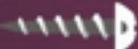


# BOSS, JOB & THE LADY

All S  me up



Tanay Anand

*Boss, Job and  
The Lady :  
AllS\*\*\* Me Up*

**Tanay Anand**



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# Introduction

As the gates opened, there was a huge stampede. The crowds rushed forward.

I was simply pushed forward, by the surging crowd. There were cries and shrieks everywhere. A motley group of company representatives tried to keep order, but clearly, they were insufficient for the onerous task.

“Stop!! I am being squashed”, cried out a girl in front of me. Under any other circumstance, I would have paused to admire her figure. But the current situation was totally different. I was fighting for a job here, and trying to do so in one piece.

Quantosys Inc, a reputed IT company from Bangalore had come to Delhi to recruit. They were going to have a walk-in for freshers. What they had not expected was the huge crowd that would come up. Hundreds of people, girls and boys like me, had assembled at the Tagore Public School at Pamposh Park to try their luck.

The walk-in had not been announced in the newspapers, and the company was little prepared to handle such a huge number of candidates. They had only informed a few consultants, and their employees, to refer candidates. However, what with one person telling his friends and so forth, the crowd that had assembled was mammoth enough to resemble a first day first show of a popular new release at the PVR.

As I moved forward, I heard the company officials announce over a microphone that they were cancelling the walk-in due to the huge number of candidates.

“Shit!!” I said to myself, this is another opportunity lost.

Any ways I guess I should start from the beginning, and an introduction of mine is the right way to start off.

I am Madhav. I belong to that generation of India that had everything. We were born in free India. Our country in our living memory never faced any war, emergency or any major crisis. The closest could be the financial crisis in the early 1990s, but we were too young then. And that did prove to be a blessing in disguise. By the time we reached high school, the economy was freed up, and we had the luxury to enjoy the good things in life – Pepsi, Coca Cola, ....Kingfisher - both airlines and calendar.

But hold it!! I won't say I belong to the upper crust of society. We did not have any old money to inherit from our parents, to live the rest of our lives as playboys in sheer luxury. We still had to have jobs, and our parents worried about our careers from the day we were born.

Well to build a career, we required the best education. And in a place like Delhi, it doesn't come easily (nor cheap).

So barely had I left the cradle, I had to go through the rigors of reciting my ABCs and narrating "Twinkle Twinkle Little Stars ..." to a group of middle aged ladies, who had to decide whether I was fit to spend the next twelve years at their hallowed institution. Of course they were more interested in my parents pockets, but I had been told that if the Fat Aunty did not like me, there was certain doom that awaited me.

Well, thankfully, one of the Fat Aunties did take a liking to me ...or my poem... or my parents pockets. And I could spend the next twelve years in bliss. I tried to learn Science, Social Studies, Maths ..... and of course got initiated into the world of trying to woo girl and be cool.

But alas, that was not the end.

After school, we went through the rigors of the various entrances which the Indian education system has devised. I appeared for IIT-JEE, CBSE PMT, AIEEE and traveled the length and breadth of the country from West Bengal to Karnataka. I was seriously not a bright chap, and was lucky to get into a college in Delhi University as a student of Information Technology.

During the late 1990s, Computers and Information Technology was the craze. Getting a degree in Computer Engineering was a sure shot way of getting a one-way ticket to the United States. A job in a reputed

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IT company meant a globe trotting existence with big money.

Naturally that was the kind of job that I was dreaming of leading, once I was out of college. So I was delighted with the college admission that I got. The next four years were again heaven. Why shouldn't it be when your parents are providing for you and all you do all day is study birds, oops Information Technology.

Whether I learnt anything about IT is something I do not know. But yes, as college came to an end, I still did not have a job.

The grand IT dream, which kept us going through the college, had crashed once we passed out. Now all we had was the degree. The dreams just appeared to be what they were – dreams.

After college, I spent the first six months applying to all the companies that I knew of. I went to all the walk-ins, and even managed to sit for a few interviews. I went to Bangalore, Hyderabad, Pune ... all the places where I felt jobs were easily available. But had to come back dejected from all these places.

I knew that if I did not land up with a job, I would be forced to go through the rigors of another round of entrance for my Master's... GATE, CAT, GMAT, god knows what.

And seriously, I was not prepared for that.

So one day, I sat to think what my next course of action should be. A job in one of the numerous call centers was appealing. It was easy enough to get through. And the money was supposed to be good. Well anyways, I could take up a job in a call center for at least six months, and in the mean while continue searching for a job that entailed my IT skills. And who knew, probably I could end up liking the call center job. A friend of mine who had joined Dakvergys was telling me that they had a role called Technical Support Specialist, which included providing back end technical support. It seemed to be interesting.

However my contemplations were rudely interrupted by a phone call from Pooja Sharma, a recruiter at Harvest Technologies. The call itself was quite short. She just told me to come to the Harvest Technologies Tower for an interview the next day.

Harvest Technologies was a firm that had learnt the mantra of outsourcing. It was a US based company dealing in financial products. To cut on cost, they recently decided to set up an IT center in Gurgaon. And they had been recruiting people in large numbers.

Good for people like me !!

The written had taken place about a month back in some school in the national capital. After that I had heard nothing from them. Harvest Technologies had been one of the numerous written interviews I had taken and not heard from I had almost forgotten all about it.

Anyways now I knew that I had cleared one written.

There were two more candidates. One was a tall geeky guy, and the other a cute lady clad in a blue salwar kameez. "My fellow competitors", I thought to myself. The geek did not give me much confidence. He seemed to be one of those all knowing bastards. The chances of him getting through vis a vis me seemed higher. Turning my attention to the chick, I was wondering what her probabilities were. "Well, if the interviewer happens to be a heterosexual male, she is definitely in".

The door opened and a lady walked out. "Ms Rachna?", she addressed to the lady in blue.

"Yes, that's me".

"Hi, I am Nitu. Please follow me"

I saw the geek staring longingly at them as they walked away. For some reason, he did not look so geekish now. In fact, he seemed to be more normal. He saw me staring at him and smiled sheepishly.

"Hi, I am Tushar", he said proffering his hand.

"I am Madhav."

That's where our conversation got stuck since Nitu was back in a few minutes and called out "Mr Madhav".

"That's me", I replied.

"Please follow me"

As we entered the main office area, I saw a row of glass cabins. I found Rachna seated in one of them with two ladies.

## Introduction

“There goes her competitive advantage”, I thought to myself.

Nitu took me to a room where there were two men seated already.

“Hi, I am Vishal and this is my colleague Sreejith”

“Hi, I am Madhav ”

Nitu smiled at us and closed the door.

This was my big moment. If I could crack this one, all my pains would come to an end. After the initial round of introductions, Vishal and Sreejith began their interrogations. While I had been bracing for solid technical questions, alas....Vishal and Sreejith had something else in mind.

The interview took place in somewhat the following format.

Q- Why do you want to join this company ?

*Ans – (For Gods sake I am unemployed and I need money to survive. Can't you HR Idiots understand this simple fact. I want to join this company because all the 15 companies where I have appeared for an interview have rejected me and that leaves you as the 16th one.)*

I have heard Harvest Technologies to be one of the most reputed companies that are setting up offices in India. You are a Fortune 500 company, and have big investment plans in India. I would like to work for such a growing organization, where I will have plenty of opportunities to prove myself.

*(Thankfully, I had read an article in the Economic Times the week before, but seriously, this was all I knew about the company)*

Q: What makes you special from others?

*(I had bunked more classes than others, didn't get into IIT's, flunked more papers in Engineering than anyone else, and managed to pass my backs in my final year all in one go )*

I am a sincere, hard working person .... (at least I think this answer will impress them)

I am a creative person and can draw good portraits of others. My classmates used to appreciate my talent in college (*of course they did .... I would let my imagination run wild and draw nude portraits of all the good looking chicks*)

I also enjoy writing poetry and have been contributing regularly to the college magazine (*only to get rejected every time .. the editor felt that they were not fit for human consumption ... whatever she meant by that*)

Q: Will you be willing to put in some extra efforts as and when project will require?

*(Teri aise ki taise, don't you understand I have girl friends, parents, friends ... I am fresh out of college where I didn't mind bunking classes.)*

Of course, I will. Like I said, I am a sincere and hard working person, and would put in all the hours God has created for me for the sake of my work. (I said the answer so confidently that even I believed myself.)

I guess by the end of the interview the only truth that I had spoken was my name, the name of my college and the course that I had studied there.

An hour later as I walked out of the room, I still was not sure how the interview went. They asked me questions, and I answered them. Whether they liked my answers or not was something I was not sure of.

Since there was nothing much to do in Gurgaon, I decided to go to a nearby bus stop and take the bus to Delhi. As I was getting down from the rickshaw, I saw Tushar zoom in a ram shackled 1982 model 98 cc bike with Rachna on the pillion. Tushar saw me and immediately made a move towards me.

After introducing me to Rachna, he asked me how the interview went.

"It was kind of okay. I am still not sure how it went", I replied. "How did it go for the two of you?"

"I will be lucky if I get through", replied Rachna. "Once I entered the interview room, my brain simply stopped functioning. It's tough being a fresher. You simply don't get calls. And here I got a call, and messed

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it up”

“For whatever reason, I am feeling lucky today. Mind it, my interview did not get on that well. But I still feel lucky. I am sure all three of us will get through”, replied Tushar.

Little did I realize then that Tushar had spoken the truth. All three of us did get through. But we didn’t know then, did we ? Besides fetching us a job, that interview also created a bond between the three of us, a friendship that would stay for years to come.

I was in no hurry to return home. There was nothing to do at home anyways. The three of us just stood there for nearly an hour chatting. I came to know that Tushar was from Amberpur in Uttar Pradesh. Rachna was from Palampur in Himachal Pradesh. While Tushar was staying with friends in Delhi, Rachna was staying with her uncle in Gurgaon. We had banta, a local, cheap, non alcoholic drink from the road side stall. I guess, nowadays such a meeting of new acquaintances would take place in a Café Coffee Day or some other place. Especially, when there is a beautiful lady in question. But the period I have just related to you about was when pocket money was extremely scarce.

Moreover, we were just out of college and were used to the college canteen, where no matter what your budget is, you will get something to eat and fill your stomach.



# The Honey Moon

The days kept on passing by, passing by and passing by. In between I appeared for two more interviews, ending with the standard line “We will inform you of the results soon”. “Will” inevitably never happens. Now, just when I was about to give up hope and end up being an author or a wanderer or may be a hermit, there was a lightning in the air and the long forgotten Harvest Technologies called me up to offer me a role of Software Engineer. A high sounding designation.

I was ecstatic and suddenly realized I needed to share it with someone. Although my parents were in the next room, I decided to call up Rachna to inquire and to share the news. To my surprise Rachna knew about it, courtesy Tushar. All three of us were given the offer letter with the same date of joining. Tushar knew it all along and needless to say, Rachna was part of his “confidential information”.

The joining was in 10 days (from Now.)

So finally the 10th day, the D-day arrived, the day which an average Indian student starts waiting from the day he joins college, “the first day at office”. A new job, a new atmosphere, no more exams, no more college, no more teachers, and of course on the downside, no more bunking classes and curtailed freedom

So, on a Monday morning with slightly chilly winds blowing, we began our professional careers

The day didn't start well with Tushar as usual sleeping till late and waking up to realize that if he gets ready in only 15 minutes, he would still be late by 30 minutes, with all other factors remaining same.

I who had spent the last 15 days studying everything about Harvest Technologies, right from the educational background of the founders to their market offerings, suddenly realized I still didn't know what was the market capitalization of Harvest Technologies three years after it came into being.

# Boss Job And the Lady By Tanay Anand



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