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What would you do if fate had turned the way you took? What if he throws you in a place you didn't want to go? Do you want to fight, run or accept? Set in two cities in India in the early 1980s. Life is What You Make it is a gripping account of some significant years of Ankita's life. Ankita Sharma has the world at his feet. She's young, beautiful, smart and tones of friends and boys who sway her over. He also gets into a premier management school for his MBA. Six months later, he's a patient in a psychiatric hospital. Life cruelly and coldly ripped what meant most to her and now she has to fight to get everything back. It is a profoundly moving and stimulating story of growing, of the strength of faith and of how determination and an indomitable spirit can overcome even what destiny throws you. A story, at its center a love story that makes us question our convictions about ourselves and our concept of holiness, and forces us to believe that life is really what we do. by Preeti Shenoy Download book Thank you for subscription! The subscription is confirmed for news about the greatest developments in health, medicine and well-being. First floor in Lifestyle Thank you for subscription! The subscription is confirmed for news about the greatest developments in health, medicine and well-being. We found that JavaScript is disabled in this browser. Please enable JavaScript or switch to a supported browser to continue usingYou can view a list of supported browsers in our Help Center. What if your mind is your greatest enemy? What if I live your worst nightmare? How can you do that? Ankita fought a mental disorder, crossed hell, and survived two suicide attempts. Now in Mumbai, surrounded by her loving parents and support, everything seems idyllic. She's not in therapy. She is in a college she loves, studying her dream subject: creative writing. He made friends with the bubbly Parul and glamorous Janki. In the end he leads a 'normal life', he immerses himself in every part of it - classes, his friends, his course and all the carefree fun of college. Under the surface, however, there is difficulty producing. A book that discovers in her college library attracts her, consumes her and sends her into a terrifying darkness that twists her and tears her. To make things worse, a past boy resurfaces, throwing it into further turbulence. Armed with a single pen and a diary, he desperately fights with every ounce of strength he has. But can you escape your thoughts? Ankita will survive the hordes a second time? What's your life for you? Preeti Shenoy's compelling sequel to the iconic bestseller Life is What You Make Chronicles the resilience of the human mind and the immense power of positive thinking. The clinging narrative demonstrates wisdom how changing our thoughts, we can change our life itself. Preview BookBe the first to review this book Preeti Shenoy, among the best-selling authors in India, is also on the long list of Forbes of the most influential celebrities in India. She is the recipient of numerous awards, including the "Indian of the Year" award for 2017 by Brands Academy and Academia award for Business Excellence by the New Delhi Institute of Management. She was interviewed on BBC World, which was broadcast 14 times, reaching over 200 countries worldwide. You are a motivational speaker, having given talks in many educational institutions and premier business organizations such as KPMG, ISRO, Infosys and Accenture, etc. A fitness enthusiast, he is also an artist specializing in portraits and illustrated magazines. His other interests are travel, photography and yoga. His short stories and poems were published in magazines such as Conde Nast and Verve. He represented India in international literature festivals in Birmingham, Sharjah, Abu Dhabi, among others. She was the protagonist of all major media, including BBC World, Cosmopolitan, The Hindu, Verve, The Times of India. His blog is among the best 50 blogs in India. He wrote a weekly column in The Financial Chronicle for many years. His work was translated into many Indian languages, and also in Turkish. Connect with Preeti. You always reply: www.preetishenoy.com : ps@preetishenoy.com : @Preetishenoy : Blog.preetishenoy.com : Preeti. Shenoy? Preeti. 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No part of this publication can be reproduced, stored in a recovery system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronics, mechanics, copier, registration or otherwise, without the prior written permission of publishers. The characters, places, organizations and events described in this book are either a work of the author's imagination or were used fictitiously. Any similarity to people, living or dead, places, events, communities or organizations is purely coincident. The author affirms the moral right to be identified as the author of this work. Printed and tied in India for Purvi, and all its social experiments! From a notebook on a girl's desk A ship in port is safe, but that's not why the ships are built. John A. Shedd Travel is a great education. It pulls you out of your comfort zone, teaches you things, expands your mind, makes you grow like a person. You also get a ton of followers on Instagram. But it's not that easy to travel. You need money and you need time. The odds are, if you have one of them, you would certainly miss the other. And without anyone, travelling becomes impossible. The other thing is, you have to be okay with the discomfort. Traveling makes you take a break from your normal routine. You have to choose your destination, carefully select your accommodation and plan how you get to a new country. You need to be aware of currencies, customs, culture, a new language and a million other things. All this problem, for an experience I hope will not be an epic failure. The journey is not a simple thing at all. If you have movement disease, fear of planes, or sea disease, then it is an added torture. While the idea of travelling is noble, liberatingeven hilarious when you scroll through magnificent locals posted by Instagram influencers perfectly-poised, the actual work involved is humongous. Why should you be subject to great difficulties to discover the world? It is easier to travel through Snapchat stories and Instagram videos. You have the same experience. Well, almost. Arush 8.30: Turn on the basking light on Change water in the bowl Turn on the humidifier on 9.30 m. Nutrition banana/kiwi/watermelon/cantaloupe 11.30 am: Feed green pumpkin just cooked and add rocket or spinach. Add calcium supplements 15.00: Take Vincent in the garden to sunbathe 8.00: Remove the food plate 10.30: Turning off the basking lights are not difficult to take care of, but you have to be meticulous. So, I'm writing the instructions and I'm taking three photocopies - one for my three roommates. I add what I wrote on the wall in the yard right above Vincent's house. It is a thirty-gallon aquarium equipped with a reptile humidifier, basking heat lamp, plants, branches for Vincent to climb up, a bowl of fresh water and everything to make his house an ultra-luxury bearing. The duties were divided between three. Since all three are fond of Vincent, I think he should be okay. But part of me is still worried. Don't worry. We will have Vincent his sun. Josh assures me as he reads the instructions. And I know all this. I took care of him as much as you," he says. Whenwill you leave again? Tom asks, leaning on the bed, looking from his laptop, while sipping his black coffee from Kofra. "Night. I go home to my parents' in Derby, and in three days, flight to India." "Excited?" asks Jenna how she carefully pins my instructions on the edge of the peg over her desk. "Terrified," I answer honestly. "Is it not the home of India?" Tom did the whims. "It's racist. Derby's home. I haven't even been to India. Not once. I was born here, raised here. I'm as English as all of you. How can it be at home?" I say, my dead voice. Sure. I'm sorry. That's not what I meant. What I meant is that it's not like you're visiting China or Ho Chi Minh City," rushing to add, digging into an even deeper hole. "I'm just messed up with you," I'm passing now, seeing Tom's intense discomfort. He turned red to be called racist. "I fell for this. I thought I offended you," he says and throws me a pillow. I'm a duck. He hit Jenna in the head. "Clowns!" he says, shaking his head. I wasn't offended at all. There's nothing Indian about me, except my appearance and my name. When you grow up in a country where you look different from all the others, it fits. My dad wanted to call me Andy or Aaron. My mother said that even if she agreed to raise me as a British and not as an Indian, she was not willing to westernize my name. He insisted on Arush, which means 'first ray of the sun'. My name is a compromise.all the rest of my life. My father tries to be English, but in the end it is Indian enough to think that the only careers that count are medicine or engineering, maybe even law or finance. Everything else is less. When I won a full scholarship for my art college here in Norwich, the full tour, which meant I don't have to pay any registration fee, my father was not impressed. He thought he could turn me back and refuse to pay my expenses. But you can't give up your dream of a life for minor obstacles, can you? It was not difficult to find part-time work at the charity store, every other day for three hours. The best thing? I just have to sit behind a counter and let me draw. look here! You go here and say you are terrified? tom raises your eyebrows while turning his laptop to me. "Welcome to God's own country" reads the caption, pictures of boats in calm waste waters surrounded by miles of coconut trees, magnificent hill stations, inspoilt verdant tea kept and many such attractive flash through the screen as we look at. I looked at these pictures a hundred times. «It is a slice of paradise!» exclaims Jenna. He's right, of course. "You're a lucky bastard," says Josh. "He worked hard for this. He deserves it. her work is exemplary,' Jenna is a sport. she is not sour that I was chosen and she is not. we both asked for the international program in which the selected recipientthree months in a foreign country that does some volunteering and learning a new skill. when they asked me why I wanted to travel india, I said I wanted to see the land of my origin and discover my roots. I wanted to see from myself where my ancestors came from, so I could better understand my legacy and my culture. They were impressed by my answer. The real reason was that my parents refused to take me to India, and this was the possibility of a paid trip. I want to see what my father hates about. even if I had spoken with spavaldo and enthusiasm to my selection interview, now I am a nervous wreck. the estate in the pit of my stomach refuses to leave. three months in a foreign country is a long time. I wish I could go back. but tickets were booked, all agreements were made. It's too late. puja every person who succeeds (which includes my father, my mother and my sister) says the same things - 'find your passion', 'work hard', "You must love what you do" and the worst one: "Everything happens for a reason." They don't tell you how to find your passion. They don't tell you what the reason is. (for example, what is the reason why I am forced to study in a course I have no interest or aptitude for?) I do not love what I do (or rather what I am forced to do), which leads me to the question: What do I want to do? I have no idea. Where are people like me? this is just a lot of good new-aged bullshit spit out by people who have already figured out what to do with their lives. They say that to make others feel worse than an already gross situation. Okay, I'll admit it. I feel good about things. One of them is what I'm doing right now - sitting in my favorite spot on the wicker sofa at the extreme end of the tiled expanded wooden balcony, overlooking the ocean with my cup of tea and onion pakodas (made by Shanti chechi only the way I like it), scrolling through Instagram. I click on an image and audience it as a story. Then I check my friends' feeds. One of them has published images of his holiday in Koh Samui. Another published images of his trip to Egypt. They're traveling with their parents, but the images they publish make it look like they're alone. My sister Divya (Miss Perfect) comes out immediately. He's talking on the phone with the guy who says he's his 'real love', his boyfriend Karthik. Oh, my son. I miss you, too. When will you come here later? he asks, he does not see me. True love, my foot. I doubt that my sister would agree to marry the boy had not been: The son of the best friend of Wealthy Dad (therefore the incorporated parental seal of approval) I turned my eyes and focused on the ships sailing on the horizon. It's starting to drizzle slightly now and rain makes a form of fog fog fog on the horizon of the ocean. The balcony is large with lots of green, a privateand a dome made of fiberglass that keeps the sun inside but the rain outside. Dad believes in the best things money can buy. He hired a high-level interior designer from France when he bought all four apartments on the twenty-second floor, transforming our house into an extra-space attic of ten thousand square feet, with finely made interiors that channel into the great ocean. Its design allows us to have wide views of the sea from all rooms of the house. He also called our home 'Life is Paradise'. My dad's so sweet. As if it wasn't enough for my sister to be here to ruin my little soiree with onion pakodas, my mother is now also out - a rare view. Being a leading heart surgeon in one of Kochi's best hospitals means she ignores her family as she likes it. Divya hanged as soon as she finds my mother. But not before we get those noises that kiss the sick in the phone. People in love act as if no one else exists. They think they invented love and are the first people on earth to feel like this. - Disquieting. My mother smiles with indulgence. Divya can't do anything wrong in her eyes. I try to sink deeper into the pillows, hoping to hide. But they see me. "Ah, here you are!" says my mother, walking towards me. Oh, man. "Have you thought about what you want to do for your summer holiday, Puja?" asks my mother to settle on the couch in front of me, blocking my sea view. My mother and my sister are the kind ofwho do internships during university holidays so that it looks good on their cv. "oh, nothing. I don't think I'll do anything." I answer calmly, while sipping my tea, looking at the eyes of my sister enlarged in horror. "I don't think it's a good idea for you to sit home," says my mother. "I agree, miss chimes perfect inside. "I want you to enroll in a community development program," says my mother, putting a brochure on the table in front of me. divya helps onion pakodas and we dazzle them. "What?" he asked divya. I'm sure that cheeks did more. Don't tell me you were going to tear everything away yourself." I don't want to do any community service." I reply. "It's a good program," my mother insists. I would like to browse the brochure. pictures of lush green forests, groups of happy young people posing with children from disadvantaged backgrounds, a photo of an older lady poking on the ground, planting a sparkle with a group of children surrounding it - none of it interests me. the wayanad NGOs work with tribals, Dalit women and economically disadvantaged children. require volunteers for teaching, gardening, marketing and an artistic project. they provide three traditional organic dishes cooked at home. the minimum period for which you have to enroll is eight weeks. 8 weeks! this is the entire duration of my summer holiday, which means that I will not get free time at all. how can this program be good? "I don't want! repeat. "Look at Puja", my mother sighs: "Do you have an alternative plan? Is there anything you want to do instead?" I'm strangling. Besides watching Netflix and sleeping, I don't have plans, but I don't think that's what my mom wants to hear. "Pack your clothes. I don't want you to waste your vacation. I'll drop Anthony, and you can bring your medicine to travel disease," my mother says. Push the chair and get up, deliver the forms. It is clear that there will no longer be any discussion on this. My mother is not someone who will take no for an answer. Leave the balcony and Divya follows it. I look at myself in dark silence on the ocean. Ships disappeared from sight. Arush M packed two cartons of stuff for me to take to India. She's been packing in the last three days since I got to my college in Norwich. If I'd known I'd take this, I'd leave Norwich, without coming to Derby first. "But! It is absolutely essential? I wonder, that you climb and get down to the living room. Yes. It is. Don't worry. Chandru mama will meet you at Delhi airport. You just have to hand them both," he says, his eyebrows that form small mountains while sealing them with the wrapping tape. She always solves her eyebrows when stressed. He also made the handles from the packaging tape, so I can bring the cartons like the suitcases. They look exactly like the ones in which he brings his sarees, during his return tripsAnd I hate them. They make me look like a saree seller. My mother runs an Indian clothing store in a small section of my father's grocery store in Derby selling Indian food and other products. It's not too far from my house. Your brother and wife run an Indian restaurant next door. It's a life I can't imagine for me. "You will call me and tell me about India?" she asks my sister Rhea, while she walks away from the house and out of the gate, to the waiting taxi, on her big ball. There is a nip in the air and its cheeks have become red from all bounce. Looks like a cherub. "Of course, I will," I assure you, while the hair ruffles. At 6:00, everything is an adventure for her. "Maybe I can visit you," he says while he hands me a card. "Rhea, this is beautiful. Thank you!" I say. She drew a lady, a stick figure in a salwar kameez with crisis crossings on the wrists. What are these? I ask how to study his design and point to the crucifixes. "They're trumpets. Like those Ma has in his store," Rhea replies. Ah! You captured all the details, didn't you? I say. I recognize the colors you chose. He tried to copy the mannequin in Ma's store. "Yes, I want to be an artist like you," she nods, satisfied with my observation. I smile. I'll tell her I have to leave. I embrace my family and I leave for Heathrow. I can't believe I'm traveling to India. Chaitra The problem with theand the generation of snapchat is that they want things on a plate. they want all the most beautiful things in life, but are not willing to put the job for it. They are unable to make a plan and attack it. They don't focus, they don't know how to set goals. If all your time is spent on social media, flowing without thoughts through the lives of other people, how will you discover what you want yourself? the thoughts of other people will invade your mind and take over your life. I have said to this countless times to puja, and yet it falls on state ears. I don't want to resort to taking off his phone like I did when he was in class 12, and this didn't really help. 54% of the onboard exams is nothing to write at home. If I hadn't pulled some strings, she wouldn't have entered this college. She has no hype of gratitude or shame. does not regret to be suspended twice from school: once in class 11 for bob lessons, and again in class 12 to be among the group that played a stupid practice joke on the substitute teacher. When I was growing up, I knew that if I had to escape my claustrophobic house with a belapur bedroom, I had to work hard. I studied in that bedroom, which I shared with my two older brothers. And yet, I canceled all the medical admissions and entered all the medical colleges I asked for. I also paid my education fees myself, from the loan I took in my name. I had to work as soon as I graduated, as I had to cancell had no choice. My dad couldn't afford taxes. preeti shenoy books. preeti shenoy books pdf. preeti shenoy books read online. preeti shenoy books review. preeti shenoy books pdf download. preeti shenoy books amazon. preeti shenoy books in hindi. preeti shenoy books in order

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