

# “YAAR, I GOT THIS!”



*By Cool soon*



**Blossom**

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# INTRODUCTION

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## Introduction – From Your Boy, Billu

Aray, suno yaar! (Hey, listen up, friend) My name's Bilal, but everyone calls me Billu. I'm that guy who's always the first to show up when there's good food on the table—halwa puri, biryani, shawarma, you name it! Life was all fun and masti (mischief) until one day the doctor hit me with some big, scary words about diabetes. Bruv, it felt like I was back in school learning trigonometry!

At first, I was like, “Naah, this can't be real. Must be nazar (evil eye) or something!” But then, things got serious. I tried everything—Babajee's magic cures, fancy machines, even TikTok hacks. Nothing worked, yaar!

That's when I found the Blossom Group, and they changed the game. No boring lectures, no confusing doctor talk—just real advice with some laughs along the way.

This is my story about how I went from clueless to (kind of) in control. If Billu can do it, trust me, you can too, yaar!

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# BILLU

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Hello, friends! My name is Bilal, but everyone calls me Billu. I've always been the life of the party, especially when there's banging food involved. From crispy samosas to rich biryanis, doner kebabs, shawarma, tikka boti, chicken and chips, lahmacun, pastries, halwa, falafel, baklava, tajines, to Spanish omelettes—I've never met a dish I didn't like.

One day, after a routine check-up, my doctor looked at me proper serious and said, "Mr. Bilal, your fasting plasma glucose levels are elevated beyond the normal physiological range, indicating potential hyperglycemia. This suggests impaired glucose metabolism, possibly due to insulin resistance or insufficient pancreatic beta-cell function. Based on your HbA1c levels, which reflect chronic glycemic exposure over the past 2-3 months, you may fall into the category of prediabetes or Type 2 diabetes mellitus, pending confirmatory diagnostic testing." Bruv, I felt like I was back at school with never being ever to understand trigonometry!



Yaar, he spoke in such an intelligent way, but I had no clue what he was banging on about. I just nodded along, saying, "Yes, doctor, that's fine. You're the man." But I walked out totally baffled. Doctors are so clever that it doesn't matter what they say—it sounds smart, man, so I get too confused to ask them anything.



I remember he said it's serious and something about diabetes, and my immediate reaction was, "Oh noooooooooo, not diabetes!" I went into full sad mode I, obviously. "Aray, Billu yaar, marna to ikk din hai hi," (Hey, Billu, my friend, we're all going to die one day anyway) I said to myself.

Ammi got really worried and said I had nazar on me. She bought some red chillies, waved them over me, and burnt them on the hob. "I knew it," she said. "Tumhari chachi ki behen ke devar ki behen ne yeh kaam kiya hai." (Your aunt's sister's brother-in-law's sister did this.) That totally explains it, she reckoned. "She's always been jealous of us, especially you, being the only son." This nazar stuff is powerful, yaar—unbelievable!



Then Haala (Aunty) Momi chimed in, telling me that her cousin's sister's brother's uncle had diabetes and he died. But her husband's sister's nephew's cousin had it, did some desi ilaaj (traditional or home remedies), and was so healthy that sugar never came near her—although she did choke on a jalebi (a popular South Asian sweet made by deep-frying coiled batter and then soaking it in sugar syrup. It's crispy on the outside, juicy on the inside, and has a bright orange or yellow color).and passed away. I know, man, it's crazy, innit?



I thought, "Time to get serious about this health thing." So, I turned to my trusty advisor, Dr. Google. He suggested the CR 900000 Total Health Evaporator—**seven stars out of five!** And a thousand hundred recommendations. This was it—the ultimate machine to sort everything out.

When it arrived, I realised I had a problem. This thing was massive, yaar! In England, where houses are small, it felt like trying to fit a bus into a living room. Back home, maybe it would fit, but here? Not a chance. I used the machine, and after three weeks I'd burnt 345 calories and eaten a thousand million.





My samajdaar chacha (wise uncle) gave me his wise words: "Aaj kal ki har cheez mein milawat hai; asli cheezain kahan milti hain?" ("Nowadays, everything is adulterated; where do you find anything real?") He blamed everything from processed foods to the modern lifestyle, convincing me it wasn't my beloved food and sweets causing the issue—it was the processed ingredients. "Humarey zamaney mein sub kuch asli taa, Bilal beta. Aaj kal to log bhi asli nahin miltey." (In our time, everything was real, Bilal beta.) Nowadays, even people aren't genuine. Yaar, I even thought about buying a time machine and going back to the Asli time.

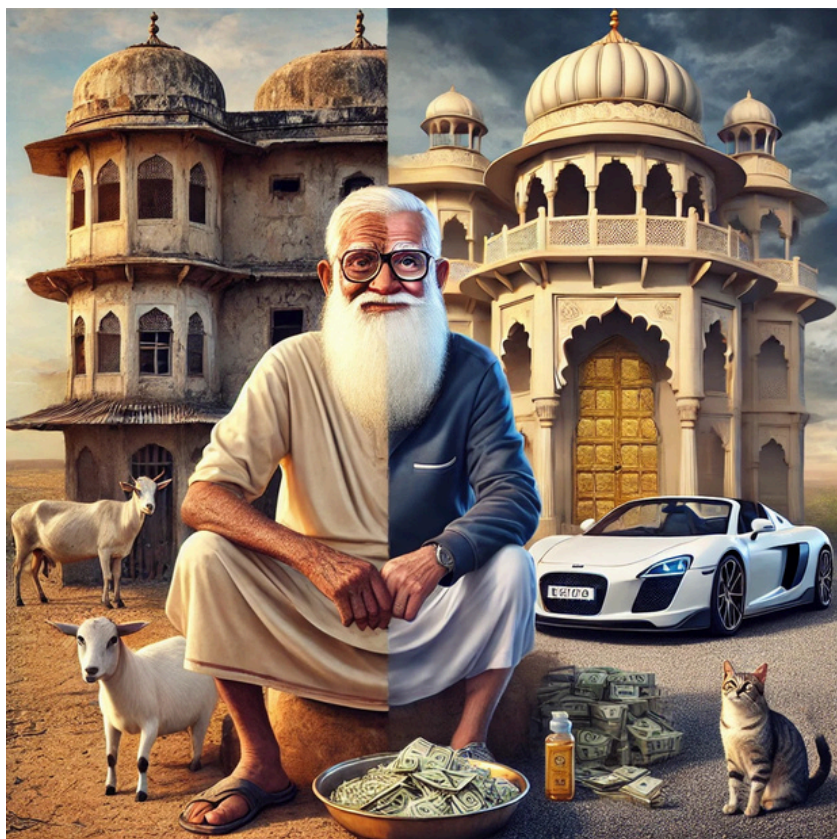




Back to Dr. Google, I googled "Asli" and found the Asli Societies of Everything Asli. Man, it was so confusing. Then I found on TikTok: "Diabetes ka asli ilaaj Babajee ke paas." (The real cure for diabetes is with the old spiriual guide). This was it—my key to health. This man was the G.O.A.T! He had a zillion followers and so many videos of vicharey log suddenly fixed. This guy was the main man. He knew what the doctors didn't. He was spiritual, you know—he was advanced, he was asli. He had so many big followers, I knew this must be the solution. He had thousands of videos with all the answers—for everything except death.



My mobile usage shot up and I had to update my package to unlimited minutes. Man, unlimited is so cool—it's like unlimited until you get the message that unlimited isn't really unlimited... and it's expensive! I spent so much on everything Babajee advised, but apart from my bank balance, nothing was reducing. Babajee was a poor guy with a huge bangla, a fleet of real expensive motors, and zillions of followers. Haala (Aunty) Momi said Babajee is so humble he lives on a farm with a goat and a cat, yaar, and that's poverty, innit!



I then turned to Baaji (Sister) Noori, my big sister's friend from uni. Shaado, my big sister, said Baaji Noori is so clever, man—she's read all the books in the world and got PhDs. Shaado said Baaji Noori was a doctor but has never worked in a hospital, which is sooo confusing.

Baaji Noori is cool, yaar. She bought me a small plate and said, "Billu, fill this plate and put your favourite things in it, but add some healthy cheezain too." She said, "Billu, apni pasand ki cheezain khao, par ek din per week. Uske baad yeh yeh cheezain khana," (Billu, eat your favorite foods, but only one day a week.) After that, eat these healthier things. and man, she wrote it all down and took me to a walking group run by the Blossom Group.





I met George, Tim, and Manjit Paajee—some cool dudes. They told me they were diabeticians... or diabeticianarians... I think that's what they said.

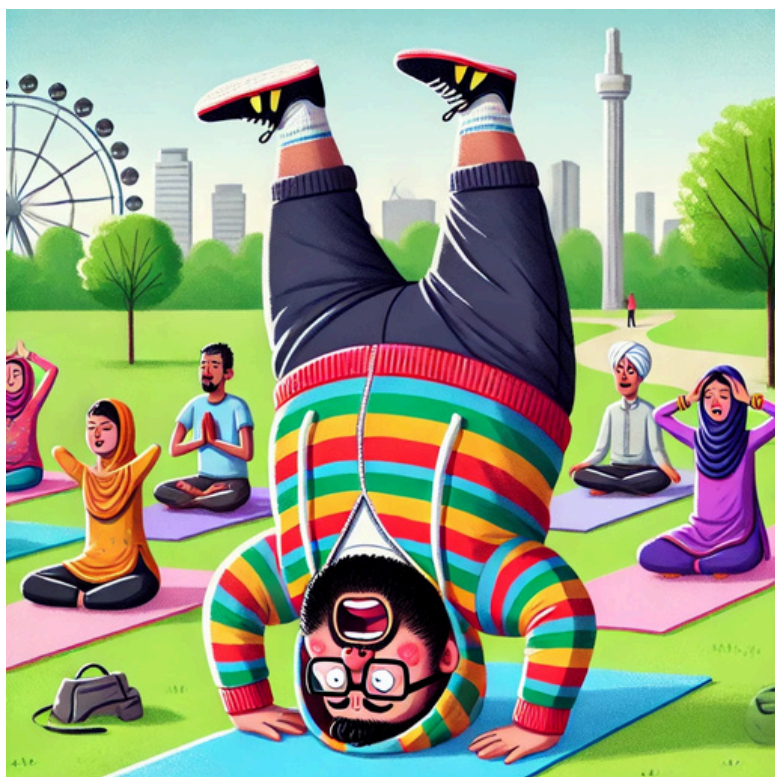
Manjit Paajee is cool. He took me to a Punjabi nashta spot and we had halwa with puri and channay. Yaar, the parathas were zabardast! (Man, the parathas were awesome!) He told me, "Billu yaar, halwa puri is good for you," and said his ammi (mother) used to make parathas in Jalandhar. "Parathey uteey lassi da glass... hai hai, mazzey a jandah eh! Parathay te desi kyo wale, hai hai hai." (Parathas with a glass of lassi... oh man, it's pure bliss! Parathas made with desi ghee, oh wow!) She made five just for him, and he ate them, had a lassi da wadda (huge) glass, and then farmed the whole field. Those were the times, yaar.





I told Baaji Noori, who said, "Billu , Manjit Paajee after eating the parathas went and farmed the field. Now he builds virtual cities in Sim City on his PS5. Big difference in lifestyle, Billu."

I told Manjit Paajee, and he said, "Billu yaar, let's get serious, yaar." So, we joined the walking club, we walk around Stratford and the parks, and do yoga, both run by the Blossom Group. Yoga is deep, yaar—it makes you physically, mentally, and spiritually complete. I don't know what that means but it sounds good, innit. Sister Somrita and Fatima make it so fun. I want to do the headstand, yaar. Shaado said I will do it in a million zillion years—that's something to look forward to.



Baaji Noori checked our blood sugar and explained in an easy, ehsaan way what to do and what not to do. Every month, Paajee and I still go and eat our Punjabi nashta. Man, it's so great, but we feel better. I lost one and a half pounds in three months and my blood sugar levels were better.

Baaji Noori said I was the man. Paajee gained three pounds and his sugar levels were through the roof, but Baaji Noori is so wise and cool, guys. She told him he had a longer journey, so it was cool—he looked so happy.

She's like Obi-Wan Kenobi, yaar—she's a Jedi, man, and Paajee is Han Solo. And me? I'm Billu. You know, in a galaxy far, far away... the Force is strong with me!



## Why Blossom Group Made My Story – From Billu Himself.

Aray yaar, let me tell you why the Blossom Group made my story (and more after that). Simple, innit?

- 1.To Make It Fun: Doctors talk all fancy and confuse you, right? Same here! Blossom thought, “Why not make it fun?” So, they used my crazy life to teach about diabetes, healthy eating, and exercise—with jokes and masti, yaar!
- 2.Because I’m Just Like You: We’ve all been confused—whether it’s big doctor words, Ammi blaming nazar, or falling for TikTok Babajees. If I can figure it out, so can you!
- 3.To Clear Up the Bakwas: People believe all kinds of weird health stuff—like chilli nazar cures or magic Babajee herbs. Blossom used my story to show what’s real and what’s just bakwas.
- 4.Small Steps, Big Difference: I still love my halwa puri, but now I balance it with walking and yoga (thanks to Baaji Noori and the Blossom crew). You don’t have to give up everything—just be smart, yaar!
- 5.It’s About All of Us: This isn’t just my story—it’s for everyone. With family, friends, and a good crew like Blossom, you can laugh, learn, and get healthier together.

So yeah, that’s why they made Billu’s Story. It’s about turning serious stuff into something you’ll actually enjoy. I’m still no guru—Baaji Noori is! But if I can do it, trust me, you can too, yaar!

