

POCKET DIARY BOOK CLUB

MINUTES OF THE MEETING

YEAR 2023

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PHASE II

Edition 11

"I don't know if they lived happily ever after. But they lived and they were happy." Dark Tower, Stephen King. (Somehow this statement keeps returning to the meets)

The head of the family, Nirali's jaw dropped when she saw the biggest consignment (of books) Pocket Diary Book Club has ever received from the readers. Around 30 books from Rajesh. That's how Phase-II has started.

The head of the family, Nirali, gave us the instructions with advice from her consigliere Priya. And we moved on to the first book.

THE DA VINCI CODE by Dan Brown – He asked us if we belonged to some cult. As if we would tell him if we did. I saw the young enthusiasm in his voice as he gushed about the joy of finding Dan Brown in one's green years. He read the prologue as of course it is one of Dan Brown's writing styles to captivate at the very beginning.

Prince was reading the book just like the movie based on it. Fast-paced and thrilling. He thought he wouldn't be able to do it in time. But after the instructions from the consigliere, I think he will do better next time.

After a lot of ramblings and discussions we were reminded of 40 rules of Priya and Nirali is the torchbearer.

PELIKAN by David Lozell martin:

He said he would not give us any context, took a pause and very airily said because he didn't want to. *"I have something to tell you, she had a bowel movement while giving you birth, Charlie.*

Why are you telling me this?

To tell you that, you were born in shit and blood. And I was there."

Priya made **Raxil** read this part and then he moved on to read the part he chose to read. Everyone laughed like crazy but all Rajesh wanted to know was 'Who is Amanda?'

The father son conversation at deathbed, what caught everyone's attention was how the father wanted everyone to be really remorseful at his funeral and his instructions to literally snap and chide anyone who's spotted gossiping or twiddling their smartphones.

Reena read **THE LITTLE PRINCE** by **Antoine de Saint-Exupéry**. A children's book that you can relate to even if you are an adult. Heck you can relate more when you are an adult. Reena read one of my favorite passages from the book.

Tamed hearts, tamed people, tamed lives, tamed dreams, tamed desires, tamed curiosities. Tamed human psyche. And once the spell breaks the tamed and the tamer gets into a cat and mouse trap which will never end.



The bell kept ringing and all were lost in the world of the little prince..but we unlike time which itself is limitless we are time bound.

Shaurya was here to chill this time & ring the bell & laugh. Something Raxil wants to do. Shaurya is a good lad for the family. Ringing the bell just at a signal of the boss, Nirali. Boss is happy.

Rajesh came with a unique story again as always.

हरी घास की छप्पर वाली झोपड़ी और बौना पहाड़ by **Vinod Kumar Shukla**
Again a children's story with bolu, kuna and other kids.

बोलु चलते चलते बोल सकता है बैठ के नहीं और बोलू की दोस्त कुना सपने देखती है पर सुबह भूल जाती है और दुसरो के सपने जानना चाहती है। There is a very beautiful passage where there is "inception like moment" where all the kids have the same dream sequence and they try jumping from oceans, to moon to hobbit huts to the tiny hill. It reminded me of Murakami's work.



Kuna has a crush on Bolu. Whenever she tries to speak with him, Bolu walks away while talking. I think he is behaving exactly like a crush.

छप्पर is made of dried grass always and पहाड़ is always tall, cleared Rajesh.

Shaurya has been ringing the bell for a minute & one-time even in Rajesh's ears, but we kept digging for more information.

New thing was announced in PDBC by the boss: Buddy reading (Pair Reading)

Ruchi & Nirali orchestrated a pair reading with a book which was apparently special to both. Ruchi and her friends found shared love and strength in the book and well Nirali found just the balm for the bruised heart and her daughter loves it.

THE BOY, THE FOX, THE MOLE & THE BOY by **Charlie Mackesy**. It follows the developing friendship between four protagonists of the title. A heartwarming and a feel good/ lift me up book.

Ruchi read her part. There is a spot of a tea-cup in a page, which was done accidentally by the author and was kept as it is. Mole is obsessed with cake and some of us are too.

Nirali read another part, which started with “We don’t know about tomorrow.”

The boy’s best discovery is, “I am enough.”

We came to know that there is a parody of the book, The Panda, the Cat and the dreadful Teddy, without पेला हुआ ज्ञान।

Rajesh kept laughing all the time. The laugh I wouldn’t want to hear in dark.

THIRD WAVE by Alvin Toffler – classic study of tomorrow. Read by **Yogesh** with some गहराई।
Yogesh had mentioned this book in earlier editions where he brought the concept of Black Swan to the club.

A book throwing light on disposable relations and disposable things. Published in 1980 the book was in its time a predicament of what would be. The classic old civilisation vs the new civilisation. Serving some truths on the very real and in your face issues of distraction and decay.

SHOE DOG – Autobiography of **Phil Knight**, founder of Nike
Ayush draws our attention to the netflix series Art of Abstract..he also very aptly points out how the success stories have this very predictable graph. It reminded me of the Parabola curve. Also the protagonist also seemed to be running behind the ever elusive balance in life.



Rajesh laughed silently when Phil Knight’s girlfriend left him.
Why he thinks he’s a failure, Nirali is confused. Rajesh cleared the clouds – because he is single now and looking at shoes in a pair hurts him.
Everyone’s story of struggle is already there, we’re just waiting for success said Smit.

Smit read **HIPPIE by Paulo Coelho** – autobiography of Paulo Coelho, in which Paulo is on a journey from Europe to India. Smit and I both agree on this specific line and we read it twice.
The real killing is the killing of what makes you alive.

India आये बिना कोई Hippie नहीं बन सकता।

The first book to confuse Rajesh and we will use it as a weapon against him, hahaha.
Kushangi rang the bell furiously while laughing and we moved to the next book.

GAUTAM BUDDH – Dr.Radhakrishnan

Mitesh opened the book and Rajesh said, “So small! इसे तो कागज घोषित कर देना चाहिए।”

No one was moving an inch or making a sound, except the consigliere. Discussions began on tyag and tapasya. One statement did rounds in my mind like on prayer beads, “ભોગવ્યા વાગર ત્યાગવા નો કોઈ અર્થ નથી” (There is no point in giving it up all without having it all.)

HUSH by Anton Chekhov was read by **Asad**. Asad means lion in Arabic.

This story encapsulates the struggles of everyday family life of a man with an unsuccessful career. The author flirts with the title in the story. A very tongue in cheek humor about a writer cribbing about the same surroundings of which he will later write about while sitting in the hushed silence of the same house trying to recapitulate the sounds of the house in words.

Out of the blue Rajesh wants a piece of paper, and starts a slow deliberate tearing of the paper which fills the otherwise hushed room with a low muffled ripping sound coaxing Raxil, Shaurya and Nirali into mute laughter. And trying to end the tyranny Nirali tore it apart like, JUST DO IT. Why did Rajesh make a chit? We informed our consigliere to look into it right away.

Nirbhay read **THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS by Albert Camus**

We felt Sandeepji's absence during this book's reading. It is at its very core an essay on searching for the meaning of life. Requiring a lot of intellectual discourses to actually understand what is being intended to be said.

In certain situations, replying "nothing" when asked what one is thinking about may be pretense in a man. Those who are loved are well aware of this. But if that reply is sincere, if it symbolizes that odd state of soul in which the void becomes eloquent, in which the chain of daily gestures is broken, in which the heart vainly seeks the link that will connect it again, then it is as if it were the first sign of absurdity.

The mind's first step is to distinguish what is true from what is false. However, as soon as thought reflects on itself, what it first discovers is a contradiction. Useless to strive to be convincing in this case.

Over the centuries no one has furnished a clearer and more elegant demonstration of the business than Aristotle: "The often ridiculed consequence of these opinions is that they destroy themselves. For by asserting that all is true we assert the truth of the contrary assertion and consequently the falsity of our own thesis. And if one says that all is false, that assertion is itself false.

There seems no perfect way of understanding it..Falling in the trap of Nirvana Fallacy. I rest my case and become a humble learner.



TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE by Mitch Albom was read this Sunday by **Ankit**.

'Love each other or perish' I noted down too. The conversation turned into how and why this cycle of parents having expectations from kids and kids having expectations from parents bring so many traumas and dramas. Talk about great expectations. Ankit was a bit taken aback by the polar views on continuing the generations. I felt he begged to differ.

Ankit heard the bell this time.

(Rajesh is writing a poem.) We need more info on this.

PSYCHOLOGY OF MONEY by Morgan Housel, was read by **Riddhi**.

We think Riddhi is a pretty confident reader for a first timer and this was her first edition at PDBC. I feel she will be a familiar face at PDBC. I have had this book for a year but never read a

word. The book teaches how people think about money & how to make better sense of it through short stories. Riddhi seems to have been besotted by the book. She asked us dreamers, "Do you know the difference between wealthy and rich?" And somewhere in my mind echoed "Where there is ruin, there is treasure."

kUDOS to Soumya for having the guts, courage and the heart to touch a topic as sensitive as sexual abuse. It means a lot. It means that you are in a safe space. It means that you are as fearless as you should be.

She drank at a party, passed out, woke up in the hospital, and came to know that she was abused by a Stanford University swimmer. Two Swedish students caught him in the act and fought him. What is shameful of this horrific story titled '**KNOW MY NAME – memoir of Chanel Miller**' read by **Saumya** is that the perp was not punished as he should be and that's a big 'Shame on you' to the justice system.

After that painful story we needed something to recover from it. That's where **Kushangi** came to our rescue.

HARRY POTTER AND SORCERER'S STONE by J.K. Rowling, Chapter- 12

It's Christmas. Harry sees his parents in the mirror.

Dumbledore – One can never have enough socks.

It reminds Priya of why Nirali is not wearing socks this time.

Is she out of socks? What will Priya put on the story now?

Out of context to all but a few who could understand what he meant Rajesh said, "मुझे लगता है हम सब मर चुके हैं और यहाँ हमारी आत्माएं बाते कर रही हैं।"

And this is hell..

"But I'm also... I don't know if anyone ever told you — I'm your godfather." Sirius said.

Yeah, I knew that," said Harry.

Read **Pruthviraj, HARRY POTTER AND PRISONER OF AZKABAN by J.K. Rawling, Chapter– The Dementor's kiss.**

"What's that?" he snarled, staring at the envelope Harry was still clutching in his hand.

"If it's another form for me to sign, you've got another —"

"It's not," said Harry cheerfully. "It's a letter from my godfather."

"Godfather?" sputtered Uncle Vernon. "You haven't got a godfather!"

"Yes, I have," said Harry brightly. "He was my mum and dad's best friend. He's a convicted murderer, but he's broken out of wizard prison and he's on the run. He likes to keep in touch with me, though . . . keep up with my news . . . check if I'm happy. . . ."

And, grinning broadly at the look of horror on Uncle Vernon's face, Harry set off toward the station exit, Hedwig rattling along in front of him, for what looked like a much better summer than the last.



Pruthviraj had this very peaceful smile plastered on his face. That's a Potterhead's happiness...