Twitter Thread by Vikas Saraswat



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As people are sharing what they were doing as a 21 year old, here is a story I would like to share. I might never have shared this but for the shameless defence of violence, insurrection and treachery, crookedly citing compassion for youthfulness.

A classmate of mine was weak in studies. Would sometimes fail in all subjects. Had a tough childhood. From Std V onwards, he and his elder brother would sell ice water on cart (oldies will remember those steel carts) infront of a cinema hall for 25p per glass.

While asking for money, he would sometimes even get slapped by people barking "saale paani ke paise maangega". His elder brother, a sweet and shy boy, still in school, was killed in a rivalry by a local goon to "teach a lesson" to his father.

After the killing, the frightened family moved to Delhi. My friend couldn't pass XII std.His father who had always been mean and harsh with children continued to be so. One day he asked friend's mother to pack him a lunch and ordered his son not to return home till he found a job

For 4 days the boy returned without finding a job. Every night he would be thrashed. Fifth day the boy didnt return. He had taken refuge at Mama's place who was kind to him. But Maami extracted her pound of flesh. He did all the household chores and was last to be served meals.

Sometime later he started working as cashier at a Sardarji's sweet shop. Impressed by sincerity and calculation prowesses Sardarji asked him to give tuitions to his grand daughter,a Std IV or V kid, weak in her studies. Himself bad in studies, he still agreed, to make extra money

He would first teach himself and then his pupil. Girl's results showed improvement. Others in mohalla also started sending their kids. A 12th fail was now giving tuitions. From his humble earnings, he married off his sister. Father had never worked and had no money in savings

After a few years, he landed a small job at a leading news channel and got promoted as online editor. He quit the channel after 15 years. He now runs his own business, owns a couple of properties in and around Vikas Puri, sends his kids to good schools and pays IT in six figures.

He regularly donates to charities. He holds no grudge against his Mami who he says at least gave him shelter. He has no bitterness even towards his father whose mean and harsh ways I myself am a witness to. But he now rationalises it as result of his father's tough situations.

There will be several such remarkable stories. This friend whom I will just call SV are the kind fighting real odds; not hateful, bigoted woke idiots like Disha Ravi who smitten by the glamour of global Leli elite want to be counted as one among them.

While Disha types have a global network of support, SVs are fighting lone battles. But they do that with grit, determination and grace, and without resorting to violence, without harbouring hatred and ill will.