. Each step *she took toward our stall made our heart racing so heavenly*

😊😊. I also cherished my heart with a gentle touch, **reminding myself to stay in control.**

The Almighty was in favour of me and she started speaking to me and a wave of jealousy seemed to explode around us 😊😊. I could clearly see it in the eyes and body language of everyone nearby who wanted to make eye contact with her and engage in conversation.

Our conversation evolved into business discussion, and after that we worked for many years with that Beautiful Couple and **of course Guys the Man was her Husband** 😊 and they were and still are from Bulgaria.

Due course of time, we have become family friends, and that bond remains strong not with them but now with their kids who are also well grown up now.

As we all know, life is often scripted by a higher power and Here Interestingly, both of our birthdays fall on the same date. *We always wish each other well on our special day* and our **friendship continues** to thrive. Some relationships are destined by fate, and we are merely spectators in that process.

Time to *be grateful for one more incident* which **propelled me to stretch extra.**

There was a company from Udaipur that was a direct competitor in this business to our Company and they also used to have a warehouse in The Netherlands. Their team were there also to visit the exhibition from Holland and also they had been to our Stand.

The head of the company started speaking to me and slowly his tone was in very harsh manner and **still I couldn't figure out why** he was that like although we were meeting for very First Time. I will never forget the way he addressed me; **it was painful** at that time and further his *arrogance and*

attempts to elevate himself in every moment of our conversation was completely absurd.

It was disheartening to work from early morning to late night with full dedication, only to endure **such inappropriate language**.

Here I would like to extend a spiritual gratitude to the Gentleman (of course for privacy and to remain Positive not sharing the Name) for the way he spoke to me motivated me to improve my own skills and Business Approach. His remarks pushed me to stretch my limits and elevate company's business to new heights.

Further I chose to cherish that pain in the positive way and I always knew that the day would come when the tables would turn. Eventually, that the same person acknowledged my hard work and transformed his previous words into appreciation after few years although **he was not aware consciously** that he showered such words ever in the Past.

Exhibitions enhance your personality as both as **A Professional and an individual**. They help you develop **your ability to connect with people** in national and international business context and of course it **drastically shifts your perspective** on products, business development and establishing contacts.

Participating in such exhibitions had positively impacted our business too. Whenever any prospective client/clients approach us with inquiries about our products, we made **a smooth effort to follow up** with them courteously, continuously and in a timely manner. This approach had made **our business more authentic and fruitful**.

Here a Strong Recommendation to Gen Z, especially Young Entrepreneurs and New Startups to visit such Exhibitions, Shows and Events of your

Aspired Professional Segment **first hand** despite we are in Digital Era.

It will **certainly prosper your Perspective and Vision further** to your Aspiration.

These events create valuable connections and foster strong relationships with Clients and Business Partners, and it boosts Trust Building Exercise further effectively than any other communication methods. In short, **this habit** keeps you **more proactive and productive** in every situation.

Guys Lets Turn to China and This Era was the Timeline when China was on verge of turning itself into A Challenging Superpower with **its long-term Vision and Tactful Strategies**. Also, it was the Time when USA **had started considering tremendously for Tec Transfer** so China Turn into **Manufacturing Hub for their Corporations**.

Here **I Strongly Guide My Readers to Google More on the subject** especially Bill Clinton Admin Time.

You Guys must be little astonished why I am sharing all this to you and of course it is related to My Journey of that moment.

For Their Long Vision of Turning China into Global Engine of Manufacturing, the Chinese government took the initiative to promote finished goods **“Made in China”** aggressively at their Policy and in Real Actions. They reduced the import duty on raw materials, imposing little to no taxes. This strategy aimed to boost their manufacturing industries to supply for whole Planet. It was a significant era.

During the years of 2000-2001, exports of our company’s finished goods almost came to a halt for Chinese Market, and **our company’s focus also shifted solely** accordingly to raw material supplies i.e. Block Business.

During this turmoil, our managing director advised us to be more aggressive on exploring new markets for our finished good products. Fortunately, **we received a positive response** from the South Korean market i.e. for which we had been trying to get open since our Shanghai Show where we had few South Korean Prospects also.

I still remember a South Korean client whom we got introduced also at the Shanghai Show, J Young Kim (**an ex-Military Veteran**), who visited our factory in India. It was during the hot summer of May of 1999 when they faxed us to inform us, they would be visiting our factory in next few days. We welcomed them in a very courteous manner and I was leading them at our Company's Podium.

At that time, red granite was quite popular in China among Communist or Ex Communist Nations including South Korea. J Young and his client's interest got fuelled further when they surf Red Granite Materials in our factory and he requested a visit to its Mine/Quarry.

In Short span of time, We were to the quarry in the Hot June and we had Flight and Train Journey to be there. In this journey I and J Young developed a Personal Friendship and still we are close buddies and we have to be as our Birth Days are hardly two days apart (**His Birth Date is May 04 and Mine you have to Answer Guys 😊😊**).

During this journey to Quarry and back and forth back to Factory, I observed closely that J Young had/ still have the Habit of writing notes/points and upon asked he guided **that during his Military Training Time this Habit got developed.**

You won't believe that I picked this Habit also more religiously from him although **I had been making To Do List already.**

Back to our Company's Business, just after their visit they confirmed us our first business deal from their side and That too of same Red Granite **(it was not from our company's quarry)** but in small size slabs *which our Factory was not having its own Manufacturing Expertise.*

of course our Management Team and Middle Team were in Riddle Mode how to arrange desired materials in desired size for the New Korean Client as our company was not having manufacturing facility of that.

Also, Guys **Keep in mind** that Indian Corporate especially Stone World was very much in its nascent phase during that Era **in context of sub-contracting The Business.**

After **Brainstorming session** among our Management and the Team including me and I was **Pushing Stone** and further **too much stubborn** to get execute this New Blessed Opportunity to get into South Korean Market.

Our MD gave instruction cum Green Signal to collaborate with some small manufacturing units which produce such materials and let we **have a Trading Unit at our Company** under *canopy of our company's General Manager BP Khandelwal.*

I would like to introduce Mr. Khandelwal, the General Manager of our company, who has supported me throughout my journey and had been a mentor at all times.

My Management Style and Work Approach began to take shape within the company and still some people opposed my policies and more n more started supporting and undoubtedly *Mr. Khandelwal was one of the strong supporters.*

Under his leadership, the company started looking for companies to out-source the said Business and eventually he found a reliable supplier in Abu

Road (Rajasthan India) which was hardly 100km plus from Udaipur city.

Without any delay, I packed my bag and headed toward the said factory in Abu Road along a Teammate Vijay ji Gokhru (**same age and later on we become good friend**) to check the material being produced.

Traveling by private bus to this small city was **A Business changing Experience** as it gave the whole Team a confidence that we **could grow this outsourcing Business in Big Way** and Honestly at that time we were not aware that we were in **History Making Process cum Role Model** for our Stone Community.

The Managing Director and General Manager were in the loop and in due course of time we started supplying regularly to the South Korean Market and The Red Granite was **our Blockbuster Star**.

How I could forget **the Abu Road based Supplier** who also supported us from Heart and He owes **A Personal warm gratitude** for showering his extra stretch support *to Young Professional like us*.

We still meet sometimes at some Business Shows and we **always remember our very first visit** to his side especially the World Famous Kadi Kachori (to understand more **Google it or visit the place for it**) of Abu Road.

As updated just above that Red became A Super Star at our Product Basket and more n more demand had started floating from South Korea. As a result, **we also increased our supply chain vendors to meet the demand** and of course the *concept of sub-contracting/trading had started rooting at our company* which was till then in House Manufacturer cum Exporter.

During that period, I began to travel frequently to South Korea along Mr. Khandelwal and started getting regular Good Business through J Young and His Business Partner then Mr. SK Sir. This Nation of South Korea let

me Learn A Lot especially the Human Combination of its Deeply Rooted Culture and High Technology besides its Breathe taking Landscape.

The country, known for Chaebols and their brands like **Samsung, LG, Hyundai**, erstwhile **Daewoo (which is no more now) SK** and many more such Conglomerates which let me have First Hand Experience of how these Corporates Made the Nation a Roaring Developed Economy and Now **how they are controlling and influencing** the South Korean Politics, Society beside Economy.

Here a humble request for Gen Ze and Gen Alpha to **google Chaebol** and learn about them and it will make you Astonished how Conglomerates are Behind Success of this Nation beside many other ugly stories related to **how so much Power can corrupt the Political Socio Landscape.**

That's why **I always motivate Young Gen to Travel more and more** which is the one of Best way to learn. When we **travel and engage in conversations with strangers and businesspeople**, you often develop a bond based on mutual respect and understanding for **That Nation and Its People.**

During that time, we started having overseas clients visiting from South Korea and China on regular basis and Our company had two warehouses located in Sharjah (UAE) and Singapore. One of our clients from Singapore visited India during that time and I personally picked him up from Ahmedabad International Airport. It **enhanced My Persona's Traits** for Forever 😊😊.

That's why My Favorite words are 'Keep Learning and Remain Always Student'.

We then visited a granite mining area in District of Godhra (near Ahmedabad), and later he toured our factory in Udaipur. During our drive from

Godhra to Udaipur, I learned about the **significance of reading books** more when interacted with this Singaporean client.

It was also the first time I heard about the international business index and Global stock markets interconnectivity in more depth. His discussions about these Global Subjects excited me and sparked *my interest in learning more about Global Financial World.*

I always emphasize that books are valuable friends for learning Time management, commitment, dedication and N number of subjects but for First Time released deeply that They can **also significantly enhance the effectiveness of your conversations** with anybody especially Business Clients.

Undoubtedly, this International Business journey had been and still have been very fruitful in helping me learn about its nitty bitty and detailed fabric. Also, I had the opportunity to meet with veteran and experienced businessmen of all spectrums beside our own Major Industry Players.

It was **crucial for me to be on the same shoes** alongside them and it **always pushed and still letting me stretch** to remain updated on both national and international business scenarios on continuous basis. Over time, **my personality has kept adapting and evolving**, allowing me to connect easily with these seasoned businessmen.

This **Atomic and Compounding Habits** has Helped me on building a more Magnetic and Charming Personality. How I can Forget to **extend my Warm Gratitude to Amitabh Bachchan and Aamir Khan** from whom I learnt a lot through their Public Behaviour Display.

Amitabh Bachchan (**Indian Cinema's Timeless and undisputed Millennium Superstar**) incorporated me deeply to be Student of Time Management and Discipline plus warriorship and further I learnt deeply from him **how to remain connected with old connections and future one.**

Aamir Khan (India's Genius and Excellency Obsessive Superstar) let me to learn how to remain Aloof from World and Just Focus on your Passion and Profession. Indeed, I am the undisputed Biggest Followers of his Personal Traits which I can claim easily as for his Cinematic Charm there are many millions of his die-hard fan but sure very few followers on his personal traits.

Under his influence, I kept **myself from socialization** (even till now I always avoid going to any party/get together events) **very little and That helped me a lot in Growing My Personality Non-Stop** and of course it reflected in my Performance and Productivity.

Of course, still **My person to personal socialization is still low but I always remain connected with everybody in my creative way** and Here *I owe Amitabh Bachchan for this craft* Although I never met in person both of them, but I have seen them many times at Business Lounges of Indian Airports but never prefer to meet to keep their privacy respected.

Here I would like to state with Highest Confidence that I am their Eklavya (Guys **who is not aware of Ekalavya Story**, pls google or you-tube it) and let one day meet them in person to share my warm gratitude from Soul first hand.

Will it be Possible ever and Here Guys pls wait for my second/third book where you can read **some interesting story popping up** and of course **the Universe always work** 😊 😊.

Guys Wake up from Celluloid Charishma and **Back to My Corporate World** 😊 😊; Suddenly my phone rang on the table while I was working in my office at the factory.

It was my Managing Director calling me and he requested a meeting with an academic professor from Mohanlal Sukhadia University, Udaipur. I

promptly followed my Managing Director's instructions and hurried to his office. Respectfully, I entered my MD's office and and shook hands with the Professor.

After formal introductions, he began instructing me on the academic methods for completing my tasks and more precisely he was dictating how I should work. **I felt a strong resistance to his instructions** and The Question Arises 'Why'. Because **as a practitioner** as well as the witness of my father's background **as an academician**, which allowed me to see the *differences between theory and practice more clearly*.

I don't know what happened in that moment and I chose to reject his instructions flatly without even requesting him to consider my perspective. His face reflected his disagreement, but I firmly believed that my stance was well-founded as now **I was also A Practitioner beside A Part Time Academician** in Evening when I used to take classes at MIB Institute.

Still, I hold the very same distinction between an academician and a practitioner.

Academic texts hold their own value while real-world practice is shaped by **the working environment and specific situations one faces**. Practical work differs significantly from academic rules. That's why I always state Young Academician to have **First Hand Exposure** of Corporate World/ Govt. Institutions as it **proposes Vision and Vista** for their Subject of Expertise.

This is why many foreign universities employ practitioner professors also who have deep expertise in their subjects, along with practical experience, which often makes them more capable than traditional academicians.

Looking back, I Regret that I should had handled that meeting in a more aesthetic and respectful manner. Of course, I can state now that it was **my**

Immaturity and while **retrospection now**, I can state that it's my Evolution on Timeline.

Without A Single Needle Size Doubt, I owe **A Great Respect to All Academicians** including my Professor Father who always let me challenge and propel to stretch more. As of that you guys can notice that all my conversations, motivational talks and subjective speeches are shaped by **the first-hand knowledge** I have gained through my practical experiences, which go beyond purely academic learning.

Of course, *Boredom is Back to your side Guys and so No more Books and Academicians and of course Time to Activate again our Heart Beats Mode Again* 😊😊.

Distance prosper and propel the Love at the speed of Light and The Magic was Blossoming as we were enjoying a long-distance love affair of 420 Kms (**distance between Jaipur-Udaipur**). The distance had certainly put the fire of our love in Fiery Mode 😊😊 and further it had put made my girlfriend, Manju, eager to marry.

This obsession inspired her further to write me her very first love letter to me. *I felt immense joy and erotically surprised* when I received that letter in Udaipur, as until then, all the letters had been coming from me to her. Have you ever watched or heard of the Bollywood movie "Sirf Tum" (Starring *Saif Ali Khan and Rani Mukherjee*)? Whenever I remember this film, I can't help but relate it to my own love story.

Guys if you have not watched it yet, surf it and then only you will understand **the intensity of our ongoing love phase** 😊😊 and as per my Girlfriend and now My Wife strict instruction lot of Romantic Moments **I am censoring** and here *you can fantasize or visualize yourselves* 😊😊.

Indeed, Marriage discussion were getting more serious among us as when I

used to be at Jaipur to meet her beside my family members. It's difficult for the Gen Z/Gen Alpha generation to understand **the social pressures and social taboos** related inter-caste marriages in the 1990s.

At that time, it used to feel *like a civil war within family members* and as of that Romantic Couples used to often run away to have court marriages or nuptial ceremonies in temples. On this front However, we **both were determined and very much clear** that we would marry only with the blessing of our parents.

In the Backdrop of this Strong Philosophy and our eagerness to get marry as soon as possible; I started trying to convince my parents about my marriage to My lady love with more seriousness. Also, Manju started doing the same at her side. Both sides Parents had their own social compulsions and concerns.

Guys **it's been 1990s India** and to understand more about **Parents outlook and thinking process of that Timeline**; watch out some movies of that Era to understand more first hand.

It's been **six and half Years** since we The Romantic Birds had been Dating and Now, we both, including our sexual Hormones 😊😊 were **making us eager to get married** as soon as possible. After battling with my thoughts and emotions especially the Fear one for a long time, I finally decided **to write a letter to my future father-in-law** so that I could pour my emotions fully and further he could read it coolly and calmly.

Guys, it was a heartfelt seven-page handwritten letter that I entrusted to Manju, asking her to give it to her father. Of course, it was **not the time of what's up and even Email format communication** was not popular.

Here I can understand How our Gen Z and Alpha must be feeling amused '*How anybody can write 07-page letter*' and of course we are **Museum**

Products of 20th Century so writing letters had been common among us.

Before I share My Future Father-in-Law reaction after reading my letter I would like to share a small anecdote with my dear readers. It is often the case when trying to achieve a goal, various **opposing forces emerged during this time.**

During this time My father was persuaded by a family member to consider a girl from our community who used to live in Ajmer (**around 130kms from Jaipur city**) for marriage. Her father was well-off and held a High Position in a government department. My family insisted that I should meet her and I felt as though I was forcibly tied to my seat on the bus as we made our way to Ajmer. I cried the entire journey, becoming a spectacle for my nearby passengers on the bus.

At that time, Indian traditions were quite formal. When we arrived, the girl came to meet us and **Guys just hold** and Pls Guess what would be the **Answer of mine** to very first question of the Girl 😊😊.

“What would you like to do professionally in life?” Her soft-spoken words resonated in my mind. Without hesitation, my inner voice urged me to say and I said that I want to open a salon.” I was **envisioning a modern salon even then.**

Did I try to make that dream a reality?

Yes, of course, I did. Let me share a small anecdote. **Amit Galundia**; one of my best childhood friends. He arranged a meeting with his mother at their home as their Home was at A Prime Location and it was an ideal location for Any Salon. When I shared my idea with her, she was fascinated and fully supportive to it.

I had been collaborating with my other childhood buddy Lokesh, in the



Celestial buddy



Childhood
Buddy
since Age 09

Amit
Galundia

My brother, known to everyone as Chinmay Vardhman, will always be my Chinu Bhaiya. Not just to me, but to many of us in our colony and childhood gang, he has always been that guiding elder brother.

He is more than family—**he is my inspiration. His strength, determination, integrity, and the way he has grown** in both business and life motivate me every day. Whenever I feel stuck, I look at his journey and find the courage to move forward. I'm truly blessed to have him as my role model.

said Salon Business Segment's research, **as we both were aspiring to achieve something significant professionally** and we were *not sure simultaneously which Product would be right for us*. During our joint research, we realized that the idea we were working on was A Time Ahead Concept especially for a small size city like our Udaipur city.

However, today we see that the same idea is now a well-established in professional settings worldwide, with numerous franchise opportunities involving cosmetic brands. It seems we had the same vision ahead of our time, **albeit unconsciously**.

Let me take you on my journey of the heart once again. After I finished my success trip to Ajmer (**in terms of my determination that I have to Marry My Lady Love only**) and we returned home. I **openly told my father very next day** that I want to marry the girl I had chosen and of course My Father **was not shocked any more** as he was already having hints of my love through my mom as well as, how I reacted and handed the Ajmer Trip.

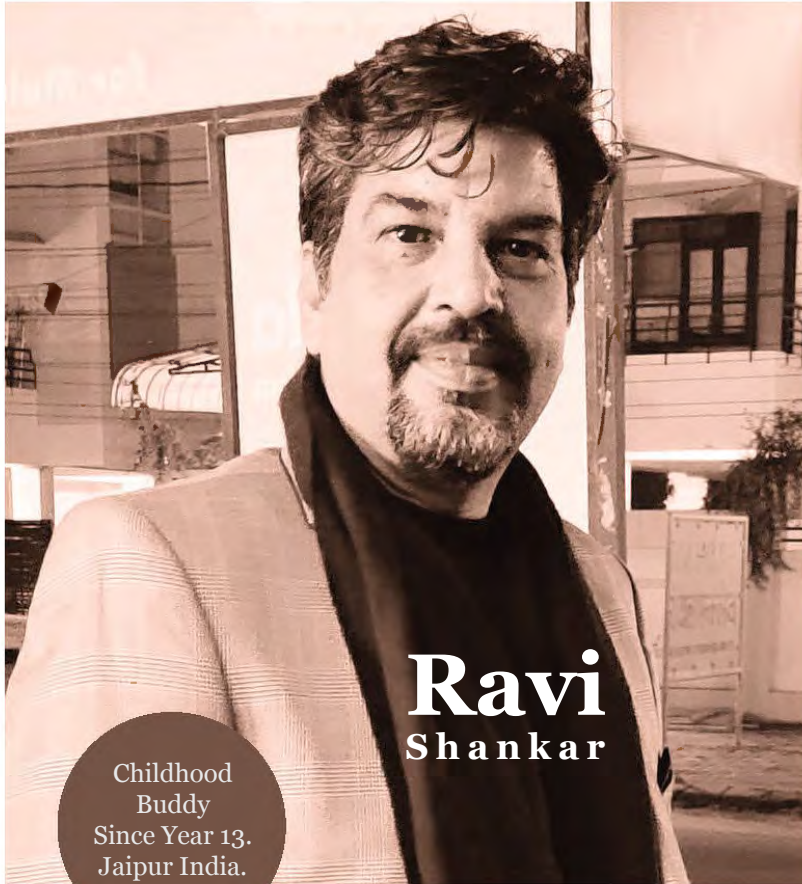
Guys..Guys 😊 😊; of course **not forgotten at all about the Letter** which I Wrote for My Lady's Love Father. *Hold your Anxiousness* for some moment and before that let me share a **Thrilling Anecdote** before diving into my love life. In **A Previous Chapter** related to my frequent China Trip, **I left one incident unshared** and of course it is time to reflect and reveal that one significant anecdote.

Let me have an honour to ride your Memory back to My China visits.

During one such Business Trip to China I asked one of my office colleagues to tell me (**while sending him some client info to make A Business Performa**) about the cricket World Cup score and fate of India's team via fax related a day before held important match and Here Make a Note Guys that at that time Internet was not Lifeline of our Day-to-Day Chores.



Celestial buddy



Ravi
Shankar

Childhood
Buddy
Since Year 13.
Jaipur India.

Congratulations, my dearest friend Chinmay, on this incredible achievement!

Your first book marks the beginning of a wonderful new journey as a writer, and I can't wait to read the experiences you've gathered over the past 25 years.

From our childhood to today, seeing you publish a management book filled with moments—bitter and beautiful—makes me truly proud.

Your hard work, knowledge, and dedication have brought you here.
Wishing you great success with this book and many more to come. May it inspire countless readers.

The word ‘**Fax**’ is Highlighted and Guys Brainstorm it with word ‘Why’ and meanwhile let me roll My Memory Camera to the Day. **Zoom in Guys** and suddenly an ED (**Enforcement Directorate, The Highest Investigation Federal Agency with limitless power**) Raid occurred at our factory.

Here Note and **Just for Info** to our Digital Age Generation: Whenever the ED conducts a raid, they follow a very strict protocol. They instructed us to leave all documents, gadgets, fax machines, mobile phones and telephone lines untouched. We were completely cut off from the outside world and further we were barred from all forms of communication, even with our families. At that moment, the ED had **complete authority** within the factory.

All inward and outward movements were completely prohibited as part of ED Raid’s Protocol and further they strictly ordered that no one should enter or exit the premises until their investigation get concluded. On that same day, I needed to leave for an important session in evening at MIB Institute (**where I used to take classes in evenings**) and I requested them if I could leave and still don’t know why they allowed me to go out during the investigation.

The investigation lasted for the next two days without interruption with every teammate inside the Factory. The ED Team took along them some files and documents for further examination.

I also joined back the office and learnt the nitty bitty of how any investigation happens of this level which was very much new for me and **still those anecdotes shared by others** are very fresh in my mind.

“I had to go to Jaipur for a follow-up investigation” My commercial manager instructed me (**after few months**) to join him for further inquiries at the ED office in Jaipur. While on the way to Jaipur he also shared some techniques and his experiences on how to answer the questions that the ED

might raise during the investigation. We headed to the ED's Jaipur office, located then at Lal Khoti, Tonk Road Jaipur.

“Aur Chikne; Kya kiya tune? Kitne ka bet lagaya Azharuddin pe? Kitne paisa kamaya?” (*Oye Handsome; What you have done; How must bet you on Azharuddin; How much money you made*). *These words were bombarded* as soon as we met Concerned Officers in the ED office.

I was completely shocked and surprised to hear these kinds of words. Why were they asking me such questions? Of course, My Face got pale and nervous which later our Company's Commercial Manager shared to me also.

They ordered me to sit in front of an officer and shockingly he placed a fax copy on the table, which contained the recorded scores from the Cricket World Cup Final. Guys, it's the same fax which I sent to my colleague (on **which he responded back with scores and fate of the match**) during one of my China Trip and when I enquired about India's fate on an important match of Cricket world cup.

They alleged falsely that I was involved in international cricket betting and other illegal activities and of course, *bearing those accusations made me a bit nervous*.

However, I **collected myself and calmly answered this question** posed to me. “Of course, I am an Indian and further **a Die-hard Fan of Cricket as any Indian is** and in a very formal way, I just wanted to know the position of the Indian cricket team in the game, so I asked my colleague”.

Guys let me remind you again that at that time there was no Digital Media which you have now a days and *where all Happenings/News are available handy in Real Time*.

Many questions were asked our company business aspect, and we answered them smoothly and subtly. Eventually, we came out of the enclosure. But

the experience left a permanent imprint on my mind and made me aware more practically of the Indian government's surveillance activities and their work procedures during the investigation.

Here I want to emphasize all of Readers that some experiences cannot be learned from books or other sources until you have **first-hand on experience in the playground itself**. I have a keen desire to elaborate it further and **let me keep for my next book**, discussing how every experience plays a role in shaping a more versatile personality and leading any challenging Business Scenario.

Guys back to Romance with A promise that My Last Chapter of the Book will be only (no Business Wisdom 😊😊) on **the Most Beautiful Event of My Life Journey** which will turn My Destiny for Forever.

21st Centurian Keep your Heart and Brain on Hold and you will find many nuances of Romance like Museum Products, but you will agree that **Love is Timeless and Most Spiritual Experience** irrespective of any Era, Culture and Society Norms.

Here a request: pls turn the **next page very softly and very slowly** as Romance Tsunami is on its way and let it beat *your Hearts also fast to Bless Two inseparable Souls* 😊😊.

Management Lessons

...

Books are of course

BEST BUDDIES

and

further it's

the Practical Experience

and

EXPOSURE

which gives Longevity

and ***Reality to your Dreams*** and ***Aspired*** Journey.

Just Remember the Word

'Karma/Actions/Performance only'

and

Turn yourselves into

An INSPIRATION for upcoming Gen.

A COMMENCE TO DIVINE BOND



Engagement (Sagai) - 12 Sept 1999

*Marriage is an Eternal Institution
as having a right soulmate
while being on the Planet make
Life more shining and Focus
for your Destination get sharper.*

Chapter 24:

MARRIAGE THE MOST SPIRITUAL AMALGAMATION AND HOW IT CHANGES YOU FOREVER

Let *Romance Rocks the Excitement further* and of course as **promised** This chapter is going to be **90's Parents and Society Emotion Drama/Taboos** but Romance must win.

India was on verge of change socially then at least in Urban Areas and even **My own Family was on Change Drive.**

Before I begin my romantic journey, I want to make sure that I don't miss and get completely forget to mention **A Very Important Event** which engraved **very Deeply at My DNA Level** that were overlooked in my previous chapters.

For My International Readers, let me share a Nano Brief again (**which I had updated you earlier also**) that the unofficial National Game and

Religion of India is Cricket Game and The event I am referring here is the Timeline when India started emerging as A Strong Player of the Game.

It was 1987, during the World Cup (**which was holding at Indian Sub-Continent and for more details guys Just Google**) semi-final match Mr. Sunil Gavaskar the Most Influencing and Inspiration Icon of Crick-eting Game at that time Announced his Retirement and just before this Match he scored his first Century in ODI (**Guys it was ere when making 100s in ODI was very much Big Milestone**).

This Gentleman has influenced me a lot in terms of his focus, patience and leadership attributes and top of that **The Timing to Exit** and even today, when I play **cricket as amateur** with my old buddies and company Teammates and they compare me to him and often highlight his influence on my game.

Just for Alpha Gen, He was one of the First Cricketers who had started commercials for TV and Print Media and Here we **can state more precise-ly** that he *was the one who exposed Cricketers to Make Money Commercially for first time professionally.*

His advertisement of Dinesh Suiting's is still alive and of **course 80's kids can correlate it** with this Ad and **for Gen Z and Alpha**, just check out this Gentleman in any of Cricket match where **he is always Adding Melo-dy at the Commentary Box** with his Fluent English and Cricket Wisdom.

It's **Disclaimer in advance for My Readers** and In my personal view, **He was and He is** the best Test batsmen in the world, having scored 10000 runs at that time, (**including numerous centuries and half-centuries in Test Matches**) while facing world's best of best fastest bowlers of West indies when they used to **have generally 5-6 fastest bowlers** in any of test match and *that too without wearing any safety helmet.*

Guys: **This is Sunil Gavaskar.**

He made this decision of Retirement **while he was at his peak**, when it seemed *he could have played for another five or six years*. However, and undoubtedly, it is very difficult to take such **Bold Decision** when you are at the height of your career. A few years ago, a similar decision was made by the Indian Team's Captain, Mr. Mahendra Singh Dhoni first from Test Match and then from T20 and ODI.

His (**Mr. Gavaskar**) Decision and Clarity to Exit from The Business at Height always inspired me and somewhere deep down **it is vibed in me also to replicate** the same at My Podium Professionally one day.

Let one day Happens and Here the Time Machine Knows only 'Will it Happen or Not' 😊 😊.

Guys You are Correct, Why I am Discussing Exit When Romance is in Air! 😊 😊 and let's back to The Blossoming Love **which was determined to have Amalgamation of Marriage** with formal blessings of Parents of both. Of course, my and Her Parents were **still stuck with their respective Family Values and Social Stigma** and The **Hot Question among Love Birds** was how to Break the Ice.

I was always confident on my writing skill and felt that communication through letter *could be an effective medium to share my feelings and determined emotions* to The Lady Love's Parents.

Remember Guys This is end of 90s and still we were *residing in handwritten letter or Typed Letter Era* and of course **No Digital Tools** were available to support Letter Drafting.

As very much normal then; I first outlined the main topics on rough pages

and also taken great care in showing respect for the man I envisioned as my father figure. On those Main Points **I then wrote a very lengthy letter in one go—about seven pages long.**

In it, I included several important points to clarify my intentions to get Married to My Love, to ensure that my father-in-law would understand my perspective and also, he **could spiritually and emotionally get contend** that Her Daughter's Future (in all perspective) is with Right Soul only.

Wish I could have that Dopamine Moment again while sharing this letter with everyone, but **Censorship Scissor is very sharp of My Lady** 😊😊. Undoubtedly and I strongly believe that it *could have provided valuable insights for 21st Born Gen* how we used to write love letters in 20th Century.

But **Boss is Boss** and to enjoy Peace and Happiness at home, I am deciding to **keep my Hands Tie on it** 😊😊.

Of course, you i.e. Gen Z and Alpha Gen expresses your feelings through countless emojis in this Digital Era and wish I could be Born in This Century 😊😊 to **understand the soul** of your feelings while showering Emojis to your love partner.

Indeed and confident that **Feeling must be Soulful only** irrespective of communication medium and platform as *Love and Emotions are Timeless*.

Here I want to emphasize to All Readers of All Age Spectrum that communication is an essential foundation for building strong relationships at Personal and Professional level. Whether **it's solving a problem or articulating your emotions** to make a lasting impression, *effective and timely communication is crucial*.

Communication should always be consistent, **which is something I truly value and follow at my Professional and Personal Life** religiously and as of that I also witness Explosive Growth in my Professional Career and

Personal Relationships.

What was the result of that letter and this way of communication approach to Lady Love's Parents; *Keep Guys your Hearts on Hold* 😊😊.

Before handing The Letter to My Lady, I carefully read the letter 5-6 times as after all this was the Most Important and Biggest Exam of my journey (till then). **Guys**, that's why **the Timeless Universal Idiom is very much correct** i.e. *it is not easy to get Married* 😊😊. After giving the letter to my love, I returned home with flood of questions and countless thoughts racing through my mind.

Had she already given the letter to her father? If she had, what would have been his reaction? The letter was more than just a proposal; **it was an eternal request** to her father for her daughter. Of course, Guys: **I was quite nervous**.

Whole Night was Sleepless with wild range of thoughts from Positive Spectrum to Highest Level of Negativity. At last, the Next Day came and *There was a call from Manju*.

"My father wants to meet you," her lovely voice echoed in my mind through the receiver. It was a moment filled with **goosebumps and happiness** when I heard those words. You can imagine the anxiety a boy feels when **he is about to meet his girlfriend's father** to discuss a marriage proposal.

I have no idea what Gen Z thinks about such situations and further my sons are not at that stage also yet to understand you Guys 😊😊. In short, **I was extremely nervous**.

A date was fixed two days later for The Meeting of Future Father-in-law and Future Son Law.

Those two days felt like an eternity; after all it was ‘**The Exam of Lifetime**’ for me and sure it would have been for Any Human Soul who is in this type of Moment. I rehearsed Many Times in front of the mirror i.e. **visualizing** how I would handle various questions of My Lady Love’s Father, and how **I will behave while** conversing with them and so on and so on 😊😊. However, when you face reality, things often turn out differently.

I will explain the entire scene frame to frame in the next paragraph, but **You Guys** 😊😊 can imagine the whirlwind of thoughts and emotions I was experiencing in those two days prior to **The Day**.

Finally, the day had arrived and of course the Sleeplessness had been becoming my constant buddy even in The Night before Final Day 😊😊. **How could I possibly sleep?** My mind was racing and **visualizing simultaneously, the situation** I might face the next day and further **my Brain was trying to strategize** on how to convey my message to her Parents especially **her Advocate/Attorney Father** in an effective and respectful manner.

With a deep breath, I took a refreshing shower, shaved and got ready with my Best and Best Wear on me (of that time) 😊😊 and Guys Here I can hear your whisper that I had *been trying my best to impress my Future in Laws*; **very much True** 😊😊 and Keep in mind also that I was also in deep grappling with mixture of nervousness and anxiety.

My Parents were on extra stalking mode on the Day and sure with An Inner Question inside why today I am so cautious in my dressings and sure they **must had guessed it** as after all they are Parents and Generally all Parents know their kids very well 😊😊.

At last, I headed towards Bani Park on my vintage scooter with helmet on top of My head with *extra care that hairs don’t get disturb* 😊😊 and no doubt for Boys, Hair is one of Most Precious Asset at that Age. While

enjoying the breeze along riding scooter I was also rehearsing inside for the upcoming conversation with her Parents and at the same time My Heart with its Height of excitement, nervousness, and anxiety.

Chinmay was ready to perform on **The Stage of Life**. My scooter and I were finally just a few meters away from her home, secured a corner at Panipat Circle and pulled out my small mirror and comb to set my hair 😊😊 (Yes guys I used to carry always a small mirror and combi always). In that moment, I could **feel my heart beating** without even needing a stethoscope.

Ready to Drive Few Meters More and Finally, I parked my scooter just outside her house.

My palms were sweaty and surely nerves were causing spots on my face which I could not see myself 😊😊. I felt as if my blood pressure was at an all-time high. I gathered enough courage to stand in front of her main door and *here you can image* Guys that **my confidence dropped low** as I contemplated knocking.

Then, a wave of strength showered over me and **May Be Magic of Cosmic Energy** for which I had been Manifesting since so many years. I finally knocked on the door. I was greeted with a warm smile from a man who welcomed me inside; my lady love followed closely behind him. I immediately understood that he was her father.

He welcomed me and showed me the way to the first room, which was his office, no doubt it still is. Besides being A Barrister, he was also involved in the stock market business and **why I am highlighting this** as the **said Dot will get connect in Future** and our Digi Gen will understand more why every dot has its reason. (A hint Guys; for what's cooking next 😊😊)

There was a table positioned between us, creating enough distance for our conversation, as any client would be typically sitting in front of him. My lady love was peeking in from behind *a transparent curtain outside the room, eager to listen* to our conversation. Her expression was filled **with happiness, yet there was a hint of nervousness** too. One of her feet was scuffling against the other, a subtle sign of her affection for me.

He asked me lot of questions about myself, my family and was particularly **eager to know my thoughts on my future in context of my career**. At that time, government employees were often more well-received than those in the private sector. Government workers were regarded as high-status individuals and were **accepted and respected** by society largely.

I responded in my own way to explain the value of private sector jobs, but in return, I received many questions. I felt that **I answered each of his inquiries** in calm and thoughtful manner.

Amid the complete silence echoing in Manju's mind, I heard her father's voice: "Would you like to have tea?" I have always been fond of good, flavored Indian Styled (*of course with Milk and Spices*) Tea and I still am.

"Yes Sir," I replied.

Her father turned to her and said, "Manju, kuch badhiya si chai bana ke laana. **(can you make very Good Tea for the Gentleman and Me)**". Guys I was and I am and I will remain so fond of tea that when anybody offers me a cup of tea and if **my first sip didn't satisfy me**, I would immediately put the cup down and would not/will not take another sip.

I love tea that is rich with Indian spices and Flavors, just like the kind served at any Indian Dhaba (**road side shops on Highways**).

Here the Chai comes from My Soulmate and she put on our Table with *A Bubbly look with intriguing request to cherish her very first hand crafted chai* and The First Sip hit to my Tea Totter Taste buds and Just these words popped up in My Brain ‘*Is this how I have to drink tea for the rest of my life?*’ 😊😊😊😊.

During our conversation over **unflavored tea** 😊😊, we discussed various topics, including my family, career future, social acceptance and my life in Udaipur, as well as how I would maintain a proper connection to Jaipur keeping in mind of his concern that his daughter had to move to Udaipur (420 kms from her physically).

One Hour Plus discussion was indeed healthy and productive; it helped clear up all the questions that were raised. My answers were satisfactory enough to help him make decisions regarding his daughter’s future. At the end of our conversation, he expressed his appreciation for my letter writing and the thoughtfulness I put into it. He noted how mature I was and my perspectives on life. Being an advocate himself, he could accurately assess anybody’s character.

Guys and very much True that the said letter became a significant milestone in our love journey and That’s why I always emphasis Young Gen on **Effective and Soulful Communication** *irrespective of Time Line and Technology Available.*

“I would like to meet your parents; could you share their phone number with me?” I immediately shared the number and of course *My Inner Soul and Heart was in Dancing Mode.*

Of course, I still remember glowing face of my Lady and sure very same shine must had reflected on my face at that particular moment and **in Gen Z Language**, it was like Spiritually Orgasm for both of us and while jotting these words I am blushing as for *80’s and 90s Grown up such words had*

been socially taboo 😊😊.

Guys **Hold on these High Feelings** and Here comes An Indian Cinematic Twist 😊.

As I said goodbye to her father with a positive gesture and was just about to leave their Main Gate of The Home, I noticed a man on a scooter with his wife glaring at me. He was Manju's brother. He assessed my presence and quickly deduced the reason for my visit. He recognized me as the boy who had come for his sister.

His body language indicated that he was prepared to protect his sister, ready to confront me if necessary. Out of respect for his father, he quietly entered his home without saying a word. I understood firsthand and very first time that *a brother is always ready to defend his sister.*

The meeting with her father was very positive, but her brother's glaring eyes still haunt me whenever I think of that moment and of course **Guys Leaving A Question for you** and further **A Hint for My Next Book;** How My Relations with My Future Brother-in-law will be After Marriage and Till Now.

As I always state very frequently that **Time has its own script** 😊😊.

Let's continue Guys and lets we remain **in the Present of the Book** 😊😊.

The next day, Manju's father called my home and fortunately, my father answered the phone. Just a small note for you guys that I had already shared my romantic involvement with Manju with my father after our mis-shaped Ajmer Trip.

A surprising call, to say the least and further It was certainly a shocking

call for my father as did not expect this Twist so fast. Both my father and Manju's father had a healthy conversation and during the conversation my **father also graciously accepted Manju's Father request** to visit our Home to meet him in person.

A Day or two later, he arrived at our home. The visit from her father filled me with excitement and happiness. As per Indian tradition, we always warmly welcome our guests and we take special care. My father and Manju's father stood face to face, warmly greeting each other and further **Manju's father created a positive and cheerful atmosphere** during their conversation to let all of us feel that as if they had known each other for a long time.

This meeting taught me a lot and increased my respect for Manju's father. I felt very fortunate that this harmonious meeting ended with an agreement to build a future **together (between Manju and me)**. They discussed social acceptance and the challenges we would face, as well as **how to navigate those challenges more easily**.

Guys' Don't Forget that **this was 90s Era** and not what you are cherishing in this Digital World. In today's world, love marriage is seen as a relatively easy endeavour, but during my time, it was often viewed as an accident, an incident, **or a courageous task**.

Her father also bought a coconut (**dry one and not green one**) with him, which is traditionally considered very auspicious for starting relationship or work in Indian culture. He handed the said coconut to my father while performing a few traditional rituals, **symbolizing the securing of our future as a divine bond**.

I was on cloud nine, **overwhelmed** with happiness and a sense of spirituality and I conveyed my heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty. Honestly, I am **not getting effective and proper words to paint the depth of satisfaction and joy** I felt at that moment. If you ask someone who is of

my age and has experienced the same moment of getting married, they will certainly understand.

In case Guys, you are not married yet, **Get Marry** and *Then only we can be on same page* 😊😊.

As soon as Her Father left our Home I narrated whole conversation words by words with Musical News with Manju and No Matching to any such Event of our Life of till then; **The joy was overwhelming.**

After this meeting of Parents, my father and Manju's father used to connect frequently on calls, working together to plan our engagement and also used to update each other's families. They also discussed **matching our horoscopes**, as her father requested. Although my father didn't believe in such rituals and simultaneously, they were also trying to finalize the date for the engagement ceremony.

September 12th was a date that came to mind for **The Great Event of our Engagement as Manju's birthday** falls on the same day. It would surely be a memorable occasion and with this thought; Parents locked it with unanimous votes 😊😊.

A few astrologers had started working on our horoscopes and I will explain the results of that match later. Before **I get into those details**, I'd like to *share the story about my first ever car* even for our own family it was.

With the wedding approaching, everyone wanted to present a certain social status during the event. I was working in a private job, which used to offer lower pay (**of course now Scenario is completely 360 Degree reverse**) compared to a government position despite me with significant Corporate Exposure and International Experience.

There were no four-wheeled vehicles at my home because my father was

never interested in driving (**as of one eye limitation**) plus **financials constraint always** used to be on shoe string at our Home.

Eventually, the decision was made to buy a car. It was the time when securing a loan was very difficult and we had to go from bank to bank. The banks always used to scrutinize you in depth as if you might be *with suspicious or fraudulent background*. It was **nothing like today**, when you receive multiple calls, every day offering loans 😊 😊 and **often without any collateral**.

After visiting many banks, one finally agreed to give us a loan and further thanks to the reference from my uncle, Ramesh Choudhary. The documents were prepared, and when it came time for him to sign as a guarantor, I looked at his face, feeling a bit uncertain about my ability to repay the loan.

However, he ultimately signed as the guarantor. **I sincerely thank my uncle Ramesh for having faith in me**, as this became a **significant stepping stone** in my life journey and **Here you can also visualize India of that time** in terms of its Materialistic Aspiration cum Achievement.

I won't go into more specific details, but finally, the loan was approved. With a token amount that I had already saved, I paid the loan advance. We then picked up the car from Jaipur.

At that time, buying a car was a **significant status symbol** and quite a big achievement. The car, with its impressive reddish burgundy color, was truly striking. Here, however, I faced the most laughing (**for you Guys** 😊 😊) challenge: I needed to learn how to drive, as I had no experience in that area 😊 😊.

Yes, Guys, the job was continuing in Udaipur as Bread and Butter is also important **besides the Love and Romance** 😊. Now I won't go into too

much detail about my professional life, as this chapter is a very important segment of my life, filled with many twists and turns. I want to focus more on my personal life here.

To become a good driver, I enrolled in a professional driving school located nearby. It took me 15 days to learn the basics and I finally started driving on my own, albeit somewhat naively. I also obtained my driving license—first, a learning license, followed by the professional driving license. I won't go into further detail about how I got the license; you all know how things work in Indian government offices 😊 😊.

Finally, I was ready to drive myself. I wasn't perfect at it yet, but today while jotting these words for this book **I can confidently say** that I drive very law bound and effectively. I attribute this improvement to another story of my life **which I will share in my next book**.

Now, another significant event was in front of me: my engagement to my love, Manju.

“We are inviting you all to celebrate the precious moment of my son Chinmay's engagement,” my parents began to inform our relatives about this sacred bond. My uncles, aunts, and relatives from both my father's and mother's sides were all notified. We **received mixed reactions**, but we were ready to accept all the responses graciously.

Despite this, we invited *everyone with cheerful enthusiasm*. Ultimately, the acceptance from our relatives turned out to be joyful as well.

September 12th, 1999 marked the day of my official and Forever Social bond—**my engagement**.

We were all ready to go. I still remember wearing pistachio beige pants with beautiful embroidered long sleeves Beige T shirt. My family—my parents,

my brother and of course, me—were all filled with a mix of nervousness and excitement as we got into the car from our Jaipur Home headed toward Manju's Home-Jaipur.

Manju's home was just few feet ahead of us and if not mistaken My Brother was on Driving Seat (**as still I was not a confident driving Guy** 😊) we were warmly welcomed in a spacious manner as soon as our Car Stopped there. Here relatives were there, their eyes focused on my family and me.

What was happening? **What a miracle it was!** *A love marriage in the 20th century of India*—this was certainly **a significant and amusing moment** for everyone present. **People were staring at us** as if we were from a different planet. Each person was talking about us, and we had become **the main attraction of the event** because of the two love-bird's relationship which was getting blessed by close families of both sides.

Guys, *let me put you on Flash Back Mode* i.e. **just one day back of the Event**; a red spot was appearing at Family of Manju's side. "*Anyone who wants to come is welcome; otherwise, I don't need anyone,*" Manju's father angrily told her brother the day before our engagement program. I learned that Manju's brother was completely opposed to this relationship and even refused to attend the program.

Here, *I want to express my deep gratitude to Manju's father's generosity and blessings*, which served as a strong foundation of support and contributed to the success of the event. It must had been a difficult decision for her father in the 20th century when most people *in India adhered to traditional values strongly*. His **Rock-Solid Support** was truly a tremendous blessing.

Manju explained to me on the phone on the very same day of the confrontation about the basic reasoning behind her brother's resistance. He had two daughters (beside a son) and it was very challenging for any father to think about their future in society. Would their daughters be accepted in a

society where love marriages occur within the family or home?

Indeed, her brother was **completely justified in his concerns** and it also reflects also India of That Time. How India *started changing with Time* and **would My Brother-in-Law also change** on the subject in next 10-12 years; Guys its very interesting with twists and for that **Wait for My Next Book 😊😊. Remain Hook up till then.**

Let me Pinch you Guys and *Time to be Back to the Event* 😊😊 and yes, her brother surrendered to the father's strictness and dedication.

Engagement Event Completed Successfully and The atmosphere got completely transformed and undoubtedly Romance was on its Zenith under blessings of Family Members and you feel strongly that **This is Paradise only.**

The spots of sweat and saliva, mixed with a few romantic words, are stories only the phone receivers of Newly Engaged one can truly tell. I won't let you explain as My Big Boss (**who is My Wife now** 😊😊) has put already Big Firewall of Censorship on these chapters of our co life journey.

Here *I leave you Guys to Keep Imagining and visualizing the heartbeats full of Erotic Emotions of a newly engaged couple* who are ready to get prepare for marriage after few weeks.

Would after Marriage remain like That and further would our Marriage Serve as A Role Model for the Society or anyone else 😊😊; *Keep wondering and further Wait* on Toe till Next Book rolls out in next few years 😊😊.

Two hearts are (you guys feeling too much Present although it is in past 😊😊; the Power of Story Telling) poised to unite, *ready to intertwine their souls and ready to embark on* a lifelong journey together. The sweet sound of marriage bells resonates in our hearts, echoing with pure love and deep

intimacy.

We were both very eager to unite in terms of soul, heart and physically and Guys 😊😊, *Don't activate your Naughty Brain Cells here. Let me divert your minds little bit* so seriousness is back on this Book Reading 😊😊 and Let **we zoom** to A Damm Serious Catastrophe coming during that time around.

In the year 1998-1999 till very last day of Year 1999, **Y2K—a so-called computer bug/technically mishappening**—became a widely discussed topic, raising concerns about whether all computers all over the Planet would get crashed and what might happen next. Every desk all over the world were buzzing with conversations about survival strategies. **For more Details Guy**, Just **Google** or **You Tube** you can learn about this Technical Glitch and it's related happening of that time.

In the very similar way, our marriage became a hot topic at our dining table and sure must be with Manju's family at that time. Questions arose about how the wedding would be executed, what preparations needed to be made and how everything would be managed. The discussions about precautions and preparations were lively, especially since it was the first marriage in our family in a very long time **plus An Inter-caste Marriage** *which never ever happened in our Lineage in Past.*

That's why It had become a hot topic of excitement, shock and discussion not within our family but among extended families and friends. Throughout **this whirlwind**, I had been extremely busy with my professional life; my schedule had been filling more and more with increasing numbers of business meetings and overseas travel. As a result, it had been challenging to manage and dedicate proper time for the preparations of my own marriage.

I have been trying to ensure that I hand over my salary to my parents so that we can purchase some jewellery, especially the traditional Indian

marriage symbol, the “Mangal Sutra” (**My Foreign Readers, pls surf more about Mangal Sutra at Google**) and Here My mother advised me that this should be bought with *the money earned by the male who is getting married*.

Traditionally in India, parents manage the core financial aspects of the wedding as for them it is *the most prestigious* and one of the *Highest Happiness Benchmarked Event*.

In the year 2000, gold was priced between Rs. 4,000 and Rs. 4,500 per 10 grams. Today, in 2025, the price of gold stands at approximately Rs 85000-1,00000 per 10 grams. This clearly illustrates the value of investing in gold. It is a universally recognized commodity that consistently delivers strong returns over time.

Here I Strongly recommend Gen Z/Alpha Gen to make sure to always have **a pie of income investing consistently** at Physical Gold or even at ETF of it and still shine of the Gold through Human Civilization’s journey is on prosperous mode and strongly feel that it will remain.

Note for our Foreign Readers that it has traditionally been common for Indian families to purchase gold at regular intervals, but today’s younger generations are losing touch with this practice. And of course, silver is also a very important commodity for investment purposes.

You can compare the price of silver in the year 2000 to today’s price in 2025 and further the **significance of silver is expected to increase in the future** due to the non-stop ongoing global industrial revolution. The evolution of digital technologies and EV infrastructure is another key reason that **makes investing in silver worthwhile**.

Amidst the sparkle of silver and gold, *our wedding preparations were shining more* these metals at that Timeline at our Family’s Landscape. The date was finally decided by our fathers: November 13, as it fell on a weekend.

My father **did not follow the traditional beliefs of our society and did not consider astronomical factors** in choosing the wedding date. Ultimately, we all agreed on November 13.

Guys as of **this Date November 13 and Astrology Angle**, you won't Believe that I had to get Marry Again *after 20 years plus* and **who is the Mysterious Girl** 😊😊; *Keep reading My Upcoming Next Books* and of course suspense thrills our Hormones 😊😊.

Keep Hormones on Steroids till then.

We decided to hold the ceremony at the Arya Samaj in a simple and calm manner and under sunlight and further it would also make it easier to obtain a **marriage registration certificate**—an important document for future needs. My father was aware of its significance, **having faced several challenges himself** with foreign embassies while travelling Belgium in 1970s. Further Manju's father, being an advocate, also understood the importance of every document involved in the process.

Finally, it was decided to have Marriage Ceremony on November 13th at Arya Samaj Temple, Raja Park Jaipur, followed by an intimate close family members and friend's '**Sangeet/ Musical Evening**' in the evening and lunch the next day. At that time, only a few five-star hotels in Jaipur were there. Hotel Clark Amer was one of them and further it was conveniently located near our home, so we decided to hold the reception lunch there.

Once the venue of all events and date was finalized, preparations were at their peak in both families. Manju and I were incredibly excited; our conversations transitioned from soft and loving to more intimate discussions. We even began to think about our future children 😊😊—how we would plan for them, cherish them and lead our lives together. These discussions **became a pivotal part of our relationship.**

Indeed, as part of **DNA incorporated by my Father unconsciously that Karma is First and Show must go on** and of course organically and automatically I was making sure that work at my Professional Desk don't get sacrifice at all although Date of our wedding was just around corner aka **November 13, 1999**. I was at Jaipur Home only on November 11 Morning (just two days before my Marriage which is highly unusual for any Indian Groom 😊😊 and still it is but of course **Work First**) which certainly filled me with excitement.

In every situation, **Karma** (work) should always take precedence over other important personal tasks in life and Here I strongly **believe and now more** that it is your **Karma and Spiritual Balance Sheet** only which go along **with you as Soul** when you Depart from This Planet Earth.

Guys, you won't believe it that Just before leaving for Jaipur to be part of My Marriage I updated about my marriage to my corporate colleagues and Managing Director of my company, **without insisting and honestly without any formal invitation** for the event. The main reason for this was that it was a love marriage **which was A Big Taboo or more like A Social Sin** and further *I wanted to celebrate it in a special way*. That's why I intended to invite only the people who are very close to my heart and who truly care about my well-being and happiness.

I invited a few of my closest friends, who have remained dear to me over the years and still close to me, to the beautiful function. To make the wedding even more special, we also invited a few close relatives to cherish this tranquil occasion.

Guys Here **you can label me A Social Rebellion or Fearful of Social bash**, and I leave on all of you **to tag me** for the same 😊😊.

Surf one more aspect of this Marriage and sure it will support you to Tag me confidently 😊😊.

Dowry had been very prominent in our Era and further being from **A Jain Family means** High Expectations of High Dowry always.

Here **a grand thanks to being Indian Cinema's Fanatic**, I grew watching that *Dowry is a sin and social burden for Bride's Family* and it made me determined more and more with Time that *as and when I would marry, No Dowry at all.*

Even my parents were little demotivated with **my intention and solid determination**, but they accepted it also half-heartedly in beginning and now today lot of appreciation and Here **I would like to state with High Confidence** that as couple we both i.e. I and Manju set an example for our near dear ones.

Still, I personally follow strictly not to accept any money/gift from relatives and even friends and here *a warm gratitude to Indian Cinema of that era* which used to be more **Leftist or more precisely Idealistic.**

Not Sure how Gen Z/Alpha Gen thinks on this subject and let's come back to the Reality 😊😊.

The guests began to arrive at our home from November 12th onwards and of course the beautiful day was lay ahead on November 13th. As planned, the wedding rituals would take place in a simple manner at the Arya Samaj Temple during the shining sunny day.

The atmosphere was filled with joy and every moment felt like *a scene/frame from a Fairy Tale*, filled with beautiful memories and surprises. My mother was managing several important wedding rituals alongside family members, and the entire occasion was brimming with positivity.

The Day of 13th November 1999 came to make Romantic Birds Mesmerizing and of course Emotions were under Tsunami Mode and Ready to

Burst 😊😊 on our First Night and of course I was also Nervous too much about this Night 😊😊.

Here Thanks to My Censor Board of today's Time line aka **My Wifi** (*oh Sorry 'My Wife' Guys*) so no more revelation.

Get Back to the Reality of Romanism; I was dealing with a **slight dermal infection (which lasted many may years)** on my lower face and upper neck, which made it difficult to manage shaving due to abruptly rashes. However, my first cousin, my besties of the marriage, Jaswant Ganna—my bua's son (**my father's sister's son**)—helped me shave properly on the D Day and of course *Groom was under Making to Look Bright* 😊😊, very much reality of every wedding event universally.

In Truth and it is often ironically said about grooms including India, “*Bakra shahid hone ko taiyaar hain* i.e. **Martyr is Ready to Get Chop'** 😊😊 and Now I was completely ready for the event, excited to welcome my life with my lady love.

There was no pomp and show, as Indian weddings are typically known for their grandeur and lavishness. The groom on a *horse/Elephant*, the Baraat procession, dancing and singing on **Main Roads** are usually essential parts of every Indian wedding, but we chose to skip those traditions. We headed to the Arya Samaj Temple in my car, where Manju's family was eagerly waiting for us.

Upon arrival, we were warmly welcomed by Manju's family and we greeted each other with positivity. As the rituals continued, I was invited to the mandap (**the place of any wedding venue where all wedding rituals take place**). Manju and I took our places in the mandap, alongside a few family members and, of course, the pandit ji/Hindu Priest, who was there to perform all the rituals with grace.

Before *the Rituals get in Active Mode*, let me give **little heads up on the subject in Context** for My Foreigner Friends and Readers.

Only 3.5 Phere (**A Hindi Word**); A ritual where you walk around the fire hand in hand with your life partner while exchanging vows. It's intriguing that there are only 3.5 Phere in our Marriage Ceremony, as typically in Hindu families, there are 7 Phere, which symbolizes broadly 'Eternal together for seven lifetimes'.

Will Manju and Me would have ever Take Rest 3.5 Phere in this Life only or we must wait for next reincarnations 😊😊; Answers Belong to the Next Book and for that *Remain Hook 😊*.

The rituals lasted for more than three hours. Sitting on the floor with my legs crossed was quite painful and honestly, I wasn't used to it. However, **for the sake of my love**, *I endured the discomfort and welcomed the pain.*

The moment finally arrived when I was able to place the "Mangal Sutra" around Manju's neck, a **ceremonial necklace** (which every Husband generally have to buy from his earned Mornny and of course which I also did 😊😊) **that symbolizes the bond between two divine souls.** The moment was mesmerizing and filled with a sense of divinity. The happiness was evident on our faces, and Manju's expressive eyes reflected the significance of the occasion.

My father was thrilled and filled with joy as the wedding rituals keep unfolding. He had been quite anxious about the ceremonies and how everything would take place in proper way. However, he was overjoyed more to welcome a new family member into our family with grace and warmth.

A time came for "Vidai," the moment when the bride leaves her home to begin a new journey with her husband. Typically, Indian weddings, especially as portrayed in Indian Cinemas, depict brides crying during this

ceremony. However, at Manju's wedding, there was no moment of tears. She was filled with joy as she looked forward to starting her new life with **her own vision for the Life with her soulmate.**

Why *I have highlighted above words in Bold* as **in previous times and still up to a major extend**, many girls faced/faces significant restrictions since their Birth and throughout their growing phase. They were often advised to put their dreams on hold and to pursue their aspirations only after getting married if her spouse/ husband's family permits.

That's why *Manju was also genuinely happy* and excited about her new life, where *she could live freely and cherish her pursuits.*

So, what happened next? Did she truly embrace her newfound freedom? Did she manage to pursue her dreams? And **did I become the good husband** I aspired to be? Will the 21st century bring more freedom for women? *Will the new India adopt a more positive perspective towards women?*

To find these answers, **consider your own experiences** as part of the 21st-century generation. There are many twists and turns along the way. You will discover **these answers in my next book**, which is designed to engage and immerse you in life's journey in exciting new ways. I would be thrilled if you could wait for this excitement!

You can make it happen and of course Patience always Pays 😊😊 and Here *I can hear whisper of your inner voices* that this Guy is selling his next book in advance among us: 😊😊. Undoubtedly Yes as Motivation to *Keep writing has to remain on Fire* 😊😊.

We had a mesmerizing Musical Feast evening or how we state in India 'The Ladies Sangeet,' which was wonderfully organized by my brother Nayan and his close school/college friends. Every task was executed with great care, following the planned details and of course the Credit goes to the so-

called Management Committee (**about which I discussed earlier**) of The Wedding.

The event took place at a restaurant near then Sanganer Airport on Tonk Road and it was just a 2 mile away from where we used to live in Jaipur and we celebrated it with a small group of close friends and first family. Although we aimed to keep **the event budget-friendly**, we managed to do it in a meaningful way, and it turned out beautifully.

We also broke a tradition during the event. Instead of having the groom and bride seated on a couch on the stage, we chose to sit with all our family members on the floor. This allowed us to fully enjoy the evening as we listened to speeches and performances taking place on stage.

“Hum Saath Saath Hain, (we are together as Family)” a song was played, and we all performed beautifully to showcase the unity expressed in its lyrics, highlighting the bonds of family members.

Are all relationships not like a transparent mirror, easily cracked by a few careless words within the family or even to friendship? Does the term “Hum Saath Saath Hain (we are together as Family)” still hold a significant meaning in the 21st century? Does it resonate with me personally? 😊😊.

Keep reading and stay tuned with my next book that will provide you answers and also you will observe that **Time** is *the Strongest on all relationships* and even Time make many personalities/characters get into Treasure of Memoirs of Past to your journey of life while being on this Planet.

That’s why **Through This Book** I am extending **my eternal gratitude and spiritual obituaries** to all those Negative Events and relationships (*which shaped my Persona more Positive further*) and of course those events/personalities/relationship won’t be any more in my Next Book.

Honestly after writing this Book, **I am feeling Spiritual Void and an In-**

ner Peace and guys *Don't get into Emotional and philosophical Swing along with me.* Let me take you Back to Colours 😊😊.

Surf images which is just after this chapter and it will share a glimpse how Romantic Evening was also for Newly Married Couple Mr. and Mrs. Vardhman and you guys can feel deeply the Eternal Love through song Performance of ours on the stage.

Weddings could had been celebrated on a modest budget and our own Marriage endorses the same and Here guys this is very much my opinion.

However, in today's 21st century, **lavish and grand weddings** have replaced completely these Budget Friendly Marriages and Here a warm gratitude Belongs to Suraj Badjatya (**very famous Indian Cinema Director of 90s and beginning of 2000s**) Movies *which has brought Extravaganza to Wedding Ceremonies.*

Undoubtedly this shift has certainly added a visible boost to the Indian economy and Wedding has itself become a huge industry. Further as of that Indian Marriages are **A Buzz Point among Foreigners** and more precisely **it has turned into A Soft Power itself.**

Sorry Guys, My Economics DNA always let me divert from *Colours to the Boring Subject of Economy and Business* 😊😊 and let me *take you back to Colours* and of course The Specular Musical Evening was well-organized. As decided by Wedding Management Committee 😊😊, 8 PM onwards Family members and local Friends started returning home and guests were heading to their rooms. The garden fell silent completely around 8.15 PM. *Is such a calm atmosphere even possible today?* **Think about it.**

Here **comes the Moment** where Every Virgin Dreams on and of course 20th Centurian Most of Indian Youngsters used to be Virgins including us. It is termed as **The Golden Night/First Night** or in Hindi '**Suhag Raat**' and its *Newly Married Couple's First Night* when **they are together under**

one roof and *of course from here always* 😊😊.

It was a mesmerizing evening filled with butterflies in our stomachs and emotions were in Tsunami Wavey Mode. We were shortly at a guest house **(which was in same campus where we used to reside in Govt. Apartment)** which was crowded with wedding guests and laughter + happiness was adding its flavour.

Family Members and close Friends decorated the suite of the Guest House for this Playful Night 😊😊. Note Guys It was an era **when only close friends and family would take the time** to decorate *a newlywed couple's first night room* with minimal items but plenty of love and care. Now a days every aspect of Wedding including such First Night Rituals by Professional Wedding Planner.

Still remembers My Mom's Whisper to both of us 'Jaldi Se Jaldi Bacchen Ho i.e. *Let you get Bless with Kids asap*'. Here you Guys can understand **the cultural significance in Indian society at that time**, where there was *a strong expectation to start a family soon after marriage*. There was a lot of teasing and inspirational talks from family members and friends about having babies once we got married.

Some time it used to be **too much Psychological Pressure** for Newly Married Couple and of course up to *certain extend we also felt the same*. We were both prepared to have children as *Manju was also eager to have kids as soon as possible*.

Guys just for **your social context**; in our era, it was completely taboo to have physical relationships before marriage, unlike **today's Gen Z/Alpha Gen**, who seem to have no hesitation in engaging in physical relationships without the commitment of marriage and even living together, *something we could never have imagined in our time*.

Let's return to **the epicenter of Tsunami of Romance** i.e. Guest House's Suite 😊😊.

We stepped into *the beautifully decorated room*, filled with the aroma of flowers and perfumes. Soft cushions adorned the mattresses, and red and gold pillows added warmth to the atmosphere. The space was gently ventilated and was lit with a soft glow.

We were filled with excitement to embrace the moment, **but my rational mind** quickly took over, urging me to ensure that all curtains, windows and beds remained untouched by my mischievous friends. Guys it was the Era of mobile phones without cameras, a blessing in disguise and further I needed to be sure that there *was no hidden device to capture any part of our experience*, even audibly 😊😊.

All check, ready and set 😊😊 *We were happy to share this unbelievable moment*, wrapped tightly in each other's arms.

As our lips drew closer, we could feel each other's breath, and the sweet sound of my niece was there through the window, "**Mamaji, kaise ho?**" (*Uncle, how are you?*). It shattered our intimacy like a stone breaking glass. The entire moment felt like it had come crashing down, much like a tower of playing cards.

I rushed to get check again every window, door and ventilation grill **more than 2-3 times** 😊😊 to ensure privacy. Once we confirmed that everything was fine, we returned to our intimacy, reconnecting with the divinity of the moment.

I Know; I Know you are desperate to know what happened next 😊😊.

Guys visualize images of wagging flowers, streaks in the sky, clouds crack-

ling during the rainy season and buds visually blending and **that's the way Indian Cinema** used to portray **any intimate scene/moment** and Here I deserve a warm gratitude from all of **Digital Age Gen** for letting you cherish **firsthand experience of 90s style picturization** of such intimacy 😊😊.

Of course, My Wife censored scissor was sharp then and even today also **so Sorry Guys** and Here my *All Readers are welcome to visualize this moment as you wish* 😊😊.

We both mutually agreed to keep the sacred moment more private. Indeed, the night was fantastic, unforgettable and filled with deep love—so profound that it felt like a “**Buy one get One More**” option. Indeed, there is a spiritual reason to state this catchy phrase and for that you Guys **must wait for my Next Book** 😊😊.

Here comes **the Enchanting November 14**, the following day, when *a beautiful reception was organized at Hotel Clarks Amer* in honor of **New Designated Mr and Mrs Vardhman** 😊😊. There were about 100 to 125 guests in attendance, including my close friends Anil, Amit, Lokesh and a few childhoods friends like Lokesh Nagori and Puneet beside Nayan's close buddies, *who were all there to enjoy the moment.*

One of **the most iconic personalities present** was Manju's sister's father-in-law, Ganu ji, a well-known global artist and a painter. He had a magnetic aura, long hair and exudes positive vibes. His paintings are still truly appreciated and he was awarded by Queen Elizabeth in person also. To this day, his works are **a frequent topic of conversation** in Jaipur Artistic Circle. If you Google him, you'll find plenty of information about him.

The aura of his creations has always greatly inspired Manju and her Paintings and further our home in Udaipur (**keeping this Home in 2025**) is filled with **her own creativity and paintings**. His presence remains

eternally iconic in my mind and further Manju's Paintings always remind us about him and *A True Obituaries from her to him.*

Let me not miss the opportunity to extend my gratitude to all those learning and teachings I cherished from Mr. BD Agarwal and Mrs. Sangeeta Agarwal and of course they were owners of Crystal Export, Jaipur at that time and they were intended to check in IT Business Segment which was in Boom at that time.

Also visited USA for first time with him after 1-2 year of my Marriage **(with one month leave from my current organization) to check possibility of being in IT world** as he was desiring that I lead this Venture for them at USA and **Here A Twist for you Guys;** will I join this ongoing IT Boom of that time and **Keep waiting for the Next Book.**

Let back to *the Five Star Hotel Reception* and of course Mr. and Mrs Agarwal Presence further shined the Party and still **their wedding souvenir** is in our mind as it was **very creative and well thought of by them** for Newly Married Romantic Couple.

Aamir sb. (*the Indian Cinema Icon Actor*), I learnt a lot from your journey and it seems subconsciously we had created your Famous 3 Idiots Scene (**3 Idiots is one of India's Most Cult Film**) in advance 😊😊.

The said Five Star Hotel contract for this reception party was on basis of number of food plates that *were consumed out and was supposed to charge accordingly.* However, friends will be friends (*let Newly Married couple Parents don't have too much Bill*) 😊😊 and many used the same plate to serve food for more than three or four people **aka friends.**

Of course, Guys even I also participated in similar activities of wedding crashing of others with my friends during my college days, and those buddies still laugh a lot whenever we have our get together moments and

correlate with **this 3 Idiots Iconic Sequence** where three college friends would satisfy their craving for Royal feast by Gate-Crashing at a wedding.

Gen Z will never fully understand this enjoyment which what we experienced. Nowadays, you guys have food delivery services like Uber Eats, Zomato and Swiggy that bring food to you instantly. However, drinking Coca-Cola having paneer (**cottage cheese**) and ice creams back in our day felt like more than just a luxury.

I am confident that a Time Machine will be invented in the next 100 or 200 years and Gen (*whatever it will be named*) of that time line will be able to cherish my feelings of Wedding Gate Crashing 😊😊 and till then try to extract most of my written words for your understanding of the Kick Behind doing all this.

In short, the event was highly organized **and well appreciated** by every guest who attended. It ran smoothly without the help of any event management company and here *the whole credit goes to my own family and friends of Nayan ji.*

Of course, Marriage is A Fairy Tale and its experience is **very eternal and fascinating** if you have well matched soulmate in this journey of togetherness.

Here My *Gen Z/Alpha Gen of 21st century may contradict* to it and undoubtedly, they have their own school of reasonable thought and opinions. Guys I accept that Here *I am very much Old School* 😊😊 before you think like that for me.

Will certain individuals leave **significant mark/marks** on my life? Will someone/somebody earn special place in the history of my experiences? I certainly want to remember all such people who have played a pivotal role in my journey with respect and That's why in **this Book at every chapter** I

have not missed any chance for the same.

Indeed, Many Souls/Human Beings have limited time togetherness to other while being on this Planet and That's why **they deserve a warm gratitude more** in shaping my Persona and also **A Reason Get Ready** to observe *many Persona won't be there in my coming Books.*

Every Indian cinema always expects a **happy ending** and further Each moment should be memorable and wonderful, leaving forever positive impressions. That's why Being A Hardcore followed of Indian Cinema prefer to *end this Book with very Happy Node* 😊😊 so that the Smile and Good Feel Emotion remain intact on your faces after reading **this Mangementography** (Just *coined this New Word* 😊😊) of my journey.

Guess, **what's comes next** and what you can expect in Next Book.

Aamir Khan, an Indian Cinematic Actor, experienced a significant turning point in his career after 1999. From that year onward, his career took a remarkable and mature turn. His personality has left a lasting impression throughout my life as well and further it supported me to encounter many twists and turns in my own life.

How I incorporated those positive changes as Management Lessons to my Journey; Wait for the Next One.

Guys Now well married and just you all had celebrated its Festivity above and Just after Marriage you have *Honeymoon Moments and Kids. Here you will smile observing how Almighty is also A Salesman* 😊😊, Second Book will Highlight on that and further it will put limelight on Being Parents related Experience.

For the first time in my life, I witnessed tsunami and volcanic eruption

event, and I will share that first hand experience. I also experienced my first earthquake live. Beside these Natural Calamities **You will see more real tsunamis** *that always affect everyone's life including me* and how it blesses you **lessons for Forever** to your journey of Aspiration.

How I can forget a very important anecdote which I also completely forgotten throughout 3-4 decades till 2-3 years back (**while writing these line on July 08,2025**) My School Friend Hemant Mehata reminded me during one of our tele calls that **I and him were fierce rivals academically** and further we used to challenge each other that lets check who would be more successful after 20-30 years in line.

Of course, *you may feel nostalgic with 3 Idiots Scene of Chatur and Rancho* 😊😊 and of course while *being High School Kids what else you can expect from us* 😊😊.

Did I ultimately work for this challenge in my life? Did I embrace it as part of my growth? Has my competitive friend reminded me of those experiences? **Keep eyes on the Next Book** which will have all interesting answers with many anecdotes.

Amitabh Bachchan, The and the only Millennium Superstar of Indian cinema, is one of my life path ideals. I have always **been openly admitting** that I am a big admirer of both Amitabh Bachchan's and Aamir Khan's Personal Intangible Traits.

I apologize, Amit ji (**Amitabh Bachchan**) for stalking from hundreds of Kms and without your permission I have **closely observed and incorporated some positive nuances** of your life in my journey *through reading many books and interviews related to you*. Have the lessons from your life supported me in my career; **To learn more, you Guys should wait for Next one.**

Every Life journey of Every Human Soul have many twists, turns and valu-

able life lessons and That's the way **the Almighty scripts our life** while being on this Planet. Have these lessons also become a part of who I am today? **Have I experienced growth** in both my professional and especially personal life? Also, I have started reading more and more and how more and more travelling has prospered my personal development and global mindset.

Do these actions helped me pursue my dreams and even those one which I never thought I could manifest in my life. That's why I strongly encourage to dive into my next book as and when ready in next few years. Undoubtedly **the next book will serve as a proven document** that can positively transform your life assuming you guys also incorporate it.



Leaving a Suspense for you guys related Next Book, **Keep Trying to Decode it 😊**.

Here ***Amitabh Bachchan*** plays a big role.

Guys, **keep smiling** as I always state that **Life is Beautiful**. Let's enjoy it and make sure every moment is well engraved as a legacy after we depart.

Management Lessons

...

Organisation of any
Task, Event or
even your AMBITION makes Huge Difference,
and
it certainly *speed up* the
PACE OF THE JOURNEY.
A systemic planning,
proactiveness
and
a right *team* with continuous
follow up and checklists
are
keys for *successful* organisation
at your
Business Desk or Personal Life.

A NEW CHAPTER STARTS NOW...



Marriage (Vivah) - 13 Nov 1999

BLESSINGS MEMORIES

My uncle, Ramesh Ji Choudhary - Pushpa Aunty



*My father, Shri Shivratan Ji Choudhary
showring the blessings on our Wedding Ceremony*

MY IN-LAWS (PARENTS)



Smt. Bhagwati Devi



Shree Rameshwar Lal Sharma



Even Words are not Enough: a warm gratitude



Words are not enough to extend my **Tsunami of Gratitude** to My Parents who have Blessed me the Planet Earth and further it is my Late Father **Dr. Shiveratan Choudhary's** own journey which is my own Foundation of my Destined; Scripted journey of the Almighty.

In short, this book is a True spiritual obituary to him; further a garland of greetings to my own destined journey which has made me what I am today (guys Note it is August 10, 2025 while writing these line).

How I can miss my Mom **Mrs. Sharda Choudhary** whose whole life had been/has been of full struggle; undoubtedly, she always fought with High Self Esteem; High Level of Determination.

Even at the Age of around 75 Years, she is in warriorship mode; she deserves A Standing Ovation for Making My Father's Career; her Both sons' strong foundation.

Love you Mom; Always Respect Extra for your own journey.

No Doubt, Covid was A Catastrophic Event to our Humanity; also at the same time it opened Many New Vistas for Humanity, Geopolitics & Technology beside civilization shift of Human Consuming Behaviour.

At My Personal Podium, it activated my dormant creative buds; here a warm tight hug belongs to my Childhood Buddy **Anil ji Mehta** who spiritually pushed ; motivated me to write a Book.

The Result of that Spark has turned into the Reality i.e. The very **First Book** 😊😊.

Also, our Late family Member **Tiger** (Pet Dog) has been a Fuelling Force who had taught our whole family including me to love every Animals heartily.

Son Tiger: we miss you some time strongly; No doubt your Memoirs are Timeless.

My Soulmate **Manju ji** keep realising me from time to time that I can write as my soul is creative by DNA. She Deserves More Acknowledgement than me for blessing always The Most Precious 'Me Time' without that

writing the Book won't have been possible at all. My Twin Kids **Pal; Chin**, This Book is going to be A Treasure for **Vardhman Family Tree**; let it always preserved under your Canopy. It will surely be A Story Telling Book for your kids; Grand 😊😊

Nayan ji; you had been True Witness of May 1973 Born Boy's journey; your role of balancing anchor had always been a contributing factor to the metamorphosis of This Boy.

That's why with full spiritual authority I assigned you to double check the draft of the Book before it gets into Printing Mode.

How I can Miss **My Mukesh ji** who had blessed me shower of his Time in shaping this book especially its front; back beside **Pratibimb Sinha ji's** initial contribution to the writing.

Also, a spiritual gratitude to My **Kusum Didi; Sadhna Didi** for making sure that This Book have **Timeless Classic Images**; Info and Here I can assure both that these images; info have been engraved Forever for upcoming Gen of our Family Tree.

Mayank ji Ex Teammate of **Blue Publishers** played a Big Role in making sure that I get onboard to this Publishing House & further **Shruti ji, Dhruvi ji** had blessed their Magical Support; Patience for making Ready This Book with smile.

Of course, **Rehan ji;** I have not forgotten you at all 😊😊; adore your Timely support which you always blessed me.

Here I spiritually request you **all Readers to Bless This Book**; let it Touches your Soul and further it fuels all of you also to Aspire to Inspire others.

Chinmay Vardhman
January 2026