

Dear medical clinic. i
realise, mum, how



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Dear Mum, Another few months and I'll be completing my school life. The time is fast approaching when I'll need to take the very crucial decision as to what career I'm going to pursue. I know both you and Dad being doctors will be mighty pleased if I become a doctor as well: there'll be a kind of unity in the family, and it will be easier for me to settle down and become established in my profession. It's also true that the medical profession carries with it the prospect of financial affluence conjoined with the satisfaction of service. But Mum, we're not all made the same way, are we? If our heart isn't in what we are doing, we can neither be happy nor successful.

For quite a few years now, I've wanted to be a journalist. I've always been interested in current affairs, and I've always read the papers assiduously. I've already written so many letters to the editors of so many newspapers and magazines that many of them are already pretty familiar with my name. I've always been good at writing, and I think all my talents cut me out for journalism. It's possible I'll make less money as a journalist than I would even as a second-rate doctor, but trust me, Mum, I'll be much happier covering the election scene in India or Pakistan than diagnosing diseases in a medical clinic. I realise, Mum, how much my happiness matters to you, and it would be great to have you and Dad bless my efforts to become one of the country's leading media personalities.

Love to both of you. Yours affectionately, Rahul