



Victory Through Struggles

The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience

Gobardhan Singh

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Preface

The unquenched thirst for writing, preceding my previous publication of the book 'India Craving for a Change,' and the ambience of the neighbourhood, in particular, are the fountain sources that inspired to write a novella for publication without compromising the writer's health. As experience suggests, a novel generally begins with a fictitious tale, having loose bearings over time and age, excluding it from the pages of history and literature from ancient times to the modern age. Criticism of life is left exclusively to the choice of the readers. It is perhaps under the enhancement of the critical faculty of the readers, which is undeniably true idealistically. But factually, all readers are not equally of the same calibre and merit. This is because the categories of the readers are split into four classes: the brilliant class, the intelligent class, the average class, and the below-average class. It of course does apply to the first two categories, with no regret to the latter two classes. The writer, at the moment, is concerned particularly about the last two classes, who look anxiously toward ready-made notes prepared by the commercial note-makers. They want ready-answer materials from other sources that can spoon-feed the readers without much effort. Reading comprehension by the readers has, nowadays, become a 'The Waste Land' of T.S. Eliot. Nobody bothers to develop original thought imbibed by reading the text itself. Hence, the writer, keeping in view their requirements, has designed the text coupled with criticism in order to cater to the needs of students' critical analysis of the text.

I hope, the book will serve multiple purposes for the readers and receive a huge round of applause on the given notes. It will also develop their critical faculty in the style of writing.

Gobardhan Singh

To

My beloved wife, daughters, sons-in-law, daughter-in-law, son, and,
above all, my dearest granddaughters & grandsons.

Acknowledgment

Any creation or performance in any work of art, e.g., literature, painting, music, sculpture, embroidery, etc., requires a profound sense of acceptance or acknowledgement in recognition of the contribution he/she has made in the stated fields of the writer. In the same intellectual protocol of gratitude, I would like, first of all, to recall my Xaverian batchmates of the '73rd batch of St. Xavier's College Ranchi (Jharkhand) who have had fervent belief in my writing skills and their invaluable inputs to create a precise but worth-reading novella for patient readers. They are: Mr C.J. Osta, now an Education Adviser at Oxford Public School, Uklana (Haryana); Mrs Arti Kumar (Sinha), Former Associate Professor, Department of English, St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad (Gujarat); Dr Alka Rakesh, Fulbright Scholar, Former Head, Department of English, Kirori mal College, University of Delhi; Mr Bhaskar Jha, Former Associate Professor, Department of English and Modern European Languages, University of Allahabad (U.P.); Mrs Anjana Chatterjee, Assistant Professor, Former Head, Department of Business Communication and Language, EILM, Kolkata (W.B.); Mr. Sharat Kumar, Former Senior Adviser (Ministry of Environment & Forest), Government of India, New Delhi; Mr Vinod Behari, Chief Executive Officer, Power Sector, Skill Council, Former Executive Director-HR, REC Ltd.; Mr. Sushil Bakshi, Former GM, State Bank of India; Dr. Nadeem Mohsin, Former Professor and Development sector Consultant, Delhi; Colonel (Retd.) Vidya Bhushan Prasad from Army, Government of India.

The page cannot miss to bear the names of the following iconic personalities: Prof. (Late) Dr. Ramesh Sharan, former vice-chancellor, of Vinoba Bhave University, Hazaribagh (Jharkhand); Prof. (Dr.) S.P. Agarwal, vice-chancellor, Sai Nath University, Ranchi (Jharkhand);

Dr. J.B. Pandey, former HOD & Professor, Department of Hindi, Ranchi University, Ranchi (Jharkhand); and Dr. Mohan Lal Sahu, former assistant registrar, Ranchi University, Ranchi (Jharkhand) & former deputy registrar, Sai Nath University, Ranchi (Jharkhand).

Above all, my beloved wife, daughters, sons-in-law, daughter-in-law, son, dearest grandsons, granddaughters, and siblings cannot be left behind in the race of my sincere thankfulness who have been graceful and a blessing in disguise to the art of writer's writing. Last but not least are the principal colleagues, teachers, and other employees with whom I have worked as a principal at D.A.V. Public School, Urimari, Hazaribagh (Jharkhand), under the dynamic leadership of Sri L.R. Saini, Regional Director, D.A.V. Public Schools, Ranchi Zone, who deserve my special gratefulness for encouraging and inspiring me to create such work.

Gobardhan Singh

Writer's Page



Gobardhan Singh, M.A. (English), B.Ed., with the supreme sacrifice to the service of teaching, focusing particularly on reading comprehension, embarked on his professional exploration as a member of the D.A.V. School Association in the year 1983 at D.A.V. Public School, Ara Kuju, Hazaribagh (Jharkhand). His tenure of service, spanning more than three decades (1st July 1983–31st March 2015), saw him in bloom as a teacher par excellence and dynamic administrator as a principal. He is a celebrated fluent speaker with sustained voice, timing, excellent pronunciation, and command over English.

Endowed with exceptional talents, skills, and visionary leadership in the fields of education and spiritualism, he brought the institution to the Olympian height with a paradigm shift.

Mr Singh also had an opportunity to get the Best Teacher Award from NTPC management, Rihandnagar (U.P.), in 1992 in recognition and appreciation of his excellent contribution to the residents of

Rihandnagar as a senior teacher (T.G.T.) at D.A.V. Public School, Rihandnagar.

The journey of his Edu-Excellence did not halt but kept going even after superannuating from D.A.V. group schools. The overwhelming knowledge and willingness to render service, tutored by self, excelled in teaching university students in the capacity of Assistant Professor (English) cum Assistant Dean (Academics) at Sai Nath University from 2017 to 2020. His working period witnessed historic stimulus in the field of education.

Mr. Singh has also been trained as an English Resource Person (English Consultant) for three months at CIEFL, Hyderabad. The rare experience and expertise received at the institution given by the noted linguists of Indian repute strengthened and well-equipped the writer with special insight to learn various aspects of the English language that add to the enhancement of writing skills, stretching to the intellectual areas of the writer's ideas and application with confidence and aptness. He is well-known by his building programmer as a mission, positive change, a rational leader to steer team spirit and upskilling, an innovative approach in counselling frustrated souls spiritually, wisdom to open the treasure house of knowledge, and above all, an objective approach to life.

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Chapter 1: Gloomy Days

Steadfast pursuit of an aim has always been heavier than misfortune, considering the ancient chronology down to the age. Commonly acknowledged, sunset is followed by sunrise, defeat by victory, fall by rise, falsehood by truth, dark by light, failure by success, melancholy by happiness, dishonour by honour, shame by glory, and other countless lucky antonyms in an optimistic series. This is the law of nature, which is found true all through, leaving no exception, not even a bit, for any escape.

Neelankar represents an orthodox middle-class family and social surroundings, all characterizing well-conceived human vices commonly found in it. He was very gentle, sober, and quiet but intelligent and highly sensitive to the disqualifying remarks passed by others by nature and habits right from his childhood. He had three cousins named Raman, Shailesh, and Aman plagued by jealousy, malice, and cutthroat competition directed against Neelankar. Neelankar, on the other hand, being straightforward, open-minded, and an average learner in studies, was in the way of learning more to keep pace with his cousins, who already had groomed intelligence, calibre, and learning. Moreover, Shailesh, being his schoolmate of Neelankar and the cousin of one family courtyard in play, studies, and other small activities in one place was well acquainted with his

shortcomings. These shortcomings made him instrumental in his cousin's hands to mock and pinch him. Whenever they found the right time for it, Neelankar was used to being made an easy victim of Raman's intense sarcasm and lampoon because of the gentleness he was born with. Neelankar's father, Amarjeet Naresh, extremely confident of his son's bright future despite unhappy schooling compared to Shailesh in particular, was quite hopeful of his son and tried to encourage him to reach an unreachable pitch of mind. In response to his father's aspiration, his academic graph of improvement was considerably going in ascending order in school. It did not put Shailesh and his schoolmates in good mental health, and they made an issue of great concern unjustifiably at an intense level; it bred more envy and contempt against Neelankar in the minds of those sitting on his opposition bench, surpassing all human points at this juncture. They, in an immediate apprehension, got bubbled with encounters in the rural get-together forum. They just could not help missing Neelankar's company at the rural place they used to meet for daily discourse in the evening hours. One day, Neelankar was sitting in a sad mood, brooding over what went on between Shailesh and him.

Shailesh: What's up?

Neelankar: Nothing, breathing long.

Shailesh: I know you have failed in one subject.

Feeling heavy on hearing it, Neelankar reacted: Which subject?

Meanwhile, Raman, Shailesh's elder brother, came in and replied to Neelankar.

Raman: I am not sure, perhaps in English.

Neelankar: Who told?

Shailesh: Yes, I told him. It is known to every classmate, maybe astonishing to you.

Such a painful utterance stuck in Neelankar's mind like gum to a piece of paper and disheartened him deeply.

Neelankar, changing the topic, seemed quite indifferent to it superficially only, as it was most unwelcoming to him. Since he was reluctant to receive it, he tended to divert the topic.

Neelankar: Is it the only point of discussion?

Raman: What could be a more burning topic than this? Tell me.

Neelankar felt in a fix and did not want to retake it anyway, as he knew the topic was fueled by Raman and Shailesh with their malicious mental machine.

Neelankar: Could we not talk about the time and space under which we are living?

Raman and Shailesh were masters at reading someone's mind, especially when personal egos play a violent role in social relations, like carnivorous creatures. They wanted to teach and torture Neelankar through provocation, snatch away his saintliness on their vicious count and project him as a worthless fellow before the public gaze. To serve this purpose, they wanted to pass taunting remarks and adopted as a cruel weapon against him.

Raman: Would we talk about kitchen matters and dishonour academics if we ever treat ourselves as students?

Neelankar felt insulted at his wounding words and decided it was better to be quiet and moved from there with a fresh mood to seek solace at home in a tranquil state. Right from his childhood, he had heard from the elders and the village priests that man is born good and can do no harm to anyone, which was his Himalayan blunder of life;

he committed and held it firmly. This was half the truth of life getting eclipsed from the remaining half. The remaining half upholds the belief that man is vitiated by the environment in which he lives. As he was saintly and righteous in articulation and action, he wanted to see the same in others. But in the case of unfadable ground reality, he got utterly disappointed, vexed, and embarrassed by his cousin's queer behaviour. Their ill-conceived treatment compelled Neelankar to question the existence of life and its meaning. His playful activities and jovial inclination seemed to have been endangered and left with a wasted, dry, dismal, and meaningless life. With an age of hardly nine to ten years, Neelankar, being in a budding phase, would have been crushed to dust had he not been lively, robust, and longing for life. Neelankar and his cousins were born and brought up in one courtyard of a family in which the father, mother, uncle, aunt, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, son, and daughter breathed the same air and ate the same food with different instincts inherited from the parental genes by the offspring of the concerned parent. This forms the separate sacrament for separate offspring, which includes habits, behaviours, activities, and practices distinguishing one identity from another in the same house with no surprise based on biological components. Neelankar was the exceptional son of his father in the sense that he remained quite unaware of the worldly human twists and turns against others because of his simplicity, forgiving, and generous nature. He was always looked down on by the parallel family of his uncle's sons and daughters very frequently to suppress his mind force and inside potential. Not only this, other schoolmates in his class used to cast sarcastic remarks about his manners, speech, clothes, and poor performance in class interaction with the teachers and other students. In nutshell, they all repudiated the good qualities of his day-to-day living and accomplishments. Thus, he was made the mass issue of discussion for condemnation. The rebellion within Neelankar tried to come up for outrage at times, but each time he suppressed it, thinking that anger commences with violence and ends with shame. He never

showcased such an ugly picture in front of the outsiders as a part of retaliation. Such was the tolerance he underwent to avoid family rift and sensitivity to maintain family integration. With time, Neelankar grew much more mature than before, and his education in higher classes in school taught him to be stronger, able to control emotions and bear opprobrium inflicted by the opposition side. His opponents on the other side gave the impression of their goodness, fraternity, and family unity ironically. Such drama of outward goodwill and inward ill-will continued for long. In appearance, everything looked well and fine, but in actuality, the game of hurt and humiliation went on in progression without any healer for years and years to deepen the wounds of Neelankar in an unprecedented manner. To the best of his efforts, all the more, Neelankar endeavoured to avail himself of the best of opportunities to give them a befitting reply to their evil intent, but alas! Each time he got harassed by them and had to bear the pains of unbearable pinches with no resort, as it was well known to him that the thing that cannot be cured must be endured. They always exploited his humane and humble approach and turned these into instant flaws of his individuality. They were more interested in Neelankar's doom than his success. Grabbing a social platform for mishandling Neelankar had become a common feature among his cousins and other members of the family. He was ignorant that 'ignorance, as Pope holds, is a bliss' does not apply to the inhuman practices of modern civilization. Life in the present time is full of ironies and satires that have tremendously influenced common life. Neelankar, the child of the present, socially polluted landscape, had to breathe, live, interact, and undergo cruel norms. There was no way to escape from it except to adjust to it, even unwillingly, simply because he could not learn to understand the intricacies of life made on vehement differences of opinion between two debating sides. Adaptability to Neelankar to the adverse situation remained a far-off destination to reach. Neelankar preferred to be aloof from the tyrannical authorship of his protestors, who chased the deer Neelankar like hungry lions to establish

authoritarian dominance over the weak and innocent. On the other side, Raman and his brothers derived the legacy of cynicism from their parents. They were treacherous, cunning, and well-versed in evil craftsmanship.

Neelankar had five brothers and one sister, being the youngest of all. He was the fourth son of his parents as numbered from the family numerical chronology. His elder brother Suresh, eight years senior to Neelankar in age, died one month before he was born into the family. Suresh, even at a young age, was supposed to be the most bright, promising, and intelligent child of all his brothers and sisters right from infancy, as rated by the commoners. Living in the earthly abode in the earliest phase of life, Suresh caused a terrible shock even amid the birth of Neelankar just a month after Suresh's demise. The birth of Neelankar on the family canvas was treated as a sad or ominous event under the orthodox belief. The consensus of that time spread the carpet of disgust and disgrace on the floor for the child on which Neelankar had to walk, play, and grow as the mark of reception as a new guest in the family. Eventually, he realized he was discarded, neglected, and rejected by each member of the family from the start of his birth. Neelankar, as a newborn child, received the stepson behaviour of his mother, who brought him out of her womb after great travail. The mother of the child also bore and brought him up reluctantly and showed a feeling of alienation from him. She loved the child in the name of unlucky Advent and declined to allow sucking milk from her breast most of the time as a stark reality in the capacity of a mother. Such were the gloomy days Neelankar, as a child, had to pass through, at least up to five years of age, having been deprived of motherly love and affection. The neighbouring families and children also knew the open secret of Neelankar and treated him on the same scale of behaviour. Neelankar himself alone had to face and fight hard against the social negligence of other children of his group and remove the make-believe world to win help, support, and environment through his

worth and smile in their sportive activities. After he attained the age of ten, he had to go uncared for, unfed, unaddressed, and unattended like an orphan against the loved ones in the house. Neelankar as a child stood abandoned in the house of inhabitancy and abundance. What an irony of the man and the place! There was deficiency against plenty, superstition against crystal clarity, and narrow location of adjustment against the sufficiency of space for people's family members. Such situational and individual paradoxes were frequent in the feudalistic society of that time. People used to be governed more by the irrational fear of mysterious beings than by the scientific analysis of any phenomenon. Plurality in worship and its supreme governance over the common thought process was the sole reason for creating the social discrimination that Neelankar was a victim of. After getting maturity in age and thought at the age of nineteen, there came rays of hope with Neelankar's surprisingly good score of marks in the intermediate examination. The fit of melancholy on Neelankar's face used to be distinctively visible. But as a happy part in its place sprang, a blissful smile spread on the faces of his parents and a handful of well-wishers. Neelankar saw a suitable reply in his results and thought to be compatible with next-door brother competitors, especially Shailesh, who claimed to be a more talented, bright, and shining star in front of others. However, it didn't trouble him, as he belonged to the different school of thought that holds the belief that competition gives rise to envy, hatred, and anger, while cooperation gives rise to friendliness, fraternity, and contentment. He was a strong advocate of the Shakespearean doctrine that runs as "Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none." But those who opposed him and profoundly believed in tug-of-war promoted the leg-pulling game in every walk of life with Neelankar. Hence, it was hard nut to crack for him to vie with the idiotic syndicate of his cousins and other hostile friends. Neelankar, to them, was an innocent lamb to be found readily handy for attack and personal distress, which he could not just manage to escape from. Genetically, he was destined to suffer without any rhyme or reason at

Gobardhan Singh

Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience



Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience is a spiritual manifesto of Neelankar, who braves darkness, rises from ashes, and conquers the impossible with unwavering hope and spirit. Deep-rooted in the present, fed by the past, the story beautifully unfolds in a typical middle-class courtyard, symbolizing the eternal hope for a better tomorrow.

— Novelist

I have known Principal Gobardhan Singh since our college days. A soft-spoken, humble gentleman, his mastery of English rivals prose masters like Vikram Seth and Kiran Desai. Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience tells the inspiring story of Neelankar, who overcomes life's toughest challenges through grit and determination. A powerful read for today's youth, reminding us that success is earned, not given.

— Nadeem Mohsin, Author

Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience, a novella by Gobardhan Singh, is reminiscent of Dickens' A Christmas Carol with its flawless diction and rich characters. Neelankar's story of resilience against life's catastrophes is deeply moving. A literary masterpiece.

— Charles Josta, Educationist

Gobardhan Singh's Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience is a powerful tale proving that behind every success is a story of pain. Neelankar, unfairly blamed for his brother's death, faces rejection but finds strength through his mentor and life partner. The story beautifully shows that hope always shines through.

— Arti Kumar, Literary Figure

Victory Through Struggles: The Journey of Educational and Emotional Resilience captures Neelankar's middle-class journey, where ambition wrestles with family hardship. His ultimate success shines with the author's brilliant message of resilience and hope.

— Vinod Behari, Bureaucrat

Price: INR 350

