

KING OF CRICKET

Chapter 19 - 19

The days rolled into weeks, and the buzz of the recently concluded zonal tournament gradually settled. The selectors had announced that it would take about a month to finalize the players for the Mumbai Knock Selection tournament. This delay was not surprising; the pressure was mounting on the Mumbai Cricket Association. Mumbai hadn't won the U16 Vijay Merchant Trophy in six years, and the cricketing fraternity was abuzz with speculation about what changes were brewing.

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon when Aarav found himself in the living room with his parents. His father, reclining in his favorite armchair, held a steaming cup of chai, while his mother scrolled through her vlog statistics on her tablet. Aarav, perched on the edge of the sofa, was waiting for the right moment to bring up an idea he had been mulling over for weeks.

"How much?" his father suddenly asked, his face twisting into a mix of shock and disbelief.

"Sixty to seventy-five lakhs," Aarav responded confidently, locking eyes with his father.

His father nearly dropped his cup. "Seventy-five lakhs? For what exactly?" His tone sharpened as he sat up straight, now fully focused on Aarav. His mother glanced up, equally startled.

"Calm down, Dad," Aarav said, his voice steady but respectful. "You could give me even more if you want, but hear me out first."

"That's not funny, Aarav!" His father's voice rose as he placed his cup on the table with a sharp clink. "Do you even understand what seventy-five lakhs means? You're thirteen years old! Have you lost your mind?"

The outburst echoed through the room, leaving an awkward silence in its wake. Aarav waited patiently as his father paced the room, his agitation evident. After a moment, when the storm seemed to settle, Aarav took a deep breath.

"Dad, I know it's a huge sum," he began carefully. "It's almost equivalent to our family's annual income. But I'm not asking you to throw this money away. I want to invest it."

"Invest?" His father stopped mid-step, narrowing his eyes. "In what, exactly? And why should I trust a thirteen-year-old with this kind of decision?"

Aarav leaned forward, his voice gaining conviction. "You've seen my ideas work before, Dad. Remember Pat Culinaria? You thought the cafe idea was risky, but now it's profitable. We've even started opening outlets in major stores."

His father crossed his arms but stayed quiet, clearly contemplating Aarav's argument. His mother, sensing the tension, softly interjected, "Let him explain. We can hear him out."

Aarav nodded gratefully. "I want to invest in three places," he said, holding up three fingers. "First, Apple. It's a foreign brand that makes phones, PCs, and other tech products. I want to put fifty lakhs into their shares. Second, I want to invest ten lakhs in cryptocurrency—Bitcoin, specifically. It's becoming really popular in the US, and platforms like Zebpay now allow Indians to buy it. Lastly, I'd like to put the remaining fifteen lakhs in Nvidia. They're leading in graphics and computing technology."

His father's expression softened, though skepticism lingered. "Do you even know the risks involved? Shares can crash. Cryptocurrency is unpredictable. You're talking about our hard-earned money, Aarav."

"I know, Dad," Aarav said earnestly. "That's why I'm not asking you to do this blindly. Let's research together. Consult your CA. I'm confident, but I want your guidance."

For the next few days, their dining table transformed into an informal war room. Financial reports, laptops, and newspapers cluttered the surface as Aarav and his father delved into company analyses. His father even invited their trusted CA for a discussion.

"I must say, Aarav, you've done your homework," the CA admitted during one of their meetings. "Apple's stock has shown consistent growth, and Nvidia is a solid choice given its dominance in the tech space. Bitcoin is risky, but with a small allocation, it could be worth exploring."

After three weeks of intense deliberations, they reached a decision. Aarav's father relented, albeit reluctantly. "Alright, we'll go ahead. Forty-five lakhs in Apple, ten in Bitcoin, and the remaining in Nvidia. But remember, Aarav, this is not just money—it's trust. Don't take it lightly."

"I won't, Dad. Thank you," Aarav said, his voice filled with gratitude.

With the investments underway, Aarav shifted his focus to another venture: building a social media presence. He collaborated with his mother to boost her vlog channel, ensuring her videos reached wider audiences. Their family cafe, Pat Culinaria, also benefited from an enhanced online strategy. Aarav even launched his own YouTube channel, where he posted videos of his practice sessions, cricket techniques, and fitness routines. Slowly but steadily, his follower count began to grow.

As the month neared its end, Aarav received an unexpected call from Coach Ashwin. "Aarav, I need you and a few others at the academy ground tomorrow morning. Be there by 9 a.m."

The next day, Aarav arrived at the ground with Abhishek, Kamal, and Mayank. They exchanged curious glances, wondering why they had been summoned. Coach Ashwin greeted them with his usual stern demeanor.

"Listen up, boys," he began, folding his arms. "The selectors have shortlisted some players for a special practice session. This doesn't guarantee selection,

but it's your chance to prove you deserve to be in the team for the Mumbai Knock Selection tournament. Give it your all."

The announcement ignited a spark of determination among the boys. They spent the rest of the day training under the watchful eyes of the selectors, pushing themselves to the limit.

As Aarav walked off the field that evening, drenched in sweat but brimming with hope, he felt a deep sense of fulfillment. The past month had been transformative—not just for his cricketing aspirations but for his growth as an individual. Whether it was navigating financial discussions with his father or strategizing social media campaigns, Aarav had begun to see the world from a new perspective.

And as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the ground, Aarav silently vowed to keep pushing forward, no matter what challenges lay ahead.

Author's Note:- 1000+ words and do you like the story where he focus on money making or social media. tell me in the comment section. if not then i would not add these things. i am writing these things to make his life better in the future and social media presence so that he could get huge amount of kit

sponsorship or other sponsorship's at very high price and surpass everyone to became king in this field too.