

The Indolent boy written by Mahnoor Baloch

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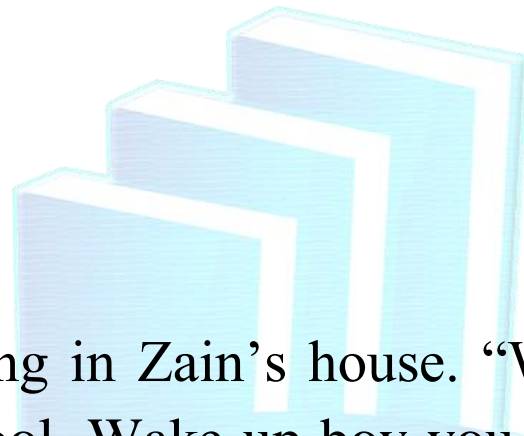
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The Indolent Boy

Mahnoor Baloch



A pleasant morning in Zain's house. "Wake up Zain!!! It's time to go to school. Wake up boy you are already late" his mom was trying to wake him up but he was probably enjoying his dreamland. After five mins she bawled again "You are still not up? Let me call your dad." He could not afford another lecture of his dad so he woke up and went to get ready. Zain was studying in matric class in a modern school. Although he belonged to a poor family yet his dad admitted him in a high standard school and used to submit his heavy monthly fees. He was the only son of his parents and he had four sisters. He was the eldest among them. His

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father was an electrician, suffering from Cancer at initial stages and had a Government job in WAPDA. His parents wanted him to become an electrical engineer so he could get a high post in WAPDA but he was not interested in studies. In fact he was not interested in any activity. He just loved to sleep and play computer games on his old desktop. “Mom I ’m going” he said good bye to his mother and reached his school when half an hour of the class was already passed. “May I come in Sir!” he asked permission in perplexity. “You don't need to come in. Please stay out of the class room”. His teacher was used to his behaviour. Zain also got happy that now he wouldn't have to sit in his boring lecture else he'll enjoy in such a pleasant weather outside. When the teacher left the class he went inside and sat on his permanent seat (the last bench). He had no friends in the class. Because he was not a regular student and whenever he came he used to sleep during the lectures. He only liked to come to school on Fridays because they used to have a Computer class on Fridays and it used to be a half day. They got off early on Fridays. One would be thinking if he were so dunce how had he been in high school? So it was his father's efforts and requests made to his teachers to promote him to the next

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classes. But now he had to pass the board exam to get promoted to the college level but he was still non-serious about his studies. “Zain!! Zain!!! Wake up! Here's your test paper” his class representative tried to awake him but this dialogue was ineffective over him. Still he opened his eyes and took the test paper from him on which a big red zero was drawn. It was not new for him so he didn't care and slept again. Next teacher came in and everybody greeted the teacher, he heard their voices so woke up and when the teacher started the lesson he slept again until the school went off. On his way back home he used to stand in front of a tower where there was a bee's hive and kill each wasp in the hive. This was his favorite target to achieve. He never went back without achieving his goal whatever may come.

“Zain when is your 1st board exam?” His dad asked him during lunch. “it's a day after tomorrow.” He replied unwantedly “How's your preparation?” his dad continued. “I know you don't want me to eat. In fact nobody wants me to eat. Every time you keep on discussing studies”, He stood up and went back to his room leaving the meal uneaten.

After three months. It was his result day. He spent those three months happily. He failed in his matric exam. His

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father was disappointed so he decided to admit him in a Government school as a punishment. He would have to repeat the class as well. It was his 1st day in new school, as he was taught from the upper class school so he knew the basic English and had an upper hand among the students of that government school where everyone used to communicate in their native language. Teacher came to the class. As it was his first day so he was present before the teacher came. Teacher asked him to introduce himself. So he gave his brief introduction in English. All the boys including teacher got impressed by him. After the class a boy said “Oh Zain! You can speak English so fluently”. It was the first time somebody praised him. “Zain your hand writing is very nice. Will you teach me how to write in this style?” another boy extolled him while seeing the name on his notebook. Zain was really loving it. He was never encouraged by someone. It's human nature that everyone of us wants to be praised and encouraged on our good deeds. Zain started going to school regularly because he wanted everyone to praise him more. He started working more on his handwriting and English. Soon his home exams started and he got 1st position in his class. Once he tasted the delight of

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being on the top he got addicted to it and started studying more and more till his board exams came. He passed matric with flying colors. His father also got a bit relaxed but he didn't feel secured about his future. He decided to study computer science in Fsc. He took admission in degree college where he had to face a great competition. But as computer was his all time favorite and he never get tired of learning computer so he remained consistent. Although he was not intelligent yet he was persistent and hard working. He had to face many difficulties. He used to go to his uncle who was a professor but lived far away from city specially to study because he couldn't afford tuition fees of a local tutor. Although computer was his favorite yet there were other subjects which were creating difficulties for him specially urdu literature and physics.

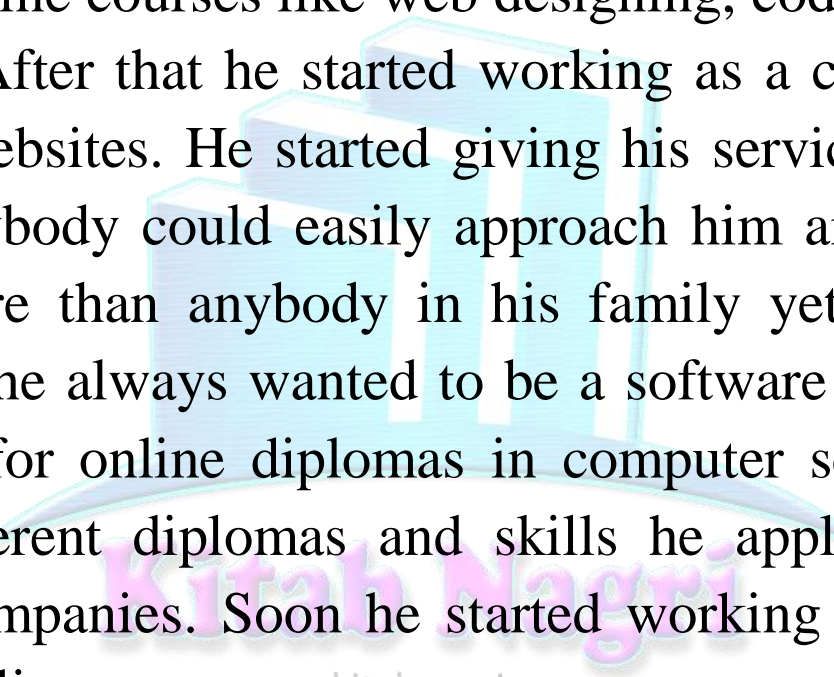
Time passed and 1 day when Zain was lying on his bed reading an English newspaper to get himself prepared for IELTS and TOFEL tests, his dad asked "Zain! When is your result?" "Ohh!! Dad! It's my result today! Thanks for reminding me". He bluntly got up and started finding his shoes to go out to the stationery shop to check his result. He got 87% marks. Those marks were enough for him to get

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admission in any good university on open merit. He applied in the Pakistan's top universities. He got admission in NUST Islamabad so he had to go to the hostel but his dad's health was deteriorating day by day and he couldn't work anymore. Zain had to take care of his family so he didn't go to NUST and applied for job in WAPDA in place of his father. As there was only FSc pass mentioned in his CV, WAPDA appointed him on a junior post but good thing for their family was that he started earning. As he was the only bread winner of the family and his income was not much to fulfil their needs so he started finding jobs online. During the preparation of English language tests he improved his English writing skills so he started writing articles as a Freelancer. He used to go on work during day, and at night he used to write articles. He made his own blog. His exceptional writing skills soon made his word in the online world. His Search engine Ratings increased. Many magazines started offering him to write for them. He proved to be lucky in this situation. He started earning in dollars online. Soon he got enough money for a better treatment of his dad but unfortunately on an unlucky day his dad passed away. His studies were also left behind. He sacrificed his

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priorities for his family still he lost his dad. Nothing was going in the right way. He was loosing hope but that single failure made him prone and consistent against any hurdle. He learned never to quit so he kept on going with the flow and working hard. He started working in WordPress where his first job was only of data entry. He started learning different online courses like web designing, coding, and logo designing. After that he started working as a content writer for many websites. He started giving his services on Fiverr where everybody could easily approach him and he started earning more than anybody in his family yet he was not satisfied as he always wanted to be a software engineer. So he applied for online diplomas in computer science. After getting different diplomas and skills he applied in many software companies. Soon he started working in Microsoft company online.



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He used to be a boy with whom nobody even liked to talk to but soon everybody wanted to own that indolent boy. There was still FSc passed written in his CV that means he was not a highly qualified man. Yet he was earning more than many qualified men around the world.

Truly said “You can't fail until you Quit”

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