

# Chronicles of an Unlucky Home Tutor

## CHAPTER TWO

### TUTOR BHAIYA

Perplexed by the "Chapter Two" written up there? Well, Munshi, the dude who wrote "Chapter One", had to make a journey to another place. He was a good tutor but he is in a better place now – in a land of dreams. No, he is not dead. He has gone to *bidesh* to pursue higher education. Before he left, he decided to pass down the hefty task of continuing this epic saga to a fellow veteran, cold-blooded home tutor. Who am I, you ask? I am your friendly neighbourhood superhero... Tutor Bhaiya.

Ever been through that period in life when you are completely broke? And you could literally sell your soul for money? So yeah, I am going to tell you a tale of one of those times of my life.

I vividly recall that day. Mother was shouting at me for the 17th time in the month for the same reason. I wanted to buy an iPhone. I was young and stupid. Our family never liked this sort of riff-raff and somehow, probably because of the hype of early smartphones, I got sucked into that strange world. Amidst mother's helpful screams, I had made up my mind: I shall buy an iPhone and impress (!) the world within a year, which is when I was supposed to enrol in university.

Therefore, I required money. The hunt for students began. Every day, I used to bug the aunties next door asking for any sort of lead. Even the neighbourhood guards were so annoyed that they somehow disappeared whenever they saw me approaching them. It seemed like years, and yet my career as a tutor was not getting the kick-start it needed. I was about to give up but just when I least expected it, a miracle happened. A tiny, shady poster in the apartment play area caught my eye one day. As I gazed at it, I learned it was of Nuru Bhai – the tuition "expert", who promised tutors and parents alike of his "heroics" in the field. My heart leapt in happiness as I read his tagline: "Exilent Education Garanty".

After some contemplation, I decided to call. Here's how the conversation

**NURU BHAI**  
Tuition Expert

Dear parent, r u looking for a tutor?  
Dear tutor, r you looking for a student?  
Dear student, r you failing?

I am the superhero you desarve and need. Talk me for help.

Call @ 01-NURU-EDU-00

**"EXILENT EDUCATION GARANTY"**

I'm not sure I trust this guy...

**TUTOR**

MINIMUM "B" GAURANTEED

FRESHMAN / SOPHOMORE, MA / PHISICS ME COURSES

(translated) went:

Me: "Hello. Is this Nuru Bhai?"

Nuru Bhai: "Yes, you need a student? SMS me your name and address. I'll SMS you back and you will go to the given address. Tell them you are in BUET, third year."

Me: "Okay, bhai, thank you."

I was stunned. Whoa. That was fast. The last sentence bugged me but I was desperate. With jubilation, I ran home and got ready to head out. After two hours of being stuck in the traffic jam, haggling with bus conductors and taking directions from countless shopkeepers and paanwallas, I finally reached my to-be student's place.

I rang the doorbell and the help let me in. As soon as I sat on a broken chair in a room deep inside the house, a middle-aged lady, dolled up in floury make-up, examined me top to bottom. "Are you sure you are from BUET? I expected someone more grown-up looking," she asked, visibly disappointed.

"I most certainly am, ma'am," I lied with confidence, but my excited, juvenile voice perhaps gave me away. However, she said, "Wait here, then. I am calling Jhontu."

I waited. Ten minutes... Then, half an hour. The only incident that happened during that period was the help coming in with half a glass of lukewarm Coke. An entire hour passed by, and I could not take it any longer. The help entered the room once more. She said (and I will remember this forever), "I think Jhontu Bhaiya did not like you, sir. You should leave."

I did not know how to process my feelings. The entire trip back home took me another two hours, but I was least concerned about that. The following questions were in a loop: "Did Jhontu have a CCIV? What happened? Why is the world so cruel? Will I ever get an iPhone?"

Even to this day, whenever I sense someone lying to me, I say to them, "Jhontu is watching you." This was a life-changing experience indeed. Yet, my dream of becoming the greatest tutor ever had just begun.

**NOT COMING TO MATH TUTORING?**



**YOU SHALL NOT PASS**