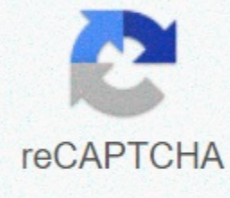


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Extraordinary Lives Hard Copy Price: 25% OFF R 250 R 188 / \$2.69 (includes all taxes) + FREE Shipping! Shipping costs will apply for this book. For shipping charges for international orders in real. Cash On Delivery available in Pune Mumbai, Thane. Nav Mumbai Check your delivery options. Check standard delivery in 2-3 business days Faster Delivery may be available Book Review Be the first to write a review on this book SUDHA MURTY THREE THOUSAND STITCHES Ordinary People. Extraordinary Lives PENGUIN BOOKS Preface Contents 1. Three thousand points 2. How to Beat Kids 3. Meal for Thought 4. Three handfuls of water 5. Cattle class 6. An un written life 7. There's no place like home 8. A powerful Ambassador 9. Scratch it and pool 10. One day at Infosys Foundation 11. I Can't, We Can Follow Penguin Copyright PENGUIN BOOKS THREE MILES Sudha Murty was born in 1950 in Shiggaon, north of Karnataka. She did her MTech in computer science, and is now the president of the Infosys Foundation. A prolific writer in English and Kannada, she has written novels, technical books, travelogues, collections of non-fictional short stories and pieces, and four children's books. His books have been in all major Indian languages. Sudha Murty was awarded the R.K. Narayan Prize for Literature and Padma Shri in 2006, and the Karnataka government's Attimabbe Award for excellence in Kannada literature in 2011. By the same author FICTION Dollar Bahu Mahashweta Gently Falls the Bakula House of Cards The Mother I Never Knew NON-FICTION Wise and Otherwise The Old Man and His God The Day I Stopped Drinking Milk Something Happened on the Way to Heaven: Twenty Inspiring Real-Life Stories (Ed.) CHILDREN'S FICTION How I Taught My Grandmother To Read and Other Stories The Magic Drum and Other Favourite Stories : Stories of wit and magic bag of stories revenge of the snake: unusual tales of the Mahabharata The magic of the temple lost to T.J.S. George, who gave me my first break to write in English Preface often received letters from students and parents telling me how beneficial my books have been to them and their children. I want to thank them and everyone who has exposed me to different facets of life, filling my learning pot with knowledge and experience. This includes young men and women who have shown me how they set aside their bitter experiences to move forward in a nonprofi. He knew more about software, management, programming, and addressing software errors. Exams, brand sheets and deadlines occupied most of my The concept behind the foundation was that it must make a difference for the common man—bahujan hitaya, bahujan sukhyam—must provide compassionate help regardless of caste, creed, language, or religion. As we pondered the issues before us—malnutrition, education, rural development, self-reliance, access to medicine, cultural activities, and the rebirth of the arts, among others—there was one issue that occupied my highest thoughts: the devadasi tradition that was widespread throughout India. The word devadasi means 'servant of the Lord.' Traditionally, devadasis were musicians and dancers who practiced their craft in temples to please the gods. They had a high status in society. We can see evidence of this in the caves of Badami, as well as in stories such as that of the devadasi Vinapodi, who was much loved by the ruling king of the Chalukya dynasty between the 6th and 7th centuries in northern Karnataka. The king donated huge sums of money to the temples. However, over time, temples were destroyed and the tradition of devadasis fell into the wrong hands. The young women initially devoted themselves to the worship and service of a deity or temple in good faith, but finally, the word devadasi became synonymous with sex worker. Some were born in life, while others were sacrificed to temples for their parents for various reasons, or simply because they caught a hair infection such as scalp dye, which is supposed to be indicative that the girl was destined to be a devadasi. Thinking about his plight, I remembered my visit to Yellamma Gudda (or Renuka Temple) in the Belgaum district of Karnataka years ago. I remembered her green saris and bracelets, the yellow bandhara spots (a thick turmeric powder) and her thick, long hair as she entered the temple with goddess masks, coconuts, neem leaves and a kalash (a metal pot). Why can't I address this problem? I was wondering. I didn't realize then that I was choosing one of the most difficult tasks for our first project. With bubbly innocence and enthusiasm, I chose a place in northern Karnataka where practice was rampant and prostitution was carried out in the name of religion. My plan was to talk to the devadasis and write down their concerns to help me understand their situation, followed by organizing some discussions aimed at solving their problems in a few months. On my first day in the district, I armed myself with a notebook and a pen and put myself outside. I dressed simply, without jewelry or bindi. He was wearing a pair of jeans, a T-shirt and a cap. After some time, I found a group of devadasis sitting under a tree near a temple. They were chatting and removing each other's hair. Without thinking, he approached them, interrupting their conversation. Namaskaram, Amma. I came here to You. Tell me your problems and I'll write them down. They must have been discussing something important because the women gave me a dirty look. I was asked questions with increasing ferocity. Who are you? Shall we invite you here? Have you come to write about us? In that case, we don't want to talk to you. Are you an officer? Or a minister? If we tell you about our problems, how will you solve them? Go away. Go back to where you came from. I'm not moving. In fact, I persisted. I want to help you. Please listen to me. Do you know there's a dangerous disease called AIDS that you might be exposed to? There is no cure for . . . Just go, one of them broke. I looked at their faces. They were furious. But I didn't leave. Maybe they need a little convincing, I thought. Without warning, one of them stood up, took off his cap and threw it at me. Can't you stand simple kannada? Just get lost. Insulted and humiliated, I felt my tears threatening to shed. I turned and ran away. As I returned home, with the fresh insult in my mind, I said, 'I will never go there again.' If you're looking for somewhere else to stay, you'll find it's a great place to stay. So after another week, I went there again. This visit took place during the tomato harvest. The devadasi women were happily distributing small oval-shaped bright red tomatoes to each other from the baskets that remained close to them. I approached them and smiled pleasantly. Hi, I've come to see you again! Please listen to me. Actually, I really want to help you. They laughed at me. We don't need your help. But would you like to buy some tomatoes? No, I'm not very fond of tomatoes. What kind of woman are you? Who doesn't like tomatoes? I tried to get them involved one more time: 'Have you heard of AIDS? You should know that the government is spending a lot of money on raising awareness about it. Are you a government agent? Or maybe you belong to a political party. How much commission are you going to do this? Come on, tell us! We don't even have a proper hospital in this area and here you are, trying to educate us about a terrifying disease. We don't need your help. Our goddess will help us in difficult times. I was stunned, struggling to find words. One of the women said decisively: This lady must be a journalist. That's why he's got a pen and paper. She'll write about us and make money by exploiting us. Hearing this, the others started throwing tomatoes at me. This time, my emotions dominated me and I started crying. Sobbing, I ran away from there one more time. I was desperate. Why should I work on this project? Why are you still insulting me? Where else do beneficiaries humiliate the person who works for their well-being? I'm not a good fit for this field. Yes, I should quit and go back to my academic career. The foundation can choose a different trustee. When I got home, I sat down to write a resignation letter. My father came down the stairs and when he saw me busy with his head bent near the paper, he asked me, 'What are you writing so frantically?' I'll tell you the whole episode. To my astonishment, instead of sympathizing with me, my father laughed and said, 'I didn't know you were so impractical.' I looked at him with anger. He took an ice cream from the fridge and forced me to sit down and eat it. Your head will cool, he said and smiled. After a few minutes, he said, 'Please remember. Prostitution has existed in society since ancient times and has become an integral part of life. It is one of the root problems of all civilizations. Many kings and saints have tried to eliminate it, but no law or punishment has succeeded in reducing it to zero. No nation in the world is free from this. So how can you change the whole system by yourself? You're just a normal woman! What you need to do is lower your expectations and reduce your goal. For example, try to help ten devadasis quit their profession. Rehabilitate them and show them what it means to lead a normal life. This will ensure that your children don't follow in their footsteps. Make your goal, and the day you achieve it, I'll be very proud to know that I gave birth to a daughter who helped ten helpless women make the transition harder from sex workers to independent women. But they three chappals and tomatoes at me, Kaka, I complained petulantly. I always called my father 'Kaka'. Actually, today you have a promotion, from chappals to tomatoes. If you chase this and go there a third time, maybe you'll get something even better! Your joke brought a reluctant smile to my face. They don't even talk to me. So how can I work for them? Look at yourself, my father said, dragging me in front of the nearest mirror. You're casually dressed in a T-shirt, a pair of jeans and a cap. This may be your style, but the ordinary man and a rural Indian woman like the Devadasi will never connect or identify with you. If you wear a sari, a mangalsutra, put on a bindi and tie your hair, I'm sure they'll get you much better than before. I'll go with you, too. An old man like me will be of great help to you on an adventure. I protested, 'I don't want to alter my appearance for your sake. I don't believe in such superficial changes. Well, if you want to change them, then you have to change yourself first. Change your attitude. From it's your decision in the end. He left me in front of the mirror and left. My parents had never put their choices or beliefs in me or any of my siblings, whether it was education, profession or marriage. They always gave their advice and helped us if we wanted to, but I made all the decisions. For a few days, I was confused. I thought about the skills needed for social work. There was no glamour or money in this profession and I couldn't behave like an executive in a corporate house. I needed language skills, of which English may not be necessary at all! I should be able to sit on the floor and eat the local food, no matter where I traveled for work. I had to listen patiently, and most of all, I should love the work I did. What would give me greater satisfaction: to keep my external appearance as it was or the work I would do? After a little introspection, I decided to change my appearance and concentrate completely on the job. Before my next visit, I threw my hair, itered it and adorned it with flowers. He wore a two hundred rupee sari, a large bindi, a sleeve and glass bracelets. I became the 'bharatiya nari', the stereotypical traditional Indian woman, and took my father with me to meet the devadasis. This time, when we went there, seeing my old father, they said, 'Namaste.' My father introduced me. This is my daughter and she's a teacher. He came here on vacation. I told him how hard your lives are. Your children are the reason for your existence and you want to educate them regardless of what happens to your health, don't you? They replied in unison: 'Yes, sir!' Because my daughter is a teacher, she can guide you with your children's education and help them find better jobs. She will give you information about some scholarships that you may not be aware of and help your children with it so that your financial burden can be reduced. Is that all right with you? If not, that's fine. He's going to go to another town and try to help the people there. Please don't feel pressured. Think about it and come back to us. We'll be back in ten minutes. Holding my hand tightly, he pushed me away at a short distance. Why did you say all that? Asked. First you should have told them about things like the dangers of AIDS. Don't be silly. We'll tell him some other time. If you start with something negative, then no one will like it. The first introduction should always be positive and bring real hope to the beneficiary. And just like I promised them, you should help their children get scholarships first. Work on AIDS later. And why did you tell them I'm a teacher, Kaka? I demanded. You could have said he was a social worker. My father offered a quiet rebuttal. Then teaching to be one of the most respectable jobs and you're a teacher, aren't you? He nodded reluctantly, still unsure of his strategy. When we got back, the women were ready to listen. They called me akka or big sister in Kannada. So I started working with them to help their children get the promised scholarships. Some of these kids even started going to college within a year. Only after this happened did I mention the issue of AIDS, and this time, they listened to me. Months passed. It took me almost three years to establish modern relationships with them. I was their dear akka and finally trusted me enough to share their moving stories and the trials they had endured. Innocent girls had been sold to trade by their husbands, siblings, parents, boyfriends, uncles or other relatives. Some entered the sex trade on their own in hopes of earning some money for their families and helping future generations escape poverty. However, others were drawn to it with the promise of real work, only to find the most deceived to work as sex workers. Listening to their stories, there were times when I could not hide my tears, yet they were the ones holding my hand and comforting me. Each story was different, but the ending was the same: they all suffered at the hands of a society that exploited them and filled them with guilt and shame as a final insult. I realized that simply donating money would not strengthen your confidence or boost your self-esteem. The best solution I could think of was to bring them together to a common goal by helping them build their own organization. Karnataka's state government had many good policies that encouraged housing, marriage plans, and scholarships, but if we started an association or union exclusively for devadasis, they could address each other's problems. Over time, they would become bold and independent, learning to organize the process. Thus, an organization was formed for the devadasis. I believe that God cannot be present everywhere at once and, in return, sends people to do their work. Abhay Kumar, a kind and idealistic young man from Delhi, joined us unexpectedly. He wanted to work with me, so I decided to give him the hardest work to test his passion for social work. I said to Abhay, 'If you work with the devadasis for eight months and survive, I'll think about absorbing you into the project full-time.' As promised, he didn't show up for eight months, and one day, he came confidently into my office, a little thinner, but smiling from ear to ear. @Dhanya - 2020-07-11 16:18 It is an interesting book @Amandeep Sidhu - 2020-07-19 14:28 Interesting and very practical book Page 2 I said: 'Abhay, you know how hard social work is. Extreme commitment and persistence is needed to move forward. You can go back Delhi with the satisfaction of having made a difference in so many lives. You're a good human being and I'm sure this little experience will stay with you and help you later. He smiled and responded in impeccable Kannada: 'Who said he wanted to go back to Delhi?' he decided to stay in Karnataka and complete this project. Abhay, this is serious work. You're young and that's a big disadvantage in this line of work and . . . My voice vanished. I didn't know what else to say! Don't worry about it, ma'am! You gave me the best job I could have. I thought you could give me a desk job. I never imagined you'd give me fieldwork, too, the privilege of working with the devadasis. Last year I realized your agony and unbearable hardship. Knowing that, how can I work anywhere but here? I was so surprised by such sincerity and compassion in such a young one. I offered him a stipend to help with his expenses, but he stopped me with a sample of his hand, 'I don't need that much. I already have a scooter and some clothes games. I just need two meals a day, a roof over my head and a little money for gas. That's all. I looked at him fondly and knew I was seeing a man who had found his purpose in life. He fired and left my office with determined steps. Obviously, Abhay became the project leader, and I supported him wholeheartedly, taking care to talk to him regularly about the progress of the project. One day, I met with the devadasi and asked about the well-being of their children. Our biggest difficulty is supporting our children's education, they said. Most of the time, we can't pay their school fees and then we have to go back to what we know to get money fast. We will take care of all of your children's educational expenses regardless of the class they are in. But that means you shouldn't be a devadasi anymore, no matter what, I answered firmly. Women agreed without hesitation. They had come to trust Abhay and me and knew we would keep our word. Hundreds of children enrolled in the project, some went on to take professional courses, while others completed their primary, middle or secondary classes. We conduct aids awareness and prevention camps and sponsor street art and plays to educate women and children about various medical problems, including the simple fact that infected hair is not an indication that one should become a devadasi. Rather, it is a simple curable disease that causes hair to stick and sharpen over time. The women treated themselves and some of them even shaved their heads. Eventually, we were able to get loans becoming their guarantors. Often, women would say to me, 'Akka, please help us Loan. If we can't afford it, then it's as good as cheating on you and you know we'll never do that.' At that moment I knew in my heart that a rich man could deceive me, but our devadas would never do it. They had a lot of faith in me and me in them. On the other hand, life became more dangerous for Abhay and me. We receive death threats from pimps, local thugs and others through phone calls, letters and messages. I was more afraid for Abhay than for myself. Although I asked for police protection, Abhay flatly refused and said, 'Our devadasi will protect me. Don't worry about me. A few weeks later, some pimps threw acid at three devadasi who had left their profession forever. But we all refuse to give up. The plastic surgery the victims underwent helped restore their confidence. They wouldn't be intimidated. Our strength came from these women who were collectively trying to leave this hated profession. Although the government supplemented their income, many also began raising goats, cows and buffaloes. Over time, we established small schools that offered evening classes that devadasi could attend. It was an uphill battle that took years of effort from everyone involved. After twelve years, some of the women met with me to discuss a particular topic. 'Akka, we want to start a bank, but we're afraid to do it on our own.' What do you think's going on in a bank? Asked, Well, it takes a lot of money to start a bank or even have an account. You must wear expensive clothes. We've seen bankers usually wear suits and ties and sit in air-conditioned offices, but we don't have money for those things. Akka. After we were given attention to this problem, Abhay and I sat down with the women and explained the basics of banking. Some professionals were consulted, and under their direction, they started their own bank, with the exception of a few legal and administrative services that we provide. However, we insist that the bank's employees and shareholders be limited only to the devadasi community. So finally, women were able to save money through fixed deposits and get low-interest loans. All profits had to be shared with bank members. Eventually, the bank grew up and the women themselves became their directors and took over their careers. Less than three years later, the bank had 80 years in deposits and provided employment to former devadasi, but its most important achievement was that nearly 300 women were out of the devadasi system. On its third anniversary, I received a letter from the bank. We are very happy to share that it has been three years since the bank started. Now, the it is of good financial health and none of us practice or make money through the tradition of the devadasi. Each has paid a hundred rupees and we have three lakhs saved for a Celebration. We rented a lounge and arranged lunch for everyone. Please come and join us for our big day. Akka, you're very much loved by us and we want you to be our main guest for the occasion. You've traveled hundreds of times at your own cost and spent endless money for our sake even though we're strangers. This time, we want to book an air-conditioned Volvo bus ticket back and forth, a good hotel and a trip with all the expenses paid for you. Our money has been earned legally, ethically and morally. We are sure that you will not reject our humble and sincere request. Tears are on me. Seventeen years ago, chappals were my reward, but now they wanted to pay for my trip as best they could. He knew how much the comfort of an air-conditioned Volvo bus and hotel meant to them. I decided to attend the show at my expense. On the day of the show, I discovered that there were no politicians, no garlands, no long speeches as was typical. It was a simple event. At first, some women sang an agony song written by the devadasi. Then another group came and described their experiences on their path to independence. His children, many of whom had become doctors, nurses, lawyers, employees, government employees, teachers, railroad employees, and bank officials, came and thanked their mothers and the organization for supporting their education. And then it was my turn to talk. I stayed there, and my words suddenly failed me. My mind went blank, and then, distantly, I remembered my father's words: 'I will be very proud to know that I gave birth to a daughter, a teacher who helped ten helpless women make the transition harder to be sex workers to independent women.' I'm usually a spontaneous speaker, but that day I was too drowned out by emotion. I didn't know where to start. For the first time in my life, I felt that the day I find God, I will be able to stand up straight and say with confidence. 'You have given me much in this life, and I hope to have returned at least something. I've served 3000 of your children in the best way I can, freeing them from the pointless and cruel devadas system. Your children are your flowers and I give them back to you. Then my eyes fell on the women. They were so eager to listen to me. They wanted to hear what I had to say. Abhay was also there, looking overwhelmed by everything they had done for us. I quoted a Sanskrit that my grandfather had taught me when I was six years old: 'Oh God, I do not need a kingdom and I do not wish to be emperor. I don't want the rebirth or the golden glasses or the sky. I don't need anything from you. O Lord, if you want to give me something, then give me a soft heart and hard hands, so that I may cleanse the tears of others.' Quietly, to my chair. I didn't know what women should be thinking or at that moment. An old devadasi took the stage and stood there proudly. In a firm voice, he said, 'We want to give our akka a special gift. It's an embroidered quilt and each of us has sewn some part of it. So there's three thousand points. It may not look beautiful, but we all wanted to be present on this quilt. Then she looked directly at me and continued, 'This is from our hearts to here. This will keep you cool in the summer and warm in the winter, as will our affection for you. You were by our side during our difficult times, and we want to be with you too. It's the best gift I've ever received. 2 How to beat the children recently, when I visited the United States, I had to talk to a multitude of very successful students and people. I always prefer to interact with the audience, so I opened the word to the questions. After asking several questions, a middle-aged man stood up to talk. 'Ma'am, you're a very confident and clear in communicating your thoughts. You are absolutely at ease while talking to us. . . . I was direct. Please don't praise me. Ask me your question. I think he must have studied abroad or made his MBA from a university in the West. Is that what gives you so much confidence? Without wasting a second, I said, 'It comes from my B.V.B.' He seemed perplexed. What do you mean, my B.V.B.? Smiled. I'm talking about the Veerappa Bhoomaraddi School of Engineering and Technology in Hubli, a medium-sized city in The State of Karnataka in India. I've never studied outside India. The only reason I'm here before you is because of that university. In a lighter line, I continued: 'I'm sure the young people in the software industry who are present here today will appreciate Infosys' contribution to India and the United States. Infosys has made Bengaluru, Karnataka and India proud. If I hadn't been to B.V.B., I wouldn't have become an engineer. If I wasn't an engineer, I wouldn't have been able to support my husband. And if my husband didn't have the backing of his family, he may or may not have had the opportunity to set Infosys at all! In that case, you wouldn't have met here today to hear me talk. Everyone applauded and laughed, but I really meant what I said. After the session was over and the crowd left, I felt tired and chose to sit alone on a nearby couch. My mind goes back to 1968. I was a seventeen-year-old girl with an abundance of courage, confidence and the dream of becoming an engineer. He came from an educated, if middle-class, conservative Brahmin family. My father was a professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Karnataka Medical College in Hubli, while my mother was a teacher before she got married. I finished my exams brands and told my family that I wanted to follow the engineering. I had always been fascinated by science, even more so with its application. Engineering was one of those branches of science that would allow me to use my creativity, especially in design. But it was as if he had dropped a bomb inside our house. The immediate reaction was shock. Engineering was clearly a male domain and therefore considered taboo for girls in those days. There was no doubt about the status quo, in which girls were expected to be in the company of other students at a medical or science school. The idea of a woman entering the field of engineering may never have appeared in anyone's mind. It was similar to waiting for pigs to fly. I was my grandmother's favorite granddaughter, but even she looked at me with disdain and said, 'If you go ahead and do this, no man from north Karnataka will marry you. Who wants to marry an engineer?' I'm so disappointed in you. My grandmother never thought she'd do anything she disapproved of. However, she also did not know that in the city of Mysore, across the Tungabhadra River, lived a man named Narayana Murthy who would later want to marry me. My grandfather, a history teacher and my first guru who taught me to read and write, only slightly opposed it. My child, you're wonderful in history. Why can't you do something in this field? You could be a great scholar someday. Don't chase a dry guy like engineering. My mother, who was extremely proficient in mathematics, said, 'You're good at math. Why don't you complete your math degree and get a job as a teacher? You can easily work at a university after getting married instead of being a tough engineer struggling to balance family and work. My father, a liberal man who believed in education for women, thought for a moment and said, 'I think you should be in medicine. You're great with people and languages. Actually, I don't know much about engineering. We don't have a single engineer in our family. It's a male-dominated industry and you may not find another girl in your class. What if you have to go four years without a real friend to talk to? Think. However, the decision is his and I will support you. Many of my aunts also thought no one would marry me if I chose engineering. This would possibly involve me marrying someone from another community, something absolutely unheard of in those days. I didn't care, though. As a history student, I had read Huen Tsang Si-Yu-Ki's book. Before Tsang's trip to India, everyone discouraged him from making the trip on foot, but he refused to listen and decided to go. Over time, he became famous for his journey of years to India. Taking courage from Tsang, I told my family, family, they want to do engineering. Whatever happens, I'm ready for the consequences of my actions. I filled out the application form for B.V.B. College of Engineering and Technology, filed it and soon received the news that I had been selected to the university based on my qualifications. He was ecstatic, but little did he know that university staff were baffled by this development. The director at the time was B.C. Khanapure, who knew my father. The two met at a hairdresser one day and the director expressed genuine anguish at what he perceived as an awkward situation. He said to my father, 'Doctor Sahib, I know your daughter is very intelligent and has been given admission only on merit, but I'm afraid we have some problems. She'll be the only girl in college. It's going to be hard for her. First, we don't have a ladies' room on campus. We don't have a ladies' room for her to relax either. Second, our boys are young people with angry hormones and I'm sure they'll bother you. It's something I've always wanted to do. They can't cooperate with her or help her because they're not used to talking to girls. As a father of four daughters, I'm also worried about yours. Can you tell him to change his mind for his own good? My father replied, 'I agree with you, Professor Sahib. I know you mean right, but my daughter is hell-bent on engineering. Frankly, he's not doing anything wrong. So I've decided to let him follow him. In that case, Dr. Sahib, I have a little request. Please ask him to take a sari to college, as it is a man's world and the sari will be an appropriate dress for the environment he will be in. I shouldn't talk to the boys unnecessarily because that will lead to rumors and that's never good for a girl in our society. Also, tell him to avoid going to the college canteen and spending time there with the kids. My father came back and told me about this conversation. I easily accepted all requests as I had no intention of changing my mind. Eventually, I'd become friendly with some of the boys, but I always knew where to draw the line. The truth is that it was these same kids who would teach me some of life's lessons later, such as the value of maintaining a sense of perspective, the importance of taking it easy from time to time and being a good sport. Many of the boys, who are now older gentlemen, are like my brothers even after fifty years! Finally, it was the lack of ladies' restrooms on campus that made me understand the difficulty many women face in India due to insufficient or lack of bathrooms. Eventually, this would lead me to build more than 13,000 baths in Karnataka alone! Meanwhile, my mother chose a day you pay the tuition fee. It was a Thursday and it became the end of the month. My mother begged me to pay the 400 rupee fee that day, even though my father had only 300 rupees left. He said, 'Wait a few days. I'm going to get my salary and then Sudha can pay her fees. My mother refused to move. Our daughter goes to college. It's a big problem. We have to pay the fees today, it'll be good for your studies.' While they were still coming and going, my father's assistant, Dr. S.S. Hiremath, came with his father-in-law, Patil, who was the head of Baad village near Shiggaon, the city where I was born. Patil curiously asked what was going on and my father explained the situation to him. Then he took out his wallet and gave my father a hundred rupees. He said, 'Doctor Sahib, please accept this money. I want to give this girl who's doing something groundbreaking. I've seen parents borrow and sell their homes or farms to pay their children's fees so they can become engineers. In fact, sometimes they don't even know if their child will study properly or not. Look at your daughter. She desperately wants to do this and I think she's right. No, Mr. Patil, my father refused. I can't accept such an expensive gift. I'll take this as a loan and pay it back to you next month after I get my salary. Patil continued as if she hadn't listened to my father: 'The most important thing is for your daughter to do the best she can and complete her course and become a model for other girls.' Then he turned to me and said, 'Sudha, promise me that you will always be ethical, impartial and hard-working and that you will bring a good name to your family and your society.' Page 3 Nodded with the nod meekly, suddenly I humbled myself. My first day of college came a month later. I wore a white sari for the first time, touched the feet of all the elders at home and prayed to the goddess Saraswati who had been very kind to me. Then I went to college. As soon as I got here, the principal called me and gave me a key. He said, 'Here, Mrs. Kulkarni, take this. This is the key to a small room on the corner of the electrical engineering department on the second floor. You can use this room anytime. I thanked him profusely, took the key and immediately went to see the room. I opened the door excited, but oh! The room had two broken desks and there was no sign of a toilet. I was so dusty I couldn't even consider getting into it. Seeing me there, a cleaner came running around with a broom in his hand. Without looking at me, he said, 'I'm so sorry. Principal Sahib told me yesterday that a student was joining the university today, but I thought I was joking. So I didn't clean the room. Anyway, I'll do it right now. After he had finished cleaning, he still felt that the I was dusty. Quietly, I said, 'Leave the broom here and give me a wet cloth, please. I'm going to clean the room myself. After cleaning the room to my satisfaction, I took the dust off my clothes and went to class. When I walked into the ground floor room, there were 149 pairs of eyes staring at me like I was some kind of exotic animal. But it was true. I was the hundred and fifty animal in this zoo! I knew some of them wanted to whistle, but I kept a straight face and looked around for a place to sit. The first bank was empty. When I was about to sit there, I saw that someone had spilled blue ink right in the middle of the seat. This was obviously for me. I felt tears threatening to spill, but I flickered them. Using the paper in my hand, I cleaned the clean seat and sat in a corner of the bank. I could hear the boys whispering behind me. One complained, 'Why the hell did you put ink in the seat? Now she can go up and complain to the principal. Another boy replied, 'How can you prove I've done it? There are 149 of us here. Despite feeling hurt, I didn't go to the principal to complain. I had already warned my father that if I complained, these kids might persist in bothering me even more and eventually have to drop out of college. So I decided to shut up as much as these guys tried to harass me. The truth is, I was afraid I was so worried about the boys' activities that I'd quit engineering altogether. I thought of ways to stay strong, physically and mentally. It would be my tapes, or penance. At that moment, I resolved that over the next four years, I wouldn't miss any classes or ask anyone for help with class notes. In an effort to teach myself self-control and self-control, I decided that until I completed my engineering degree, I would only use white saris, abstain from candy, sleep on a ester and take baths with cold water. It aimed to be self-sufficient, he'd be my best friend and my worst enemy. I did not know then that such a quote already existed in the Bhagavad Gita where Krishna says: 'Atma aiva hi atmano bandhu atma iva nipu atmanah'. We don't really need such penance to get it right in our studies, but I was young and determined and wanted to do everything I could to survive engineering. I had good teachers who were considerate and tried to take care of me in class. Occasionally they would ask, 'Mrs. Kulkarni, is everything okay with you? Even our university principal, Professor Khanapure, did everything he could to ask about my well-being and if any boy worried me. However, I can't say the same about my classmates. One day, they brought a small bouquet of flowers and put it in my braided hair without my knowledge when the master wasn't around. someone shouting from behind—'Mrs. ' Mrs. Silently I ran my fingers through my hair, found the flowers and threw them away. I didn't say anything. Sometimes they'd throw paper planes at my back. Deploying the papers, I would find comments such as: 'A woman's place is in the kitchen or in medical science or as a professor, definitely not at an engineering university.' Others read, 'We really sympathize with you. Why do you do penance like the goddess Parvati? At least Parvati had a reason for it. She wanted to marry Shiva. Who's your Shiva? I'd keep paper planes and refrain from responding. There was a famous student activity at our university known as 'fishpond'. Instead of a real fish pond, it was a fish tank carrying a collection of anonymous notes, or fish. Anyone at the university could write a comment or review that would be read later on our annual college day. All the students eagerly waited to hear what funny and witty comments had been selected that year. The designated host kept on stage on the college home run and read the notes aloud. Every year, most of the notes were about me. I was often the target of Kannada imericks, one of which I can still vividly remember: Avva avva ganasa, Kari seeri udasa, Gandana manege kalisa. This literally translates to: Mom Mom, there's a sweet potato, please give me a black sari and send me to your husband's house, this is because I'm always wearing a white sari. Some of the romantic boys of northern India would modify the lyrics of songs from films such as Teesri Kasam: Sajan re jhoot math boh Sudha ke pass jaana hai Na haathi hai na ghoda hai Vahan paidal jaana hai. This can be translated as: Dear, come on, do not lie I want to go to Sudha I do not have an elephant or a horse But I will walk (to her). All the boys would take a look at me to see my reaction, but I just held back my tears and struggled to smile. I knew my teammates were acting for a reason. It wasn't that they wanted to intimidate me or harass me with deliberate intent as is the norm these days. It was just that they were not prepared—both mentally and physically—to deal with a person of the opposite sex who studied with them. Our conservative society discouraged the mix of children even as friends, and therefore I was as interesting as an alien to them. My mind justified the reason for the boys' behavior and helped me cope. And yet the comments, jokes and sarcasm continued to hurt. My only way out of college was my real education. I enjoyed the engineering subjects and I did very well in my exams. I found out it worked better than the kids, even on core engineering issues, such as blacksmithing, filework, carpentry and welding. The boys wore blue monkeys and I wore a blue apron over my I knew I looked pretty funny, but it was a small price to pay for the education I was getting. When the test results were announced, everyone else knew my marks before me. Almost every semester, my classmates and seniors made a unique effort to find out my marks and show them on the bulletin board for everyone to see. I had absolutely no privacy. In the course of my studies, I realized that the belief that engineering is a man's domain is a complete myth. Not only was I as capable as they were, I also scored higher than all my classmates. This gave me extra confidence and I still didn't miss a single day or a single class. I persisted in studying hard, determined to pass subsequent exams. Over time, I challenged my brands to show up on the bulletin board. On the contrary, he was proud to be beating all the boys in his own game while still

down and drank together every day after he got back from work, but he realized he could drink more than he did. I needed more than two pegs to get high and I didn't throw up afterwards or have a headache right away. I thought it was a great quality and that I should push myself further. Suddenly, Raveena's voice softened. Weeks later, I found out I was pregnant and went to a gynecologist. I didn't tell him about alcohol. During the third month of pregnancy, I felt very restless in the area around my stomach and went to see her again. As part of the routine checkup, he asked me: Are you drinking alcohol? Maybe the wine? Page 14 Wine, I said, hiding the hard liquor that was still knocking down from time to time. Stop. I tried, but I couldn't control myself. Doctors are very careful about these things, I thought. A sip here and there is not going to harm the baby. So he poured me some vodka and orange juice the next day, and he continued to drink with my husband. Nine months later, a child was born and our families were ecstatic. Everyone was celebrating with wine and champagne in our house, but it wasn't enough for me. I needed more. Taking care of a newborn was much more exhausting than I thought. When the parents had retreated at night to their rooms, I went to the minibar in the dining room and drank vodka. A year passed and my son grew up quickly. I realized their milestones were delayed and they ran to the doctor. Within a month, it was confirmed: my son was a slow apprentice and would still be. The doctor commented: I hope you weren't drinking during pregnancy. That hit home. The drink hadn't hurt me, but I had labeled my son as special. I had done nothing to deserve this, and yet he was the one who paid for my sins. I couldn't excuse myself and I wanted to end my life, but my son's thinking prevented me from taking it a step further. If he wasn't around, who would take care of him? What does your future hold? My husband and I don't blame ourselves, we blame ourselves. We took strength from each other and decided to stop drinking. It was very difficult and we continued to fail in our attempts. We ended up drinking at night, like we used to. Fortunately, we found AA and now that's the time I stay for my meetings. The withdrawal was painful and difficult. Once the night has passed, I'm more in control and I'm coming home. My son's face is a clear reminder of why I shouldn't play a drink again. Why did God do something so addictive on earth? Her voice trembled with the emotions she kept bottled inside her. I'm afraid I'll have another baby. What if I get another son like my son? The president stepped in: Thank you, Raveena to share his personal story. People come to AA when they reach the lowest point of their lives. That point differs from person to person. We had a teenager who once asked his mother for money to buy alcohol. When she refused to part with her, he pushed her and damaged her leg. Over time, he developed a limp. It was an eternal reminder to the son about how he had hurt her and became his turning point. Once people desperately want a change in the most honest way possible, they come here because we can help them make it happen. Then a well-dressed middle-aged man in the front row showed up. He said, 'I'm Harry Alcoholic and I belong to a wealthy family. I have no excuse. I have a habit because I enjoyed drinking with my friends. Since my father had his own business, I decided to join him after my graduation and fell in love with one of the secretaries named Maria. He found out about my weaknesses and drinking too. Over time, we seriously began to think about marriage. I want you to stop drinking, he told me. With God's grace and love, you'll leave him, I'm sure. At first, my parents were hesitant about the game, but soon they took Maria and we had a big fat wedding. Still, I kept drinking. Two years later, my mother and father died in a car accident and I was the only one who inherited everything they had built. I managed and Maria managed everything at home, including finances. We also had a beautiful girl and life was wonderful. However, my habit continued. When Mary spoke to me about it, she did not tie her words. Every day, I asked him for money to spend at the bar. One day, she set foot on her foot, No, you won't get any more money for this. I decided to marry you in the hope that you'd get better and because I loved you. You're the same, despite becoming a father. I was so upset that I abused her verbally and told her that the money was mine and that I had no right over it. With tears in my eyes, he handed me some money and I hurried to the bar. The next morning, I felt bad and apologized to her: I'm so sorry, Maria, I was wrong. I'll never do it again. But I did. Over and over again. One day, the same incident was repeated and Mary refused to give me money. I saw my daughter playing sideways and yelled at Mary with hate: If you don't give me what I want, I'll do something to the baby and then you'll regret it. I was in complete rage. That's the only reason I said it. I loved my daughter more than my life. But Mary went pale. He probably thought he meant it. He took all the money he had and handed it to me. Take it, he said and left the room with my daughter. I took all the money, called some friends and went to a popular bar that frequented and owner I knew. People would often join me there and praise my funny nature because I paid for everyone's drinks. But in my heart, I was still mad at Mary. I wanted to show him that he wasn't a Maltese husband, so I drank more than usual that day. If you are well, the owner allows me to sleep in a room above the bar because I was not in any state to walk or drive. When I got home the next morning, there was a note in the fridge. It was a handwritten note from Mary. I'm going with my daughter. You'll never change. You may have ruined my life, but I don't want my daughter's to be ruined with a man drunk for father, too. I looked around the apartment. All his clothes were gone. But I knew I was coming back. To forget my domestic problems, I started drinking even more. Mary, however, did not appear at all. Weeks became months and months in years. I didn't know where he was anymore. In a few years, I lost everything: my business and my properties. Now, the owner of that same popular bar instructed the gorillas not to let me in without money. My friends forgot about me too. It got worse and I started begging the traffic lights. All the money they gave me got into buying and consuming desi liquor. One day, I sat on a traffic sign and thought I saw Maria in one of the taxis with a child. When I approached, I realized it was really her, along with my daughter. Excited, I hit the car window. She, however, fired me with a hand of her hand. Never talk to strangers, he told our daughter. Look at this dirty man begging here instead of working somewhere. She didn't recognize me! Before I could find words, the light turned green and the car drove away. That was the lowest point of my life: I had lost my wife, daughter and what my parents and grandparents had built for me. My family had had a humble beginning. My grandfather had come from Kolar to the city of Bengaluru as an employee, worked very hard and saved money to start his own business. It took him decades to officially achieve rich status. His name was Harry and I had been named in his honor. But look at me! I had squandered all his wealth and become a beggar. I wanted to kill myself right there and then. I don't remember how, but someone took me to an open AA session in a church and for the first time in many years, I felt a ray of hope. I heard people talk about their darkest times. They were people like me who had lost everything and then moved on to building a decent life for themselves. Maybe I could try too. It's been fifteen years since then and I've been sober for a long time. Now I spend my life in the service of others like me taking them to AA and helping them on their journey.' The applause in the room was followed by a deafening, each of us occupied with our own Thoughts. Your daughter must be working now and maybe married too! Thought. Your wife is a brave woman. She made the right decision for herself and the child, but what a life everyone has led. Everyone has suffered all their lives because of alcohol addiction. I didn't know if alcoholism was a formally recognized medical condition, but AA was a blessing to the people he served. The coffee was served in paper cups for all of us, and a stri nged bag and a round medal was distributed. The president announced: You can contribute only if you are an AA member. We don't take money from others. Some contributed and most of the members took the medal, held it close to their hearts, and prayed. At last, the president invited Bharat to come and cut the cake. We also invited Bharat's family today because he would not have reached this milestone without them, he said. Bharat proudly blew the solitary candle and cut the cake. He then thanked his family profusely along with the AA people who had given him back his life. His father gave him a medal. He was speechless, drowned out by emotion. After he had composed himself, he said, 'Bharat is my only son and I have held many events with him, including his birthdays and wedding. But today is his real birthday. For a long time, I was ashamed to have a child like him, but he has changed and I am a proud father. Bharat smiled and patted his father on the shoulder and looked at the little meeting with gratitude. An alcoholic is an alcoholic forever, he said. I can't take any alcoholic medications, not even a tablespoon of cough syrup when I'm not well. But I'm happy with where I am right now, and I promise I'll continue to celebrate those birthdays every year. I looked at Bharat's wife nearby. It had not been a walk for her with the kind of pressure that society often forces Indian women. She had had a troubled marriage without real company and was still standing next to her husband. A few minutes later, the meeting was over and people started leaving. I got up too and Ramesh walked me to the car waiting outside. Does everyone get to sobriety? I asked Ramesh. It depends, aunt. There's a chance of relapse. That's why we meet regularly to keep our impulses in control. Even now, when I see an alcohol ad or a drinking scene in a TV movie, it's daylight. I'm not going to any liquor-serving weddings. It's very easy to fall off the car. Surrendering to God, which is one of the steps in AA, is very useful. God does not refer to a specific religious one. Everyone has a God within themselves. It simply means superior power. At AA, we have the freedom to choose our God. It's a great and Bengaluru has only eighty centers. AA operates in 186 countries. Aunt Auntie marvel that our ancestors were intelligent. They told us to stay away from bad habits. It may start as the social drink, but unfortunately, some get hooked on it. And once they're hooked, their life becomes miserable. If they hadn't tried it in the first place, they wouldn't have become alcoholics. I sat in the car and thought of the famous marvelous play Ekach Pyala, a popular drama from the 1940s, and another called Devadas, which is a play about a man who, as people like to believe, turned to the bottle because he could not marry Paro, the love of his life. But the truth is, he was just an alcoholic. In marathi, the protagonist, Sudhakar, and his wife, Sindhu, are a happy couple. One day, an alcoholic friend insists that Sudhakar must drink a sip of alcohol to hold an event. He even offers you a pin. Sindhu opposes her husband's drink, who taunts her, 'Oh Sindhu, don't worry. The ship of our lives won't drown with a peg. Unfortunately, her husband likes taste and, over time, becomes a slave to alcohol. The play shows how his life is ruined. The first pin is enough to get you on the road, if you have a tendency towards alcoholism. Unfortunately, no one can predict until you try the first glass. Who says money is the ultimate goal of life? It's not. You'll know when the time is right. One of the goals of life is the ability to understand human nature and elevate a neighbor from the bottom of the rock to become a useful member of society. We all lose some battles in our lives, but we can win the war. There's always hope. THE START Let the conversation begin...

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