

STILL SHE RISES

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Dedication

With profound love and deep respect, this book is for every NEET aspirant who fights silently, falls repeatedly and still chooses to rise – your resilience is your greatest victory.

Preface

This book is drawn from my personal experiences – the struggles I faced, the lessons I learned and the growth that followed. It is a journey of pursuing a dream, healing from within and growing spiritually. I hope these pages inspire you, comfort you and guide you if you are walking a similar path.

Acknowledgement

First and foremost, all praise and gratitude belong to the **Almighty Allah** – the most merciful, the Most Powerful, the Omnipresent and Omnipotent. He is the greatest of all, the One who has always blessed me, guided me, protected me, and shown me the right path even in my weakest moments. Every strength I carry, every lesson I learned and every step I took forward is only because of His infinite mercy and divine guidance.

I'm deeply and forever grateful to my parents, who have been my strongest pillars of support throughout my journey. My heartfelt gratitude goes to my beloved mother, **Jameela Begum**, the best mother in the world, whose unconditional love, prayers, sacrifices and patience shaped who I'm today. I'm equally thankful to my adorable and loving father, **Muhammad Iqbal Mughal**, whose constant encouragement, belief in me and quiet strength gave me the courage to never give up.

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I owe a special debt of gratitude to my teachers at **Army Goodwill School Boniyar, Baramulla (Jammu & Kashmir)** who played a vital role in shaping my academic foundation and personality. I'm sincerely thankful to **Abid Rizvi Sir, Irshad Sir, Dalbir Sir, Imtiyaz Sir, Hilal Sir, Rabiya Mam, Tafheem Mam** and all other respected AGS teachers. From my childhood till today, their guidance, dedication, encouragement and belief in me have been invaluable. Whatever achievements or grades I earned, a significant part of that success belongs to them.

Friends add a unique and beautiful shape to our lives. In this regard, I would like to express my special thanks to my dear friends **Teenu and Sania**, whose companionship, support, and understanding made my journey lighter and more meaningful.

Lastly, I'm thankful to all those who supported me, prayed for me, believed in me and stood by me. Your love, encouragement and kindness mean more to me than words can express.

This book is not just my story book – it reflects the prayers, love, guidance and support of everyone mentioned above.

Aneesha Iqbal

“Still She Rises”

It was winter in Kashmir.

The entire valley was wrapped under a thick white blanket of snow. On one side, hammam was burning warmly and on the other, hot chai was boiling gently. Just then the sound of doorbell rang.

My eyes were closed; I was half asleep.



Yet faintly I could hear the bell echoing in my ears. Suddenly, my mother called out to me, ‘Aneesa.... Aneesa.... come downstairs quickly.’

I jolted awake. I ran-running in a rush, barefoot across the cold floor. I hurried down the stairs, the icy chill biting my feet. My heart beat was racing.

As soon as I saw my mother, tears began to roll down my eyes.

I opened the door, an uncle stood there, shivering in the freezing cold, holding my parcel in his hands.

The moment I took the parcel from him, I sat right there on the cold floor, hugged it tightly and began to cry.

It felt as if my hard work, my sacrifices my entire life was wrapped inside that single parcel.

So, what was inside this parcel?

Come – let's begin from the beginning.

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Chapter 1:

The Unseen Beginning

I had been a bright and hardworking student since childhood, always driven by dreams and ambition. I scored 92% in my 10th board examination, a moment of pride not just for me but for my family as well. Without truly understand what I wanted to become, I choose medical along with mathematics, believing that hard work alone would show me the way forward.

But during my class 11th, everything changed.

Kashmir plunged into turmoil. In the middle of the academic session, the situation became so severe that life came to a standstill. Schools, colleges, universities, markets – everything was shut down. Even communication networks were cutoff. We were locked inside our homes, disconnected from the world, trapped in uncertainty and fear.

I still remember that day with painful clarity – 5th of August 2019. It was the day when not just my dreams were crushed, but the dream of countless students like me were silently buried. Students who only wanted to study, to grow, to build a future. None of us had committed any crime, yet we were made to pay the price.

There were no classrooms, no teachers, no guidance – only silence, anxiety and unanswered questions about our future. Day turned into months and hope slowly began to fade.

And yet somehow with shattered routines and a heavy heart I survived that phase and managed to pass class 11th. But I was no longer the same student. Something within me had changed forever.

Then 2020 hit us like a storm, carrying the shadow of COVID – and we were already broken long before it arrived.

We had no proper classes and no real guidance. Online classes existed, but only in name – they never truly helped. Even the basic concepts of 11th grade were never explained clearly, and at the same time, the 12th grade syllabus also remained incomplete. We somehow managed to pass the exams, but the real loss was much deeper.

The clarity of concepts, the foundation, the understanding that these two crucial years were supposed to give us – nothing was built. Those years, meant to shape our future, passed in confusion, uncertainty and silence. We moved ahead, but without the knowledge we were meant to carry with us. The 12th boards, our dreams, our hopes everything crumbled at once, and we were left standing in the ruins of our own lives.

Day blurred into nights filled with silent tears, sleepless anxiety and a pain we couldn't even put into words. How many of us cried alone, hiding our fear and heartbreak from the world? How much did we lose – not just marks, but confidence, moments, innocence? That year wasn't just a year It was a storm that tore through our youth, leaving scars no one saw, leaving hearts heavy yet still trying to beat. And somehow, despite everything we survived – shattered, exhausted, but surviving.

Chapter 2:

A Dream Called Neet

So much had happened silently in the background of my life, but I didn't realize the real battle - the one that truly tests you – was only just beginning. A battle where I had no maps, no clue, no direction. Where every step felt uncertain, and every decision seemed heavier than I could carry. I was confused, lost, standing at a crossroads, wondering ...what am I even supposed to do with my life?

And then came my mother. The one who has always been my anchor. The one who held me when I faltered, who always supported me, who protected me when I stumbled, who never let me feel alone, even when I felt I had no place in this world. She told me *"TUM NEET KA EXAM DOUGI"* And I didn't even know what NEET truly meant. There was no guidance, no one to explain, no one to prepare me.

Still I went ahead. I completed my 12th grade and sat for the NEET exam, carrying uncertainty like a weight I couldn't put down. Deep down I knew I wasn't ready. Deep down, I feared failure. And when the results came, the fear became reality – I didn't make it. But here's what this story isn't about failing. It's about realizing that life doesn't wait for clarity. Life doesn't hand you perfect timing or a readymade path. Life is the battle itself – and the courage to step into it, even when you don't know the way, is what defines you.



Chapter 3:

The First Drop

[Hope, Pressure And Reality]

This was my first drop year. I began by trying to understand what NEET truly is, what becoming a doctor actually means, and what kind of life lies ahead after choosing this path.

From childhood, my nature has always been deeply caring and compassionate. I was someone who believed in helping others selflessly – without expecting anything in return, without waiting for gratitude or rewards. Serving people was never a choice for me; it was simply who I was.

When I began researching NEET, I realized that it is not just an exam, but a national level competitive battle held every year, where lakhs of students appear with the same dream. Out of the vast crowd, only a few are selected – those who earn the chance to enter government medical colleges and begin their journey toward becoming doctors.

As I understand this path more deeply, something within me felt aligned. My heart recognized this journey as an extension of my own nature – one rooted in service, empathy and sacrifice. Knowing that this profession allowed me to heal, to serve and to stand beside people in their most vulnerable moments only strengthened my resolve. With every realization, my interest didn't just grow – it transformed into purpose.

The more I learned, the prouder I felt of myself. This field wasn't just an interest anymore – it became my dream, an inseparable part of my life.

Then came the question: *How do I prepare?*

I moved step by step, researched countless coaching institutes, but their fee was sky high. My family asked me to join a coaching institute anyway, but I made a mistake – I choose YouTube instead. Studying from You Tube turned out to be a mistake for me because it never created a proper learning environment. My doubts remained unanswered, and there was no one to guide me at the right moment. Daily practice paper was never given on time so, I couldn't practice regularly or test myself properly. Question – solving practice was almost absent. It felt like everything was limited to just watching lectures – no discipline, no structure, no accountability. Slowly, I realized that learning cannot survive on lectures alone: it needs practice, interaction and a system that truly supports growth. I only joined offline test series of “NEET-Prep” and began my preparation journey.

Around that time, someone entered my life – a friend. But she wasn't just a friend. She was an angel for me. She supported me motivated me, held me together when I was falling apart. And I truly believe this – everyone has someone like that, someone God sends during the toughest phases of life.

I studied day and night. I worked as hard as I possibly could. I gave everything I had. Yet somewhere, something was missing. The gap left by my weak basics from 2019 and 2020 never truly healed. Those unclear fundamentals kept haunting me, creating obstacles at every step.

It was 2:00 am, my biology book lay open on one side, physics notes scattered on the other. A half-filled cup of chai had gone cold. My eyes were heavy with sleep, the pages had started to blur – but still, my heart whispered, “*Bass ek chapter aur*”.

I don't know how many nights passed like this – trapped in an endless loop of hope, self – doubt, just staring at the same walls and exhaustion.

A cycle where everything revolved around one thought: Clear NEET. Become a doctor. Prove yourself.

And I wasn't alone.

There were lakhs of aspirants like me – fighting not just an exam but an internal war. A war against self-doubt, against comparison, against the fear of becoming nothing in life. A war driven by one dream: to become a doctor, no matter how difficult the journey.

The preparation phase ended.

I returned the home after exam and checked the answer key. Somewhere deep inside, I already knew – this time too, it might not happen. I searched within myself endlessly, trying to understand where I lacked, where I failed and why my efforts never seemed enough.

On the other hand, my family's rising expectations.

"This time it will definitely happen."

"She knows everything."

Everyone kept asking, *"How was the paper?"*

I had no words. I just smiled – a broken smile.

Result day arrived.

And once again, it didn't happen.

Still my family encouraged me to participate in counselling. They said my marks weren't that low – some seat would come through. And yes, I got a BDS seat. Everyone was happy. *"At least she got something,"* they said

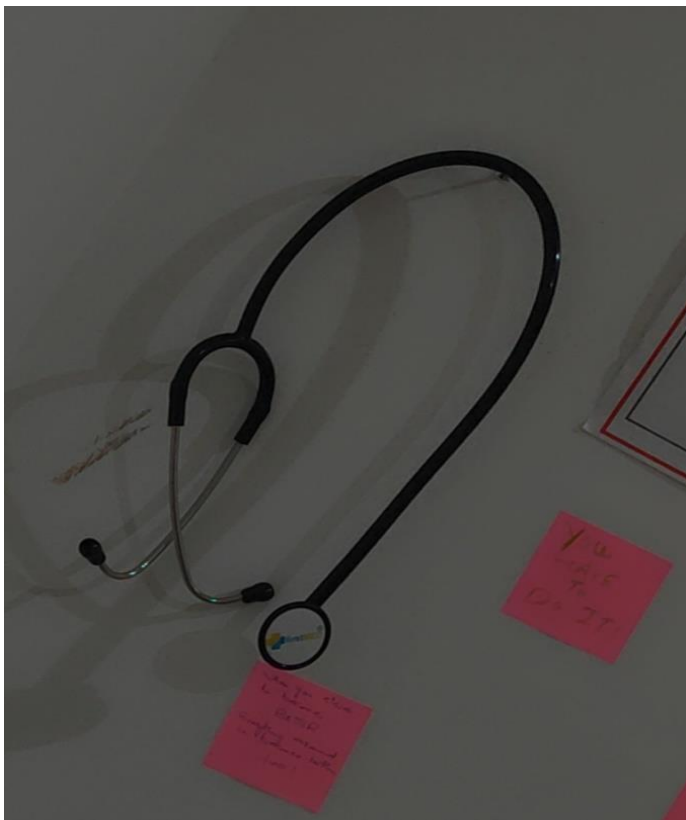
But I wasn't happy.

It is not necessary that we always receive exactly what we desire in life. Many people reach a point where they learn to accept – telling themselves, "If not this, then something else will do."

But something within me refused to settle. I had already come so far – after countless silent battles – I knew I was just a little distance

away. The decision I made that day was not small; it held the power to shape my entire future.

I truly believe that life does not end with one exam, and that beyond NEET, there is a vast world where success can be achieved in many different ways.



Yet this was not just about success. This was about my heart. This was about my dream – the dream I was determined to achieve at any cost.

I asked myself: If I have been given another chance, why not honor it? If I possess the capability, why should I not use it to pursue what

I truly want? And so, instead of choosing comfort, I choose courage. Instead of settling, I chose faith in myself. Because some dreams are not meant to be compromised – they are meant to be fought for.

I wasn't satisfied. I wasn't fulfilled. And so, I didn't take BDS.

That evening, I sat by my window and cried. The sun was setting. And with that sinking sun, darkness seemed to enter my life too. It felt as if my heart was drowning along with the fading sunlight.

That was the moment fear settled inside me.

The fear of failure.

The fear that maybe I won't be able to do it.

And then came my mom, sometimes I wonder what I did in my life to deserve a mother like her. Again, and again, she becomes my strength when I'm about to break. She motivates me when I have nothing left in me. She held me close and said, "*Beta ek baar aur try krke dekho*". Your dream is big and when dreams are big, hardships are bound to come. But don't stop now. If your dream is big, keep your hope just as big.

Hearing her words reignited something inside me. Once again, I gathered courage I had almost lost. Once again, I choose to believe in myself. And once again, I decided to stand up and prepare for another attempt – not just for my dream, but for the faith my mother has in me.

Chapter 4:

When Hardwork Still Wasn't Enough

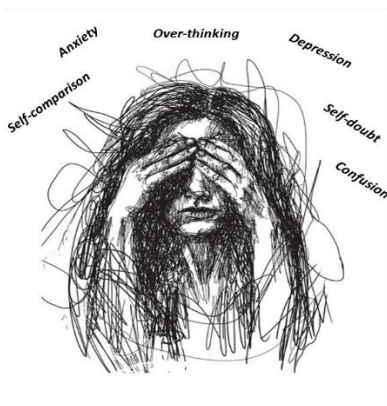
I started my preparation again, but somewhere along the way, I got distracted. I began choosing fun over focus. Everyday turned into the same excuse – “*aaj nhi pdhugi , klse start krugi*”

Slowly procrastination became my habit , and overconfidence took over. I kept telling myself, “I already know this. I can do it. I just need a little effort.”

But the truth is, this is where I fell.

Because sometimes in life, we take things so much for granted that we don't realize their value until they start slipping away from us. I kept delaying, wasting time, scroll endlessly, enjoying temporary happiness, thinking life was just about fun, parties, scrolling and distractions. I didn't realize that beyond all this, there was a bigger life waiting for me – my dreams, my future.

And then January arrived.



That's when panic hit me hard.

This time there was no one to blame. It was completely my fault. I was given the opportunity, but my own actions pushed it further and further away from me. I appeared in the exam, but I couldn't give my best. I failed again – not because I wasn't capable, but because I wasn't sincere.

This failure broke me in a way I had never felt before. It wasn't that I lacked chances; It was that I wasted them. And the most painful part was realizing that I was responsible for my own downfall.

At first, I wasn't mature enough to accept my mistake. Like many of us do, I tried to protect myself by blaming fate, circumstances, and luck. I told myself lies just to feel better. But deep down, I knew the truth-I had failed myself.

Today I accept it completely.

This pain, this regret, this broken version of me – I created it.

And may be this realization is the hardest lesson life ever taught me.

Chapter 5:

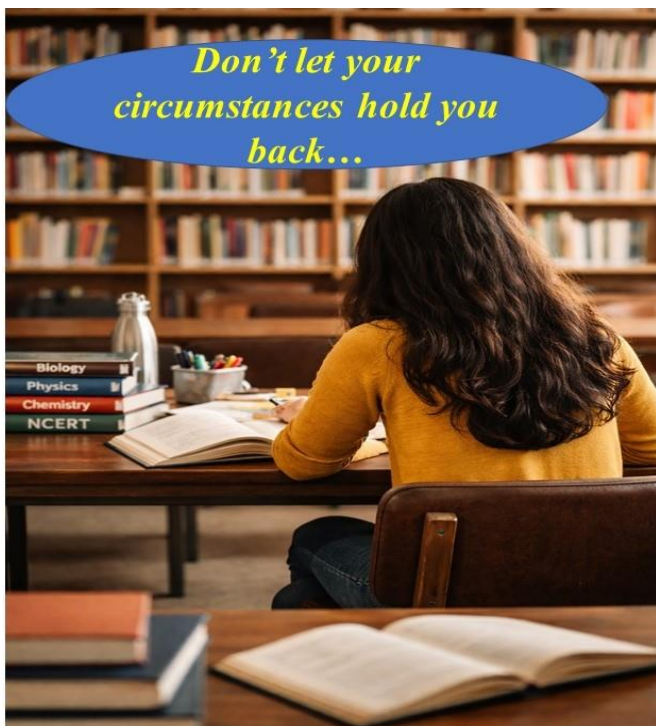
Multiple Drops, Silent Breakdowns

This time, no one had any trust left in me. Not even 1% hope remained. Yet somehow, I gathered the courage to convince my parents to give me one more chance. And once again, my mother chooses to trust me. She was the only one who still believed in me when no one else did.

A mother's love is truly beautiful, isn't it? Even the whole world misunderstands her child, even if no one else tries to understand, she stands by them like a shield. She never let's go. I know that not every child is blessed with parents who can support them or understand them, and I can't even imagine how much those children suffer mentally because of it.

But in this matter, I truly feel blessed. I feel grateful beyond words. And with that trust my mother placed in me once again, I've started preparing all over again – this time with even more determination, responsibility, consistency and gratitude in my heart.

I did take a drop, but it wasn't just a drop year. It came with so many things I had never even imagined.



*Don't let your
circumstances hold you
back...*

For the first time in my life, I faced comparison. The students who studied alongside me got selected and moved on, enjoying their lives, while I was stuck in the same routine – same books, same syllabus, the same cycle all over again.

My friend circle started shrinking. Still I'm grateful that one friend never left my side. Going out became rare, because every meeting came with questions I didn't have the strength to answer – *"What are you doing these days?"*

Slowly I stopped talking to people altogether. Doubtful stares replaced familiar smiles. Relatives began passing taunts- *"ye bss apna time waste krr rahi hai. Iski tou koi life hee nhi h koi social life bhi nhi hai."*

And they were right about one thing – I had no social life. It was just me, my silence and my books. I kept studying, ignoring everything around me, but the pressure kept building. Sitting in one place for hours, pushing myself endlessly, took a toll on my health. Overthinking became my habit, anxiety became my companion. Because how long can a child ignore all this? How long can someone keep enduring?

Why don't people understand that we are still learning? That we are trying? Why instead of supporting someone who is already struggling, do they choose to pull them down? Why isn't a child's effort seen? A child who is giving everything they have, still gets questioned, doubted and judged.

Slowly I began to understand why students under such mental pressure choose suicide. So many kids around my age ended their lives because they couldn't clear exams like NEET, because they were made to feel that they were nothing. And who is responsible for this? We are. As a society, we failed. As parents, we failed. As human beings, we failed.

We never truly know what someone is going through, yet we are always quick to pass judgements.

But I choose different path. I ignored the noise. I choose to become stronger. I worked on my weaknesses, on myself. It wasn't easy – far from it. But it wasn't impossible either.

This time I didn't stop.

I enrolled in a Physics Wallah batch and also began studying from a few You Tube teachers with whom I truly felt a connection.

When I truly started studying with sincerity and discipline, Physics was my weakest subject – just like it is for so many students. Instead of giving up, I worked on that weakness. I learned calculations, strengthened my basic mathematics and slowly rebuilt my confidence in physics. I studied from multiple teachers,

Manish Raj Sir from Physics Wallah, Tamanna Mam from Unacademy and Ayush Sir from Quality Speaks Kota.

In physics, rotational mechanics, which I once considered the toughest chapter in Physics, felt impossible at first – but with patience and consistent effort, I mastered even that

Chemistry was somewhat manageable for me. Organic chemistry became my strongest area; I wrote down all the reactions in a single go and understood them deeply and read NCERT. For Physical Chemistry I memorized the formulas and practiced numerical repeatedly, and for Inorganic Chemistry, I memorized all the concepts from NCERT book and revised them again and again.

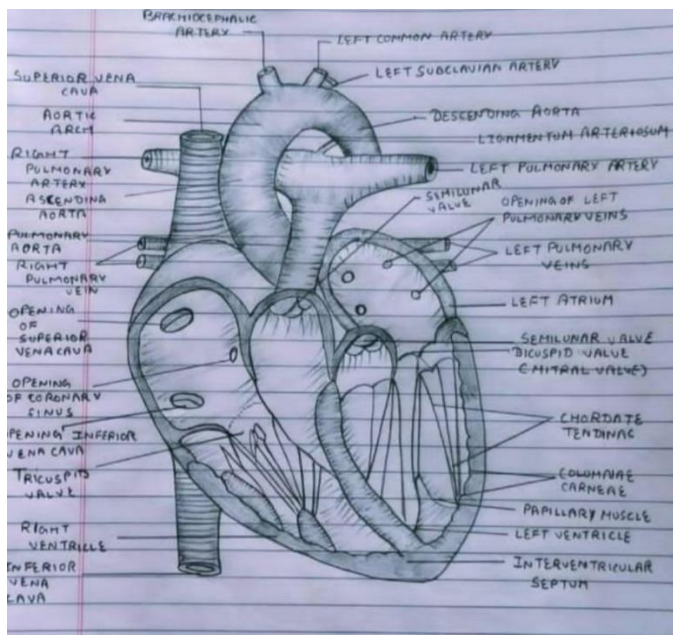
For Organic Chemistry, I followed Avinash Bhaiya – who himself is an MBBS student. His way of teaching didn't just help me learn reactions; it helped me to understand chemistry at deeper level and trust my own thinking.

For Physical Chemistry, I followed Sudhanshu Sir from Physics Wallah. His teaching transformed formulas from something I feared into tools I could confidently use. Step by step, he helped me build clarity, accuracy and confidence.

For Inorganic Chemistry, I followed Hitesh Sir from Physics Wallah. His guidance made even the most confusing topics feels organized and achievable.

In Biology, I learned every concept and every example thoroughly. I made sticky notes again and again, and even today I remember them clearly – especially the Animal Kingdom examples, which were extremely tricky yet fascinating.

For Biology, I followed multiple teachers; Ritu Rattewal Mam, Tarun Sir, Manish Dubey Sir and Samapti Sinha Mam.



Slowly, studying stopped feeling like a burden. I genuinely started enjoying the process. Learning gave me happiness. With consistency and passion, I completed my entire syllabus well before time and began taking full length mock tests. What once felt overwhelming turned into a journey of growth, confidence and self-belief.

Chapter 6:

Rebuilding Mindset And The Final Attempt

Despite giving up, I gave my studies my entire focus. Not every day was same and I couldn't remain consistent every single day. Some days I studied less, some days a little more – but I never stopped trying. There were moments when burnout consumed me so deeply that even opening books felt impossible. Some days passed in complete silence, where my mind was exhausted and my heart felt heavy. And then there were days when I chose to rest, but even rest came with guilt.

I ignored the chaos and mess of my life and kept telling myself, “keep going dear, somewhere, somehow, you will reach where you are meant to be. Just stay focused on your preparation.

But no- there was still one more test waiting for me.

Exactly ten days before the exam, I suffered a serious leg injury. There was heavy blood loss, so much that my body became weak. I broke down and cried, terrified asking myself, “What will happen now?” Still I gathered every ounce of courage I had and pushed through five days with that pain and weakness. In the remaining five days I revised as much as my body and mind allowed.

And then I went to give the exam.

Standing outside the exam center, waiting in line, everything felt strangely calm and normal. I kept thinking, “*I’ve given my best, that’s enough. And if the result isn’t what I hope for, that’s okay too.*” *I’ve already given everything I had. I’ll have no regrets.*”

I entered the classroom and sat down – but even there, the test wasn't over yet. The bench I was sitting on kept shaking. It

wouldn't stay stable and I couldn't sit comfortably. For a moment, I thought, Really, God? Is my test still not finished.?

Then I decided – no, not this time.

I asked the invigilator for a sheet of paper, rolled it, and placed it under the bench to steady it. And at that moment, I made a promise to myself. I decided that there would be no more tests of my strength today. I had suffered enough. I had endured enough.

By then, I found the strength within me. And this time, I was not going to let anything shake me again.

Chapter 7:

Faith Over Fear

After giving the exam, I came back home. This time, I didn't check my answer key. When people asked me, "How was the paper?" I smiled and said, "It went well."

Not the broken kind of smile I had worn before – but a peaceful one. A smile filled with quiet satisfaction.

That evening, I sat by the same window, I played a song:

"haan ik zindagi meri... sau khwahishein Ik ik mai puri kara"

It was the same evening. The same place. The same me – someone who had just returned from an exam

But something was different.

Back then, I was sitting there with heartbreak. Today, I was sitting there with peace.

A deep calm inner peace.



Something within me had changed. The way I looked at life, at failures, at myself – it was all different now. I finally began to understand why those failures had entered my life. They didn't come to break me. They came to shape me. To teach me lessons life could teach no other way. To make me stronger. To turn me into a better version of myself.

The victory I felt that day tasted different – richer, deeper. Perhaps if it had come earlier, it wouldn't have meant this much. Maybe I wouldn't have felt its sweetness the way I did now.

And that's when it truly settled in my heart:

“Everything that happens in life, happens for a reason.”

And in the end, it happens for our own good.

The result day came, I had finally qualified the exam.

After such a long time, this happiness was more than just happiness – it was patience, it was waiting, it was endurance. It was the silent strength I carried. It was my mother's strength too.

She was unbelievably happy. I hugged her tightly, and we both started crying – tears of relief, pride, and gratitude. In that moment, every struggle, every sleepless night, silent prayer felt worth it.

My entire family and my friend were overjoyed. And surprisingly, even those people were happy – the ones who once thought I was a loser. The ones who had doubted me, ignored me, or looked down on me.

Life is strange, isn't it?

It has a way of placing us right in front of the very people who once rejected us, belittled us, or made us feel small.

Truly the world comes full circle.

And when it does, it doesn't ask for revenge – it simply lets your silence, your patience, and your perseverance speak for you.

Chapter 8:

Spiritual Turning Point

One day, I was sitting on my balcony, lost in thoughts. Around me, everyone was busy with their small worries – my counselling, which college to choose, which hostel to go to. But my mind.... my subconscious.... was somewhere else entirely.

I thought about everything I had been through: the drop years, the lessons life had forced me to learn, the relentless effort I had poured into my dream, and finally, the medical seat I had earned through sheer perseverance.

It was as if someone – or something – was guiding me, giving me strength. I felt the entire universe was working behind me, pushing me forward, helping me endure until that seat became mine.

Back then, I didn't even realize how unprepared I was for the weight of such responsibility. I wasn't strong enough yet to carry it all. Life had to teach me this lesson.

Becoming a doctor isn't easy. It demands sacrifice – giving up comfort, leaving behind your safe zones, letting go of pieces of your life you once held. Back then, I wasn't ready. But now Now I'm.



Now I'm mentally prepared to take on every responsibility, to embrace every challenge. Since then my faith has grown, my spirituality has deepened. I've learned acceptance. I've learned that my inner self is constantly evolving. I've learned to surrender what I cannot control to that supreme power.

I've learned to let go.

I've learned to trust.

I've learned to give myself completely to God and in doing so, I've found a strength I didn't even know existed.

I had come to believe – deeply and completely – that an entire universe was working behind me. That something far greater was quietly aligning events, moving pieces and guiding everything forward for a reason.

It felt as though I was never alone, as if unseen forces were constantly at work, carrying me through moments I couldn't explain.

Chapter 9:

Lesson For Every Student

For an exam like NEET, the most important lesson is consistency. It demands sacrifices – letting go of many things, even leaving behind an old version of yourself to become someone stronger and more evolved.

You have to train your mind to accept that a great responsibility is coming, and when it does, you must be ready to give it your absolute best.

For some students, the journey may feel difficult at first. But even a below average student can go incredibly far if they remain disciplined and dedicated.

Success is not decided by where you start – it is decided by how committed you stay.

I want to share one powerful technique called “ACT AS IF.”

Suppose, if you want to crack NEET and become a doctor, start acting like one now. Visualize yourself in that role, think like a doctor, behave with purpose and responsibility. When your mindset changes, the path ahead begins to feel clearer and more achievable.

Another practice I deeply believe in is focusing on your breathing and meditation. It calms the mind, brings inner stillness and helps free you from constant overthinking. A peaceful mind makes even the hardest challenges feel manageable.

And remember this – never surrender to what makes you feel weak.

Instead, work on it relentlessly until it becomes your greatest strength.

There's no doubt that everyone has doubted themselves at some point. I've faced countless challenge in the past, just like everyone does in their own way.

But believe me, friends, life is incredibly short – and yet it is full of challenges. Everyone's journey is different. Some people learn lessons today, while others take two, five or even ten years to understand them. But life always teaches – it's the learning period we determine ourselves, whether we make it long or short.

Most of the times, the things we fail to do are actually within our control. And yes, it's true – the easiest thing in this world is to give up. Many of us take that path. We make excuses. We stop being consistent. But you don't have to do everything perfectly; you just have to do something every single day. Consistency is far more important than intensity. Discipline is what shape results.

If something happens in your life, trust that it has come to teach you something – and often it brings ease along with it. Painful times are not meant to destroy you – they are meant to help you grow. Work on yourself, build yourself into a better human being and in the end, everything falls into place. And if it doesn't seem to fall into place know that the story isn't over yet.

Most people – maybe 90% - give up thinking, “I'm just unlucky. My past is ruined. My future is hopeless.” They get stuck in regrets and fears, forgetting their present. And that is where things start to go wrong.

Vo kisi ne kaha hai na , ” kahin pohchne k liye kahin se niklna zaruri hai’

But we cling to comfort zones; we refuse to let go.

Surrender is a skill you must learn. You must let go of your painful experiences. Yes, they happened. Yes, they were messy and hurtful at first. But that doesn't mean they should define your story or your identity forever. You have the power to detach yourself from your traumas and trust the supreme power guiding you.

Those painful experiences try to trap you, give you unnecessary excuses, and make you believe that you're incapable. But remember – you are unique You are powerful. Never compare yourself to anyone else. Everyone has flaws and strengths. Ignore the flaws, awaken the real, strong person within you.

Always make your mental peace your top priority – because nothing in this world is more valuable. Life will test you – every exam, every interview, every challenge – but if you trust in your effort, trust yourself and trust that someone above is watching you, you will never have to give up.

Believe in yourself. Never ever give up.

Growth begins the moment you stop asking life to be easier and start asking yourself to be stronger.

Chapter 10:

A Letter To My Past Self

Then it was time for that parcel – the one I hugged and cried over and over.

I knew exactly why my tears wouldn't stop. When I opened it, there was a Littman stethoscope – the best one.



But it wasn't just an instrument in my hands. It was proof. Proof that I earned this.

It carried the weight of every sleepless night, every moment of doubt, every sacrifice led you here. In that moment, I couldn't

Speak – because there were no words left inside me. Only tears that knew the story my mouth could not tell.

And in that moment, when I held it close, I was really holding my journey.

I felt proud of myself – deeply, genuinely proud. Proud for not giving up when it would have been easier to quit.

Proud for being kind to myself in moments when the world was not.

Proud for listening to my heart, even when fear tried to silence it.

I was incredibly proud of how far I had traveled, both in life and within myself.

And most of all, I was proud of the woman I was becoming.

You still have a long way to go. You have dreams to achieve, a purpose to fulfill, and you will become an amazing doctor. This journey does not end here. This is just the beginning.

