

DIARY OF A KID.  
LEGEND IN PROGRESS.

# LIFE OF AN INDIAN KID

**RIYAANSH KOLISETTY**



BlueRoseONE.com  
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

**BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS**

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# The Mess Started (Preface)

This is dedicated to my dad who made me write it like I was his servant. He made me write in on WhatsApp. And the only reason I did it was to make him happy. After 3 gruelling months, I was finally able to finish this book which is the reason I got anxiety. I never felt a need to write this, but my dad was very strict about it





# People Who Didn't Stop ME (Acknowledgments)

Ever since my dad got me into literature, I just wrote poems in my head. But ever since I started reading funny stories he made me write this book. But I am going to dedicate this to my dad who was like a mosquito which wouldn't let me sleep.

And his friends Venkata Chandeeshwara Uncle (Airforce Uncle), Srinivas Vasudev Uncle & Ambika Ananth Aunty encouraged me with their motivating words to write which is the reason I'm still in literature. And my aunty Madhuri also helped me with corrections and errors. (P. S. She is an English teacher)



# Before Things get Weird (Foreword)

**Rtn Venkata Chandeeswara G**

**Former Air Warrior**

**Activist & Tri-lingual Poet**

**President**

**Karnataka Telugu Writers Federation**

**Art Connoisseur & Collector**

It is a hilarious little book written by a kid, for kids which can be enjoyed by one and all. The antics mentioned in this booklet (both intentionally and spontaneous) are relatable to many kids and adults as well. Hope Riyansh maintains this tempo and comes out with such outpourings in future as well and wish him brilliant success in all such endeavours.

**Dr. Srinivas Vasudev,  
Award winning Bi-lingual poet  
Hyderabad/2026**

My praise for Riyaansh-- a Foreword

At the beginning of my career as a teacher one of my pupils asked me "Sir! Why are you wearing spectacles at such a tender age?" I replied quietly "because you people are so bright". Quick responses like these make classes lively and students get closer to their teachers. When I was reading Riyaansh's writings and it reminded me of my school days and I quickly ran through the lines as if I'm trying to discover myself there.

Riyaansh has originality of thinking and ease of expression. It can be easily recognized that he is a boy of special skills and loves to be jovial in human relations, whoever it may be.

His command over language and sentence formation is quite commendable at this age and can hold the reader's attention till the end of the article. His narration of 'writing exam', 'reading a book of 217 pages' etc., really surprised me for the narrative skills.

Evidently he has bright future in the world of letters and wish him great luck in all his endeavours.

When I meet him and if I ask him "how to make seven and even number?" he will probably answer without any hesitation " just remove S" ..... Looking forward to meeting this prodigy.

**Dr. Ambika Ananth**  
**Bilingual Author, poet and**  
**Independent journalist**

### **HIS MIND IS A PLAYGROUND OF CREATIVITY**

Firstly congratulations and best wishes to Riyaansh Kolisetty for this very good first attempt at writing a book by someone so young. And the encouragement of parents is of paramount importance. I appreciate their interest and involvement.

'Last in hand writing' Riyaansh says - but ' good at writing cute and fun filled stories' I say ! And yes, as his family thinks he is like Lord Krishna, who as a child was a hero of mischief, but loved by one and all .. he too is loved by his family and friends - he must keep up both his sweet mischief and story writing too as he has a flair for it, unique expressions, playful thought process which makes his mind a playground of creativity and sense of humour. As he grows up sharpening his skills, I am sure he will produce books with good imagination and expression. The way he has

woven his words around every day life events of a child of his age, right from the very birth, shows his intellectual and emotional connection with them and bringing them to life unto pages. His narrative technique is beyond his age - so 'nature and nurture' combined will ensure this budding writer to blossom into a seasoned writer over the years.

One important point I would like to stress on is that he must 'read and read' books of all genres suitable for the age as he grows up, which will help him grasp and comprehend the finer aspects of good writing and structuring the narration to share the theme and ideas well.

He says in one of the stories "I didn't stop being mischievous,

I just upgraded my skills" - with such sentences he connects with his readers well throughout the book.

He must keep upgrading his writing skills - learn everything for a future filled with computers and robots- but he must retain the goodness and humaneness of a good human being!

I extend my 'Best wishes' for Riyaansh's creative as well as scholastic progress!

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## 1 STORIES FROM MY BIRTH

☆  
Page 1

From coming into the world like a mischief machine to lipstick disasters, newspaper attacks, cake missions, temple locks, wallet in toilet, online class panic & more!



## 2 FIRST IN THE VAN, LAST IN THE HAND WRITING

Page 8

Mom's birthday excitement, king of the van, sleepy hero, school drama, potato mode in class, science mission & surviving PTM!



## 3 I AM STUCK IN A OFFICE

Page 13

Locked outside, fast food magic, phone priorities, peri peri fire, jaggery coffee, tuition time, gaming, boredom, and finally... freedom!





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## MAANAV'S BIRTHDAY & BRINGING THE HAT SAFELY

Page 20



Hat party, locked door drama,  
pasta mission, roast games, musical  
hat, dance in dark, food attack  
& mission "bring the hat safely"!



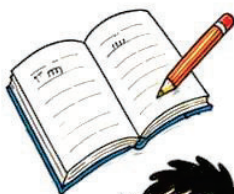
5

## EXAMS OF CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION

Page 24



Mom becomes Super Teacher 3000,  
ctrl+c ctrl+v answers, random  
Sanskrit mantras, tuition torture,  
exam day speed, boredom level 999  
& finally... freedom!



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## DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN KID

Page 29

Fever morning, hot rock eggs, Hindi  
tuition, diary of a wimpy kid reading  
marathon, lunch + TV, story telling  
group, cycling struggle & more!



ii



# Stories from My Birth

So... my mom wanted a cute little girl.

But guess what she got?

👉 ME. A BOY. SURPRISE!!!

I was born at 11:59 PM. ONE MINUTE before the next day.

Even my timing was mischievous from the start.

And outside?

☁️ Rain like someone opened all taps in the sky.

Inside?

😭 Me screaming like:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

My family thinks I came like Lord Krishna to bless them.

Honestly?

I think I am

Lipstick Disaster 🗨️

One day, Mom got a fancy lipstick.

Now, any NORMAL kid would just look at it.

But me?

decided to apply all over my teeth, my lips, basically my entire mouth like Krishna smearing butter all over his mouth.

Every morning, newspaper came.

But I didn't read it.

I ATTACKED IT.

HAIYA! HOOOYA!

THROW! TEAR! DESTROY!

Like I was a Karate kid

Grandparents' anniversary.

Everyone gathered peacefully.

Cake comes out...

And before anyone could say anything:

👉 I WALKED UP

👉 CUT THE CAKE

👉 LIKE I OWNED THE FUNCTION

Even at other kids' birthdays, I did the same.

Honestly, I don't know how I wasn't banned from parties.

We went to Tirupati Temple.

Spiritual trip. Peaceful vibes.

But I had different plans.

Everyone was inside the room.

I went outside...

AND LOCKED THE DOOR FROM OUTSIDE.

Family inside: 😨😨😨

Me outside: 😎

They were panicking like it was a horror movie.

Finally, someone rescued them.

I think that was the moment they realized:

👉 "This child is dangerous."

After the trip I was admitted to the school

And my parents were relaxed as if I will never come back

Spoiler - I did

In the school..

During meditation time...

I screamed loudly.

Everyone panicked and started searching:

"WHERE IS HE???"

Meanwhile...

👉 I was sitting calmly, eyes closed, meditating.

Even I don't understand what I was doing.

Before one trip...

Dad's wallet suddenly disappeared.

Everyone searching like detectives.

Guess where it was?

👉 IN THE TOILET.

Yes. I threw it there.

No reason.

Just... curiosity.

Then came COVID.

Online classes started.

Teacher appeared on screen.

And I was like:

AAAAAAAAAAAA!!! 🤪

I ran away.

Mom chased me with the laptop like:

"COME BACK!!!"

I thought teachers lived inside the computer.

PTM day.

I saw my teachers in real life.

👉 THEY WERE HUMAN.

Not robots.

Not computer people.

REAL HUMANS.

My brain stopped working for 5 minutes.

One day, I got punished.

Teacher said: 👉 "Write tables on the next class board."

But here's the twist...

I LOVE math.

So I wrote everything:

✓ Neatly

✓ Clearly

✓ Like a genius

Then Archana ma'am saw it.

She was impressed and said:

👉 "Everyone copy from the board!"

Punishment = Promotion 😂

By end of 5th grade...

My mischief reduced.

Maybe...

COVID was my karma.

Or maybe...

I just got smarter about getting caught 😏

THE TRUTH

I didn't stop being mischievous.

I just upgraded my skills.

THE END (or maybe just the beginning...) 😎



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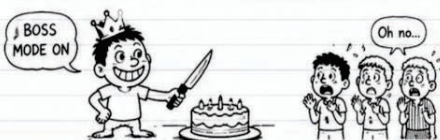
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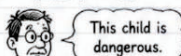
Me outside: 😊

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like it was a horror  
movie.



Finally, someone rescued them.

I think that was the moment they realized:



# First in the Van, Last in the Hand Writing

Today I woke up SUPER excited because it was my mom's birthday.

I was so excited that my brain basically forgot how time works.

So guess what?

I almost got late for school.

Luckily I still made it to the van... and something amazing happened.

I was the FIRST person in the van.

For a few glorious minutes it felt like I owned the entire vehicle.

King of the School Van.

But then the second person came and my kingdom ended immediately.

When I reached school, I was the 4th person in the class.

I told my friends it was my mom's birthday and they all said,

"Happy Birthday!"

Which means today my mom officially received birthday wishes from an entire mini army of kids.

Today I was EXTREMELY sleepy.

And the reason is very simple.

Last night I slept at 1:00 AM, which means my brain decided to take a holiday in school.

During 1st period I was half asleep.

During 2nd period I was basically 99% potato.

Then short break arrived like a superhero.

After eating snacks my brain suddenly restarted like a WiFi router.

So during SST and Math I actually managed to do revision like a normal student.

But then came Kannada period.

I had incompleteness (which is teacher language for "uh oh").

So sir took me to the principal's office.

But guess what?

The principal was absent today.

Which means the whole trip felt like going to the boss level... and the boss didn't show up.

Later during 6th period we were having fun...

until ma'am suddenly gave us scoldings (extra pack).

Finally lunch break arrived, and I sat peacefully eating like a human who had survived an entire school adventure.

Then came SCIENCE PERIOD.

Our mission:

Draw 3 diagrams

Write 5 answers

Honestly, when the teacher said that, my hand quietly whispered:

"Bro... I can't do this anymore."

But at least it wasn't 5 revisions, so my brain celebrated a little.

And here's the shocking part...

My hands didn't even hurt.

Not in Science.

Not even in Hindi.

I thought my hands had become super strong.

Then came ENGLISH PERIOD.

The last period of the day.

And our teacher started dictating answers at rocket speed.

I was writing like a printer machine, but she was still faster.

Result:

Half the class finished.

I didn't.

And now my hands feel like they just finished writing Ramayana, Mahabharata & Bhagavatam together

## SCIENCE PERIOD.

OUR MISSION:

3 DIAGRAMS  
5 ANSWERS

MISSION

BRO...I CAN'T  
DO THIS ANYMORE!

NE HINAL TIS  
HS NNREES!

① HE, AT LEAST IT'S  
NOT 5 REVISIONS!



WRITING RAMAYANA +  
MAHABHARATA + BHAGAVATAM

OUR MISSION:  
3 DIAGRAMS =  
5 ANSWERS

MY HANDS DIDN'T  
EVEN HURT!!!

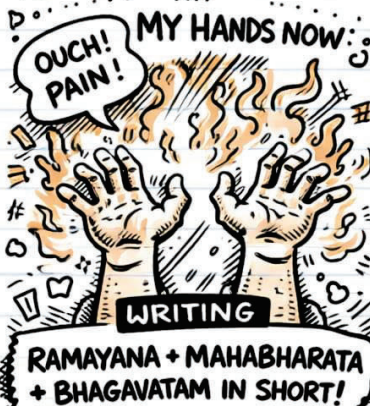
## ENGLISH PERIOD

(Final Level) = 1 =

WRITE  
FACHINE!

WRITE  
FASTER!

HALF THE CLASS  
FINISHED...



OUCH!  
PAIN!

MY HANDS NOW:

WRITING

RAMAYANA + MAHABHARATA  
+ BHAGAVATAM IN SHORT!



# I am Stuck in a Office

After surviving a full day of school, I marched home like a hero returning from battle.

I was already imagining the best moment ever:  
throwing my bag and entering the house like a champion.

But when I reached the gate...

THE GATE WAS LOCKED.

Locked.

With a giant lock.

Which means my parents had gone out.

Apparently parents believe "outing without kids = luxury holiday."

Meanwhile I was outside the gate looking like a very angry protest leader.

If I had a microphone I would have shouted:

"OPEN THE GATE!

OPEN THE GATE!

WE WANT JUSTICE!"

At one point I was so dramatic that even the neighbour's dog looked at me like:

"Bro... relax."

Since no one came to open the gate, I had to go to the office, which is a place I enjoy about as much as extra homework on Sunday.

But then something magical happened.

FAST FOOD.

And suddenly my anger disappeared faster than homework on the last day of holidays.

Scientists should really study this.

Because fast food can solve at least 97% of kid problems.

When I finally reached the office, everything looked normal.

But then I saw something SHOCKING.

My clothes were ready.

My tuition bag was ready.

This NEVER happens.



For a moment I thought I had accidentally entered the wrong universe.

And then I saw the most important object of modern civilization.

My phone.

So obviously the first thing I did was go online immediately.

Priorities.

Later I changed my clothes like a responsible human.

Then the food arrived.

And something magical happened.

In exactly 2 seconds, I transformed from an angry crow into the happiest hummingbird in the entire city.

Scientists should really study this.

Because food has the power to instantly upgrade a kid's mood.

I was happily eating my food like a peaceful human.

Then I ate the peri peri fries.

Big mistake.

My tongue instantly started behaving like it had fallen into a volcano in South India.

I immediately ran for water and drank a full glass.

But the spice was still attacking.

So I made my special emergency drink.

Step 1: Take water.

Step 2: Add jaggery.

Step 3: Add sugar.

Boom.

Instant desi black coffee alternative for surviving spicy fries.

Because right now it's the only thing saving my tongue from total destruction.

Just when life was becoming peaceful again...

Tuition happened.

And tomorrow we have dictation, which means I had to prepare like a student whose brain is about to be examined by scientists.

I was memorizing words like crazy.

At this point my brain looked like a dictionary that drank too much coffee.

Then came Math revision worksheets.

I kept solving and solving until the very last part like a heroic mathematician.

After coming back home, I did something very important for my mental health.

Gaming.

First phone games.

Then computer time.

Because after doing Math worksheets, a human deserves digital entertainment therapy.

Then I called my parents to ask the most important question of the evening:

"WHEN ARE YOU COMING BACK?"

Because the house without parents feels like a temporary freedom zone... but also slightly suspicious.

For 30 whole minutes I was dying of boredom.

Not normal boredom.

The kind where you start staring at the wall and suddenly the wall looks interesting.

Then I heard the most beautiful sound in the universe.

THE CAR HORN.

My parents had returned.

I ran downstairs faster than a kid running when the school bell rings for lunch.

In my hands I had:

My phone

The key

And the office charger (very important technology)

I tried opening the door like a very suspicious robber.

But before I could even finish my secret mission...

They opened the door.

Mission success.

I finally entered the house and completed the great story writing adventure of the day.

**DYING OF BOREDOM  
FOR 30 MINUTES...**



**HONK!  
CAR HORN!!!**



**ARMED & READY!!**



**OPEN, SESAME!!**



**MISSION SUCESS!**



# Maanav's Birthday & Bringing the Hat Safely

Today I went to Maanav's birthday party.

And for some mysterious reason the whole party theme was HATS.

I'm starting to think Maanav might secretly want to open a hat museum.

So I wore my cap backwards because that automatically makes you look 10% cooler.

When I reached the house, the door was LOCKED.

So a bunch of us were standing outside like a group of very confused delivery packages.

Finally Aayan called Maanav's mom and the door opened.

The moment I entered, I ran straight to the kitchen.

Not to help.

To inspect the food situation.

Because I was STARVING.

The pasta was being cooked and the smell was so good my stomach started clapping.

Then the first game started.

We had to write something about Maanav.

Some people wrote nice things.

Some people wrote roasts so strong they could be used in a comedy show.

I decided to write nice about Maanav because he is my close friend

I still wanted pasta so I finished fast.

Then we played Musical Hat.

It's basically pass the parcel, but the parcel is a hat that keeps attacking people.

I survived until the second last round.

The winner was Sunil, who probably has secret hat powers.

After that we had a dance party with the lights off.

Big mistake.

I was bumping into furniture like a robot with low battery.

Finally the most important moment arrived.

FOOD TIME.

I finished my plate in less than 5 minutes.

If eating fast was an Olympic sport, I would have at least won bronze.

Then I drank water and gargled so loudly like Gandhi drinking from a well, it sounded like I was starting a water engine.

After that I called my mom, went home, watched TV, and completed the most important mission of the day.

Bringing the hat back safely.



## \*Maanav's Birthday & Bringing the hat safely\*

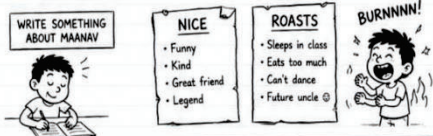
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# Exams of Chaos and Destruction

Exams have started. Or as I like to call them  
"Festival of Fear and Forced Studying."

The biggest problem is not exams.

The biggest problem is MOM.

The moment exams come, my mom transforms into  
Normal Mom → Super Teacher 3000

My mom forces me to study with her during exams so  
I never experienced "Always on phone and never  
studying".

So yesterday, I was peacefully studying English.

I thought, "I will write answers in my own words.  
That's what geniuses do."

Big mistake.

Mom looked at me like I just invented a new language.  
She said: "Read again. Say EXACTLY like notebook."

I think all moms and teachers secretly attend a meeting called:

"Ctrl + C Ctrl + V Conference."

Teacher + Mom = 🤝

Rule: "Same answer only!"

Student: 🤔

Then came Science.

And it was worse when we were studying for Science because I kept on forgetting answers. One time I said something which made no sense at all really confidently and I was even chanting Vedic Sanskrit for another one.

Then for another question, my brain completely broke.

And I started saying something like:

Even I had no idea what I said like a Sanskrit Mantra but

Mom is like: 🤔

Me: 😊 (still confident)said confidently

Brain during exams:

[Loading... 1%]

ERROR: Knowledge not found

Switching to random Sanskrit

Then I thought, "At least tuition will be better."

HAHAHAHA.

No.

In tuition, we revised the same thing so many times,  
my brain started frying

Even in sleep, teacher was like:

👉 "Repeat again!"

Finally, exam day came.

I wrote like a machine:



I finished before everyone else.

At first I felt proud.

Then...

I looked around.

Everyone still writing.

And I was just sitting there like:

Time was not moving.

Clock was probably broken.

I even counted:

Windows

Tables

Benches

Number of times invigilator blinked

Still time didn't end.

Finally bell rang.

FREEDOM.

I walked out like a hero who survived a war.

Conclusion:

Studied too much Forgot everything Invented  
Sanskrit answers

Finished early Suffered boredom

But at least...

IT IS OVER.

Until next exams...

## \*Exams of chaos and destruction\*

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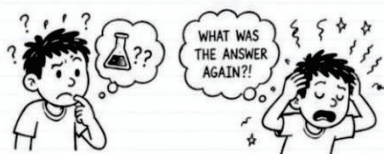
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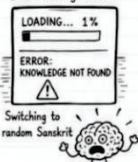
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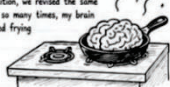


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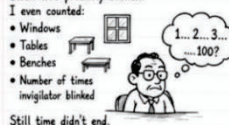
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- Windows
- Tables
- Benches
- Number of times invigilator blinked

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Finally bell rang. FREEDOM.



I walked out like a hero who survived a war.



Conclusion:

- ☒ Studied too much
- ☒ Forgot everything
- ☒ Invented Sanskrit answers
- ☒ Finished early
- ☒ Suffered boredom



But at least... IT IS OVER.



Until next exams...



# Day in the Life of an Indian kid

Today started as one of the WORST mornings ever.

First of all, I woke up with a fever, which already made me feel like a half-melted ice cream.

So I went downstairs hoping someone would say something nice like

"Go back to bed and rest."

But instead I heard the three words every kid fears:

"Brush your teeth."

I mean... I was sick! But apparently germs don't get sick days.

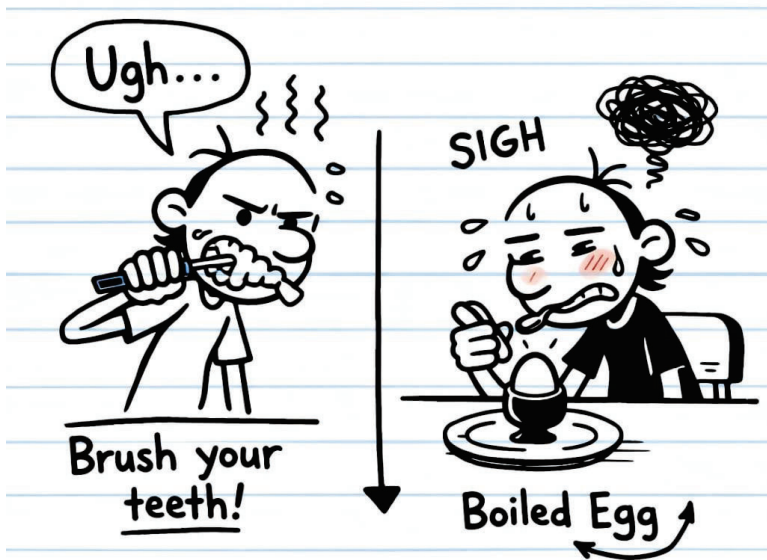
So there I was, standing in the bathroom brushing my teeth like a sad zombie.

After I finally survived that terrible mission, I went downstairs again and ate a boiled egg for breakfast.

And let me tell you something.



When you have a fever, a boiled egg tastes like... a hot rock wearing a disguise.



Just when I thought my day couldn't get worse... it did.

I was sent to the place I fear the most.

Hindi Tuition.

I'm pretty sure even superheroes would refuse this mission.

Today was revision day, which is basically teacher language for

"Let's see if your brain still works."



Honestly, it felt like punishment for crimes I didn't even commit.

But somehow my brain woke up for a few minutes and I actually answered the questions.

So technically...

My body had a fever, but my brain still showed up for work.



At LAST... Hindi tuition finally ended and I escaped.

I came home feeling so bored that even staring at the ceiling fan felt like entertainment.

So I decided to do something heroic.

Finish my Diary of a Wimpy Kid book.

The problem?

I had only read 108 pages.

And the book has 217 pages.

That means my brain had to survive 109 MORE pages before Monday.

So I made a serious plan:

Step 1: Sit down.

Step 2: Read like a maniac.

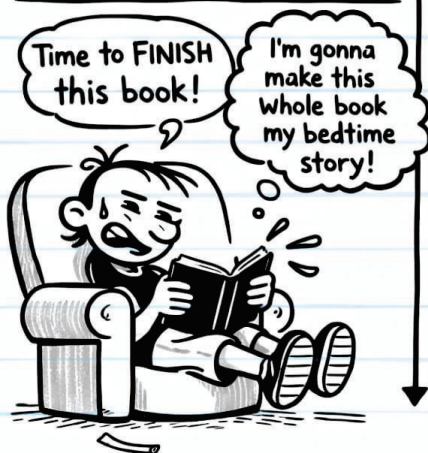
Step 3: Pretend I'm in a Reading World Cup for India.

Mission name: Operation Finish The Book Before Monday.

## ACCOMPLISHED MY MISSION:

Escape from Hindi Tuition!

## BACK HOME AT LAST!



IMPORTANT DEADLINE:  
Before bedtime   
**MONDAY!**

⚡ Status: ⚡  
**BOREDOM  
DESTROYED!**

**Ultra Level: MAXIMUM POWER READER!!!**

Just when the story was getting good...

Mom shouted the most dangerous words in the house:

"Lunch is ready!"

That meant only one thing.

I had to activate SUPER SPEED READING MODE.

My eyes were moving so fast they probably looked like a ceiling fan on full speed.

Pages were flipping like India chasing runs in the last over of a cricket match.

And guess what?

I actually finished the ENTIRE book before lunch.

Which means I unlocked the greatest reward in human history:

Eating lunch while watching TV.

**OH NO! LUNCH IS READY AND I'M  
STILL NOT DONE!**



**— NEW STATUS: BOOK BLITZ MASTER! —**

Speed-read like a ninja, eat like a king. 🍔📺🔥



Right after I finished the whole book, Dad suddenly created a WhatsApp group for Story Telling.

Yes. THIS one.

Apparently reading one book has now made me the official family author.

Dad is acting like I'm about to become the next world-famous novelist.

At this rate, tomorrow he might print my photo on a book and say:

"Coming soon... the greatest writer from this house."

Meanwhile I'm just sitting here thinking:

I only read one book, not 500.



## MY DAD MADE A STORY TELLING GROUP ON WHATSAPP!



**MISSION IMPOSSIBLE:  
ESCAPE THE WHATSAPP GROUP!**



Just when I was relaxing, my friends called me to come outside for cycling.

Now here's the problem.

My cycle is BIG.

And our hallway is NOT big. Taking out from a thin hallway is as difficult as learning Hindi.

Trying to take my cycle out felt like trying to park a bus inside a pencil box.

Also, I'm still a beginner cyclist, which means the cycle is probably more confident than I am.



# FIGHTING THE ENEMY: THE NARROW HALLWAY!!



## Epic Bicycle STRUGGLE



0% Patience Remaining



After 100 years of struggle, I finally got my cycle out of the hallway.

Freedom!

Then me and my friends started cycling around the street.

But it quickly turned into something else.

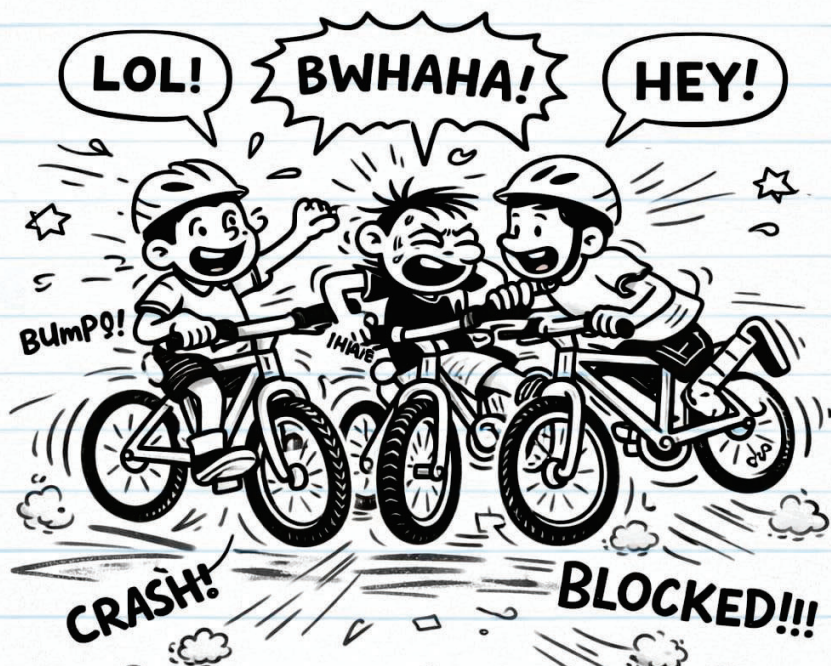
Instead of normal cycling, we started bumping into each other and blocking the road like professional traffic problems.

At one point it looked less like cycling and more like bumper cars at a mela.

I'm pretty sure if any uncle saw us, he would have said:

"Are you kids cycling... or starting a traffic jam?"

**MISSION ACCOMPLISHED:  
ESCAPED THE HALLWAY!  
NOW BRACE FOR IMPACT!!**



**Epic Bicycle STRUGGLE**

**Fun Level: 1000% CHAOS!** 🚲 🔥



Suddenly my friends disappeared.

One minute they were cycling with me...

Next minute POOF. Gone.

I still have no idea where they went.

Maybe they went home.

Maybe they went for snacks.

Maybe they unlocked secret teleportation powers.

So I just did a few lonely rounds on my cycle and then came back home.

After that I played some games for a few minutes.

But then Dad started reminding me:

"Tell the story."

"Did you write the story?"

"Don't forget the story."

At this point Dad sounded like a human alarm clock for story writing. It was also like mosquito buzzing at my ears

So now I am finally finishing it before his alarm is on again



# FRIENDS DISAPPEARED... TIME TO GAME!



## ATTACK OF THE RELENTLESS REMINDER DAD!



Achievement Unlocked



Told the story 🖐️ 🎮

Let me reveal my top secret speed-reading technique.

It is called CHUNKING.

No, it has nothing to do with eating chunks of food.

Basically I trained my eyes to read 3-4 words at once.

So instead of reading like a slow turtle...

my eyes go WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH across the page.

It's like my brain is doing fast-forward mode, just like when you skip boring ads on TV.

If reading had a race, I'd probably come second place.

First place would still go to my friend who just skips pages and says he finished the book.

# MY SPEED READING TECHNIQUE!

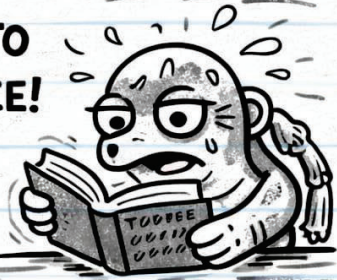
**CHUNKING!**

**ZOOM!  
ZOOM!  
ZOOM!**



ONLY DUMB  
SLOWPOKES  
READ ONE WORD  
AT A TIME...

TEACHING MY EYES TO  
READ 3-4 WORDS AT ONCE!



## ATTACK OF THE MEGA CHUNK MASTER!

Achievement Unlocked



Told the story.



**FASTER. PASTER. FASTER....**

Told the story. 100%

Results may vary. Do not attempt at home  
without adult supervision.