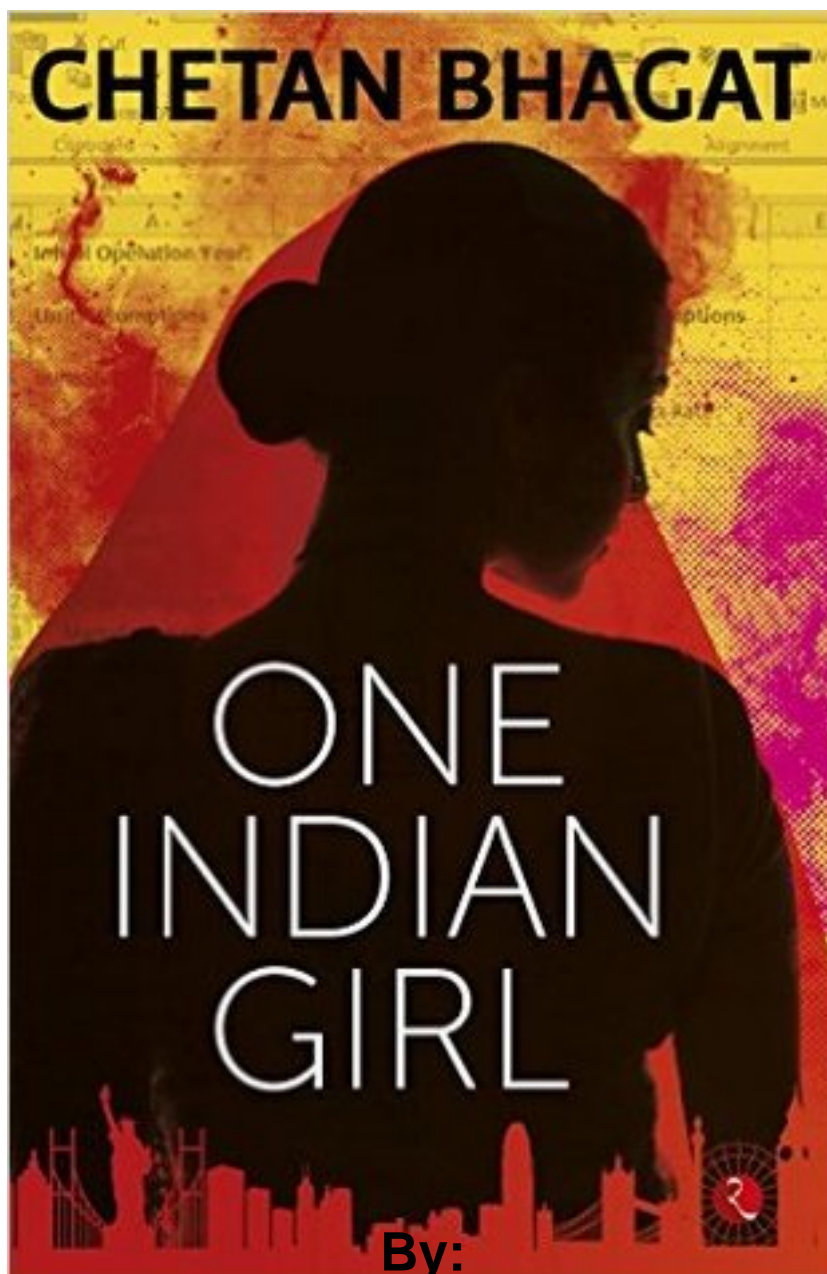


## One Indian Girl Book PDF Download



By:  
**Chetan Bhagat**

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## What people Say:

### Anish Kohli

Chetan says.

Well, there's another thing PUNJABI men like,

and knocking out TEETH. On behalf of them, I'm here to PICK a bloody BATTLE with you Mr.

Lets start by discussing you obsession with degrading the community.

I can understand the concept of laughing at one self, however I do not believe that's what you're trying to do though.

In all of your stories, a Punjabi mom can be jus

Chetan says.

Well, there's another thing PUNJABI men like,

and knocking out TEETH. On behalf of them, I'm here to PICK a bloody BATTLE with you Mr.

### Anuradha

No judgments, please! Those of you that know me, know that I sometimes read the really bad books to trash them. What better book is there than Chetan Bhagat's take on feminism? I'm not going to bother with the spoilers here, because I don't actually expect people to read this other than to trash it. If you are reading it because you think "it's good Indian literature", I would request you to get off this review, because you will not like what I have to say.

Meet Radhika Mehta, smart, beautiful,

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Meet Radhika Mehta, smart, beautiful, rich, and a general Mary Sue. She's an Indian girl who is opinionated, has slept around, and makes a ton of money, so on cue, you're supposed to hate her, or so she says in the very first few lines of the book. Of course, because she's this quintessential overachiever, she never really believes that she is beautiful, no matter who tells her, and how many ever times they tell her. What did I say? She reeks of Mary Sue-ness. She's getting married to Brijesh; it's an arranged marriage. But because she is so rich, of course, she's paying for the wedding herself. All one crore rupees of it. Or, you know, 150,000 dollars of it.

Of course, like any CB novel, the protagonist here looks at arranged marriages with much disdain. Now, I'm not one for arranged marriages myself, which is why I wouldn't agree to one and leave my husband-to-be at the altar. I wouldn't spend half the book bitching about it either. I have one question to ask Mr. Bhagat, though. Pray, tell me sir, what did your mother do to you? Why must you paint Punjabi mothers in such a regressive, conservative manner? What kind of a mother says, "hey, kid, I'm not proud of your achievements because you earn a ton of money and now no man will marry you?" No mother that I know of for sure. Every Punjabi mother that CB depicts is such a stereotype, it hurts my brain to read it. Chetan Bhagat does not know the meaning of "likable protagonists". Here's what he does: he makes his characters smart and "unattractive" and opinionated. These opinions are supposed to make the other characters hate or dislike or be in awe of the protagonist, and make the "educated Indian youth" find them appealing and endearing. The fact of the matter is that it does not work at all. I hated Radhika Mehta with such burning passion, were I to meet her in real life, I would slap her.

More importantly, however, especially with respect to this book, I would like to talk about feminism. Feminism isn't a switch one can turn on and off, you know, Mr. Bhagat? So imagine my surprise when our feminist female protagonist decides not once, but twice, to quit her job because the douchebag that she fell in love with turned out to be a...douchebag. Do not write about issues that you cannot comprehend, Mr. Bhagat. Do not write about women when you don't know the first thing about them. Actually, you don't know the first thing about humans, so there. And I repeat, as a feminist myself, feminism isn't about trashing men, it's about empowering women, so don't you dare give us feminists a bad name! And seriously, if I have to read about the girl's side adjusting one more time, so help me god! Why? Why, in a book that you claim to have feminist undertones would you repeatedly put that? And I repeat again, leaving your groom at the altar, on the threshold of marriage, after you agreed to marry him does not a feminist make. Before you write your next feminist novel, Mr. Bhagat, I would recommend that you actually read up on it beforehand, rather than conjuring up your own convoluted views on it. Tell me, was this to make up for the immortal words of your previous book? You know, the whole

(which roughly translates to "give me your virginity or fuck off") drama? You get a LOL for effort, Mr. Bhagat.

Let's talk a little bit about the plot, or lack of it, rather, shall we? So Radhika dated this Debu for two years before he dumped her because his fragile male ego couldn't handle her being more successful than him. I mean, she came to his apartment to propose to him and tell him she was quitting her job, and he had his dick in another woman. Are you telling me he suddenly realised that

hey, he loves her after all and flew halfway across the world to woo her on her wedding day? There is more drama in this sentence than there has been in the last three books I've read, and would you believe, it gets worse. So she moved to Hong Kong after her stint in New York, and fell in love with a married man with whom she "made love, crazy, crazy love" to for almost a year. And then he dumped her because he wanted her on the side and not as a wife, because she wasn't "wife material". Guess what? He also flies all the way to Goa to woo her back. What bullshit! It gets worse because she considers leaving her groom to be for these two dick for brains, ya know, for old times' sake. Well, she does leave her groom, but to find herself or some baloney. Much like Radhika says in the prologue,

. The situation here being this steaming pile of shit book. And Radhika, like you say so yourself, I did not like you. However, that was not because of your money, or your active sex life, or your opinions. How shallow must you think we are to not like you for such superficial reasons? No, Radhika, see, most Indian women of your freedom, education, and social standing are as rich, as sexually active, and as opinionated as you are. That their opinions make more sense is of course why we like them. I did not like you because you were a shit person with shittier opinions. Opinions that you only spouted when they suited you. You believed in feminism when it suited you. Where was this feminism when you wrecked another woman's marriage? Don't blame it on the man, you were equally responsible for it, you horrible, horrible woman.

I'm not even going to venture into talking about the writing in this, because that would lead to intense and very expensive therapy for me. I will, however, leave you with some gems; make of that what you will.

## **Manveer**

DON'T JUDGE ME. I picked up this book just to rant about it.

Me too, Mr. Bhagat, me too. Picking up your book was one such decision.

So, Chetan Bhagat has outdone himself. Really. Some of his past works have actually been readable but not this. Even cringeworthy would be too good a word.

So, yes. I ended up wasting a few hours on this book. Actually, I fucking wasted my Friday evening of this book. Oh wait, I fucking put Wheel of Time

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### THE SACRIFICES WE MAKE!

Was the writing annoying? Yes. Was it cliched? Yes. Was it repetitive? Yes. Was it bad? Yes. Definitely yes.

## Varun Parikh

Read the book at your own risk, might give you a brain stroke.

Below is what the book is basically about:

Spoilers ahead!

Ambitious studious over-achiever middle class Delhi based girl gets a high paying job at goldman sachs NYC.

Has sex with the 1st guy she meets there.

After 2 years of relationship, both act like dicks.

Girl waves feminism flag.

Guy doesn't let go of ego.

Breakup.

Girl cries , throws her phone away, transfers to Hong Kong.

## Priyanka Adhikary

Dear Chetan, I have a verse for you

Which can be enjoyed by your readers too

So without much delay or ado

Let me share what I think of you

The first book that you penned down

Is the only jewel in your crown

It did give some meaningful insight

Into an engineering student's plight

The second book was quite a shocker

Made me wonder if you were off your rocker