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One Night @ the Call Center



Par Chetan Bhagat
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Par Chetan Bhagat : One Night @ the Call Center before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised One Night @ the Call Center:

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurIn the winter of 2004, a writer meets a young girl on an overnight train journey. To pass the time, she offers to tell him a story. But she has one condition: that he make it his second book. The writer hesitates but asks what the story is about.The girl replies that the story is about six people working in a call center and set during the course of one night.It was the night they got a phone call. A phone call from God.One Night @ the Call Center is the second of bestselling author Chetan Bhagats novels. Are you ready to take the call?This is a new release of a previously published edition.ExtraitChapter 18:31 p.m.I was splashing my hands helplessly in the sea. I cant even swim in a pond, let alone in the Indian Ocean. While I was in the water, my boss Bakshi was in a boat next to me. He was pushing my head down in the water. I

saw Priyanka drifting away in a lifeboat. I screamed as Bakshi used both his hands to keep my head submerged. Salt water was filling my mouth and nostrils when I heard loud beeps in the distance. My nightmare ended as my cellphone alarm rang hard in my left ear and I woke up to its Last Christmas ring tone. The ring tone was a gift from Shefali, my new semi-girlfriend. I squinted through a half-shut eye to see 8:32 p.m. surrounded by little bells flashing on the screen. Damn, I said and jumped out of bed. I would have loved to analyze my dream and its significance in my insignificant life, but I had to get dressed for work. Man, the Qualis will be here in twenty minutes, I thought, digging matter out of my eye. Qualis was the make of car that picked us all up individually and drove us together to the center. I was still tired, but afraid of staying in bed any longer in case I was late. Besides, there was a serious risk of Bakshi making a comeback in my dreams. By the way, I am Shyam Mehra, or Sam Marcy as they call me at my workplace, the Connections call center in Gurgaon. American tongues have trouble saying my real name and prefer Sam. If you want, you can give me another name, too. I really dont care. Anyway, Im a call-center agent. There are hundreds of thousands, probably millions of agents like me. But this total pain-in-the neck author chose me, of all the agents in the country. He met me and told me to help him with his second book. In fact, he pretty much wanted me to write the book for him. I declined, saying I cant even write my own CV, so there was no way I could write a whole book. I explained to him how my promotion to the position of team leader had been postponed for one year because my manager Bakshi had told me I dont have the required skills set yet. In my review, Bakshi wrote that I was not a go-getter. I dont even know what go-getter means, so I guess Im definitely not one. But this author said he didnt care. He had promised someone hed write this story so Id better cooperate or he would keep on pestering me. I tried my best to wriggle out of it, but he wouldnt let go. I finally relented and thats why Im stuck with this assignment, while you are stuck with me. I also want to give you one more warning. My English is not that great actually, nothing about me is great. So, if youre looking for something sophisticated and highbrow, then I suggest you read another book with plenty of long words. I know only one big word: management. But well get to that later. I told the author about my limited English. However, he said big emotions dont come from big words, so I had no choice but to do the job. I hate authors. Now lets get back to the story. If you remember, I had just woken up. There was a noise in the living room. Some relatives were in town to attend a family wedding. My neighbor was getting married to his cousin . . . er, sorry, Im a bit groggy, my cousin was getting married to his neighbor. But I had to work, so I couldnt go to the wedding. It didnt matter, though, all marriages are the same, more or less. I reached the bathroom still half-asleep. It was occupied. The bathroom door was open. I saw five of my aunts scrambling to get a few square inches of the washbasin mirror. One aunt was cursing her daughter for leaving the matching bindis at home. Another aunt had lost the little screw of her gold earring and was flipping out. Its pure gold, where is it? she screamed into my face. Has the maid stolen it? Like the maid has nothing better to do than steal one tiny screw. Wouldnt she steal the whole set? I thought. Auntie, can I use the bathroom for five minutes? I need to get ready for the office, I said. Oh hello, Shyam. Woke up finally? my mothers sister said. Office? Arent you coming to the wedding? No, I have to work. Can I have the bath? Look how big Shyam has become, my maternal aunt said. We need to find a girl for him soon. Everyone burst into giggles. It was their biggest joke of the day. Can I please I said. Shyam, leave the ladies alone, one of my older cousins interrupted. What are you doing here with the women? We are already late for the wedding. But I have to go to work. I need to get dressed, I protested, trying to elbow my way to the bathroom tap. You work in a call center, dont you? my cousin said. Yes. Your work is all on the phone. Why do you need to dress up? Whos going to see you? I didnt answer. Use the kitchen sink, an aunt suggested and handed me my toothbrush. I gave them all a dirty look. Nobody noticed. I passed by the living room on my way to the kitchen. The uncles were outside, on their second whiskey and soda. One uncle said something about how it would be better if my father were still alive and around this evening. I reached the kitchen. The floor was so cold I felt like Id stepped on an ice tray. I realized I had forgotten the soap. I went back but the bathroom door was bolted. There was no hot water in the kitchen, so my face froze as I washed it with cold water. Winter in Delhi is a bitch. I brushed my teeth and used the steel plates as a mirror to comb my hair. Shyam had turned into Sam and Sams day had just begun. I was hungry, but there was nothing to eat in the house. Theyd be getting food at the wedding, so my mother had felt there was no need to cook at home. The Qualiss horn screamed at 8:55 p.m. As I was about to leave, I realized I had forgotten my ID. I went to my room, but couldnt find it. I tried to find my mother instead. She was in her bedroom, lost among aunties, saris, and jewelry sets. She and my aunts were comparing whose set was heaviest. Usually the heaviest aunt had the heaviest set. Mum, have you seen my ID? I said. Everyone ignored me. I went back to my room as

the Qualis honked for the fourth time. Damn, there it is, I said reaching under my bed. I pulled it out by its strap and strung it around my neck. I waved a good-bye to everyone, but no one acknowledged me. It wasn't surprising. My cousins are all on their way to becoming doctors or engineers. You could say I am the black sheep of my family. In fact, the only reason people even talk to me is because I have a job and get a salary at the end of the month. You see, I used to work in the website department of an ad agency before this callcenter job. However, the ad agency paid really badly, and all the people there were pseudos, more interested in office politics than websites. I left and all hell broke loose at home. That's when I became the black sheep. I saved myself by joining Connections. With money in your wallet the world gives you some respect and lets you breathe. Connections was also the natural choice for me as Priyanka worked there. Of course, that reason was no longer relevant. My aunt finally found the gold screw trapped in her fake-hair bun. The Qualis horn screamed again. I'm coming, I shouted as I ran out of the house.

Revue de presse this book is a good inspiration for how to handle your problem.. over here shyam a guy who works in a call center his problems are shown and how he handles it but actually he doesn't handle it but gets messed up so here it's a thing to learn how to handle situations like this and most importantly you should not lose your confidence at any state keep faith in yourself to know what I am saying do read the book.. its good.. --anandi jivrajani Aug 30, 2011 See people, I ain't here to criticise or support Chetan Bhagat. I just want to say, I read this book today, and trust me, it's not that bad people say. I mean yes, this can't be compared to other novels by CB, but still, you can't say it's bad and worthless. As per me, it's good. :) --Anushka Tripathi 29 Oct 2014 it is one of the finest books of Chetan Bhagat and deals with young generation who are not in IIT and who have to work for their own purpose, story moves really well and makes you to turn pages and each character is described well and makes you to realise their pain and problem. Reading it once will really involve you in the story. Loves the services of the Flipcart and delivery --DATTA LOKHANDE 05 Oct 2014