

Our Plans Vs Destiny..

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Our Plans Vs. Destiny

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About The Author



Pratibha Sharma (born on 4th July, 1987) is a daughter, wife and a mother, settled in East Delhi, India. Since early childhood, she dreamt of sharing her thoughts and experiences

through writing, but put those dreams on hold to build her career and then to focus on her family.

She is a graduate in Biotechnology from Kurukshetra University and did her Masters in Engineering Environmental from Punjab Engineering College. She is working as Senior Engineer with SPML Infra Limited, Delhi and content life. Some inevitable a experiences agitated her inside and the outcome is this book. These incidences in her life tore apart but also inspired her to express her feelings to the world around. She finally picked up the courage to pen down her feelings and memories with this book, Our Plans vs. Destiny.

About The Book

We prepare a blueprint for our life and join the rat race to achieve that. God, the Supreme also has his plans for us and sometimes these two plans do not match. This book is written in search of answers for questions what is to be done in such situation.

Our Plans Vs Destiny is the story of my family, our sacrifices and memories of good and bad times God showed us. The book revolves around a couple who struggle to lead a content life for them and their children. This story is a reflection of parents' love and care for their children to give them a comfortable, happy and enduring life. Only parents can give what even they don't have.

My mother, a strong lady, who throughout her life only strived for the betterment of her children's life and in this process she forgot that even she has a life for herself. And when the time arrived, when she was to be awarded for her sacrifices with lots of happiness, God took her away. The void she had left in my life cannot be filled by anyone in this world, neither my father's care nor my husband's love. Neither my siblings' support can replace her

suggestions nor can my daughter's smile replace her ebullient face.

This is life, we never value people around us and we always take our parents for granted. We live our life planning the future, achieving our aspirations and on that path sometimes we don't even live our present. Somehow, life falls short to live and express the love to our loving ones. This book is an attempt to express the love of a daughter, the dilemma every girl faces in her two lives before and after marriage. Life has fallen short to say it - I Love you Mumma....I Love You.



Acknowledgement

They say success always comes from 99% inspiration and 1% perspiration. My vision, my hard work and time for this book is only 1 % but without 99% inspiration and support of all who have connected to this book directly or indirectly, this could not be possible. So, I thank everyone from bottom of my heart who have joined me during this journey of writing, shaping and publishing this book.

I am deeply grateful to my parents, for my all-time energy and inspiration of this book. You and your teachings are life of this book. You have always shown the best path to me and always stood beside during good and bad time, in my tears and smiles, during success and failure in life.

My family members, my husband are backbone of my life and I am thankful to them for being constant support and best critics.

All my friends who are part of memories touched in the book are my tutors for life. I acknowledge your encouragement and motivation which was must for the completion of this book. I thank the superb editing team, fantastic publication team at Educreation for investing time and energy in this book.

My special thanks for my two years daughter, Jiyanshi (Pihu) whose time and attention I steal for completing this book.

- Pratibha Sharma

Dedication

My mother

Late Mrs. Kamlesh Sauparna

I am not this hair, not this skin. I am the soul, that lives within.

- Rumi

Chapter **01**

APRIL, 2001

I was looking at my wristwatch constantly waiting for the school bell to ring. Although, it was daily routine, but today I was a bit more impatient to reach home. Finally, the bell rang and I rushed to the school gate bidding goodbye to my friends as my bag was already packed up since the last fifteen minutes.

I took my bicycle and headed towards the main gate cursing the students owning four wheelers as they create chaos at the main exit. Somehow, I came out and was on my way home. I was cycling hastily, thinking that Mumma must be ready and waiting to go with me. I reached home and opened the main iron door looking for Mumma, usually Mumma used to be at the main gate to welcome us despite the scorching heat. I crossed the small garden filled with Guava, Papaya, Pomegranate tree and various small decorative plants loaded with fragrance flowers. She must be getting ready, I said to myself and parked the cycle at its usual place in the big front veranda. I did not lock it as I did not want to waste my time and opened the wooden door and started screaming, throwing my bag on the sofa lying in the drawing room but stopped on seeing unexpected guest.

This book is an eloquence of a middle class family depicting the struggle of life, a soupcon of sacrifices, memories, roses and thorns of life and the most consequential conflict between Desire and Destiny.

A tribute of every daughter to her mother who breathes till the end with the apprehension of her children's comfort and happiness.

"I was your little - pampered girl and you treasured me like a pearl"



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