

sb who is not a member of one's family
friend / friend / n 1 a person one knows and mess, usu
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soon to be a major film by director ritesh sinha

five point someone

See also BEERFRIEND, 2, 3 of sth a person who supports a particular cause, a friend of the

arts/the poor, 3 a person who is of the same

country or group as oneself and can be considered

to have the same views or interest: Who goes there-

friend or foe? Your among friends here ... you can

speak freely, 4 Friend a member of the Society of

Friends; 5 a person who is being talked about of

addressed in public: Our friend from IIT will now

tell us about her research, 6 Friend a member of the

with sb) to be / become a friend (1) of sb: They

had a quarrel but now they're friends again, a

friend in 'need (is a friend in 'need) (saying) a

friend / friend / n 1 a person one knows and likes, usu

sb who is not a member of one's family. He's a

friend of mine / my friend. We are good/close/old

friends. She was my best friend at school. He had

few friends among his fellow-students. See also BOY

FRIEND, FAIR - WEATHER FRIEND, GIRL,

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Five Point Someone

What *not* to do at IIT

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Jobsahead.com

'Chetan Bhagat's debut book takes you on a fun-filled trip to IIT.'

Economic Times

'In his first novel, a former IITian gives us a glimpse into the eccentric elitist world of India's most prestigious engineering institutes.'

Indian Express

Five Point Someone

What *not* to do at IIT

A Novel

by

CHETAN BHAGAT

Rupa & Co

Prologue

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For my mother

For IIT, my alma mater

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My friends in Hong Kong, my work colleagues, my yoga teachers and others that surround me, love me and make life fun.

The editor and the entire team at Rupa for being so professional and friendly through the process.

And lastly, it is only when one writes a book that one realizes the true power of MSWord, from grammar checks to replace-all. It is simple – without this software, this book would not be written. Thank you Mr Bill Gates and Microsoft Corp!

I had never been inside an ambulance before. It was kind of creepy. Like a hospital was suddenly asked to pack up and move. Instruments, catheters, drips and a medicine box surrounded two beds. There was hardly any space for me and Ryan to stand even as Alok got to sprawl out. I guess with thirteen fractures you kind of deserve a bed. The sheets were originally white, which was hard to tell now as Alok's blood covered every square inch of them. Alok lay there unrecognizable, his eyeballs rolled up and his tongue collapsed outside his mouth like an old man without dentures. Four front teeth gone, the doctor later told us.

His limbs were motionless, just like his father's right side, the right knee bent in a way that would make you think Alok was boneless. He was still, and if I had to bet my money, I'd have said he was dead.

"If Alok makes it through this, I will write a book about our crazy days. I really will," I swore. It is the kind of absurd promise you make to yourself when you are seriously messed up in the head and you haven't slept for fifty hours straight...