

Chapter 1: The Fateful Day

It was 4 in the evening when I realized, I was in a hospital and lying on a bed. I saw people who looked familiar, standing around me. One of them, wearing a white shirt and black trousers, I immediately recognized as one of my friends named Ravi. Soon after, I realized that I knew all of them. They were all friends with whom I shared the flat where I lived.

When they saw I was awake, they started inquiring about my health, and how I was feeling. I felt very embarrassed and also a bit surprised by these questions. I thought, why are they asking me these questions? What has happened to me? Why am I in a hospital? At that moment, I did not have a clue about why I was in hospital.

One of my friends, who was also wearing a white shirt said, "Niru (that's the nickname which people who knew me well called me by), you fell from the balcony of our flat seven days ago! We brought you here and admitted you to the hospital."

It took me a moment or two, to understand my friend's words and at first, I could not believe what he was saying. My immediate reaction was to start laughing. Looking at my friend, I said, "Come on! How can I fall from the fourth floor? Looks like all of you are joking!" When I observed tears in their eyes, I sensed something serious had happened. They were quiet and did not answer my queries.

Their silence worried me. So, I asked them again "Hey guys! Why are you silent? What is the matter? " Then, one of them could not control his emotions and started crying, loudly. That was the time, I started realizing something serious must have happened to me.

They started to explain to me, what had happened. One of them said, "When we returned from our weekend outing, we noticed that you were in a semi-conscious state and murmuring something which we could not understand. We realized there is something wrong and when we touched your wrist, we found out you were burning with a very high fever."

Another friend said, "We went to the next room to talk about taking you to a doctor. That was when a neighbor, a lady staying in the flat below ours, came knocking on our door in a rush and informed us that someone is lying outside the building on the ground. She said that she saw from her balcony, a person falling from an upper floor."

Then another friend said, "We all went to the basement to see who could be that person. We were all shocked to see you lying on the ground. For some time, your legs were twitching and shaking, and then they became still."

My friends immediately called the cab and took me to the nearest government hospital where I was admitted into emergency care. They said it was around 3 p.m. on November 13, 1994, when this tragedy occurred.

On hearing about my fall from the fourth floor from my friends, I was in shock for a while. It was sometime before I began to fully understand the situation.

I was not conscious of what was happening around me from the day I fell. I couldn't imagine how something like this could have happened to me. I was in a state of utter disbelief and confusion. I was so confused that it took me a while to accept whatever had happened.

My mind was not able to come to terms with the truth. There was this suspicion lurking in my mind that someone might have pushed me. But why would anyone do something like this? What could be their motive? I had no answers to these questions even though I suspected someone might have done this deliberately. I could hardly believe that a sensible person like me, would fall or jump from a fourth-floor balcony.

I was in a state of utter disbelief. I couldn't help but think that no fool would fall or jump from such a height unless there is some strong reason to do so. I was not at all in a position to accept high fever as a reason. How could fever, no matter how severe, cause a person to lose control of his senses? It was a complete mystery to me. This confusion persisted in my mind for the next two to three weeks. It was very hard to accept the truth, that such an incident could have happened through no fault of mine or anyone else's but just because I was suffering from some kind of fever. Can you imagine something like this happening? If you were in my situation, what would you think?

Even today, I am unable to recall the incident, the way it happened on that fateful day. It remains a mystery to me, even after twenty-four years have passed. I don't know why fate would play such a cruel prank in anyone's life. **Why had I become the victim of such a situation?**

When I asked doctors if there is a possibility that a person could do something so extreme as jump or lose balance and fall from a balcony, if the person has a high fever, I was told that in medical terms, there is something known as "**Delirium.**" It is a condition where the person has no clue about his or her surroundings and may go into a semi-conscious state. In this semi-conscious state, the person is completely unaware of what he or she is doing and such a state can be caused by high fever. According to the doctors, my fall from the fourth floor also might have been caused by this condition called "Delirium."

Just a couple of months back before the above tragedy, I was hired by a reputed MNC (Multinational Corporation). The company was going to send me to the USA on a long-term assignment, and this could have not only influenced my future but also played a role in shaping my career, in ways that I could barely imagine at that point. I was hand-picked by this organization as I had passed out just a few years back from an institution reputed to have world-class standards, the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT) in Mumbai. The organization had selected me with the clear intent of sending me to California on a long-term assignment, which indicated they had high plans for me and my future career in the company.

The confusion about my accident continued to persist in my mind and it remained there for a few weeks as I was not able to come to terms with the reality that such a tragedy had struck me.

I had lost consciousness immediately after the fall when I was admitted to the hospital, and I regained it only after seven days. Probably this may also be one of the reasons why I was surprised and couldn't believe it when my friends revealed what had happened to me.

On hearing about the news of my fall, after being informed by my landlord, my brother, Jyothi Prakash, who was working in another city, Bengaluru (formerly known as Bangalore) had rushed to Mumbai to take care of me. My spinal cord was completely damaged at the waist, leaving me paralyzed below the waist. My right hand had suffered multiple fractures and was broken in three places. Doctors who operated on my spinal cord as soon as I was admitted, did whatever they could but my physical strength or the ability to move my legs did not improve at all even after the surgery. They could repair my right hand with steel implants fixed in three places. The damage was so severe that except for my head, left hand, and lower parts of the limbs, almost all parts of my body was covered in bandages.

After the accident, I had no clue that I would not be able to walk, ever again in my life, and that I will have to manage in the future by using a wheelchair. At this point, I was still under the impression that I would recover from my injuries and will be able to walk after a few months. It was just a matter of time and soon I expected to get back to work and looked forward to going to the USA on assignment as planned. My boss had come to see me at the hospital and even he did not reveal the truth about my permanent disability. During this time, the organization I was working for extended all their support, and my boss was always in touch with my brother who was with me in Bombay following the accident.

As the days passed, the confusion in my mind was getting intense as I was still not able to move my legs. Whenever I asked my brother, or the nurses and doctors who were taking care of me, why I was not able to move my legs, their replies invariably were along the lines of "You will be alright, shortly." Though they meant to reassure me I felt more in the dark about the truth. I was unable to move even on the bed independently without the help of others and was lying on the bed most of the time. My sister and brother-in-law had also come to extend their support and assist my brother during my treatment at the hospital in Mumbai in the initial days following the accident.

Life throws a surprise when we least expect one. I was always under the impression that I would recover from the accident and get well soon, and within the next few months, I would be flying to the USA. Every waking moment that I spent in the hospital as a patient, I was dreaming about, and imagining my bright future and career in the USA, not to mention the quality of my personal life, which I would be having in case I had gone to the USA.

We, human beings, plan our life to go in a certain direction but God has his plans. We cannot even begin to understand let alone know the reason for some critical incidents or adversities which befall us when our life takes a completely different turn which we least expected.

Turning points in my career

I hail from Karnataka, a state in South India. The entire part of my schooling was done in my hometown, Davangere in Karnataka. As a child, I was not very interested in nor very good at studies. My performance in school was just average. Most of the time was spent playing with my friends.

We are ten siblings. My father, N. V. Veerabasvaiah, was a retired police officer and my mother, Hampamma, was a housewife. I have five sisters and four brothers, all elder to me. I was the youngest child in my family. Since my father had retired from the police department, the only source of income for the family was the monthly pension he received.

I come from a middle-class family. My parents could hardly afford to pay the fees for English medium school education for me. Yet my mother was determined to send me to an English medium school, even though on my father's meager pension, they could barely afford the high fees at that time. She had this strong belief, that English medium education would help me to get a good job. Her perception and I am forever thankful for the depth of her insight, was that to have a great career, I should study in an English medium school.

I admire her courage and conviction to put me in an English medium school, despite us living in a small town in Karnataka, where it was the norm for most parents to send their children to study in a school where the medium of instruction was in the local language. I respect her foresight, despite having any formal education.

My father passed away when I was still in high school. After he died of lung cancer, my mother and I lived with one of my elder brothers in his house. God only knows how I passed my tenth standard exams in school. Most of my time was spent in play throughout the day, with my friends, paying little attention to my studies. All this time, my mother was very much worried about my future, thinking whether I will be able to do anything worthwhile in life or not.

My life took a significant turn, I think after I finished my high school education. My third elder brother, after completing his Master's degree education, had secured employment in a government department in Bangalore City. He had come to our hometown to meet family and friends before joining official duty as a government employee in Bengaluru, the state capital city. At that time, my mother requested my brother to take me along with him, and take care of my studies.

I was not keen to go to Bengaluru. I was used to living with my mother with whom I was very close. I loved her very much and could not imagine living far away from her. Also, I hated to leave behind my friends in my hometown. I still do not know what made me agree to go. Perhaps it was because of my mother's insistence that I reluctantly agreed to go along with my brother.

My college life started in Bengaluru, in June 1980. I was admitted in one of the not so reputed colleges and later, was admitted to a free hostel by my brother. I could not adjust to the hostel atmosphere and I missed my mother and family. Every day, I could not help but think about my mother. There were a good number of times, I wept at night in my hostel room, out of sheer loneliness.

One day it so happened that I started thinking seriously about my future. I can say I was worried since my father was no more and as I mentioned earlier, ours was a middle-class family, and we were not financially that well off. Thoughts of financial insecurity often crossed my mind and made me very worried. One day, all of a sudden, I realized, if I don't study well here onwards, I will not be able to do well in life or find myself in a worthwhile career. It was a kind of self-awakening. I think this happened when I was in college in my 12th standard. I knew then that the only option for me was to focus on my education so that at the least I would get into a decent job, settle down in life and not disappoint the trust and hopes that my mother had invested in me.

I never had great dreams and aspirations. I was fully complacent and content till now with the way my ordinary life was progressing. However, following that feeling of self-awakening which I had that day, it made me change my priorities in life. From that day, I aimed to work hard and secure good marks or grades to get admission in one of the government engineering colleges. There was a fear in my mind that I may not be able to live a good life if I don't work hard and secure decent marks or grades in my studies.

Eventually, I secured admission to one of the engineering colleges majoring in civil engineering at my hometown. This was the first fruit of success I reaped through disciplined hard work. **It was the first turning point in my life.** Then onwards, I became completely focused on my studies and changed completely from being just average in studies to someone who was becoming aware of his potential.

One has to be ready to change one's priorities and think higher and aim higher. Everyone has the potential to become someone special. It is up to everyone to discover their hidden potential.

I was able to secure good grades or marks throughout my graduation and also secured second position or ranking in my bachelor's degree. My main source of inspiration and

motivation to focus on my studies was the teachings of Swami Vivekananda. I liked especially this one book titled *'Inspired talks'* by Swami Vivekananda. It had a profound influence on me and enabled me to recognize my potential.

I completed my graduation in 1987. Then I joined as a lecturer in the same college where I had passed out as a student. In the meantime, since it was my ambition to go abroad after my studies, I applied for admission in IIT (Indian Institute of Technology), Mumbai. After going through one of the toughest selection criteria in the form of a competitive all-India entrance exam, I secured admission for a Master's Programme majoring in aerospace engineering. The possibility was much higher in those days to go abroad for employment after finishing the master's course in IIT.

I had worked very hard to get admission for my master's degree in IIT. Only a limited number of students were selected from thousands of candidates appearing for this exam. Hence, I was delighted to have secured admission to this Institute.

In 1991, after finishing my Masters, I joined a government organization, Bombay Port Trust, as a computer programmer. I worked here for two years and found it hard to adjust to the in-efficient way in which work progressed in government departments. So I joined a software development organization where I worked for one and a half years. I did quite well in my new job and was recognized and rewarded periodically with appropriate pay raises that acknowledged my high-performance outputs.

My dreams of going abroad

There is a saying, "Luck favors the brave" and I soon found myself being favored. In September 1994, I was hired by a multinational company (MNC) in Mumbai. They had especially handpicked me with the intent to send me for a long term assignment to California, USA.

At the time of the interview, one of the interviewers asked me "Why do you want to go to the US?" They also asked me "How do you want to pursue your growth, in our company?" The interview committee was very impressed when I presented my plans for my career and the vision I had for growth in that organization. I was selected immediately and was asked to join them at the earliest possible date, as this was a prestigious assignment for them.

Within a few days, I was informed that I could collect the offer letter at their office in Mumbai. So I went to receive the offer letter. When I was waiting in the lounge, one of the managers came up to me. Dressed sharply in a white shirt, black trousers, and a red tie, he introduced himself as a business head in the organization. After a brief conversation, he handed over to me the offer letter and shook my hands. He wished me well, asked me to join as soon as possible, and left me holding the letter.

While I opened the envelope containing the offer letter, I experienced the kind of joy and happiness which is hard to explain. I looked forward to the next two months passing by very quickly, following which I would be leaving for the USA on a prestigious assignment. My long-cherished dream of going to the US for work was about to be fulfilled shortly. My years of hard work were going to bear fruit as it was almost a certainty now that I would work in the US by becoming a part of this organization. Had I worked in this organization for a few years at the least, I would have performed pretty well — I had very high hopes and was confident that I would soon rise through the ranks to a leadership position through my diligence and good work.

From day one, my job in the new organization was hectic. My boss wanted me to get trained in a new software package as early as possible. Hence I had a pretty tight schedule to learn and acquaint myself with the new system within a short period. This training was very much necessary for me to strengthen my capability to perform before I started working in California.

How my world turned Topsy Turvy

Three months had passed since I had that tragic fall. I was not able to understand why I was still lying in bed, unable to move. No one was willing to tell me the truth. The harsh reality that I would not be able to walk anymore was not yet revealed to me. Being in Mumbai for medical treatment meant incurring high expenses, every day. Hence, I asked the doctor if there is a possibility of undergoing the treatment at my hometown in Karnataka. The doctor who was treating me permitted me to shift me to a hospital in my hometown for further treatment.

In April 1995, I was shifted to my hometown. As I was not able to get up and move, I was transferred in an aircraft from Mumbai to Bengaluru, and then traveled by road in a taxi to my hometown.

The Orthopaedic surgeon visited me as soon as I was admitted to the hospital. His name was Dr. Nagraj. Dr. Nagraj was very impressed by the confident manner in which I was talking despite lying on the bed paralyzed. I was relieved that, as I was now in my hometown, whenever I wished, I could see my family and friends unlike being alone in a remote place, which was how I felt in Mumbai.

I started spending my days, dreaming, and thinking of the future when I would be fully recovered, in the next two months and ready to fly to the USA for my overseas assignment. As it happened, perhaps it was all for good that I didn't know at that time that the events in my life were going to produce changes that would drastically alter the course of my future. Maybe God had a purpose in keeping it a secret from me the news that I had become permanently disabled. He was kind enough to lessen the shock by not instantly revealing it to me.

One day maybe about 2 months after I moved to the hospital in my hometown, the doctor came to me and said, "Niranjan, let me be straight with you." I was surprised at his grave tone and looking at his face wondering what bad news would he be saying.

Then he said, "You are not going to walk ever again in your life. Hence, I strongly suggest you get used to the wheelchair from tomorrow. Don't sit idle on the bed. Get used to your future life in the wheelchair, starting now."

I could not say anything to him when he said these words to me. The whole world looked topsy turvy at that moment. In front of my eyes, everything was appearing fully dark. As the enormity of what he meant dawned on me, slowly tears started flowing from my eyes. It was one of the worst moments I experienced in life. You cannot imagine my situation at that time. For the next few days, I hardly spoke to anyone.

I was not at all in a position to accept the truth about my physical condition. Imagining my future in a wheelchair seemed like the most dreadful thing I could think of. I would not even wish for this fate on my worst enemy if I had enemies, as the saying goes in my mother tongue. Just a few months ago my life was so full of hope and promise. In another couple of months, I would have flown to the USA, a dream for me as it was to many others, to work and settle my life. I had struggled and worked very hard during my college days. It was this hard work and determination which had secured me a place in this coveted post-graduation

course in one of the world-class Institutes in the country. It was supposed to be the time when my future was about to bloom.

The next few days were spent battling with the bitter truth of my disability and trying to accept this reality. I was very angry with God. I even stopped believing something called God ever existed. I was questioning, who is god? Where is he? If he existed, then why should such a terrible thing occur? **You would likely have also thought like me if you had been in my situation.**

Whenever I had these thoughts, I kept asking, "Why me? Why me? Why me?" I never got any answers from anyone. Now, staying within the four walls of the hospital was becoming extremely difficult. I managed to spend time during the day talking to family members and friends who were visiting me. The nurses who were on duty were also kind enough to chat with me when they could spare the time during the day, out of pity for my condition.

But spending time at night was most painful. Every night, while everyone else was sleeping, I would lie awake, just staring at the roof in the dark, listening to only my breath in the silence. My whole world was looking bleak. I began feeling very depressed listening to the many negative conversations going on in my mind. I was asking myself, how will I spend my future? Will I be ever able to get back to doing something useful with my life? Who will take care of me if I am going to be in a wheelchair? Why should I become dependent on someone? How would I be able to do what normal people do, and how will I get a job or find something useful to do?

So many questions confused me. The further I thought, the more depressed I became and I was devastated looking at my helpless body lying motionless on the bed. I kept asking, why was God so cruel? What did I do, for God to punish me like this?

When I suffered this tragedy, my parents were no more, and my brothers and sisters all had their family responsibilities. One of my brothers who was not married used to come and see me often while working in Bengaluru. The worst part was, I didn't have adequate funds to take care of my medical expenses. I had to seek financial assistance from friends. I used to write letters to them or call them on the phone, requesting them for financial help. Feeling pity for my condition, they used to send whatever money they could, to my bank account as and when it was needed. I took care that I never asked for a big amount of money from anyone. I was always careful that I asked for very small amounts so that no one would refuse to help me whenever I asked them for help.

Say 'No' to the Naysayers

Spending time in the hospital without any hope in life was extremely difficult. Every day, the disappointment and frustration I experienced, added to my depression. I refused to talk to people properly. I was unable to summon the courage to face my future in a wheelchair. Imagining the difficulties, I would have to encounter in the future did not do any good to the lack of confidence I already felt. All my family members seemed to have given up the hope that I would pull through the ordeal. Some of my friends were hesitating to come and see me, as they couldn't bear to see their friend lying paralyzed and helpless. They seemed to have given up hope that I would recover or even if I did recover whether I would be able to get back to doing something worthwhile. Some people seemed to be laughing at me, openly asking whether I could get back with my life and work on my own. They said, "Who will give you a job?" I was taken to the operation theatre and operated on sixteen or seventeen times. Around three thousand plus injections were pushed into my body during my stay in hospital. I had ulcers on my lower back, because of continuously lying in bed. **No one had the slightest idea that I would re-write my life one day, bounce back strong, and would be a source of inspiration to many.** Many had thought I would be a burden, as I would not be able to stand up or walk since my legs were paralyzed and my right hand was fractured. I was not able to use my right hand to write or to perform any normal functions because of multiple fractures. Every day and night, I was in tears. I felt my world was shattered.

Many a time, God has a plan but we fail to realize his plan. Whatever we think may have happened, we can see it only from our position and from our selfish point of view. Whereas God always looks at events in a different way, he sees good in even the worst situations and if we could see it from his point of view, we would know what is good for us. We would realize later why such a thing happened and why even the worst situation could become a turning point for the better.

Unable to spend my days in hopelessness and feeling there is no point in living like this, one day, I decided to end my life. I started thinking of several ways to bring an end to my life. Once I tried to think of hanging myself to the ceiling fan. As I could not even stand, how could I hang myself? Since this was not an option, I thought of taking sleeping pills. It seemed like the best way to die, as I would have ended my life without any struggle. But, who will give me so many sleeping pills? So, even this was not an option. Then I started thinking of drinking pesticides mixed in soft drinks. Even for this, I would need the help of

someone to get me the pesticides. The days went on like this until I finally realized that even if I wanted to die, it was not possible. **Now I was in a deadlock. I wasn't prepared to live and yet I couldn't die.**

In the next few days, I spent in reflection, analyzing my situation, and thinking about what to do next. When I started analyzing, deep within my heart, there was a strong urge to live and do something with my life. This feeling that my life was not yet over increased every day and I realized I had to get back to the real world one day and show them, prove the people wrong who had thought that my life was over.

My friends and family who used to come to visit me started seeing the sudden change in me and were surprised to see the confidence returning in my voice and in the way I interacted with them. They could sense my will to do something worthwhile with my life growing strong. They were surprised that despite so many injuries and physical disabilities, I was expressing a keen desire to live my life as fully as I could. Even the nurses and doctors conveyed their special fondness towards me because of my optimism. I was always speaking confidently to them despite my physical condition, unlike other patients whom they had seen. The nurses and doctors started praising me for my positive attitude and cheerful behavior.

Day by day, my frustrations and disappointments started getting dissipated and I started accepting the reality of my situation. **The first thing I did was accept myself as I am along with my battered body, and acknowledge that such a thing has happened to me. Once I crossed the hurdle of self-denial, self-acceptance was easy and it proved to be the starting point of my recovery.** I decided to bounce back strongly. I wanted to lead a normal life and come back to the mainstream of life as early as possible. If I had given up at that time, I am sure I would not have been what I am today. There were only two choices; either 'give up' or 'get going.'

Incidentally, one day, one of the doctors who had come to visit me, presented me with a book called "The power of the subconscious mind." He asked me to read it, saying it would help me. Initially, when it was given to me, I didn't show so much interest in it. But when I decided to "stand up" in my life, there was a strong feeling that I would find some answers if I read the book.

I don't know what to call it, you can call it God's wish or intention or even plain 'luck.' One day, when I randomly opened a page, I read the story of a man who had met with an

accident and was paralyzed below the neck, walking out of the hospital one day using what was described in the book as the "**Visualisation technique.**" After reading this story I was inspired and thought one day, "Why not give it a try?" I was not all that confident about whether this technique would work for me. So I started visualizing myself with reluctance, as if I am going out of the hospital one day, working in a reputed multinational company, doing software development, and my family and friends congratulating me on my new job. I started regularly using this technique at night just before I went to bed. I felt the technique worked wonders in enabling me to regain my confidence. I discovered the fighter within me and awakened the natural ability we all possess to fight adversity and overcome obstacles.

I told myself "*What if my right hand and legs are not functioning as usual? I still have my brains which is intact.*" So why can't I use my intelligence to earn my living? Still, I was stuck with worries, a fear of the future which was preventing me to go any further. I then realized that there was no option but to get used to my life on wheels if I had to keep going and prove to the world what I am capable of. My dream of going to the US was over now, hence I thought my destiny is elsewhere and so I said to myself "*Let me start living instead of just thinking about living.*" That day onwards, I started moving confidently in a wheelchair. I wanted to get used to living like this. Then, I started thinking of taking up a job in a software development organization, where I can use my brains, where my hands and legs are secondary. At this point, I said to myself "**Come what may, I will return to mainstream life at the earliest possible opportunity. I will be unstoppable, and go beyond my physical and mental limitations.**" Despite a lot of anxiety about my future, self-doubt, and uncertainty about what I was capable of, despite my mind always brooding about future situations, challenges that I had to face, I decided to go beyond all these limitations.

In your life, you may also find yourself in situations where you have to face some adversity or some barrier which may seem to prevent you from going ahead. You have to realize that it is not the situation that is stopping you from going ahead but it is your fear and self-doubt. I am telling you this from my own experience that you do not have to worry when you are faced with such situations no matter how difficult it may seem. Once you realize these are all just limitations in your mind which you have to overcome, you will be able to face any obstacles and cross over or break through any kind of barrier.

While I was still in the hospital, I started thinking, "**What is it that I have to do next?**" I had to get back to work as soon as possible.

I underwent rehabilitation and occupational therapy for two months, in Mumbai before going back to work. Finally, I secured a job in a Multinational Corporation (MNC) in Bengaluru in January 1997. It was with an IT solutions company. Unlike most people who step into a new job or career, I have to say that I drove or zoomed into my new professional life in a wheelchair. After spending two years in hospital, my negative beliefs such as fear, anxiety, and self-doubts had created mental obstacles that had prevented me from going ahead with my life. Later, after a few years of going around and getting work done in my wheelchair, I realized these self-imposed limitations are the biggest barriers for anyone, more than any physical limitations.

I see so many people today stopping short of reaching their true potential in life due to their limitations which they have imposed upon themselves. Some of these limitations would be in the form of i) the person being fearful of losing his or her job ii) husband and wife living in fear of getting separated, instead of focusing on the positive aspects of their life iii) fear of rejection by the spouse, partners, friends, colleagues or someone in the family iv) fear of failure and so on. These self-imposed limitations are stronger obstacles than any physical disability a person may suffer from.

By reading about the lives of Helen Keller, Nick Vujicic, and many other differently-abled people who have inspired others, I learned many lessons. We all have choices to make, either to give up or keep going. I have a choice; you have a choice. We can choose to keep thinking about these disappointments and shortcomings which will only lead us to become angry, bitter, or sad instead of doing something to overcome our situation. We have to learn from our experiences to keep moving forward by taking the responsibility for our own life. Our fear, anxiety, self-doubts are nothing but self-imposed limitations in our minds. Left alone, these will become bigger and bigger and stop us one day, from moving ahead and taking charge of our lives. We may have fallen, but only when we learn to get up, can we find the possibility that lies ahead in our life. We have to keep moving if we wish to make our future wonderful. Whatever limitations we think are there, they are only existing in the mind and they are not real. It is within our power to reconstruct our lives despite any limitations. It is in our power to make our life meaningful by becoming unstoppable, despite our difficulties, obstacles, and challenges.

Search for a higher purpose:

I CHOOSE TO BE UNSTOPPABLE

If I look back at the events that have unfolded in my life, I never would have found out how my future life would turn out if I continued living in a state of fear and uncertainty. I resisted accepting my situation in the hospital, I was so much in denial, there was hardly any self-acceptance. We keep questioning God or blame someone without taking responsibility for our situation and taking action. Instead of taking action, we blame outside factors such as fate, curse our luck, call it the devil's doing, or something else. Everyone has the potential to bounce back in life. God has a different and sometimes unexpected way of revealing his plan for us whereas we humans always expect life to go on as usual or as we desire.

I never realized my life would become one of the inspirational stories or that people would see me as a role model for overcoming obstacles and facing tough situations. Similarly, even your story may make a difference to others, one day, in its way. It need not be like my story. You will understand this when you read the rest of the chapters on how I bounced back in many situations and circumstances, how I made my life Unstoppable, and continue to do so and live day by day, raising the bar myself.

You may not be able to see a bright light at the end of your dark tunnel right now but there is one if you will believe there is one. During the days I spent in the hospital, I could not envision my present life since I was worried about how I would live my life because I was then resisting myself from accepting my life in a wheelchair. You may be accusing your fate by failing to see beyond the situation where you might be at present and you may not even know what future awaits you. Instead of blaming your present situation, stay focused on your dreams, and do not stop believing in your dreams. **Everyone has the power to bring change in his or her life.** At no point should one stop and not go after what one wants to achieve.

Everyone's life is important and God has created you for some purpose. You should know that God has created you out of love, and it is up to you to try and find your purpose. When you feel lonely and in despair, never expect some dramatic change to happen immediately. I was also thinking if only both my hands had been fine, then at least I could have walked today with the help of crutches. I would have been mobile rather than confining all my life in a wheelchair. But that's just wishful thinking which is not going to get me anywhere. You don't have to panic if some positive change does not happen right now. Always remember God has his way, he wants you to be stronger by uplifting your spirit, by facing difficult situations you will emerge stronger, developing your ability to handle challenges in life.

Too often bad things happen to good people no matter how good you are. Don't blame bad luck or think that you were not born with the blessings that others have. Always remember that there are many difficulties and problems elsewhere in this world which are more complex than yours. Seeing or hearing about people who are living in abject poverty and facing hunger every day such as those in some of the underdeveloped countries will make you realize that they have more difficulties than you. Still, these people are living with more zest for life and perhaps are even happier than people who are living in big buildings and mansions. You could have more money than your neighbors but still, look at their lives with envy because you think they are happier.

I have found happiness in whatever position God has put me in and in the kind of work I am doing now. But many people are blessed with a fully functional body and still living unfulfilled lives without happiness. I have been able to understand the purpose of God who created me. We all should strive to look for a purpose for which we are born in this life. You don't even know how you might bring change and positively influence people in your way.

I could have died on that day when I fell from the fourth floor, but I didn't. Hence there was some reason for me to survive on that day. You should also recognize this in your life and start living for a further purpose than what you are aware of. You should say, **“Let me start living and see what is in store for me.”** There was some purpose for me to survive, which started unfolding in my life after this incident. Who knows what will be your purpose?

Unexpected twists do happen, but the path you choose makes all the difference. Let me narrate some more unexpected twists, challenges, and even some adventures that I have gone through in my life in the chapters to follow. You will also understand as you read, how I discovered my purpose through various events in my life, ultimately forcing me to write this book today.

Don't give up, start living your life fully and start searching for your life.