

Chapter 1 : When Dimple Met Rishi(17) read online free by Sandhya Menon

When Dimple Met Rishi was a nice change of pace from the standard YA read. I loved both of the main characters and their story! I loved both of the main characters and their story! Dimple Shah is an Indian-American teenager.

Every single time someone tells me not to read a book, I proceed to ignore everything they say because what do they know? And 10 out of 10 times they end up commenting on my review, laughing at my pain. In fact, all the disappointment I have been acquiring lately has accumulated into something so large, you can see it from space. I should have aborted this book during the first chapter when I was bombarded with middle grade style writing. Middle grade books have excellent writing, as a published book should, which is the exact opposite of this. This writing gave me flashbacks to year old me, who spent her days on fanfiction. It was definitely not as annoying. One day, when technology advances to a point where time machines are a thing that exists, the first thing I will do is go back to the moment when I decided to open this book and stop myself. Just so I go avoid the pain and suffering that is Dimple Shah. I never thought I would hate a character more than I hate Rowan Whitethorn, but heyyy Dimple came pretty close. He had his redeemable moments. But honestly, I was too busy being annoyed with Dimple to really pay too much attention to him. Which is a shame. So what was the plot of this book? Because I thought it would be about a girl who goes to coding camp and meets boy and does coding and stuff like that, but hahahahahahah nope. It was just Dimple being totally unbearable. But I would imagine that coding an app would take quite a lot of focus and dedication, especially when there is such a limited timeline. It could be effing amazing, and it applies to a bigger target audience than your app does. Dimple, that entire scene: It makes no sense. Please explain this to me. And then this talent show gets 10x more screen time than the actually coding aspect of this book does. Literally, the only cool thing about this book was the exposure it provided to Indian culture. This is what I should have done with my money instead of buying this book:

Chapter 2 : When Dimple Met Rishi by Sandhya Menon

When Dimple Met Rishi by Sandhya Menon is a heartfelt romantic comedy about two indian teenagers. Their arranged marriage forms the basis of their story, but their common interests and their experiences at a coding convention in San Francisco over one exciting summer allow them to grow closer.

Buy from another retailer: It was like two invisible puppeteers, standing stage left and stage right, were yanking on strings to lift up the corners of her mouth. Okay, or maybe something less creepy. The point was, the urge to grin felt irresistible. Dimple clicked on the e-mail again and read it. She was going to Stanford. But no, it had all actually worked out. She was officially enrolled. Dimple clicked over to the other window she had open, her smile fading just a tad. A fabulous opportunity for rising high school seniors or recent grads! Come learn the basics of web development on the sunny SFSU campus this summer! Just shut up and take my money, Dimple thought. It would be an incredible opportunity—this was true. Some of the biggest names in web development had gone through Insomnia Con: Jenny Lindt, for instance. The woman was a genius. It made Dimple salivate just to think of sitting through the same classes, participating in the same activities, walking the same campus as she had. The summer program cost a thousand dollars. Just thinking about it made her want to banshee-scream into a pillow. Dimple now knew better than to rush when she heard her Mamma call. Dimple would kill to be one of them someday. Participants of Insomnia Con were tasked to come up with a concept for the most groundbreaking app they could conceive during their month and a half at the SFSU campus. Although no one could actually code an entire app in that time frame, the idea was to get as close as possible by the judging round. There were rumors that, this year, the winners would get the chance to have their concept critiqued by Jenny Lindt herself. Now that would be epic. Dimple stopped, ears perked. Were they talking about her? When she actually wanted to listen, Mamma decided to be quiet and reserved. Sighing, she walked into the living room. Was it her imagination or did her parents look a little flushed? She raised her eyebrows. Did you need something? She should be thankful I brushed my teeth this morning, Dimple thought. Every other week one of the aunties from the Indian Association came over to help Mamma dye her roots black while Papa was at work. He was under the impression she still had her youthful color. And remember when I showed you how to do kaajal? From beside Mamma, Papa, ever the peacemaker, was making a surreptitious please let it go face. Her glass bangles jangled in synchrony. It was better to let her talk until the words petered out, like those windup chattering teeth you could buy at the joke store. It was in her best interest to hold back. She looked like the brilliant Indian flower Dimple knew she herself would never be. What do you think others in our community will think of me if they see you. But the flare of temper that overtook her made it all but impossible to stop the flood of words leaving her mouth. Papa was muttering something under his breath now. You call your own mother misogynistic? You lose sight of the important things, Dimple. Looking nice, making an effort. She was sure there was an actual chance she would explode. There was no way she and Mamma were related; they may as well have been two entirely different species. Mamma, caught up in the moment, stood to meet her glare. It is not eyeliner—it is kaajal! It was like they were constantly speaking two different languages, each trying to convince the other in an alien lexicon. Did she really think Dimple had nothing valuable to contribute besides her looks? She leaned forward, face flaming, ready to speak her mind about how she really felt— The doorbell chime echoed through the house, bringing them to a standstill. Mamma adjusted her dupatta, which had begun to fall off during the argument, and took a deep breath. Dimple managed a curt nod, thinking, Saved by the bell, Mamma.

Chapter 3 : Book Review: When Dimple Met Rishi by Sandhya Menon – Chapters and Charms

WHEN DIMPLE MET RISHI by Sandhya Menon July 16, Disclosure: I received a review copy of When Dimple Met Rishi from Pansing Books, a regional distributor, in exchange for an honest review.

I received a review copy of When Dimple Met Rishi from Pansing Books, a regional distributor, in exchange for an honest review. This does not affect my opinion of the book or the content of my review. Dimple Shah has it all figured out. Dimple knows they must respect her principles on some level, though. Rishi Patel is a hopeless romantic. Because as silly as it sounds to most people in his life, Rishi wants to be arranged, believes in the power of tradition, stability, and being a part of something much bigger than himself. Dimple and Rishi may think they have each other figured out. But when opposites clash, love works hard to prove itself in the most unexpected ways. When Dimple Met Rishi was such an engrossing book, I finished it within a day. Needless to say, with so few published each year, they were difficult to find. It was a YA rom-com filled humour. Yet, it also touched on deeper topics, deconstructing misogyny, challenging racism and class discrimination, and considering how cultural traditions could be reconciled with modern ideals. There was so much to unpack in When Dimple Met Rishi but it still managed to be a fun summer read. I adore protagonists who are ambitious. Dimple was no exception. She loved coding so much, she practically lived for it. I think girls need positive reinforcement that a career in STEM fields is worth pursuing. With women underrepresented in STEM fields, I thought it was wonderful to read a book that featured a female character so heavily invested in tech. Our world views are different from theirs, especially as our attitudes tend to be significantly less conservative. The contrasting attitudes between the two of them explored that really well. All in all, When Dimple Met Rishi was a colourful read that I heartily recommend to anyone looking for a summery YA contemporary book, regardless of whether or not romance is your thing.

Chapter 4 : NPR Choice page

When Dimple Met Rishi is a hilarious and heartfelt depiction of first love, the summer before college, and finding yourself in conjunction with your family's traditions. Menon cleverly threads character development into an upbeat plot that covers first kisses to first heartbreak.

Simon Pulse Release Date: Dimple knows they must respect her principles on some level, though. Rishi Patel is a hopeless romantic. Because as silly as it sounds to most people in his life, Rishi wants to be arranged, believes in the power of tradition, stability, and being a part of something much bigger than himself. Dimple and Rishi may think they have each other figured out. But when opposites clash, love works hard to prove itself in the most unexpected ways. Her freedom, her independence, her period of learning about herself, about the world, about her career. She was finally doing it. People would judge her on her brain, not her lack of makeup. Dimple Shah knows she will never be the kind of daughter her mother wants her to be, but she is determined to do everything in her power to make her own dreams of becoming a web developer come true. Attending Insomnia Con will bring her one step closer to realizing this dream. Unbeknownst to Dimple, her parents have co-conspired with the Patels, to get their children to meet at the con in hopes of getting them to agree to an arranged marriage. Rishi is happy and willing to meet Dimple, of having an arranged marriage altogether, but their meeting will challenge both of them in ways they never expected. I often bemoan the lack of dual perspectives in contemporary romances. As a result, it was hard not to smile with every page turned. I loved how Menon explored the cultural significance of having an arranged marriage through her two characters. For Rishi, these means embracing his heritage, of making his parents proud, and continuing a cultural tradition. For Dimple, it means forever being trapped in a box, of never being able to discover what she wants out of life, of following a path that will only smother all her untapped potential. Dimple is a character who I immediately liked. She has all this passion inside her just waiting to get out. Her ambition and dedication to furthering her education and need to discover what she can truly accomplish if given the right opportunities is hard not to admire. Dimple is sure of her future plans, but in the novel she learns to accept that life happens and sometimes those plans end up changing for the better. They often clash when it comes to what one expects and wants of the other. He feels the need to be responsible, to fulfill all the dreams his parents have for him. I admired how sure he was of himself and how easy it was for him to be assertive when he had to be. I loved his interactions with his brother Ashish. These are two characters who could not be more different, but who in the end, find common ground and becoming really supportive of one another. When Dimple Met Rishi is a wonderful contemporary that allows its characters to make mistakes and grow.

Chapter 5 : WHEN DIMPLE MET RISHI by Sandhya Menon | Word Revel

Rishi and Dimple first met at a wedding when they were kids, and at that time Dimple was reading A Wrinkle in Time. So, at their table Rishi has a present waiting for Dimple - a special edition copy of A Wrinkle in Time from the year they met.

Joyce Lamb June 1, Welcome to HEA, Sandhya! Please tell us a bit about your new release, When Dimple Met Rishi. When Dimple Met Rishi is about two Indian-American teens whose parents want to arrange their marriage. Dimple, being a total firecracker feminist, is completely against this future arrangement, whereas Rishi, being the traditionalist he is, is absolutely for it. Hilarity ensues when they meet up at a summer coding program! Do you have any particular rituals that help you get into the writing frame of mind? I have to have complete silence, a clean environment and something to drink! Chocolate is a bonus, but not required. What do you do when you get stuck? I always step away and come back later. I find I never write well when I try to brute-force my way through a barrier. Would you like to share a favorite moment from your writing career? My editor e-mailed my agent about The Book Deal on my birthday! I used to watch it and stopped at season five, so I just started back up again. I currently have an office that faces the mountains, so definitely that! Next up is my second YA contemporary, coming in the summer of It follows an Indian-American teen filmmaker who writes letters in her diary to her favorite female filmmakers as a way of coping with friendship and romance drama! About When Dimple Met Rishi: Dimple Shah has it all figured out. Dimple knows they must respect her principles on some level, though. Rishi Patel is a hopeless romantic. Because as silly as it sounds to most people in his life, Rishi wants to be arranged, believes in the power of tradition, stability, and being a part of something much bigger than himself. Dimple and Rishi may think they have each other figured out. But when opposites clash, love works hard to prove itself in the most unexpected ways. She was born and raised in India on a steady diet of Bollywood movies and street food, and pretty much blames this upbringing for her obsession with happily-ever-afters, bad dance moves, and pani puri. Find out more at www.

Chapter 6 : Books | Sandhya Menon

When Dimple Met Rishi tackles the struggles of desires and passions. Dimple and Rishi both gather the strength to vocalize what they are passionate about and what they want in life. Dimple's passion is web development and Rishi's passion is art.

In the alternating voices of her two protagonists, Menon explores themes of culture and identity with insight and warmth. Seamlessly integrating Hindi language, she deftly captures the personalities of two seemingly opposite year-olds from different parts of California and also from very different places regarding life choices and expectations. Insomnia Con, a competitive six-week summer program at San Francisco State focused on app development, is where this compelling, cinematic, and sometimes-madcap narrative unfolds. Dimple Shah lives and breathes coding and has what she thinks is a winning and potentially lifesaving concept. He plans to study computer science and engineering at MIT. But what about his passion for comic-book art? They are assigned to work together and sparks fly, but Dimple holds back. Readers will be caught up as Rishi and Dimple navigate their ever changing, swoonworthy connection, which plays out as the app competition and complicated social scene intensify. Heartwarming, empathetic, and often hilarious, a delightful read. Basking in her acceptance to Stanford, Dimple is surprised when her parents agree to let her attend a six-week "Insomnia Con" in San Francisco. Not long into her convention, Dimple discovers why her parents were so willing to let her go. She has been set up to meet a potential husband--the very traditional yet charming Rishi. The plot is moderately paced as the romance between the pair flops, then flourishes. The characters are refreshing, even if familiar. Rishi has a hidden love of comics, Dimple is a feminist who secretly yearns to please her parents, and the "Aberzombies" are the superficial prep school kids who get their jollies by making Dimple and Rishi feel like outsiders. The strength of the story comes from its blending of Indian culture and values into a modern-day romance that scores of readers can enjoy. This novel touches on issues of identity while remaining light and fun. In this bright and funny debut novel, Menon introduces two intellectually gifted teens from traditional Indian families who meet at a summer tech conference in San Francisco. Rishi is aware of the arrangement; Dimple is not. After a disastrous initial meeting Dimple throws iced coffee at Rishi, the two creep toward friendship and love, a slow process recounted through their alternating points of view often switching multiple times within a single chapter. Romance-loving readers will celebrate the ways that Rishi and Dimple learn to respect and appreciate their Indian heritage and traditions but also manage to go their own way. In her delightful debut, Menon tells the story of two Indian American teenagers, fresh from high school and eager for adulthood. I fell in love with the cover and without reading the summary dove into reading it. The characters, story, and spirit of the book match the gorgeousness that is the cover. This book was a hug to my black heart that made me laugh and constantly cheer for the characters.

Chapter 7 : When Dimple Met Rishi by Sandhya Menon - Interview | | BookPage

When Dimple Met Rishi Teenaged Dimple Shah is focused on winning Insomnia Con, an intense summer app-development program. To her dismay, she finds herself partnered with straitlaced Rishi Patel, the boy her parents have arranged for her to marry.

But arranged marriages are more about practicalities than romance. Compatibility, a long-term partnership. That sort of thing. He turned to her. So fathers could form alliances and use their children—especially their daughters—as pawns in their battle for power. Jeez, did she ever relax? My parents were really adamant about that. It was obvious he loved talking about this stuff. Have you ever been to Mumbai? Rishi shrugged and ate another bite of pizza. He felt the stirrings of irritation. Why did she have to be so. What did it matter to her whether or not he wanted to marry web development and have its babies? He knew they were just waiting for him to leave so they could talk about him. Sighing, he headed to the door and stepped out into the afternoon sunshine. Her many wooden bangles clattered together. Did you have to be so mean to him? Celia had a point: Rishi was a perfectly nice guy, and Dimple had sentenced him to a thousand lashes of her sharp tongue. Speak first, think later, that was her default setting, no matter how she tried to control it. Dimple sat up straighter, quashing those thoughts. Celia wound one of her long curls around her finger. There were rumblings that they really went all out this year. And honestly, she was going to code this app somehow whether or not she came to Insomnia Con, but the idea of doing it on such a large scale was even more thrilling. Only your partner could know what you were working on. Jenny beamed at her as she said something that Dimple was sure were effervescent compliments, but every time Jenny opened her mouth, all Dimple could hear were beeps. For the love of God, answer it before I lose my mind! She silenced it and looked at the screen. Anger shot through her, red-hot. Suddenly she was very much awake. Grabbing it, she strode out into the hallway, shutting the door quietly behind her. How is the campus?

Chapter 8 : When Dimple Met Rishi(8) read online free by Sandhya Menon

Sandhya Menon is the New York Times bestselling author of When Dimple Met Rishi; From Twinkle, with Love; and There's Something About Sweetie. A full-time dog-servant and part-time writer, she makes her home in the foggy mountains of Colorado.

Sandhya Menon The hostess tapped something into her tablet and smiled. When they walked into the restaurant proper, it became clearer and clearer why Rishi was dressed the way he was. Everywhere, couples and groups who looked like they were either heading off to conferences or cocktail parties smiled and laughed over candlelit tables. On every gold clothed table was a glass bowl full of pale yellow flowers. In the center of the space, an actual fountain gushed. Dimple was the only person there in a faded kurta, jeans, and Chucks. As the hostess wound deeper and deeper into the restaurant, Dimple turned to Rishi. You said I was fine! I was expecting some small, down-home kinda place. The bill went straight to them. That definitely will not help my case with the others. The hostess led them to their table, a large one in the corner that had its own carved wood chandelier hanging above. Dimple sank into a seat and he took one next to her. She looked even more despondent than before. Her phone beeped, and she fished it out of her bag and looked at the screen. At least she texted. Rishi cleared his throat. A middle-aged waiter in a bow tie approached him, smiling. Can I help you with something? I want to pay anonymously, in advance. Had no one ever done this before? Well, now that he thought about it, maybe not. Maybe you guys could just say someone decided to pay our bill. You know, like those pay it forward things. Just keep the change. I shall be taking care of your table myself. Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no. Dimple heard and smelled them before she saw them. Instead of death rattle moans, they were known for their piercing laughter girls , forced guffawing boys , and excessive expensive perfume both. Dimple turned as Evan, Hari, and Isabelle sauntered up, laughing and talking loudly, impervious to the glares of the older diners. Evan was a paler, taller version of Hari, but otherwise they were dressed almost identically, in understated plaid button-down shirts with a little Ralph Lauren emblem on the chest, khaki pants, and loafers. On each of their wrists gleamed a heavy gold watch. Blinking, she looked at Isabelle. In spite of the chill outside, she was dressed in a barely-there strapless blue dress that complimented her tanning bed complexion. A thin white belt snaked around her narrow waist, and a small diamond cross glinted in the hollow of her neck. Her blond hair had been teased into curls that hung past her shoulders. They all sat down without so much as a glance at Dimple, still engrossed in their conversation about some dude named Corey on their lacrosse team back home. Dimple sipped her water, trying not to feel small and irrelevant. Finally, a good five minutes later when the conversation began to peter out, Isabelle turned her blue eyes on Dimple. Evan just nodded and went back to his menu, but Hari turned to her with an orthodontically enhanced smile that made her feel sticky all over. No, actually, Dimple thought. Why should he get to act all high and mighty when he was wrong? Isabelle glanced at Dimple out of the corner of her eye. A slight flush was working its way into her cheeks. She needed a sandwich board that said, America is my country too.

Chapter 9 : Interview: Sandhya Menon, author of "When Dimple Met Rishi"™ | Happy Ever After

Sandhya Menon My inspiration was the lack of South Asian heroes and heroines in contemporary YA! I wanted brown teens to be able to see themselves living life and more My inspiration was the lack of South Asian heroes and heroines in contemporary YA!