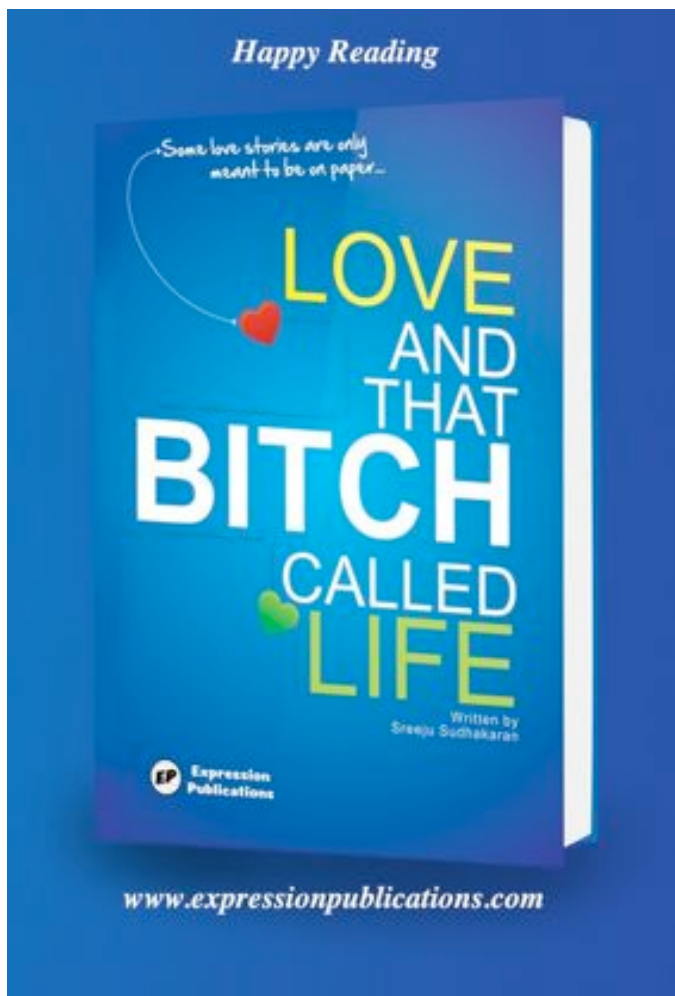


Given below are FREE sample chapters of Five books that we have published over last few years. We hope you will enjoy reading them. Happy reading!

1. Love and that Bitch called Life.
2. When the marriage is made in comedy circus.
3. PIGS.
4. I am Papa.
5. Manage time Manage Life.



March 21 1999

23:40 IST

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZZ!!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZZ!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U there?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Intrstd in makin frndshp wth a  
young hot blooded male?

Wicked\_gal86 : Defntly nt. More intrstd in  
chatting with sum1 sensible!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I can b that 4 u! If u cn spare  
sum tym!

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, let me chk tht! ASL?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : ASL? Whats tht?

Wicked\_gal86 : Dude! R u new 2 dis chattin  
business?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Well ye!

Wicked\_gal86 : I shuld hav guessed tht frm ur  
typing speed! It takes 4evr 2 gt a  
reply frm u, handsom ruthless  
warrior, watevr u r!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Am sorry! Just getting used to  
d lingo! So wats ASL?

Wicked\_gal86 : Age, sex, language. Just 2 hav a  
murky pic abt u!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I cn shw u a pic of mine if u  
want.

Wicked\_gal86 : Desperate, aren't u? Tht wont  
impress d girls much!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : FYI... I hv alrdy impressd 1!

Wicked\_gal86 : With such lame liners? U culdnt  
hav imprsd me wid tht!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Nt u, Miss Wickie! I hav a gf  
alrdy!

Wicked\_gal86 : Thn y r u here?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : D same reason as u r here! 4 fun n  
2 explore other realms!

Wicked\_gal86 : Lol!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Nw wats tht? Sum type of chat  
wrđ 4 idiot?

Wicked\_gal86 : No. tht means 'laugh out loud'. U r  
funny in a bizarre sort of way!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Thanx 4 appraisin me! So  
wats ur ASL?

Wicked\_gal86 : Hey, thts nt fair! I askd u tht 1<sup>st</sup>.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. But u knw d 4mat of hw 2  
answer tht. And of cos, ladies are  
alwys frst.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok mr gentleman. Mine 18/f/india.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Thts cheatin. L means lang. India  
is not lang.

Wicked\_gal86 : Well, there is no such rule abt wat  
2 answr 4 tht. Ur turn nw.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : 18/m/india. Where r u in india?

Wicked\_gal86 : Luk dude. Let me make dis clear 2  
u. I cant reveal my whereabts 2 u  
in the frst session itself.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Y?

Wicked\_gal86 : Who knws what u r? a deranged  
serial killer, sum cyber thief or  
psycho rapist?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I could also be a simple boy next door. Anyways, if you don't trust me, it's goodbye then.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hey, wait! You're so sensitive, man! I don't mean anything.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So you tell me where you're from?

Wicked\_gal86 : Ruthless, please understand. I just met. When I get more comfortable with you, I will reveal the details.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Comfortable as in?

Wicked\_gal86 : Don't get any ideas mister. I have a boyfriend.

Wicked\_gal86 : You there?

Wicked\_gal86 : BUZZ!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Oh hi!

Wicked\_gal86 : Why didn't you reply?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sorry. Went to the washroom. So you have a boyfriend, hmm! Then you're here?

Wicked\_gal86 : Why? Only singles should come to chat or what? And you're also here even with having a girlfriend on your lap.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Got ur point. So r u honest wid ur  
age and sex atlst?

Wicked\_gal86 : Accidentally yes.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Accidentally?

Wicked\_gal86 : I never meant to. Bt I thnk I can  
trust u in tht. ☺

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Thanks. Tht is so kind of u.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok mister, I can smell d sarcasm.  
So wat else do u do other thn dis  
sarcasm?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I am in college. And I write  
poetry.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hmm. So u r a poet. Care 2 recite  
one nw?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Not 2day.

Wicked\_gal86 : That's not fair. ☹

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Lyk u said, sum things r too  
personal 2 say in d first meeting.  
For me, my poems r tht. But  
definitely one day I wil recite one 4  
u!

Wicked\_gal86 : N I wil be waiting 4 tht. Hey! I  
have 2 leave nw. Hav 2 get up in  
the morning.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Meetin me same tym 2mrw ?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hello!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hello!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZ!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZ!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. Got the answer. Culd have  
been more straight4wrđ. I wuldnt  
hav minded tht.

Wicked\_gal86 : U guys r so emotional. Just pulling  
ur leg dear! ☺ Of cos I will meet  
u 2mrw . Bye gn sd!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Same 2 u!

Wicked\_gal86 : Sleep well.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U too!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey, forgť 2 ask u. Wats ur name?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hello...u logged off?

Wicked\_gal86 : Ritika. Urs?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Kshitij.



April 30 1999

23:00 IST

Wicked\_gal86 : U r late! ☹

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sorry boss. Hd an assignment 2 finish.

Wicked\_gal86 : Tel me d truth. U were talkin 2 ur gf, rite?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Who said so? Believe me, I ws really doin an assignment.

Wicked\_gal86 : On phone, na? Abt what? Biology?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : If I did, whats d big deal? I need 2 giv her sum tym.

Wicked\_gal86 : Thn giv her all d tym. Y cum 2 meet me thn?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wats d matter wid u? U also hav a bf na?

Wicked\_gal86 : So? I atlst cum on tym, unlike U.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BIG DEAL!!! U then spend the rest of the hour describing his

smile, his style, his behavior, his biceps, his ass....

Wicked\_gal86 : Stop it nw! U r crossin d limit...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Am I? Think abt me wen u exaggerate all these details, and u hav an issue if I spend 2 mins extra wid my gf.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, fine. I giv u all the time to talk 2 ur gf. Dnt bother me again. Bye and gn.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey!

**Wicked\_gal86 is now offline.**

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ritika, I am sorry....

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I knw u have gone offline only n nt logged off. Plz talk.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hw did u knw tht?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Just a wild guess.

Wicked\_gal86 : Seriously. Hw did u knw I was just lurking around?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : V hav been chattin almost every nite since last mnth, so I just thght

u wuld never go to sleep widout sayin a nice goodbye. I think I knw u well by nw.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, tht ws nice. Bt I havnt 4givn u.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : 4 being late or 4 talkin 2 my gf?

Wicked\_gal86 : Both. Tell me, wat do u guys talk abt?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey, u r gettng personal...

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, keep ur secret. I won't ask again. I am nt tht secretive wid u. I tell u all the details abt wat I talk wid my bf.

Ruthlesswarrior07: Which I dnt want to listen to anywy. Nd speakin of secrets, u dish out all rubbish abt ur bf, but u never tell me his name.

Wicked\_gal86 : R u really intrstd in knwing tht?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Well no, but I find it a bit strange tht u bore me all nite abt him and yet don't tell me his name.

Wicked\_gal86 : His name is Vishal, and I love him the most. He is so damn cute.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ye ye... but such a common name.

Wicked\_gal86 : I smell jealousy. So wats urs?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : How many times to tel u? Kshitij.

Wicked\_gal86 : Not urs stupid. Ur gf's.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Oh, hers! Sunaina. And I love her as much.

Wicked\_gal86 : Watever. Tell me, wat do u guys talk abt?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wel, pretty much lots v talk abt. Her studies, her mom, her dad, her dresses, her shoes, her bitchy friend, her roving-eyed neighbor, her puppy, her etc., etc....

Wicked\_gal86 : So u talk all d time abt her only. Isn't tht boring?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat can I do? Do u girls ever let us talk abt ourselves?

Wicked\_gal86 : Thts so sexist. Nt all girls r like tht. Especially me.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Oh yeah? N wat do u talk abt everytime v chat – ur course, ur family, ur Hugh Grantish bf, etc, etc. U all r d same.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok fine. I wont crticise ur gf again. U r sayin all dis bcos I did so, rite?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey no. I was jst makin a genrl statmnt.

Wicked\_gal86 : Genrl statement my foot. Dnt cum 2 chat wid me again if I am borin u so much. Am goin. Bye, gn and final gud bye.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey wait.

**Wicked\_gal86 is now offline.**

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U there?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZ

Ruthlesswarrior07 : BUZZ

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U out there?

Wicked\_gal86 : Stop botherin me. I hav really loggd  
out dis time.

July 13 1999

22:41 IST

Wicked\_gal86 : I am so happpppyyyyyy!!!!!! India won!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wats there 2 be so happy abt? So many lives hav been lost!

Wicked\_gal86 : U r such a pessimist. We won! Doesn't tht matter?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : 4 wht? A piece of rocky barren land where nothing thrives? And we lost so many men for tht?

Wicked\_gal86 : Tht land was part of our motherland, so hw does it matter if it is barren? V cnt just hand it over to some rats who manage to infiltrate our borders, 4 hvn's sake!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : All this could have been avoided - this Kargil, this war. Everything culd have been avoided. So many lives culd have been saved.

Wicked\_gal86 : I knw yaar. Its sad, but they gave their lives 4 dis country, and by sayin tht winnin Kargil is of no significance means in effect we are saying their sacrifice was 4 nothing.

Ruthlesswarrior07: What the hell do u knw abt sacrifice? Its easy 4 u 2 say all that crap sitting in ur home. Thought about their familes who are torn asunder in sorrow and grief?

Wicked\_gal86 : wats wid u dear? Why such a strong reaction? Y r u getting angry wid me?

Wicked\_gal86 : U there?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : M nt angry wid u, am angry wid the politicians of this country. Its their fault tht we hav lost r brothers.

Wicked\_gal86 : Dear, dnt b so emotional. Screw the politicians and screw Pakistan. Lets change d topic.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I dnt mind.



Wicked\_gal86 : U knw sumthin? I lyk it wen u get so worked up.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey! Stop flirtin wid me, I might fall in luv wid u.

Wicked\_gal86 : Oh really? N wat wil u tell poor Sunaina?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Nw she is poor? The girl u always think of as a bitch in ur mind?

Wicked\_gal86 : Hw dare u accuse me of that? Whn did I ever call her a bitch?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. U never said so directly, but wenevr I talkd abt her, ur reactions were always very 'bitchy'.

Wicked\_gal86 : 'Cos she acts lyk one. She keeps u on a leash and u wag ur tail for her. So how am I wrong?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : That's betwn me and her. No need 4 u 2 comment.

Wicked\_gal86 : Lyk u dnt comment abt me and Vishal.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I care a damn – how does it matter 2 me if u r wid a big-biceped chimpanzee?

Wicked\_gal86 : Dnt call Vishal a chimpanzee. He is very cute.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I quite agree. Chimps are very cute.

Wicked\_gal86 : SHUT UP! Ok, I won't criticize ur gf again.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. I won't make fun of Mr. Chimp...sorry, Vishal, again.

Wicked\_gal86 : Lets leave our love lives alone. Y didn't u cum online 4 the last 2 weeks? I ws getting bored during d nites.

Wicked\_gal86 : U there?

Wicked\_gal86 : Hello!!!

Wicked\_gal86 : BUZZ

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sorry. Went 4 a leak.

Wicked\_gal86 : Cheeee!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Y? u never do it or wat?

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, forget it. Tel me, y u were so busy tht u only had time 2 leave offline messages?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I had sum internal papers 2 clear. Was busy wid tht.

Wicked\_gal86 : Thts ok. I thght u had gone 2 fite the Kargil War.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Tht is nt funny, Ritika. Tht is seriously not funny.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok dude. Don't get so worked up.

Wicked\_gal86 : Sorry.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hello?

Wicked\_gal86 : R u angry? I said SORRYYYYYY  
naaaaa!!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : ☺

Wicked\_gal86 : WOW!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat?

Wicked\_gal86 : 4 the frst tym in 4 mnths u hav used a smiley.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat 2 do? Sumtymz prolonged exposure 2 girls can make u do funny things.

Wicked\_gal86 : U r a sexist jerk, u knw that?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : And u r an arrogant bimbo who looks 4 opportunities to pull my leg. Bt...

Wicked\_gal86 : Bt wat?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Its ur smileys tht make me smile d most.

Wicked\_gal86 : ☺

October 12 1999

23:40 IST

Ruthlesswarrior07 : V cn nw xpect another war aftr wat has happnd. Its tym our govmnt take sum action.

Wicked\_gal86 : U think so?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat can u xpect wen an army chief takes control of the government? They wil look 4 war at every available opportunity.

Wicked\_gal86 : U think India will allow dem 2 do so? V hav defeatd thm thrice b4. V will defeat thm again.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Bt my point is, hw long is this going to go on? Hw many lives do v need to sacrifice to get peace?

Wicked\_gal86 : Dude, kindly change d topic and giv me peace. My dad has been watching d same news for two whole days and my head is aching. Kindly talk 2 me abt sumthin else.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sorry. What wld u like 2 talk abt?.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hw is ur bitch 2day?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Listen, do u always have 2 call her a bitch? I hav stopped referring 2 ur hero as a chimp, rite?

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok, sorry. I wont use tht word again. Bt y hav u stopped doing so? Started liking him or wat?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Lol! I don't want an attack on my house by the chimpanzees of the world, afr hvin insulted their species so blatantly.

Wicked\_gal86 : Tht is so mean.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So y d concern abt my gal?

Wicked\_gal86 : Nothing, just askd.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok.

Wicked\_gal86 : Can I ask u sumthin?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sure. Y d 4mality?

Wicked\_gal86 : Hav u ever kissd her?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hmmm.. y this sudden interest in my luv life?

Wicked\_gal86 : Answer me na.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Of cos. Wat do u expect when one is in a relatnshp for 3 years? Even kids are more progressive nowadays.

Wicked\_gal86 : So hav u gone all d way wid her?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat do u mean?

Wicked\_gal86 : I mean, hav u done more thn kissin, like...u knw...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sex?

Wicked\_gal86 : Yeah.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hey, hey, hey.... nw u r trespassing into forbidden personal territory.

Wicked\_gal86 : C'mon, u can share wid me. I wont tell any1.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Only on one condition.

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Tht u will also do the same.

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat do u mean?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I mean, u will also hav 2 reveal ur intimate secrets.

Wicked\_gal86 : Tough condition...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Bt u hav 2 agree...

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok. Bt promise it wil be strictly  
betwn u n me.

Ruthlesswarrior07: As if I am goin 2 publish d news in  
d papers 2mrw. Stop being so scared.

Wicked\_gal86 : Alrite.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So wat do u want 2 knw?

Wicked\_gal86 : I alrdy askd u. Did u go all the way  
wid her?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : V did make out once or twice...

Wicked\_gal86 : Only once or twice?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : A month, tht is.

Wicked\_gal86 : U sure r a stud, man.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I appreciate tht. Wat abt u? Is he up  
to it? Or is it all biceps?

Wicked\_gal86 : Of cos he is. V do it too, but hav  
never gone the whole way.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Y? He climaxes too soon?

Wicked\_gal86 : Shut up. The problem is...can u keep  
dis a secret?



Ruthlesswarrior07 : Sure. Wats d matter?

Wicked\_gal86 : He keeps on insisting tht I do it wid him. But...but I am scared.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Scared of what?

Wicked\_gal86 : Scared of wat he may do to me. I have heard stories frm my frnds abt bleedin, pain and all tht, and of cos, the fear of pregnancy. So I wasn't ready.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So hw did he take it thn?

Wicked\_gal86 : Very badly I think. U knw, denying sex to a male can hurt his ego. But wat can I do? He needs 2 undrstnd I am nt comfortable wid d idea yet.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : There is a way u can be more comfy wid the idea.

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ever heard of cyber sex?

Wicked\_gal86 : Hav read abt it. So?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U can try tht out. Its safe, and it will also ease ur fears abt sex.

Wicked\_gal86 : So who will help me?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U cn try it out...wid me!

Wicked\_gal86 : Lol. Nice try mister. I didn't knw u were so desperate for sex even after marathon sessions wid ur gf.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I was only tryin 2 help u...

Wicked\_gal86 : U guys never miss an opportunity wen it comes to sex, cum wat may.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok, thts enuf. U want 2 do it or nt?

Wicked\_gal86 : Of cos nt. I am a bit shy.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wats there 2 be shy abt? U have never seen me. V hav spent a lot of nights 2gthr...chattin..and u hav revealed ur most intimate secret 2 me. Just play long. It wil b fun.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hav u ever done it b4?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : No, u r d only chat frnd I hav, and I hav also only read abt it. Bt wats the harm in experimenting? Try it out this once.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok. No harm in tryin. U lead d way.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : There is a rule, though. U will hav 2  
be completely uninhibited.

Wicked\_gal86 : I will try.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Lets start. V r in a plush bedroom.

Wicked\_gal86 : And I must be sleeping on the bed  
wid only a blanket wrappd around  
me.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I was just goin to say tht. Hw did u  
guess?

Wicked\_gal86 : U guys always fantasise abt d same  
thing. Vishal always tells me tht he  
wld love 2 c me just wrappd in a  
bedsheet.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Look, lets leave Vishal out of this. I  
don't care a fig abt wat he likes.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok. Dnt gt irritatd. I was only  
commentin abt ur common interest.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Watevr. Shuld I continue?

Wicked\_gal86 : B my guest.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I enter d room and gt mesmerized  
by ur soft nude body.

Wicked\_gal86 : Hmmm....

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I am wearin a...wht shuld I wear?

Wicked\_gal86 : Y r u asking me? U r planning d entire thing.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : C'mon, u need 2 participate. How do u fantasize d male who touches u looks like?

Wicked\_gal86 : Six packs with chiseled arms, drop dead gorgeous looks.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Thn better go and make out wid Salman Khan. U cant find a more chiseled body thn his.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok. U askd 4 my opinion, here it is.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I was askin abt d dress.

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat abt a sarong?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : A guy wearin a sarong? U crazy? Thts ridiculous.

Wicked\_gal86 : U askd abt my fantasy, tht is it.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Watevr. Ok. I cum in 2 the room wearing only a sarong.

Wicked\_gal86 : Lol. Tht wld surely must be a funny sight.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. I am done. I' m going...

Wicked\_gal86 : Hey, wait...where r u goin...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I am tryin 2 help u, and wat do u do? Make fun of me?

Wicked\_gal86 : Sorry...wat can I do if I find the entire situation so funny? U wearing a sarong!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Tht was ur stupid idea. 4get it. Lets do it later. Not surprised Vishal gets miffed wid u. Is this wat u do in ur private sessions? Laugh at him?

Wicked\_gal86 : Thts too much. Nw I am going. Bye, gn. And dnt catch me again.

Ruthlesswarrior07: Hey wait. I didn't mean tht. I am sorry.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ritika, I am sorry. Come back..Plzz

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ok. Hope 2 meet u 2mrw, I think!

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat were u supposed 2 do after coming 2 me wearing d sarong?

12 November 1999

23:40 IST

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I touch ur quivering lips...

Wicked\_gal86 : Uhhh...I love it when you do  
tht.....

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I give u a peck on your lips, and d  
peck lingers 4 a minute...

Wicked\_gal86 : Uhhmm...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Then I move away..

Wicked\_gal86 : But I pull you towards me and keep  
on kissing you...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I press your body against my body  
so hard tht u gasp for breath, yet u  
dnt leave my lips...

Wicked\_gal86 : My breasts pressing against ur chest  
as they tickle you, urging u to forge  
ahead...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : With my lips interlocked with yours  
n my body pressd against urs, my  
hand slowly moves towards ur  
breast..

Wicked\_gal86: Naughty boy! You always move too fast...its only 2 mins into our session and u have alrdy moved there ...

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat to do if I hav a normal fascination 4 thm like all males? And wth a size of 36C, can u blame me?

Wicked\_gal86 : I shuldnt hav told u tht. Nw u r looking to grab thm at evry opportunity. Wats ur gf's size?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I am realy nt goin 2 answer tht. I hate it wen u girls try 2 size up each other about everything.

Wicked\_gal86 : Ok. Keep ur gf's asset size a private secret 2 urself.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So shuld v continue?

Wicked\_gal86 : Lets leave it 4 today. I am not in the mood.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Y? Wat hapnd? R u angry wid me for nt revealing my gf's size?

Wicked\_gal86 : Nt that. Its tht Vishal.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Nw wat did tht bozo do? He is upsetting u so much, why dnt u dump him?

Wicked\_gal86 : Shut up. He is really nice but sumtym acts so childish.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Wat did he do nw?

Wicked\_gal86 : He almost shouted at me on d phone wen I tld him abt u.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U tld him abt us?

Wicked\_gal86 : Y? U haven't told Sunaina abt me or wat?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : No. And u knw y!

Wicked\_gal86 : U mean 2 say even she wuld b insecure abt me?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Yes, she will b.

Wicked\_gal86 : Wats wrong wid these ppl? V both haven't even seen each other, let alone cheat on thm. Yeah, I do agree v hav our naughty sessions, but still, its just 4 fun.



Ruthlesswarrior07 : V culd remedy tht!

Wicked\_gal86 : Wat? Hav a counsellin session wid our partners?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : No. I was referring to d fact tht v hav not seen each other. Tht culd be remedied.

Wicked\_gal86 : Do u want me 2 break off wid Vishal? I wuld die rathr thn do tht!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Dnt get hyper. I just want 2 meet u.

Wicked\_gal86 : Y?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Y? u r askin y? V have been chatting almost evry day 4 half an hour, eagerly looking 4ward 2 each session for almost a year, yet we have no idea hw v look, how v talk and hw v dress. Its just chat chat n chat.

Wicked\_gal86 : is tht imp?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Mayb nt 4 u grls, but v guys need to understand the person v undertake these nighttime ventures wid.

Wicked\_gal86 : Bt isn't this fun? To interact wid a faceless stranger for so long?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Maybe. Bt after a point in time the novelty does tend to wear off. Nw tell me, aren't u interested in meeting me?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hello!!

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U there?

Wicked\_gal86 : Sorry.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Answr me. R u nt intrstd in meetin me?

Wicked\_gal86 : I am. Bt I am not sure hw Vishal wil take it.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Don't tell him. Come on, I am not askin u to dump him, just meet me 4 a friendly date.

Wicked\_gal86 : But wat if u find me hotter thn ur Sunaina?

Ruthlesswarrior07 : I guess I will manage to live wid tht.

Haha!

Wicked\_gal86 : Lets c.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : So u meeting me?

Wicked\_gal86 : I will be coming next month 2  
Bombay. I guess I can meet u thn.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Hw do u knw tht I stay in Mumbai?

Wicked\_gal86 : Easy. U once tld me u studied at  
Rizvi, so I just Googled it and found  
d location.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Thts smart. But can I knw where u  
stay?

Wicked\_gal86 : U b smart too and figure it out lyk I  
did.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : But u never divulge any precise  
details abt urself.

Wicked\_gal86 : Too bad, but thts ur lookout, nt  
mine.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : Ritika, y r u acting so weird? Don't  
u trust me? I am willing 2 tell  
u all my details, but u stop

me frm doin so, yet u google the college to find where I stay. Y so?

Wicked\_gal86 : Look dear, I cant explain anythin nw. Wen I meet u in person I will surely let u knw. U might call me mad, but..

Ruthlesswarrior07 : But wat?

Wicked\_gal86 : Forget it. I will tell u everything wen v meet. Will let u knw by next week wen I will b arriving in Bombay.

Ruthlesswarrior07 : U knw sumthing? I always thought tht girls were created wen God was high on dope, but nw I hav changed my opinion.

Wicked\_gal86 : And wats tht?

Wicked\_gal86 : After creating u, God shuld really be sent 2 rehab!

## Kshitij's diary

23 December 1999

Today was a very special day in my life. And how could it not be? A girl with whom I have spent many an hour chatting during the nights since March, met me for the first time ever. Even writing about this seems bizarre, considering we spent many sessions sexually stimulating each other. I have heard stories where a boy and girl meet after corresponding for years, and when they finally do, the atmosphere changes radically, like trees seeming to sway, hint of a thunderstorm, birds chirping louder, and all that jazz. But then stories are stories, and reality is a different ball game altogether, sans the rosy settings and all the colourful hues. The harsh reality is that one should never have great expectations in life, especially when a girl is involved. What started out as a day full of fantasy expectations turned out to be a mixed bag of emotions for me. And I would hold Ritika partly to blame for that!

It's difficult to explain – I wouldn't say that I did not have an enjoyable time with her or that she bored me to

tears or anything like that. It was just that after meeting her, my perception about her changed. Girls are weird I know, but she fell in the extreme category of weirdness. I have to admit, though, that I liked the fact that her way of thinking was very different from the other girls of my acquaintance - not that I know many of them.

We had decided that we would meet at Bandstand, as that was the only place she seemed to be familiar with in Mumbai (her cousin stayed somewhere close by). 10 a.m. to be precise. She said she would come in a red and green chiffon salwar kameez. I have no idea what in hell chiffon is, but I do know what red, green and salwar kameez is. However, being a Sunday, it was certainly some task finding a green and red salwar kameez amongst the crowd. I pleaded with the stubborn girl to give me her photo, but to no avail. It would have certainly saved me a lot of trouble on many counts. Not only would it have been easier for me to identify the girl amidst the crowd, if she had turned out to be visually unappealing, I could have easily slunk away. Sorry to sound so sexist, but I was not the one fixated on her

looks, she was the one who planted the idea in my head. She had described her physical attributes so eloquently, that one could not be blamed for imagining her to be a bombshell. I do agree that I believed some of the things she told me could be exaggerations, but if she turned out to be absolutely contrary to what I had imagined, it would really break my heart. I am no Adonis or anything, but being a male, and a chauvinistic one at that, I really cannot be blamed for wanting to meet a hot, beautiful stranger.

I was there on time, having parked my butt on one of the wooden benches overlooking the sea. As is usual with Bandstand, lots of couples thronged the area, seemingly having nothing else to do in life other than groping each other. However, they provide free wholesome entertainment to the sex-starved perverts and despos thronging the area, so much so that if one had the power to run the show on tickets, one could become a millionaire in a single day. I kept on eyeing the beautiful girls and their not-so beautiful boyfriends play a

wrestling match with their lips, when someone smacked me hard on my head.

“Pervert, stop ogling other girls! Don’t you have a girlfriend?” A sweet yet irate female voice drawled from my right. I turned towards the source, to find a girl in red and green salwar kameez smiling hesitantly at me, not sure whether she had hit the right guy. Damn! She was gorgeous! And quite unattainable by my standards. I mean, I wouldn’t even try to hit on her by mistake, so hot she was. All the tiredness which was in the process of conquering my brain vanished instantly.

“Hi! Kshitij, right?” she asked. I wondered how she had the guts to smack a guy on the head without even confirming his identity.

“No need to confirm, you are Ritika, right?”

“Err....yeah!” She smiled awkwardly. Guess it would be awkward seeing a guy for the first time after having spent many an intimate session on the net. And I, like a complete nerd, shook hands with her, whereas other boys and girls around me were busy lip-wrestling! Suddenly, shyness prevailed on both of us. Don’t know



why, but we both became tongue tied, and neither I could say anything to her nor could she. It seemed as if we had spoken so much on the net that we did not know what to say face to face. Anonymity seemed to have made us extroverts, whereas familiarity made us reclusive.

“How are you?” she asked, her gaze drifting everywhere except towards me.

“Fine, I guess,” I said, my eyes totally focused on her.

Two minutes of silence, as if someone had died - maybe the conversation.

Then I jolted back to life. “Care for a walk around?” She nodded.

We spent the next two hours walking along the sea line, sitting at a nearby café. We talked about our studies, our pressures and our soul mates (actually, she was more interested in the latter). However, she was really very mystifying, in that although she did talk, she was cautious and smart enough not to divulge many personal details (other than, of course, her boyfriend,

about whom she could write an entire thesis). This secrecy I thought was totally uncalled for. I mean, if she didn't trust me, then why the hell did she agree to meet me? I, on my part, didn't delve much into it, and played along with her.

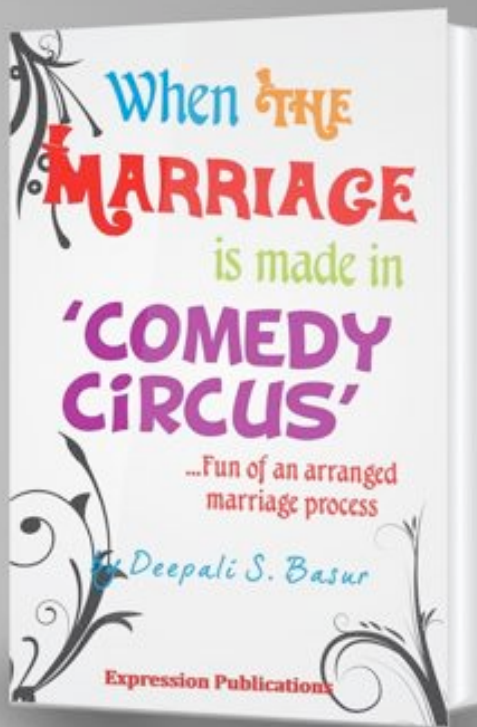
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## Prologue

‘Arranged marriage?’ my mom screamed as soon as I uttered those words.

‘Arranged marriage?’ she repeated one more time as I kept looking at her.

‘Arranged marriage?’ she screamed third time as I kept nodding.

It reminded me of some sensational scene in one of those soap operas where the ‘breaking words’ are registered in your mind with its shock waves doing rounds on everybody around as random as laundryman, domestic help, driver, right from their head to toe.

‘Yes mom, I am keen on an arranged marriage,’ I repeated before she started walking towards me and the focus shifted to her footsteps running at the rate of a few millimeters per hour.

‘At that rate mom would end up like that poor last player in the Cricket team facing the deadliest bowler,’ Ala, my sister said with a blank face. Metaphor was Ala’s usual

form of speech. ‘That is the only form which can do justice to her ‘advocate’ status; profession of ‘rarest of rare words’,’ I thought.

My mom got apprehensive at the idea of finding a guy ‘suitable’ for me. Even I pitied her calculating the time and energy she will have to put in now to find a guy for me. Moreover she was not used to it as both of my sisters had opted for love marriages. I wanted to add the exception against my name which seemed to my family what the idea of ‘landing on the moon’ would have seemed to the scientists for the first time. Worst part, there was not even scope for the ‘conspiracy theory’.

As everyone was bracing up to this new announcement by me, my dad was busy listening to ‘All India Radio’ news in the balcony. If AIR ever decided to give away any award for brand loyalty, my dad would have broken all the records and bagged this award. At times I wonder whether it is his unrelenting love for AIR for last thirty years or his unbreakable shield against his wife’s ‘NAG TILL BRAINWASHED’ binge which has been followed religiously by my ‘pious’ mom. As I kept repeating my

decision, the discussion reached the crescendo. At last my dad came into the hall holding his transistor radio close to his ear. We all stared at him to help him acknowledge our existence in the same house.

‘The longer she interacts with the guy the lesser chance we have of getting her married. So arranged marriage can only rescue us,’ he muttered and went into the bedroom.

The patriarch of the family gave his verdict grabbing the least footage. Again one more round of shock waves! Exchanging of glances...echoes doing rounds from head to toe...enough fodder for next endless episodes to tommorow the great saga of my arranged marriage!

## One

‘A love marriage is like reading the novel from the middle,’ my cousin would say this to defend arranged marriages.

I discovered the penchant for arranged marriages lately as my friends kept telling me how interesting it can get to find your value in the market and how you get to act pricey as per the demand and supply forces in place.

‘You officially get to meet so many guys,’ my friend once said to me.

I had my own logic about it. Adventure! Thrill! I wanted to try the fun of an arranged marriage. Now it was the time to decide how to go about it. I called my ‘think tank’ up and fixed up the meeting over dinner at ‘Bombay Blue’ restaurant in Milan Mall next Saturday.

It was Monday. There were still five more days to go for the great meeting with my think tank! There was nothing challenging to do in the office. As usual my boss had gone out of India to sign some business deals and I was asked to prepare a presentation which of course would be presented only on Saturday. My team would hold

presentation sessions every Saturday to discuss the events that took place in that week. Of course, the onus of making the presentation always lay on me being the only MBA in my team. I was the head of my team which consisted of three colleagues each from Sales, IT and Marketing departments. My team would report to my immediate boss (COO of the company). The presentation part would be attended by all. But the later ‘analysis’ part would be hijacked by my boss. Other members of my team would be more than happy about this fact as poor graduates were still in the ‘sane human hood’ phase of their life. I would envy them as my boss would expect me to love this ‘analysis session’ blindly, madly and deeply, thanks to my MBA degree from one of the pompous institutes! To make it even more life threatening experience for me, my boss with his extraordinary analytical skills would always do too much of ‘reading between the lines’ and make my presentation ‘Eureka’ moments of his life. Soon I started feeling like a bowler who would be hit back with sixes on every ‘no ball’ he delivered.



I remember, once my boss had asked me to prepare some presentation. In the meantime he had disappeared abroad to sign some foreign deals. The presentation was about some analysis as to why there was so much gap between demand and supply for our products which meant a loss of potential revenue for the company. I had recently joined. So I did exactly what I was asked to do without any wise omission of duties. I consulted all the concerned people in the planning, production departments at the factory, and also the sales team at our Mumbai office. On thorough discussions and analysis the presentation was made direct enough to demand immediate action on the old, defunct machines which were just adding to the dead investment and overheads. The only solution was to sell it off and replace it with the latest machines to boost the output so that we could catch up with the demand. It was a tradition of our typical small company to turn a blind eye to any suggestion which advocated upright spending. The word efficiency here meant the ability to squeeze as much as possible out of the status quo, be it any means of

production; land, labour, capital or enterprise. It took me three months to discover this reality of my company. When my boss returned, he first got rid of his backlog. After a couple of days he asked me to show my presentation. I threw all my energy into apprising him about my findings and the proposed action plan. I waited after I finished, holding my breath and expecting his appreciation for the efforts put in to arrive at these findings. It was only my second month in the corporate world; so I was still in the ‘fool’s paradise’.

Fresh MBA’s blood was boiling when my boss finally began to speak, ‘Good! Meghna, you have put forth a few valuable findings which will save our company a lot of money. If there are so many non-operative machines, we should downsize immediately. I think we are simply spending on idle labour. I will take care of it and do the needful at the earliest. I will speak to our MD and get the necessary changes done before we incur more wasteful expenditure.’

My boss acted on his words so quickly that soon I became a ‘political hot potato’ in the organization. Since

then I had taken care not to apply much brains to any analysis. Also because it was not possible anymore to extract any reliable information from anybody as I had received a status of ‘devil’s advocate’ without even striving for it.

Finally Saturday arrived. Everybody was in a Saturday mood; clad in jeans, ordering outside food and needless to mention, planning a movie in the evening. I was not going to accompany them for a change.

My team assembled for the great presentation session in the conference room. Today I just went into a ‘switch off’ mode soon after I finished giving the presentation as thoughts about meeting my ‘think tank’ were doing rounds in my head. My boss processed my presentation and mailed me his final output. He also mailed further tasks which were sufficient to keep me hooked to my seat till seven o’clock. He then went into conference room where all the directors and my boss would gather for lunch every day. He left soon after lunch.

It was two o’clock. My boss would leave at two o’clock every Saturday.

I had asked him once, ‘Sir, as I work extra hours every day, can I also leave at one o’clock on Saturdays?’ ‘Meghna, as you know office hours for the company remain same for Saturdays just like other days. Only I have been granted the special permission to leave early on Saturdays as I have always worked with MNCs rendering me addicted to ‘two weekly off’ culture. But if we both are not around after two o’clock, it might hamper the company’s work. So I want you to stay in the office just as my proxy so that nobody really pinpoints at our department for not conforming to the company’s rules. Don’t worry. I am trying to get new rules in place to make Saturdays off officially very soon,’ he said with usual artificial smile on his face.

As he would use the words ‘very soon’ I would get the message loud and clear that it would never happen. Very soon I gave up on my wish to see Saturdays off in our company. It was 6 o’clock and I was still stuck with some stupid projections which my boss had asked me to do as a result of some ‘insightful extrapolation’ of my presentation. That excel sheet seemed like a maze to me.

At one end it was me, stranded and marooned at this crappy place and at the other end it was ‘Bombay Blue’, calling me to add some spice to my life. My eyes were searching for the shortest and surest route to lift and drop me at some fragrant table in the vibrant company of sizzlers, pasta and brownie.

‘God, please send some virus in my system so that this whole thing disappears from my life and I get to run away from this place...at least by 7 o’clock...at least today,’ I said to myself.

Yeah; God did send a virus. But not in my system; rather in my brain and I finished the projections, fancy enough to inspire one more Eureka moment in my boss’s life.

Finally I shut down my laptop and packed everything. I went into the washroom to freshen up.

‘Hey Meghna, you are coming with us for a movie, right?’ asked my HR friend who was a permanent faculty of the washroom. That was one more avenue for her to kill time in the office.

‘Sorry, I can’t make it this time as I have some other commitment’ I replied.

‘Hey, what’s the matter? Seeing someone?’ she said, giggling.

‘Why these HR people get so much into their roles; they want to stalk you everywhere, into your personal life as well’, I thought.

‘No, just preparing for it,’ I said and left the office.

It was seven thirty and I was supposed to reach Bombay Blue by eight. I had always maintained my record of not reaching on time, always putting the blame on the ‘never sleeping’ traffic of Mumbai. But this time I wanted to reach on time as I was the host of this dinner. By the time I reached there it was eight thirty. It was almost in my blood to screw things up. They all had reached the place before me. A gang of four; Alok, Rahul, Karan and Meenami! Everybody in my gang was such a character that I was sure if I heard their thoughts about marriage I would be prepared to judge any species on earth which was an inevitable part of the arranged marriage process. I waved at them as soon as I got down from the auto.

Nobody waved or smiled back. It was a gesture to convey the message to me, 'We are only interested in the food. So please get down at the 'negotiating' table at a gallop'.

We got in and settled at some isolated table in the corner to avoid previous embarrassing complaints by the hotel managers to keep our noise levels under control. First we decided to order and then start this 'simply marry' session.

'What would you like to have, ma'am?' the waiter asked.

'Water,' I said almost as a reflex. After cooling our mouths we ordered sizzlers, pasta and sizzling brownies. Then I invited them to express their ideas about arranged marriage.

'People, I have decided to get married' I said, excited.

'Why not; recession is the best time to get married! But you will need somebody to get married to, right?' said Rahul, mockingly.

'Unfortunately I will have to find someone to get married to as we are still not into robot marriages. Also

my parents have had enough of inter-caste marriages in family. I am not in a mood to pioneer inter-species marriages. On a serious note, guys, I am up for an arranged marriage,' I said. 'That's the reason I have called you all here to discuss my questionnaire,' I continued.

'Questionnaire?' was the chorus.

'Yes, of course. I have prepared a few questions which I want to ask the candidates I happen to meet in the process. As I am new to this process I want you to help me as to how I should put forth these questions to the guys as diplomatically as possible,' I said and paused to check out their reactions.

'I don't understand why you girls are always fond of making simple things complicated. We guys don't expect anything from you girls let alone brains. Rather, the little the better! The fact that you are fully operational girls is more than enough for us. See, guys don't like questions. They understand only real things; your face and your other assets. In short, you are already in a pathetic position; now why do you want to make it



look like an awfully lost match by asking stupid questions? Neither your attack is strong, nor your defense,' said Karan who was receiving nods from other three jury members.

'Karan, I think you are not aware of the fact that I am going to foot the bill today so that you guys contribute to this session fruitfully,' I said assuming that at least now it will bring the scattered cattle to the house. 'So what I was saying was I intend to ask a few questions to the guys. Of course, it will happen only after a couple of conversations when we both, I and the guy get comfortable with each other,' I continued looking at Karan who was now engrossed scanning through the menu card, putting his finger on the right side column of the menu card to pick up the most coveted dish at a gallop.

'My mistake,' I whispered to myself.

'So you mean to say that you will first buy the chewing gum, chew it for a while then make a balloon out of it and the moment it reaches its peak you will pinch it, right?' said Alok, frowning.

‘Well, my first question would be, ‘are you a virgin?’’ I said, ignoring Alok’s comment.

‘What crap?’ again a chorus.

‘See, you have already made your life so miserable by deciding to get married. Now why the hell do you want to make it even more difficult by asking such a question? Please get some life,’ Alok said.

‘What do you mean by that? I am still a virgin,’ I said, aggressive.

‘That’s a different story. You don’t have a choice!’ said Rahul.

‘Shut up! See, I am not particularly concerned about what the guy answers if I like him in the first place. It is just for my personal satisfaction,’ I said.

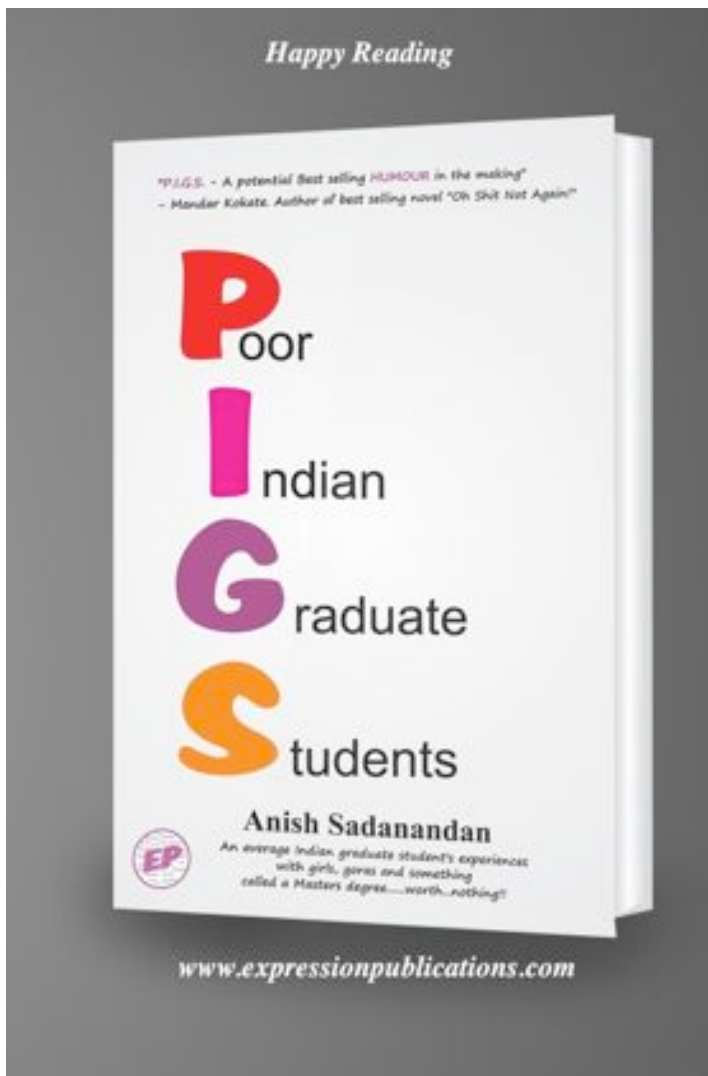
‘Sorry? Personal satisfaction? Then you would rather expect him to be a non-virgin!’ said Alok and they all burst into laughter.

‘You are impossible, guys. Cut the crap!’ I said, losing my patience.

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## **Introduction**

I think the most apt way of beginning this book is by telling you why it is named P.I.G.S. I remember the time when my parents were persuading my brother to stay on in India and not go to the USA for his Masters. My dad tried every trick in the book, but I thought the most outrageous one was when he said, “Do you know what they call Indian graduate students in the US? They call them P.I.G.S., Poor Indian Graduate Students.” At the time, I couldn't stop laughing. I mean you are talking about a country that has never discriminated based on race, religion, or color. A country where George Bush Jr. was president for 8 long years, where the winner of a championship game between any two American teams is called “World Champions”, where the ground floor is called the first floor though it is at ground level. They are the most normal people around; at least that is what I thought.

Instead of starting off straight with my graduate life, I would like to delve a bit into my past so that you know why I am the douchebag that I am now. My name is Anish Sadanandan. I did my

B.E. in Production Engineering from Mumbai University, and just graduated with an M.S. in Engineering Management. The more intricate details you will learn during the course of this book. Now, to tell you a bit about my wonderful life.....

### **The wonder years**

There are a lot of things I have my parents to thank for. To begin with, I am thankful that though being from South India, Kerala to be precise, they decided to move to Mumbai and raise my brother Ashish and me there. Don't get me wrong. I am very proud to be a Keralite, but if I were to have been born and raised there, I would now have a mustache (considered sexy down there), a nice big rounded belly (apparently the more the surface area the better), and a side parting hairstyle with enough oil on it to cook food for the entire Vatican City. During my undergraduate years, I actually put on a lot of weight and was around 100 kgs, and during this healthiest point of my life, we visited my relatives in Kerala. Undoubtedly, I was the hottest property down south after gaining that much weight. My aunts said I had never looked

better, and that I would get the most beautiful girls there for marriage. Though that thought made me think twice before shedding some kilos, I did manage to lose around 20 kgs before our next trip to God's Own Country the following year, but this time around I was destined to only get proposals from the bottom of the pile. Health is wealth takes a back seat here to the heavier the sexier evidently.

Another thing I should thank my parents for is putting me in an English medium school. India has about 29 spoken languages, with each language being the medium of instruction in schools. In Mumbai, Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati and English medium schools are the forerunners, and an English medium school was what my folks thought would be the best for us. I personally believe it was a good decision because today I am able to converse well with people from different countries in English without any hassle apart from the accent, which can be tough to understand at times. BUT in the end my parents are human too, and to err is human and to forgive is divine. However, I will never forgive them for putting me in a Sikh school. See, once upon a time, a very important person to the Sikhs was kidnapped. To rescue him,

the Sikhs made a plan to attack at midnight. At the stroke of midnight, they yelled out "*bole so nihal, sat sri akal*" and rescued their leader by absolutely demolishing the kidnappers\*. However, from that day onwards, people believed that Sikhs completely lose it at midnight. Over the years, this time changed from 12am to 12pm, I suppose because kids couldn't tease other kids at midnight, they thought noon would be a better option. Also, going to Guru Harkrishan High School meant that every student of that school went bonkers at noon, not just the Sikh students, everyone! So you can imagine the amount of ridicule I had to face from friends outside of school.

In India, as everyone knows, arranged marriage within castes is a prominent ritual. So all these little Sikh kids running around with their small turbans knew they were going to get some hot women as wives. As a result of this knowledge, if any kid from a different caste would try to flirt with any of these gorgeous women, these little turban wearing punks would give them a smug smile which pretty much said, "Try all you want but in the end one of us is going to tap that". It was like keep a box full of candy in front of a child, and



then telling him it was forbidden. This made us non-Sikhs really aggravated and we did what we could do best, make more fun of those pompous pricks.

Like every other school, we had nicknames for most of the teachers as well. Hindi teacher who slept through most of the class was sleeping beauty, science teacher who had a tendency to let one rip once in a while was gas cylinder, another Hindi teacher who kind of resembled a bulldog, well she was bulldog of course, teacher named Mr. De Gama was Vasco De Gama, and so on and so forth. We had some weird teachers too. Apart from sleeping beauty and gas cylinder, we had a geography teacher who would call every guy “poppy” for some reason. I don't know what exactly it meant, maybe we knew we would be smoking some derivatives of poppy seeds some time in our lives, or maybe he just loved poppy seeds so much that he called all the kids in his class poppy. Now that I think about it, he reminds me a lot of Mr. Garrison from South Park. This teacher even used to run his hands on the backs of his favorite male students in a circular motion. Now I know what you must be thinking, Mr. Garrison,

running hands on the back of young boys, I used to think on those lines too but can you imagine my surprise when he got married? It was definitely a big shocker. In the end, I guess he was just a very friendly teacher who looked after his best students.

I am sure a lot of you might be feeling disappointed right now, considering that the geography teacher didn't turn out to be a pervert, and it is always fun to read about one. Well I wouldn't want to disappoint you. I have some personal experiences on those fronts too. I played field hockey as a goalkeeper, a very bad goalie at that. I really don't even want to start on the margins with which we lost most of our games. One day when I was changing, the coach comes into the room, and suddenly tells me to wear an abdomen guard (a cup) to protect my "goods". This seems like a normal thing of course but he was holding my crotch the whole time while saying this! If there are any shrinks reading this, they might try to analyze my character based on this, but you can be rest assured that this did not affect me in anyway. I was always able to joke about it, and I still can. Coming back to the pervert, he did this a couple of times and I was a bit more taken

aback the second time. As a 6<sup>th</sup> grader who wants to be in the team, you wouldn't say no to the coach but I spoke to a couple of teammates and he had done this to them too. After he tried this trick on one of the 9<sup>th</sup> graders in the team, the student wrote a letter to the principal explaining what the coach has been up to with much exaggerated statements like, "He uses socks as condoms". I didn't understand how a sock would work as a condom anyway. But the letter worked, and the freak was fired. Surprisingly no legal action was taken. All the hockey players had reason to believe he went all the way with one of the players, a very cute Sikh boy. During one of the practice sessions, this player made a lot of mistakes and so the coach sent him into the school to the top floor, and then in some time ended the practice early and sent us all home, while the boy was upstairs and the coach went up to join him. The next day the Sikh kid wasn't walking properly. Hmmm, I wonder why?

I think all the teachers contributed to me having a fun-filled school experience. If it weren't the slapping incident, it would be one teacher crying because some other teacher said something to him/her. Or, it would be one teacher bitching to

all the students about how she should be given the responsibility of managing all the class monitors and prefects, and not the new teacher in school. All in all, school life was filled with drama, just like a Bollywood movie, the very stuff that inspires every Indian. Where would we Indians be without Bollywood?

Considering my qualifications now, you might think that I was one of the nerds in school, with glasses and braces, not really into sports and could not speak to girls if my life depended on it. Au contraire, I was anything but all of those things. I was into every sport possible. I represented the school in football, cricket (I am Indian, I have to play cricket), basketball, volleyball, handball, table tennis, badminton, field hockey and athletics. My parents were really proud of my sporting achievements, considering my brother was everything I described earlier; summing him up in school in one word, geek. I

was known well amongst teachers and students because of sports, however, it only got me attention from the not-so-good looking female crowd and I think this had a lot to do with me

having no idea of how to carry myself with some swagger, or carry myself at all for that matter. Am I glad that changed over time?

“How will you learn to rise up without falling?”, “Failure is only a step towards success”. I am sure all of us are familiar with these words of wisdom, but we the proud athletes of Guru Harkrishan High School heard this after every game. We sucked in every sport. We might end up with one victory in a season, which would be caused by the other team not showing up, or some other miracle, but if we ever got a victory on the sheets, it would spark wild celebrations.

After all, we only got to do that once or twice a year. Out of all the teams, I would have to say the football team was the funniest. Though I had good skills with the ball (I am a good football player now, for the record), the coach decided to make me goalie because I was one of the tallest kids in the team. I didn't object as I just loved the sport and wanted to be a part of the team. As if that wasn't bad enough, he decided to make some Sikh boys defenders. Why would you make kids with turbans defenders? In each game we had one of them head

the ball, only to have their turban removed, and so they would have to go to the sidelines to tie back the small little thing which took at least 15-20 minutes, meaning we would be down by a man for that time. During one of the games, a winger from the other team ran down our left flank and crossed the ball. One of our brave Sikh defenders jumped up into the air and caught the ball with his hands. Yes, he caught the ball\*. Of course the other team got a penalty, which I was unable to save. I wouldn't want to put all the blame on my defenders though. I was most certainly one of the worst goalies the sport had ever seen.

I distinctly remember one particular game against St. Francis D'Assisi, one of the best football schools in the city. It was a rainy day, and there was muck all over the ground, including the penalty area. Considering that they were one of the best teams and we were the worst, it wasn't surprising when they took, if my memory serves me right, an 8-0 lead at half time. They continued scoring in the second half as well, with even their goalkeeper substituting as an outfield player to grab a brace himself. In a field where there was hardly a dry spot, including the penalty box, and with so many

balls covered with mud flying past me into the net, my jersey was spotless, clean as a whistle. For one of the goals, the ball went past me at a distance at which a small dive would have been sufficient to make the save but I chose not to. One of the defenders asked me why I didn't dive for that ball, and I believe my exact words were, "I might get hurt if I dive". The final score of the game was 17-0. After these outstanding performances, the coach was replaced, and the new guy was the athletics coach, Mr. Ghodke, who didn't even know the rules of football. I convinced him I was an outfield player and a guy named Farid was made our goalie. I can go on for a very long time about the failures of the different teams I played for in school, like when we went to play our first ever basketball game, and we lost the game with the final score being 4-2. No there is no typo there; they scored two baskets, while we had one. I really hope that the school's sports program has come a long way since I graduated.

Every school has one or two nice girls, nice because they sleep around with most of the guys. I wouldn't want to call them sluts and insult them, after all a lot of us gained invaluable experience

from these promiscuous women. Our school wanted to one up every other school in each and every department. So even in this regard, instead of having a couple of “nice” girls, we had at least one in each batch. Our batch had three, out of which two were sisters. Of course, though being a bit easy, they were picky too. They wouldn't let the biggest losers (well all of us were losers) touch them. Had to be someone smart or someone good looking. Though I was smart, I somehow never had the courage to go up to one of them, and I guess I thought it was wrong to an extent. But there was this one moment that changed my take on this issue. There was a guy called Saj, a good-looking kid, who was actually a senior but had failed and had to repeat a year. One day, he was sitting behind one of the sisters in one class, and I was sitting in the adjacent row, in the same line of benches as them. In the middle of the lecture, I could hear giggles from behind me, and a friend sitting behind taps me on shoulder and asks to look at Saj. The guy was listening to the lecture with both his hands grasping the girl's frontal attractions from behind. Being one of the good students in the class, the first thing I thought of was, “How in the world is he



concentrating on the lecture in that position?" Of course, I realized that focusing on the lecture was the least of his worries, and he was having a much better time than I ever did. That was the day I decided to take a stand on this issue, and make sure every guy has the right to enjoy lectures like that. A few days after that, I walked up to the other sister after school and told her I wanted to talk to her. We walked a bit, trying to get away from civilization as I knew it, and then I just turned and kissed her, and she didn't pull away either. This was my first ever kiss, and man did it feel good\*. Of course, I had a boner from that moment, sometime in the afternoon, till I went to sleep at night. Every evening I went outside to play with friends, and that day I decided to wear a cup, just in case. There were many similar moments to follow after that but that was definitely the most memorable one.

Being involved in so many sports, and being one of the toppers in school, it was a surprise to a lot of people that I would get sent to the principal's office quite often. I was even sent to the principal's office once for calling a particular teacher a "mofo", and someone ratted me out. The teacher was standing next to me in the principal's office and

crying. Can you imagine the feeling I got as a 12/13 yr old to have made a teacher cry? It was the proudest moment of my school days.

At that age, kids are always very impressionable and find the smallest of things very cool. One day, my brother took a sharpie (sketch pen) and put it at the center of the ceiling fan and slowly moved it to the periphery of the fan, making beautiful concentric circles in the process which looked stunning when the fan was rotating. This really inspired me to do this in class. The next day I went to school with just one thing in mind. As soon as the first class got over, I decorated the fan as planned. The other kids looked at it with astonishment, it was beautiful. I realized that I would get into trouble if I let it remain, so I took a wet cloth and erased the artwork. However, kids were a bit more impressed than I anticipated. Once the next class got over, they decided to do the same, but with ballpoint pens this time, which is of course next to impossible to erase from most surfaces. The teacher came in and saw the fans and asked who is responsible for it, and of course, like the good friends they were, everyone pointed towards me. I was asked to sit outside the

classroom for three days unless my parents paid Rs.200 per fan to restore them. My dad just sent a letter to the principle saying, "We pay a lot of fees to the school anyway. I'm sure my son will enjoy the time outside class". My father knew me very well I suppose because I definitely enjoyed my three days out of class.

In India, not many folks have a sex talk with their kids. As a matter of fact, I personally don't know a single child who received sex education of any sort from their parents. The closest to that would be the parents giving a book to their children. Some schools would have a sex education lecture where the teacher would come in and ask if the students had any question, wait for a response which usually never came because the students would be too shy to ask anything, and then would say good and continue with history or geography. This lack of knowledge led to a lot of misconceptions and myths, like if the girl doesn't bleed the first time she has sex she is not a virgin, or if the girl blows into your penis while giving you a head, you could die, or my personal favorite which was told to me by a friend that after sex you have to leave the penis inside the vagina for a good

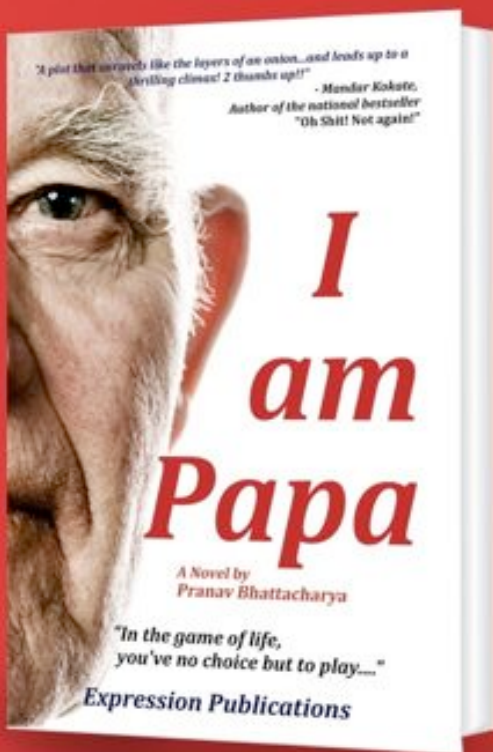
few hours for every drop of sperm to fall in. This guy either had a lot of sperm or just wanted to make sure he got every girl he ever slept with pregnant. Mr. Dias wanted to change this tradition. He wanted to make sure every student passing out of GHK High School knew about sex.

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## Part 1 Retirement

The thunderous applause had died down. The words of eulogy were done with. I was officially proceeding into the 'evening' of my life.

My students had organized a gala function to felicitate me on my retirement. It felt good, being thanked after more than three decades of trying to impart knowledge to bubbling, wide-eyed students. There were emotional speeches, lots of food and a classical music concert. Very good. Very fulfilling.

As I made my way back home, I knew that, after nearly 30 years, this road was now a one way. Come tomorrow morning, I would no longer be riding back. My mind was a haze of mixed emotions. As my scooter snaked through the traffic and the potholes of my small town, I looked around and saw that there was so much to see in this place, that I had not yet made time for. Though I had endearingly come to call this city my own, I had never really gone around and explored it. Well, now was the time. My retirement would open up a vast chasm of free time, which I would need to fill. I

began to make my plans. I would delve into what my city had to offer, check out the museums, the palaces, and the old ruins. I would read the newspapers end to end every day, I would watch more TV, and yes, I would spend more time with my family.

My family consisted of my wife, to whom I had been married for 35 years. Then, in order of arrival, was my son Jatin, who had become an engineer and worked for one of the Multinational corporations in Mumbai. Then my daughter, Dipti, who recently got married and moved out of our house, causing me considerable heartache. The third was my youngest son, Sunil. He was considerably younger to his siblings, arriving 9 years after Dipti. He had come as a surprise to us. Whether the surprise was pleasant or unpleasant at that time, I am yet to decide. All I remember is that I had gotten over the travails of child rearing when he arrived, and his sudden screams and incessant need for attention, did not charm me, as it does new parents. Well, that's a thing of the past. Sunil was now 18 years old.

Jatin had added to my family. He had gotten married, and had two beautiful little daughters. Dipti was going to be a mother soon. Everything looked good.

As I thought about Sunil, my eyebrows contorted in worry. He was having difficulty in making through school. He got poor grades, but did not seem to be very bothered about it. His mother tried talking to him, so did his siblings, but he would not share his problems, if at all he had any. At one time, he told his mother that he was undergoing depression. Depression? At age 18? He had no friends. He just kept to himself. I tried talking to him once, and he stared right through me, my talk obviously falling on deaf ears. I had lost my temper at his seeming stubbornness, and almost slapped him. After that incident, he became even more reclusive. His grades faltered even more. His mother came upon him reading books on soul cleansing and spirituality. That really got her worried, and it got me really angry.

I arrived home and parked the scooter. Well, here I was at last. No more waking up early, no



more rushing to get dressed, no more students, no more classes. Just me and my free time. I could kick back, read the newspaper end to end, and indulge in idle gossip. Oh, the pleasures of retirement!

## Part 2 Sunil disappears

“I found this note in Sunil’s room. It’s strange, don’t you think?” I looked up from my newspaper to my wife’s pensive tone. “What?” I asked, almost irritated. Honestly, I had started to dislike my youngest boy. It is okay to be rebellious, but to an extent. And rebellion, in my opinion, should be furious, not weepy. This boy seemed to be sulking endlessly, and showed no obvious interest in life. In my inner mind, I told myself that I was done with him. I had brought up two children well, and that should put me in the legion of good fathers. I did not need to waste any time on this offspring of mine.

“The world is a tragedy to those who feel, but a comedy to those who think,” my wife read

aloud. “Nice,” I said sneeringly, “but borrowed, unfortunately. So is quoting Walpole the extent of his spiritual search?” I laughed out loud, and then wondered at my own brusqueness. “No, this looks serious,” said my wife pensively. “Here, read it.”

Surprisingly, the note was addressed to me. “Papa, I know you do not understand me, or my problems, and I do not blame you for that. The truth is, I myself do not understand what problem I have. The only thing I know is that I am probably a little too sensitive for this world. It pains me to see that people callously walk past little scenes of immense tragedy that get played out on every nook and corner. Little children in tatters beg on the streets, but people don’t give them a second look. A dog limps around and howls in pain, and people shun it, calling it a bad omen.”

“I can’t believe this,” I said, looking at my wife, “why does he have to think of all this?”

“When you take me along to buy fish, the experience is a torture for me. They all lie there dead; their mouths open, their eyes wide open in fear. What must the fish have gone through

in its last moments? I tried holding my nose, Papa, for 10 seconds. It was a nauseating feeling. I had to open my mouth to help myself breathe. I realized that it was precisely that what the fish was trying to do. Trying to breathe. Desperately trying to cling on to life. Why do they have to endure so much torment, what is their fault? Is it just because humans find them edible? Is that fair?"

"The world is a tragedy to those who feel, but a comedy to those who think. Why? Does it imply that a thinking person does not feel the pain of others around him? When people all around are starving, when wars are being fought for political salvation, killing and maiming scores of innocent people, how can a thinking person find comedy in them? What is the humor in this? Does becoming a thinker make you numb? Does it kill your feelings, or does it make you feel ashamed to admit that you feel?"

"I cannot help it. I feel too much. It makes me ashamed to gorge on my dinner every night, knowing that somewhere, a child will be holding his stomach and trying to kill the

knotted feeling of hunger. On a cold winter night, I feel guilty lying cozily under the blankets, knowing that somewhere, a poor wiry man would be shivering in the cold. I know that feeling without action is useless. Such pity and empathy have no meaning. They help no one. But what should I do? What can I do?"

I wiped my brow. "I don't know what to do with this boy," I told my wife, shaking my head. "I know that you do not concur with me. I know that you will never understand me. I know that you have given up on me." Good. At least he understood that.

"I am sorry, Papa, but I cannot live this drama called life in such a surreal manner. There has to be a deeper truth, one that escapes most of us, either because it is extremely hard to find, or because we do not really make an effort to find it. There must be a way, to survive amidst this chaos, to find peace within this pandemonium."

"I am leaving. In quest of a truth that I faintly can perceive, but do not understand. I am sure that if I search in the right places, and search hard enough, I will find it. I will be able to find

peace, to come to terms with the imbalance and the injustice in this world.”

“You defined it,” I thought. “You defined the way to be peaceful. Just come to terms with the imbalance in this world. That’s all.”

“I thank you for bearing with me till now. As of today, you will never need to worry about me again. I wish you all a very peaceful life. Sunil.”

“What is all this?” I asked incredulously, as if my wife would know the answer. “I don’t know, but I am worried,” she replied, “don’t you think you should go look for him?” “Look for him?” I erupted, “NO.” “In all probability, he is at school. If not, he is hanging out with some useless tramp who is infusing these ideas into his head.” I went back to my newspaper. “Come evening, when the pangs of hunger strike, see how his feelings and empathy for humanity evaporate. I am not going anywhere right now. I have had enough of that nincompoop.” She shook her head and walked away.

### Part 3     The Hunt begins

The clock struck 8. 8 pm. Sunil had still not returned home. The October sky was now dark and all the municipality tube-lights had come on. My wife waited outside on the patio, her eyes straining to look through the darkness. I was beginning to worry. We had called his school and learnt that he had not turned up that day. My wife had then called the couple of boys who Sunil usually associated with. I had driven around and checked out a small eating-place that my wife said Sunil frequented. They had not seen him all day. If he was trying to get us worried, he was doing a good job of it.

It was midnight. I had called Jatin and Dipti and informed them that Sunil was missing from home. It was not of much help, but it felt like we were doing something. They seemed more perplexed than worried. “Don’t worry.....he’s trying to give us some message,” said Dipti, “maybe Papa, you need to be a little less harsh

on him. If he's not doing well in school, maybe we should encourage him to pursue some other career options, instead of making him hang on and suffocate himself." Great. That was all I needed at the moment. Lectures on how to be a good father. That too from someone who I helped to rear.

The next day came up and passed slowly. Sunil did not appear. My wife was now in tears. It was evening. Sunil had now been missing almost 2 days. "Go to the police station, please," she pleaded, "something is wrong with my little boy." I kept quiet. I knew I would have to do it. If Sunil did not turn up till next morning, then I would have to go to a police station. Unless, of course, Sunil showed up suddenly. I allowed hope a strong chance that night.

The disinterested policeman sprawled on a creaking wooden chair near the entry. "What do you want?" he asked coarsely. "My son is missing, I need to file a missing person's report." He pointed at a desk on the right hand corner. I followed his finger and just stood

there, unsure. “Go on,” he said gruffly, and I walked over to the desk.

The policeman behind the desk was surprisingly soft spoken. “Don’t be worried,” he said, “young men run away from home all the time. They eventually come back.” He smiled. “Did you talk to the parents of the girl yet?” “What girl?” I asked, taken aback. “Oh, the girl he eloped with,” came the nonchalant reply. “Oh no, no,” I said emphatically, “there is no girl involved. He left a note saying he was going in search of some spiritual truth.” “Spiritual truth, ha,” he sneered, “today’s youth have a fancy name for everything. Prostitutes are sex workers, pimps are managers.....and plain old lust is now spiritual truth.” Though I missed the humor, his statement obviously was funny, since it elicited laughter from all the men around. “So do you have a picture of this young man?” I handed over my son’s picture. He scribbled something into a big handbook. He had a carbon paper stuck underneath, which he removed after he was done writing. He tore off a page and handed it to me. “Ok, the complaint is registered and this is your copy.” I



took the document and tried to read the scribbles. “Now what?” I asked dryly. “Well, we’re going to be on the lookout for him. We’ll let you know as soon as we find something.” Seeing my disappointed look, he said again, “don’t worry Sir. He will be back. I have been in the police service for 20 years now. I have seen tons of these cases. Tons of them. They always come back.” He smiled, and I smiled back hesitatingly. I thanked him and left the station with slow steps and a heavy heart.

Jatin and his family had come in from Mumbai. Dipti had arrived too. It had been 9 days now that Sunil had been missing. Jatin had put Sunil’s picture in 4 different newspapers. Below the picture, it told Sunil that his mother was sick and he should return home immediately.

He also organized a few of his friends. Carrying pictures of Sunil, they went to the local bus depot and the railway station. They talked to the cops on duty. They talked to the bus drivers and conductors. They talked to the ticket collectors, coolies, hawkers, vendors, and rickshaw drivers ...anyone and everyone who they thought might be able to give them any

information. But all efforts were in vain. Sunil was untraceable.

These exercises continued for a couple of weeks. Everyday, Sunil's picture stared at us from the newspapers. But he never called. He never appeared. I sat there wringing my hands in despair. His brother ran all over the city, desperately looking for clues to his whereabouts. His mother was the most distraught. She had given up on food and sleep. It had been more than 3 weeks since he had been gone. And we had no idea where he was.

#### Part 4    The first clue

One month had passed. We were still running pictures of him everyday. I was visiting the police station every other day. They had nothing to inform me about. I knew that they found my repeated visits frustrating, but they were patient. They told me that they would let me know.....as soon as they found something.

"God," I prayed, "give me one lead, one clue, that could lead me to my boy. I'll take care of

the rest.” Even if God heard me, he did not make it obvious then.

Suddenly, one morning, at 9 a.m, the phone rang.

“I would like to speak with Professor Arya,” said the voice on the other end. “Yes, I am Arya,” I said. “Good morning, Sir, my name is Ramesh Gupta, and I work at the airport. I saw your son’s picture in the newspaper today morning.” I sat up straight. My son! He was calling with regards to my son. “Yes,” I said expectantly. “Sir, I don’t usually read the paper in the morning.....you know, I have to start work very early, so I don’t get time.” Ok, ok.....I held my breath. “Sir, I think I saw your son at the airport a few weeks back.” I was almost sure that I had heard him wrong. “At the airport?” I asked, “Are you sure?” “I know it has been some time, Sir, but strangely, I am sure. Actually, he was with a group of skinheads.....oops, pardon the expression.....shaven headed men. About 5 of them. He stood out like a sore thumb.....because he was young, clad in jeans and looking very unsure.” He took a deep

breath. “This guy was fidgeting so much, and looked so totally uncomfortable, that my co-worker suggested that we call the police. I told him to just mind his own business. I am sorry.” “Do you know what flight they were on?” I asked with bated breath. “Not right now, Sir,” he replied, “I’m at home. But I’ll be at the airport around 11 am. Can you meet me there? I could try sifting through the records and might be able to give you some information.” “That will be so good,” I said, “thank you for your help, Rameshji.”

The airport. We had missed the airport. We had looked at the bus depot and the railway stations. We had checked the octroi booths for roads leading out of the city. But we had not checked the airport. Air travel was expensive. It was not a luxury that my son could afford. Where did he get the money for the plane fare? Who were the shaven headed men with him? What had he gotten himself into? A shiver ran up my spine and exploded into a shrill headache. I cradled my head in my arms and slumped onto the chair. I took a couple of deep breaths before I looked up to meet the

frightened and questioning glares of my family members.

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## 1. INTRODUCTION.

When I first decided to write a book on time management, the first question that arose in my mind was its relevance in the midst of umpteen books on the subject. I had come to the decision to write a book on time management because I felt that a large number of people, even today in 21<sup>st</sup> century, have not realized the importance of time fully, and also the fact that life cannot be fully enjoyed up to the brim without utilizing time prudently and effectively.

In my own experience, I have observed that people generally waste quite a lot of time and also spend it in an unplanned manner.

This fact was recognized 2000 years ago. Thus wrote Roman stoic philosopher Seneca :

*“The common complaint is that we are cursed with too short a life span which often seems to end just when we are getting ready for it. The fact is not that we have too short a time to live, but that we waste a lot of it. Life is long enough and sufficiently*

*generous amount has been given to us for the highest achievements if it is well invested.”*

Indeed highest goals have been achieved by a great many number of people and history is not short of them. These people indeed made optimum use of their time.

Time is the most decisive of all resources available to man including men, materials, machines and money. Though a large number of people waste or mis-use their time, they do not believe so since they are doing something or other all the time. Also since most of the people achieve some degree of success in some or the other areas of their life, they think that they are utilizing their time well enough. Hence they do not even feel the need to pause and ponder over whether any review or reflection is required upon their use of time and its effectiveness in achieving their goals and realizing their full potential. Incidentally many people do not even set goals in major areas of their life.



Essentially we should not just satisfy ourselves with doing something or the other but should ensure that we do all the right things to achieve our goals, success and happiness in our life. Life is not a black and white affair. It is a rainbow. It is multi-hued and multi-coloured. There are so many pleasures in life. Life is just not to be lived, but enjoyed. The pity is that many people define their life narrowly as 'work and more work' aimed at achieving material success in life and enjoying carnal pleasures. Life is many a splendoured thing. There is so much abounding nature all around us offering endless pleasures free. Without proper time-planning and utilization of time to the utmost optimum use, we will miss upon a significant measure of life's myriads of pleasures.

As Vice-Principal of a corporation's training centre, I had lectured on time management. My extensive study on the subject revealed that most of the books on the subject were highly technical and made heavy reading. Hence I felt that my book on time management should be a simple and easy guide that will enable people to understand time in

proper context, realize the importance of spending it prudently and wisely to reap optimum benefits, and utilize it in a planned way so as to enjoy life in all its glory.

I have sincerely attempted to make this book serve its intended purpose. I have laid great stress on the advantages of managing time well as also the disadvantages caused by failure to manage time well. The book deals in detail with the holistic approach to time management aimed at achieving one's desired goals in the domains of one's career, family, health care, personal development, self-enjoyment, social obligations and spiritual enlightenment, so that one realizes his/her full potential, attains a state of satisfaction and much sought after peace.

A separate chapter is included on achieving the elusive happiness which is the bottom line of not only time management, but also life. The book is written in simple language without using many jargons. It highlights the attitudes and habits that come in the way of good management of time,

giving a wide range of examples elucidating underlying principles of time management. The book proceeds systematically to cover every aspect of time management. It also explains, in detail, an illustrative example of actual time-log and time-chart that will help one to plan one's daily activities for effective use of time. A list of do's and don'ts for better time management has also been added.

I trust readers will find the book useful. It will help them in realizing the importance of time, in managing their time better, in realizing their full potential and in achieving their goals in all areas of life.

## **2. TIME, AS IT IS.**

From time immemorial man has been trying to understand what "time" is. He is still grappling with the problem without having found a satisfactory answer.

Once, a Russian who was crossing a road in London, wanted to know the time. As there is no definite article in Russian language, he asked a passerby who happened to be a Professor of Physics. "What is Time?" With a very grave face, the professor replied, "Young man, you have asked an imponderable question over which scientists have been contemplating for ages and are yet to arrive at a conclusion." The puzzled Russian who just wanted to know the time must have thought of the other person as loony.

But the fact remains, as P.G. Wodehouse put it, that though man has, over the ages, tried to measure time through sundial, hourglass, pendulum clock and quartz watches, time is yet largely immeasurable. For our convenience we have divided the period taken by the Earth to

complete one rotation on its axis into 24 hours and the period taken by the earth to rotate around the Sun into 12 months and so on. This has enabled us to understand time better. But the moot question is, **"Is it so?"**

### **What is time?**

It can be said that "Time", for man, is life itself. For, the life of a man is the time-span between his birth and death and how great he becomes depends on how well he uses this time-span. Benjamin Franklin said,

*"DOST THOU LOVE LIFE? THEN DO NOT SQUANDER TIME FOR, THAT IS THE STUFF LIFE IS MADE OF."*

However, till we grow up to a certain age, we may not be able to understand the importance of time and the years spent before that cannot be counted for making the best use of our life. But the pity is that many of us grow into adulthood, middle age, and some of us pass into old age too without understanding the importance of time and consequently without managing life well.

The famous Roman stoic philosopher Seneca wrote thus two thousand years ago, which is true even today.

“The common complaint is that we are cursed with too short a life span, which often seem to end just when we are getting ready for it. Such complaint do not emanate from the man on the street, but from the unthinking mass of people. The same feeling lay behind complaints from even distinguished men and women who undoubtedly had the affluence and the means to enjoy their leisure. The fact is not that we have too short a time to live, but that we waste lot of it. Life is long enough and sufficiently generous amount has been given to us for the highest achievements, if it were well invested.”

Even if we had 1000 years to live, our life would still shrink into the shortest span because our 'vice' of wasting our time and allowing others to trespass on it, would swallow up any amount of time that is given to us. Everyone hurries his life and suffers from an yearning for the future and wariness for

the present. The greatest hindrance to living is expectancy which depends on the morrow and wastes today. We thus dispose of that which lie in the hands of fortune, while letting go of that which is in our own hands. He who bestows all of his time on his own needs, who plans out his every day as if it were his last, neither longs for nor fears the morrow.

"Why do you delay? Why do you sit idle?" questions the philosopher and adds, "unless you seize the day, it flees, even though you seize it, it still will flee; therefore you must vie with the time in the speed of using it and, as from a torrent that rushes by and will not always flow, you must drink quickly."

Hence time is as precious as life itself and time wasted is life wasted. Besides time, there are two more things which are very important in life. They are Health and Wealth. It is possible to manage to acquire wealth after having lost it. It is also possible, to a good extent, to get back the good health after losing it. But it is impossible to get back

the time lost. If you do not use it, you lose it. Time lost once is time lost forever.

*"Time wasted is existence, used is life."*

*-Edward Young.*

### **TIME, THE FIFTH RESOURCE :**

Economists identified four resources, 'the four 'M's', Viz. Men, Materials, Machines and Money. Optimum use of them could lead to success of any human enterprise. It however took them long to understand that even the optimum use of the four resources cannot guarantee success if the fifth resource "Time" is not used well. If production does not bring out the product on time, it may not get sold or the sales-order may be cancelled. A man with an idea to produce a product can have all four traditional resources, but if he does not have time to manage the resources, he cannot produce anything. On the contrary, if he has time, and none of the other four resources, he can still borrow money with which he can hire men, buy materials and machines, put them into use, and can produce



the chosen product. That is the importance of Time as the most critical of all resources.

Leon Alberti, an Italian merchant of fifteenth century wrote –

*"He who knows how not to waste time can do just about anything; and he who knows how to make use of time will be lord of whatever he wants."*

### **THE DIMENSION OF TIME:**

Time, unlike money, cannot be stored, borrowed, or saved. There is a belief that time lost can be made up by doing subsequent things faster. This is only a myth. For example a pilot taking off one hour behind schedule may make up the time lost and reach the destination on time by flying the plane faster than the normally scheduled speed, but in that event, he would have spent more fuel than what is spent normally. The truth is that time lost cannot be made up or made good without spending more of some other resource.

Time is relative and can mean differently to different people and differently to the same person at different times.

*What is 3 minutes?*

*It depends upon whether you are inside the public telephone booth or outside.*

*One hour can mean a long time when you are waiting for a train but a very short time when you are with your lover.*

*In youth, days seem to be shorter and years longer. In old age, days seem to be longer and years shorter.*

## **MYTH ABOUT TIME MANAGEMENT:**

### **A Busy man is efficient?**

The above statement is often false. There are many men and women who are always busy doing something. That does not mean that they are efficient or effective. Most of the time they may be busy doing nothing i.e. nothing of importance or

they may be doing a ten-minute job in two hours. They are like our Babus in government office. There is a joke about how people in government work. It goes like this.

*In an Olympic swimming pool there were many swimmers, some were swimming in free stroke, some in backstroke and some others in breaststroke. But there was one man in the centre of the pool, who was creating a lot of noise by splashing water all around and swinging his arms in all directions. But he was yet stationary and made no progress. An inquisitive swimmer asked him, "What stroke is it?" And he replied, "Government Stroke."*

It has become company-culture in many organizations to spend long hours in office. Working long hours is equated with hard work. Long hours of work need not necessarily produce efficient and effective results. In fact, with long hours of work, fatigue sets in. In the long run not only efficiency, but also health suffers.

It is not a question of quantity of time spent in the job but the quality of time spent that matters. Working smart is just as important as working hard. As noted Management Guru Shiv Khera says,

*"Winners don't do different things, they do things differently."*

Further, if one spends 12 hours or more a day in his office, he is bound to miss out on his other duties and responsibilities towards his family, social obligations, taking care of his health, personal development and general enjoyment of life. One has therefore to balance the time spent on work with the time spent on himself and his family.

### **EFFICIENCY AND EFFECTIVENESS:**

Doing things right is efficiency, whereas doing right thing is effectiveness. One has to do things right, no doubt, but more than that he has to do right things. There is one more dimension to it i.e. time. To put it succinctly *one has to do right things rightly and also in right time*. There are many who do wrong things rightly and then spend more time

correcting it. Doing right things wrongly or at wrong time can also cause problems.

### **DOES TIME FLY OR CRAWL?**

Time in fact neither crawls nor flies. It moves on and on inexorably in uniform speed undeterred by whether it is sunny, rainy or windy. It is the man concerned who may crawl or fly. Speed with which a person does a job is directly related to good or bad time management. The man, who does things faster, does more things in a day. The greater the speed, better the time management. Here speed means speed without losing correctness and efficiency. But there is an optimum limit for speed also. A salesman who talks fast closes the deal more quickly than the one who drags, drawls, and talks slow. But if the salesman talks too fast to be understood, the customer would foreclose the deal.

*For a man who does more things in a day, time flies and for a man who hardly does anything in a day, time crawls.*

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