

# C.G.P.A

COLLEGE . GIRLS . PLACEMENTS . ALCOHOL



SRIKANTH POLISETTI

C.G.P.A

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# *C.G.P.A*

*College.Girls.Placements.Alcohol*

*By*

*Srikanth Poliseti*

## Disclaimer

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This novel is completely based on fictional work. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental. I am a newbie author . You might find some typos & unstructured sentences which might make you unhappy . I am sorry I cant give you a refund but I promise I will do better next time.

# *Acknowledgement*



Thank you, Caroline and Samatha, for your inputs and support.

Thank you, My MBA classmates, lawyer buddies and bro's. IIT wouldn't have been the same without you guys. Thanks to IIT Kharagpur, you will always be my second home.






# *Dedication*



*This book is dedicated to all the people who took up engineering and joined an IT firm, hated yourself for joining the IT firm, took CAT to do an MBA. Got a job with a high pay, and again hated yourself after realizing you don't belong there.*

*This book is also dedicated to my grandparents and my parents.*







# *Contents*

<b>S.No</b>	<b>Chapter</b>	<b>Page</b>
1.	THE SURPRISE	1
2.	THE FAIRYTALE	7
3.	NEW FRIENDS, NEW FOES	11
4.	KHARAGPUR	17
5.	D-DAY	25
6.	BONDING	31
7.	LOVER'S TREE	39
8.	WASHROOM WARS	44
9.	LOVE	50
10.	NO POWER, NO RESPONSIBILITY	56
11.	LE, SENIORS	62
12.	LOVE AND SHENANIGANS	70
13.	LOVE AND WAR	80
14.	TIME PASS	86
15.	HANGOVER	94
16.	OTHER FRIENDS	101
17.	LOVE 2.0	109

18.	EXAMS	117
19.	FRESHER'S PARTY	121
20.	SWEET & SALT	146
21.	CRAPPY BIRTHDAY	172
22.	LOVE 3.0	179
23.	DEJA VU	185
24.	HOME AGAIN	189
25.	SUCKER PUNCH	196
26.	KNOCKOUT PUNCH	204
27.	RETRIBUTION	212
28.	WHEN THE AXE FALLS	217
29.	WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...	222
30.	A DAY TO REMEMBER	231
31.	DISCO	238



## 1

# The Surprise

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The train moved leisurely, halting at every damn station on the way. When the local trains also began to surpass it I knew that this was the worst train I had been on. Being a light traveller I always chose airplanes over any other mode of transportation. This time, however, was different. I had a lot of luggage because obviously my mum was hell-bent on packing everything for me. You see, I got selected for MBA program at an illustrious B-school. And this was the first time I was leaving home. And as long as first time goes, I felt I had finally and for the first time achieved something in my life. I couldn't have been more eager to reach my destination: IIT Kharagpur

As soon as I got settled in the train, I lay down on my upper berth and opened Face book to gloat in my glory. As expected, there were about 200 likes and 50 weird comments on my "*Joining school in IIT KGP*" status update. With the latter exceeding the former, these comments ranged from "Congratulations" to shocking "how" and "when". Most of the comments looked like "WTF man how did you get it?", "Are you drunk?" "Chutiya kaat raha sala DK bose". But there also were comments like "Congrats", "All the best", and "We are proud of you". I giggled at the comments and remembered the day I found out I had secured a place at IIT KHARAGPUR. I don't think I was ever so bewildered myself staring at my computer in my room. When I opened my Gmail inbox, amidst all the subscribed emails from the redbus, CAT, pornhub, Face book, WWE, I found a new email notification that read "ERP IIT KHARAGPUR" Anticipating another reject

mail to add to the ever growing list, I clicked on it with the gloomiest of all assumptions only to read,

***“Dear Sri/Ms. KAMAT RAJE,***

***CONGRATULATIONS! Based on your performance in the group discussion, personal interview, prior academic performance and work experience, we are pleased to make you a provisional offer for admission to the Master of Human Resource Management Programme, Department of HUMANITIES & SOCIAL SCIENCES, Indian Institute of Technology.”***

Any normal person on seeing that email would have been on cloud nine, thrilled and happy. But me? I was shocked! My first reaction ‘this had to be some kind of a sick prank played on me by one of my many equally sick friends’. I checked and rechecked, clicked and re-clicked the email to affirm and then it hit me. I was indeed going to be an IITian soon. And the shock of this admission hit me bad, like real bad.

It took me almost a whole hour to comprehend the feeling. I was still numb, dead with expression and cold as ice to realise all that was happening as indeed true and real. All my life I have had nothing but rejections, mediocrity and was the preferred second choice, and now all this was about to change. One single email from the greatest institute in the country and I was ready to take on the world. This was the happiest day in my life, but I was calm, very calm. I felt like Mahendra Singh Dhoni when he hit the winning six for India at the World Cup Match. I took a printout of the email, folded it carefully and kept it in my wallet pretending as if nothing had happened.

I came out of my room, went over to the kitchen and helped myself to some chicken leftovers from the previous day and put them in the microwave to heat up. As I lazed around whistling, I heard my favourite dog

bark. “Mocha” as we adoringly call him was a Great Dane, jet black with brownish, fiend-like eyes. He is the kind of dog whom people are afraid to go near. I placed the plate of chicken for him and he gobbled in up in four seconds and wagged his tail asking for more.

I always empathized with Mocha. He was such a precious beast and his owners were vegetarians! No wonder, he felt that I was his owner. Mocha hardly had any freedom; he was always chained and given curd rice to eat. But when compared to kids born in our country, Mocha had a better life and more freedom. At least he wouldn't be classified into categories like ‘intelligent’ or ‘dumb’ or a ‘hopeless case’, based on the ranks received or would be forced by parents to join IIT coaching classes in fourth standard effectively ruining their childhood..India is a country where people first become engineers and then figure out what they want to do in life. But all that hardly mattered now. The only thing that mattered now was my would-be Alma Mater, IIT.

As Mocha licked my hand searching for any missed bits of chicken, I got out of my reverie, kissed him on his head and said to him “Mocha, I got through IIT KHARAGPUR”.

That night I was watching TV and having dinner simultaneously. I heard the car honk. Damn! My dad was home. I knew his routine by heart. Those cold stares with a twisted expression which only meant, “*What a lazy bastard my son is. Back in my days when I was of his age, TV was a luxury and I used to study under a candle light.*” Though he never said the words aloud, I knew his thoughts and I was hundred percent sure about them.

As expected, he glared at me while crossing my path. He changed into his pyjamas, and came to the TV room. How I wish it was just to watch the television

and relax and not start yet another 'gyan' on me." "Stop changing the channels", "stick to one channel and watch it"; "God knows when this boy will understand".

"What is the status on MICA and IIT, when are the results coming out?" he grunted.

"I didn't get short listed in MICA", I said gawking at the TV.

He looked at me angrily and said, "*Better pull up your socks and start preparing; don't waste your time on TV and in meeting your friends. You must put in at least 8 hours a day, that's what I did in my childhood .My parents didn't give me so many opportunities like I am giving you .....*", he continued to blabber.

My dad went on and on so much so that even Arnab Goswami would have been proud of him. The worst part of his cacophony were the examples he gave, they were always either repetitive or totally out of place. For example, "*Son you must do MBA in top colleges like IIM or IIT, you will get a girl like Aishwarya Rai*". Like seriously, Aishwarya Rai? Why on earth would I want her? And now? She is married for God's sake and the fact that I might get to marry a married woman was not so encouraging. Couldn't he relate to "Katrina Kaif" or "Kangana Ranaut"? I would have studied in the damn darkness for that, forget the candlelight. But his examples never changed. He never changed.

You should know one thing about my Dad. Even if he was Dhirubhai Ambani, he would expect me to start from the post of the watchman. He wanted me to face all the struggles he had faced. I remember one day while he was scolding for not getting 100 in maths, he gave me an example,

"Kamat, I am providing you with everything, but you just don't study. Abraham Lincoln used to study under the street lights and see where he reached".

“But Dad, why didn’t he study in the mornings, why did he show off by studying under the street lights”, I asked him naively.

He got furious and the admonishment continued. So the point was, when my dad was in his, and I quote, “*his zone*”, you don’t question; you don’t answer back, you simply just wait for him to finish.

After he was done with yet another long lambasting session, I told him calmly “*But Dad IIT results are still not yet out.*”

I guess that just pushed him over the edge. Continuously spitting fires of dirty stares, he shouted “*Private colleges are not giving you admission, why on earth would IIT give you an admission? The day you get a seat in IIT, get drunk, sleep on the road, play your stupid video games all night long, marry Lindsay Lohan, I don’t care. There is no way in hell lazy people like you would get a seat in colleges like IIT and IIM.*”

That is it. I had him cornered. My dad thought he was the King, unaware that I had an ace up my sleeve. Not just an ace, this was THE ACE, the one ace where all his kings together would count for nothing, and with his declaration he had just walked into a perfectly set trap.

Still keeping a straight face, I called out to him. “Dad?” A growl “*hmmph?*” came from the big man. “*Dad, I got a call from IIT Kharagpur*” There. I had said it. I had said it inscrutably, so bluntly and with a poker face

Deep in my head, I knew my dad was astonished, he knew my jokes always accompanied a smile to go with it. He looked at my face again, just to confirm my seriousness, and he saw it was expressionless, “*Are you sure?*” he asked me with an enigmatic expression. For a second there we both looked like Edward and Bella from those dreaded Twilight movies; both



## About the book

Like every middle class parent expects from ones own kids, Kamat Raje, without an exception, was born to be an engineer first and figure out life later. The black sheep, branded a mediocre by family, inept by relatives and laughable by friends, wakes up startled one day; only to realise that he has been accepted into IIT Kharagpur's MBA program. While his father is still overcoming this shocking revelation, Kamat wonders how on earth did he manage to get into IIT .He is left with no choice but to act the part, as he is now an IITian!

Determined to work hard and do better, he is oblivious to an unstoppable merry-go-round he is about to enter. Accompanied by his equally insane friends; sutta, daaru, and gaali, become his mantra now. Soon, their fun, frolic and misdeeds get them into trouble. In no time, they get the drift of being at war against every tom, geek and fairy in the campus and when they finally meet their match, all they love- friendship, career, love, life and their reputation back home, are at stake.

Is the pressure of being an IITian on campus much greater than the pleasure of being an IITian at home? Do they rise above the glorifying praises back home to be true IITians with gusto? Will they create their niche of devil-may-care, easy going, free bird approach or get succumbed to being slaves of toppers who slog it out in a rat race?

## About the author

Srikanth Poliseti is the first person to land on Mars. He knows the location of the Holy Grail. He ate the apple that fell on Newton's head. He fought alongside Captain America in WW1. He won a Nobel Peace Prize. He is the inventor of a new sport called 'kicking cats'.

Regardless of all of the above, he is largely unknown to many.

Thanks to a seat in IIT and a government job, he is steadily garnering fame to his name.

This is his first book.

\* My photograph slaying Khaleesi's dragon or accepting an Oscar was too mainstream for the publisher. So I am stuck with this picture on the back of my book.

\*\* Anyone who takes the above mentioned seriously will be referred to a famed psychiatrist and those who laugh it off .... Welcome to the club already!



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