

THE MYSTERY GIRL



Rosina S Khan

Preface

This ebook is about the impressive and extraordinary biography of a girl named Pinky. Starting right from her birth, through her education and career, along with friends, colleagues and a family, the author portrays the image of an imposing and graceful girl, who is an able and competent person, rising up to the challenges of life and overcoming them as well in the passage of a little time. “How does she manage it all?” – A question that arises in everyone’s mind and hence, the title of Pinky as “The Mystery Girl”. Well, the answer simply lies in the fact that she is talented with especially fine qualities and partly, because it is in her genes and partly, because of the values, teachings and train-ups of her most amazing parents. In order to know Pinky in more depth and details, I encourage you to follow up a merry reading, dear reader.

- Rosina S Khan

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Contact: promisingfuture73@gmail.com

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-----Pinky Comes to this World-----

A young woman in her early twenties was in labor, trying to give birth. Her husband was patiently, yet anxiously waiting outside. Soon the yelling cries of the baby could be heard. The husband was called in and yes, it was a girl!! It was another day at the hospital before the couple set out for their sweet home with their blooming family. Yes, she was the first born.

Daddy of the girl soon set out for buying sweets and sent them out to every home of the colony. Dresses, food and cards came in flooding from the colony homes in return. Yes, the couple was very happy.

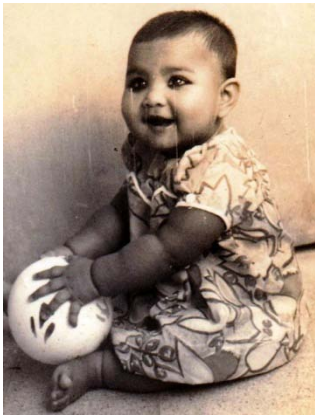
It was high time to name their baby. Daddy looked again at the baby and remarked, “Her cheeks are so pinky!! Let’s name her Pinky.” Mommy agreed.

So a girl by the name Pinky came to this planet earth. What challenges and monumental happiness lay in front of her? Her story starts right from here.

She is well fed and grows to be a healthy baby. She has rich fruits like papaya from the garden which has been grown with so rich manure by Daddy that Pinky grows to be much more than being just healthy. Also, she has drops of vitamin in her Cow & Gate milk. So, that also accounts for her obesity. Mommy read in a babies’ book which said: “If your baby doesn’t fall sick within the first year of her life, she is going to be healthy and immune to sickness for life”. This was important information for Mommy, and both Mommy and Daddy made sure their little angel did not fall ill during the first year of her life.

Soon Pinky grows up to a bit more. The family's servant gives her a ride on a cycle that has a back seat. Mommy always makes beautiful dresses with her own hands and makes Pinky wear them when she gets on a ride on the cycle. Oneday her dress was so fanciful that child boys, a little older than her exclaimed, "Here comes the princess!!"

By this time, Daddy also offers to give little Pinky rides in his Volkswagon car when on errands. And Pinky enjoys it all very much. So far so good. It was a happy world for her. Here is a picture of growing baby Pinky.



-----Pinky Has a Sister-----

All this time, Pinky was the soul attention of the family. She liked and enjoyed every bit of it. But somehow, all of that was shattered when Mommy and Daddy got a second newborn to home. Pinky was curious about touching her and especially her eyes, to see if she was for real, or she was only just like her other fancy doll.

Pinky did not like the fact that her sister was gradually getting all the attention of the family and started to feel neglected. When mommy would try to feed milk in bottle to her sister on her lap, Pinky demanded her share of mommy's lap. When her sister was placed in the cot, Pinky would climb the cot and try to reach inside to attack her!!

But there was a dramatic change in these circumstances when Pinky turned out three. She knew she was the older sister and therefore, started taking great care of her. She baby sitted for her, played with her, became her best friend and protected her. Wow how responsible!!

They would always hold hands together and walk or ride wherever their parents took them out, either for lunch/dinner parties or simply just for an outing in the envirinment outside. As you can see, their bond was so strong that noone could tear them apart. After all, they differed in ages by just 1 year 1 month.

Gradually, Pinky's world once more started to lighten up. Daddy got a brand new taperecorder and as he played songs, Pinky and her sister would dance as they wished, or just lie down and fall asleep. The most exciting thing about this brand

new object Pinky realized was how come it could record their own voices and play them out exactly in the same way she spoke or sang. The other interesting thing she found in those of her childhood years was the camera with which Daddy took photos of her solo, and also with her sister. Her sister was not so interested about it at all and she hated to wait for the camera to click and always tried ways to escape. On the other hand, Pinky liked to pose in different styles in the lonesome balcony hidden by trees and tree shades and seeing this enthusiasm in her, Mommy made sure she wore different dresses each time and Daddy was always eager to click her innovative pose.

-----Pinky in School-----

On one weekend, Mommy and Daddy asked Pinky, "Would you like to be in school?" Pinky remarked, "What is that?" They said, "It is a place where you learn new things." Pinky asked, "Will they let me draw pictures?" Daddy replied, "Why not? They will even give you free drawing paper, and colored pencils to color your drawings." Pinky was over the moon. She excitedly replied, "Really? I would love to go to school!!"

Then the day arrived. Both Pinky and her sister, ready with their school bags set out to walk to the school in the vicinity of their area along with their parents. The family came to the choice of their destination a while later and went inside. All along, Pinky was walking fast and almost running ahead of her family blissfully. Soon they met the headmistress of the school, and after her parents talked a while with the headmistress, Pinky sensed an air of negativity in her surroundings. Although the headmistress was very cordial towards her, seeing her immense enthusiasm, Pinky wondered what the problem was. The family was soon heading towards home. Pinky could not hold her inquisitiveness. She asked, full of sad curiosity, "Didn't they like me? Why can't I be in school?" Mommy replied, "Nothing to worry about. You have to be six before you can get to grade 1." In those days, in the area where they lived, there was no kindergarten or playgroup unlike as they are nowadays. Pinky was extremely disappointed with Mommy's answer because it didn't make sense to her then how age could be a factor.

Years rolled by, with Pinky thoroughly enjoying the parties, festivals, birthdays, picnics, and simply outside strolls. Yes, now it was the good right time for Pinky to attend school in grade 1 at age six. While her Dad took her all the way to school

and admitted her and she sat there in the in the classroom, along with a bunch of little boys and girls, she terribly missed her then best friend, her sister. Her sister couldn't be in school yet because she had just turned five. Little was Pinky to know how much she was going to love her school and what great friends she was about to make. Yes, the best was yet to come.

-----Pinky's New Life-----

As far as her memory goes, the first day at school in grade 1 was all about getting drawing books, notebooks, colored pencils, crayons and what not!! It was also about fun games and amusement. The next day began with little bits of science, math and art. Teachers contributed the lessons in a story tale manner. So Pinky couldn't get what she should grab or there were any lessons at all to learn. They even gave away free textbooks to read which she put inside her bag. She updated all her story tales to her mom when she got home by school bus. Mommy was clever to understand what was being taught in school from Pinky's conversations with her. A year passed away and Pinky's mother helped her all along with her studies, homework and art projects. Daddy also tried to teach her some of the stuffs. But mom understood that since he was a professor of graduate students at the university, it was very hard to for him to come down to her little first born's level of understanding. He lost patience and scolded her for not catching up with stuffs. But with mom, Pinky had a great fun way of learning. So Daddy gave the whole charge of teaching Pinky in grade 1 to Mommy. Soon a year passed away, and she had made two great friends Tania and Shauli. Tania was a bit older and Pinky relied on her at school since mommy and daddy were not accessible at school, for answers to questions that cropped up in her mind or getting anything she needed. She was her best friend and so was Shauli. She was about her age and the same height but Tania was taller, being older.

Soon it was results time. Pinky asked Mommy for the hundredth time what a result of the outcome of exams looked like. She explained again patiently about the gradesheet that would be handed to her and to keep counting with her fingers at

what position number her name would be called. Pinky was very anxious on results day. Daddy almost expected her to fail since he wasn't in charge but mommy was.

Now comes the result scenario: the teachers lined up grade1 and grade2 into two columns. The first person they put in grade 1 line was Pinky. She wondered why? Probably the teachers liked her as much as she did, she thought. When it was finally results declaration time, the first name in grade 1 they announced to be first in class was Pinky. Dear reader, do you believe it? There were dozens of smart older people in her class but she beat them all, coming out on top. It was Pinky's jubilant victory. She went excitedly home to tell mommy the big news and later, her daddy when he was back from the office. Dad wanted partial credit as well and said, "After all, you are Daddy's daughter!!" And Pinky chuckled in joy.

With Shauli and Tania being great friends at her side, she remained on top of every class she was promoted to. Her sister also had joined school by now after she became six. Pinky's performance was all time remarkable and extraordinary. Her sister, although, did not perform any less.

Now with so many smart people in the class who always responded to teachers' questions and comments and could understand every lesson crystal clear within the classes themselves, how did Pinky always manage to be at the top, she being very silent, and also very quiet in breaks between classes, only exchanging a few words with her best friends? She sure was a mystery on everyone's mind in the class. And that is the beginning of the real story of "The Mystery Girl".

-----Pinky on Further Education-----

Pinky was in the first primary school till grade 3, and her sister till grade 2. Soon they were both going to another school. And Pinky lost touch with her very best friends in her life. She had not come across them again nor heard from them till date. But she made friends in her new school soon. She pinpointed the person she wanted to be best friend with. Classes began, and Pinky studied hard, and now Dad helped and boosted her all the way in spite of his impatience and ill temper. It was not long before her best friend was leaving school, and Pinky cried secretly time and again but remained composed in front of her. For the rest of the class, she was once more the mystery girl in everyone's mind, with her not talking much, but her grades were always high, and she always managed to remain at the top. After her best friend in this school left, she really did not have a best friend. Nevertheless, she worked her way up through the grades and felt kind of lonely though, but that was overcome in the weekends when it was time to play games with playmates in her home complex, like hide and seek, skipping, stapoo jumping, catch-catch, chain-chain. Some weird names of games but they were simple still with some rules. And they all involved jumping and running which were good for Pinky's health and growth.

Pinky remained in the school until grade 8 when Daddy wanted his daughters to study in a much better school that would prepare them best for O-levels and later for A-levels. So Pinky and her sister soon found themselves in another school. But this time Pinky had the challenging moments in her life. She was a mystery girl alright, and the magazine brought out from her class in grade 10 wrote a small poem about the class, targeting each and everyone. About Pinky they wrote,".....yet she remains a mystery much of which we have failed to fathom."

Guys knew she was a good girl and a good student but they also wanted to communicate with her. But Pinky managed to escape everytime. Now why were her times challenging? Because she couldn't beat the boys in first and second positions in her class at all. Either she stood third or fourth. This made her sad, really, really sad. But Pinky's sister remained all time topmost and her Olevel and Alevel results were super duper excellent unlike her. The fact that Pinky was gloomy and depressed showed on her facial expression all the time, and she was sunk in low self-esteem and self-pity. She had a best friend, Mou in this school, and although they spent memorable, good and happy times together, her depression did not fade, which is probably why her Olevel and Alevel results were affected. But they weren't too bad; it was just that they weren't up to her expectations. Even Mou did better than her in Olevels, yet worse in Alevels. After this episode of her life, Pinky rarely got to see Mou. They went in different directions. Later Mou married and went off for US along with her husband.

Pinky was now in an engineering university. With all the lessons she learnt from grade 9 till Alevels, she decided to be a happy person and had a burning desire to make it to the top once more, so that it would make up for her all her previous griefs and depressions. And boy was she right!! Her changed attitude was the perfect antidote for her. She helped her classmates and had special friends and with high and low times, she made it finally to the top, like a princess conquering the world.

Guys and gals admired her and wanted to be like her; they too studied hard and graduated with flying colors. In the midst of this, she was still the mystery girl. "How did she manage it all?" This was their question. But didn't she just show

them, and didn't they follow her footprints in the sands of time, making it possible for them as well? Pinky knew they sure did.

-----Pinky on her Job Career-----

Having the best possible results for undergraduate studies, the university was only happy to take her quickly as the faculty member of the university. Pinky still remembers the first day she lectured her new students in a lab about algorithms and programming. She explained as lucidly as possible, and students bombarded her with questions and she answered them all competently. She came out of the class as if she were on top of the world. Yes, career as a faculty member proved to be very successful for her right from the beginning. She loved her students and students loved her back with respect as well, the right dose for Pinky because she liked it exactly that way. Every semester she met new students and took challenging courses, and she succeeded in imparting lectures to the students crystal clear every time. She became a popular teacher soon. She got her first promotion at the end of first three years and was she happy!! These moments are those she really treasures. She celebrated her happiness with her close colleagues.

She thought about going for higher studies abroad, which would help her to get further promotions and higher status. Accordingly, while she was still teaching, she applied to several universities in Germany because some male classmates who lived there encouraged her to go there.

-----Pinky Finally Abroad-----

She arrived in Germany finally, with all the help and information of her classmates living there. Gradually she got familiar with the area. She got acquainted to and from her dorm. She familiarized herself with her university premises. Doing a little bit of the pending formalities, she was on track soon, attending classes. Her then best friend lived on the same dorm floor as hers and studied in same program at the university. And in addition, she had a new deshi classmate, as well, who lived further away. She didn't think of switching to his dorm a year later, because she already felt comfortable with the original one. There were French, German, American and Indian gals and guys on her dorm floor. By turns, they were treating each other menus of their cultures.

And soon it was the Indian guy's and Pinky's turn to cook for their floor dormmates. Pinky's one dish of potatoes and tomatoes curry with spices was a huge success. Everybody loved it!! So were roasted chicken legs prepared by her only, which received similar applause. Pinky couldn't feel happier giving her buddies such a great treat.

Back to classes, yes it was a busy time. Lots of projects-both individual and group ones to implement. And she surpassed all of them diligently, skilfully and wittingly. She soon had thesis coming over; she got the offer of a trainee for working on her master's thesis in a company, which would cover one of its projects and would pay her well enough, and at the same time, it would serve as the partial fulfillment of her master's degree at the university.

Earning her degree, she came back home to serve on her old job again from which she was on study leave. A year passed and Pinky did not at all think about doing her PhD. Her friends back then in Germany had told her to continue PhD studies if she was interested but she had ignored their advice. She had felt homesick and overwhelmed; so she had returned home happily.

Well, joining her job and getting back to schedule, she somehow formed the desire to do her PhD. USA proved to be a good option, because when she applied, they responded positively, giving her I-20 along with teaching assistantship and doctoral fellowship. Getting US visa was easy for her, the main focus of their interview being on her research in Germany. After she blurted it all out, she was given the token for getting the US visa on a specific date. On that very day, Pinky got the visa. She was bouncing in euphoria and remained excited for 14 days in a row!! Slowly, she started shopping again the required items, still taking classes at the university. Soon the day arrived when she was about to make the journey to US.

A long, long weary journey but still invigorating. She found friendly American women on the airplane, who talked to Pinky and were interested in knowing about her, and they also talked about themselves. Yes, although weary and feeling like a zombie, time passed pleasantly. Soon she was on the soil of US. Her relatives fetched her along with her luggages and accompanied her to the apartment, where she would be living, and they had a great treat together. Her another new short chapter of her life was about to begin.

She attended classes and did very well in them, and her teaching assistantship performance record was a good one too. But somehow she fell severely ill,

homesickness overshadowing her. It was then she decided to return back home. And that's exactly what she did merrily. Was that all to this chapter? Did Pinky ever want to reignite this chapter of her life? To know that, dear reader, keep reading on.

-----Pinky's Comeback-----

Yes, she landed in her country's soil. She loved to be back. She felt freedom. She rested for a few days to overcome the jet lag before she rejoined her job.

She was there at work at the end of the ongoing semester. Female teachers, who were once her students, flocked around her. They were so happy to greet her. Male teachers greeted her as well. Everything seemed good and easygoing. Pinky gave out the rejoining letter and met the then Vice Chancellor of the university. Everyone was a bit disappointed in her for not having completed her PhD. But that was ok. That semester ended soon. Exams came and went. She did invigilate exams, and also actively worked in a team for moderation of departmental question papers.

It was not long before a new semester started. Pinky took up teaching academic courses once more, which she had not done for a while. She also started supervising 4th year undergraduate thesis students. Yes, she was back to life. This is the kind of life she enjoyed, Pinky thought.

One year passed away. At the beginning of next year, she wondered if a second promotion was due for her. Accordingly she checked with the administration office and found out everything was good except that she needed at least three publication scholar papers. She checked with the departmental chairman, and he said the same. So that very year from that point, she took up the challenge for writing scholar papers.

She had no clues about where to start. Yet, ideas flowed to her based on her incomplete PhD studies as well as her research with 4th year students. She searched google for conferences and journals. It was January of the year she took up the challenge, and by July, she was done with writing three papers in conference and journals. So, accordingly, she applied for promotion. But she added one more scholar paper to her list when she realized the process of her application, as well as others', who applied for promotion, was being delayed. By July of next year the university announced promotion to her, after she had initially given an interview with the promotion awarding committee.

It was a bit delayed but she got it finally. She was super duper elated. She had a higher status and a higher salary. Life couldn't be sweeter. As usual, she was a mystery girl on everyone's mind, going about organizing and arranging things and finding ways all by herself.

And then a few semesters later down the track, somehow as if thunder and lightening struck her from a bolt out of the blues. Something she had never foreseen. She had planned ahead how she was going to end the semester. Those theory and lab quizzes, those assignments and those lectures needed to be handled. And she had also looked over the updates of her thesis and project students and how she was going to make these students finish off their required work.

Pinky now looks at it as an age-40 career hit. She had been reading self-help ebooks for quite a while, and especially one caught her eye recently namely, "Changing your career at 40 and beyond". There must be something mystical about age 40. Why did it happen to so many career women at age 40? She saw real proofs of them in the self-help community she was involved with.

Thoughts are what you become, Buddha said. But this was something Pinky never imagined even in her dreams. But it did hit her. It was not that she was being laid off like in developed countries, herself being a competent, dedicated and caring faculty member. But sure, the turbulent winds of change made the hit. In short, this time, it was all because she was the mystery girl. She decided to look for a decent job abroad, which will cater for her as a motivating and inspiring one, and which should be a right fit for her. She might not change her career completely but it was just a matter of places and a change of jobs. That very day she had left US for her old job in her country, Pinky thought. She was so happy and free. Yet to be happy and free again, she needed to apply for jobs in US again and decided to slowly orient towards PhD studies once more. She even tossed with the idea of marriage and soulmate. Well, it would all fall into place, Pinky pondered. Let God, the Almighty show her the way.

Pinky keeps a collection of quotes from wise people found here and there on the web in her tiny notebook. Right now this moment, one quote from *Sandra King* from her notebook resonated with her, and she decided to stick with it:

When things fall apart, consider the possibility that life knocked it down on purpose. Not to bully you, or to punish you, but to prompt you to build something that better suits your personality and your purpose. Sometimes things fall apart so better things can fall together.

- Sandra King

-----A Revelation from the Author-----

If you have read my previous works on this site (free-ebooks.net), you have probably guessed who Pinky, the mystery girl, actually is. If you haven't read or guessed, I am only happy to keep the suspense. Pinky is none other than the author herself!! Here is a recent photo of her. She barely looks 40!!



-----Recommended Reading-----

- If you are interested in knowing about the author's quirky and interesting special friends' lives (and also her life) at the university level and beyond in details on this site (free-ebooks.net), please visit:

<http://www.free-ebooks.net/ebook/Glimmering-Reflections-into-my-Special-Friends-Lives>

- If the author's really thrilling and exhilarating life travel journeys in details on this site (free-ebooks.net) capture your interest, please click below:

<http://www.free-ebooks.net/ebook/Stunning-Life-Journeys>