

Operation Imperial

BY-

Rishabh Singh Parmar

PROLOGUE

SUICIDE NOTE

Dear mother and dad,

Please forgive me. I am neither a good son nor a good teacher. My one hefty mistake took eight innocent lives. From last one week, I am in great melancholy, that asshole President of IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (university) gave me the suspension letter; I do not know where to go now. I do not want to live any more. I am your nil boy mamma. Nobody is with me today. I am feeling like a maggot. Dad, I want to give you 'world's best dad' trophy for giving me such a beautiful life, but what a freak I am, I have ruined everyone's life whether it is yours or...I have ruined Myra's life too. Sorry Myra, I love you honey, I do not know how you spend your next thirty years without me, but you have to

forget our relation and continue your beautiful journey with someone else. I know it is a mammoth task for you, but you have to close with this for me.

Now it is the time to sign off. I hope I will meet my crewmembers up there; I have to say sorry to them.

Your loving son
that always loves you

Ratan

1.

Starting Point

Before starting this book, first, I want to salute those eight bright engineers, who sacrificed their lives in my operation and somewhere I am indirectly responsible in taking their lives from them. We may call it an ‘indirect homicide’! Today I am writing not for only uprooting corruption from our education system but also for my promise that I had made with their stitched bodies. I do not want to blame god for this. Just what I want is to change my gormless decision. Let me tell you one thing that while reading do not confuse this IIT with ‘Indian Institute of Technology’ because the IIT which I joined was Imperial Institute of Technology (UNIVERSITY). This college was bullshit and comparing it with Indian institute of technology is a big shame, god

knows when people will understand the real meaning of education.

However, one-day people will understand that where their nation is heading in this bloody rule of corruption.

Now time to begin our journey and it is better to start with the day when I finally joined fake IIT.

As I entered into the campus of Imperial Institute of technology, I broke off. I was glad that at last, I had job in the best university of Dehradun as a young faculty in ECE department. Everything was new to me, the studious students, labs, faculty cabin, and teacher's mess, the best thing about the college was that it had its own Teacher's colony where I had booked my room. For faculties, all the arrangements were good.

Next day, in my journey towards the staffroom, I noticed one odd thing. Students were coming in a proper dress and all faculty members were in a very funky manner. Quickly, I had flushed out this thought from my mind...Ahem, ahem. I followed the Indian tactics of ignoring absurd things.

Nevertheless, the reason was very peculiar and above expectation. Right now, I do not want to go too deep into this stuff. In the staffroom, I left my bag on the desk next to my nameplate and I marched ahead with my chin up for my first lecture.

“Good morning, everyone I am Ratan Ahuja and I will teach you digital electronics.” I took a pause after giving a short intro. The whole class was staring at me as if I was doing some odd or jerk thing in front of them. I was nervous, I came out for a while, and then I again entered into the class with fresh mood. I call it ‘strategy’ but for others it’s a superstition.

In a class of seventy students, I was getting a bit uncomfortable. Because whatever I had taught was gone response less, like instead of humans, seventy dummies were sitting in the lecture theatre. In whole period, besides teaching, I sensed as if some sort of protest was going on. Now that’s it, I got miffed with this kind of behaviour of class. I stopped my lecture in between and started little conversation with the students because I wanted to

create a friendly atmosphere in the class. I ignited the conversation by asking their names. One by one, everyone was giving his or her intro. My fifteen minutes planning gave me rapid result. After the intro, I threw a terrific speech.

“My good students I don’t know the reason of your anger. However, I am here to teach you so that you guyz will get a good placement; after all, you are in the best university of Dehradun. I never heard some worthy points about my state, but I heard a lot of good stuff about this university, that’s why all of us are here.”

“Sir, you know why you are here?” a squeaky voice rose from the first row.

“Yeah I know very well why I am here. But may I know who is planting a debate over here?” I humbly replied.

“Imtiaz Ali, sir” a young lad stood up and gave an instant reply.

“Rock-star one?” I cracked a joke but no one given even a single mirth. I hate this type of shit where every teacher looses his or her prime confidence. I

stood static in the class for my poor joke. It was so embarrassing.

“OK. So give me your view point on this.”

“My view point....” he swallowed the whole line and rolled down his eyes as if he wanted to say something else but at the last moment, his tongue slipped. However, I had observed his latent feeling.

“Yeah carry on explain me why I am here.” I said gently.

“I don’t know sir, but my explanation is very odd. One day you will understand on your own that why you are here.” He replied in a very aggressive manner.

Imtiaz’s aggression was questionable but I was still solving the puzzle in my mind and each student seemed to be a new puzzle to me. I was standing in the class but in actuality, I was in a labyrinth. My mind became numb; only one question was back and forth coming in my mind that why everyone was behaving in this manner. I was expecting a good answer from the innocent

looking mob but repeatedly I was getting the same. At the same time, I had decided that I would not teach these scumbags anymore. The first lecture of my career went so precipitate. I ran towards the HOD's office, after my class got over. As I reached there, I saw a babu type old moron in jeans and floral shirt, sitting in his egg shaped cabin. I got a severe shock after watching his dress code it was so horrid from a university point of view. His cool uniform reminded me my last vacation in Goa. After giving me the gayish looks, that old fatso signalled me to come inside (from his fatty fingers). I stepped inside the cabin and explained him the entire scene.

“Sir, I am Ratan Ahuja faculty of digital electronics. I want to tell you something.” I said in a very genteel manner.

“Speak fast...I don't have time. I have more work to do,” he said, as if he was the busiest man of this world.

“Sir, the students of section k are real jerks. They are not responding well in my class. They tried to show me their hot blood attitude”

“Hmm....Mr. Ratan, you are new here and the students of this college are little argumentative. You have to make them realise their mistake.” Fatso replied with an erratic smile on his face.

“But sir, how will I make them realise that they are doing a huge mistake? They are not studying in kindergarten so that via beatings or chidings they will understand. They are mature boys and girls.” I was confused and I wanted a quick solution for this problem.

“Yes buddy boy beat them make them cry they are not this much mature that they chid their faculty.” He said those words with such alacrity that in his life he never missed such kind of insane opportunity.

I got Goosebumps after confabulating on this topic with that fatso HOD. His suggestion of beating students up to the optimum level was not right from all corners. Yeah I could chide them, but beating them so that they would cry was a wrong thought. I came to my room and spent my whole evening thinking about those students. I had no other option besides beating them like a drunken

gloomy professor. Nevertheless, what was the other option? Should I continue with the first one or I browse another good one? I was confused what to do or what not to do. I started making plans for my next interaction with the students. That night I had wasted lot of A4 size white thin pages. Anyhow, I had to impress them, so that they would give a good response in my class. I strongly believe in the ideology of MR. Rajiv Gandhi and I am his true follower. MR. Gandhi's ideology was very free style. He had his own vision of making India like western countries. In addition, he did a lot of hard work to make this happen. However, with one blast during his campaign all his dreams became a bedtime story for the people of incredible India. That night with his vision, I closed my eyes, so that next morning I would come forward to establish his beautiful dream via teaching some naïve students of my class.

2.

Try Again

When I was in IIT, I had so many friends and Prof. Gupta was one of them. He was very nice person. He gave me lot of good advices but I never took him seriously. How I could forget my first (accidental) meeting with Prof. in the campus cafeteria. That day also he gave me a perfect advice but as I told you that, I never paid attention to his fruitful advices.

At that time, I was in little tension. I was making some torpid plan so that anyhow I got friendly with my class. When I finished my sixth cup of coffee, I saw an old man standing beside me and reading my notes. After reading the whole stuff, he asked politely:

“What are you doing son?”

“Nothing just trying to come outta shit” I gave him the weirdest reply.

After giving a thoughtful look to my notes, he sat next to me.

“Son, these notes will never help you,” he said as if he was ‘gyani mahapurush’ or something.

“What rubbish!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah lad, teaching is not done via making some jerk notes. It is an art and those who gain excellence in this art they become good faculties in their respective fields.” He gave me a philosophical answer and I always feel bad when someone gives me Pravachan during my work.

“Please sir, right now, I am not in a mood to hear your pravachan. I have to finish my work. And it is a highly important work.”

“I am not giving you pravachan boy, this is truth you do not know anything about this university and what kind of things happening over here.” He said in the James bond style.

“Sir, you are really wasting my time.” I got little miffed. I answered him in a high voice.

“Calm down son, I do not have any wrong intention. I just wanted to know the reason why you are making these notes.”

One more thing I want to share about Prof. Gupta that he was very curious man. If he wanted to know something, he left all the shame and anyhow, he grabs his information. In addition, he always cured everyone’s problem with great alacrity.

I told him the entire story about the incident that happened in my last class. He heard me very patiently.

“Ok bunny boy, so you are trying to impress your students. Not bad at all, one day they will know that you are a good teacher; there is nothing to worry about.” As he said those words, a link was setup between us. I loved the way in which he understood my feelings.

“Yeah... But if my second try also get waste then what will I do?”

“Then try again lad. I know you have lot of potential”

His words were very encouraging. I stopped writing notes for my lecture and got busy in schmoozing with him.

“Try again? How many times I will try. I have to finish my course also. I have not started a single unit yet in the class.” A debate kind of thing got started between us.

“Don’t lose this opportunity chap, just swim with the time. In addition, it is the requirement of the time. Stick with this ‘try’ thing and get hold on your class. I am saying this because I had personally experienced this bull-crap. ”

I got more involved in that debate with Prof. because from inside, ‘my heart’ had accepted his fruitful opinion but somewhere my ego stopped me. So due to my ego problem I showed him that I was hearing his stuff just for passing my time. Indian mentality again! Albeit, whatever I was doing was wholly wrong but for me it was partially ok. I was creating my own world. I was

there just to teach and earn some fat cash so that I could support my dad. In addition, I was the only earning source in my family. I sent ten thousand rupees every month to my parents, so that they never suffer any pain due to money factor. After debating with Prof. Gupta, I got chilaxed. My all worries ended with that debate. Now it was the time to hit the button. I signed off from the cafeteria, saying thanks to Prof. and reached my room for further preparations.

Faculties in that college hardly took any class besides it was a private university. That day, I had arranged my class little earlier as per the plan. As I reached the staffroom, I saw that all the young faculties were celebrating Myra's birthday. They were inviting me, also, in that celebration but I had refused their proposal. I was only the new recruit in that college and I had not even a single friend over there. Before making friends I always go for the type. First, I find friends of my type and then my hand goes to them for camaraderie. I had already chosen my students as my friends in the college.

I reached the lecture theatre on the scheduled time. As I entered into the class, everyone got super shocked. I started taking lecture without confabulating with the students and this was the key point of my plan.

“So today we begin our first unit ‘Boolean Algebra’, as you already know what this chapter is all about, I am expecting that you know the basics” I had a well-executed plan and I was glad that my notes and hard work were showing me fast result. Everyone was listening to my lecture with keen interest and my excitement level was going up every second. At a sudden, I threw a simple cum twisty question among the studious audience.

“Anybody know who invented this Boolean algebra?”

A silence entered into the class, a small frequency murmuring was only audible in the lecture theatre.

After few seconds, I broke the deadly silence.

“No one? Strange! I am again asking let me know that you know the basics or not.” I said in a

rhyming tone as if besides engineering class I was teaching some playgroup tiny tots.

“Sir, we know the basics but we do not know the history of this unit. This is engineering class not arts or something shit.” A dull voice came from the second row.

“Ok. I know but who’s that chap. Come out I heard your query.” I replied to that dull voice but this time I got little miffed but I controlled my anger. I wanted to make a cool atmosphere during the lecture and side by side, I wanted to remove the anonymous panic or anger from the students, as well. This time, beautiful lass came out.

“Sorry sir, I will not repeat this kinda nuisance again during the lecture.” She said by hiding something from me. First, I thought that might be, again, they were trying to do something mischievous but when I unfolded her hands, the story was completely different than I expected.

“It’s ok. I am not gonna eat you for this and stop shaking your hands.”

I noticed some serious wounds on her hands but I was not sure about what I had seen. I called her again and unfolded her hands. This time I got a quadrupled shock. So many cuts and lines were there as if she got serious beatings from someone. Nevertheless, the question stops at “why” and “whom”.

“From where you got these wounds dear,” I asked her sympathetically.

She remained silent for few minutes and I was waiting that when she would ‘off’ her silent mode and the moment came for which I waited too long, the hand mystery revealed.

“I slipped in the washroom” her half-heartedly given answer had not satisfied my curiosity.

“Are you nuts? Please give me the actual answer not a story.”

“Try him Devika” Imtiaz stood up from his place.

“NO yar, he is a faculty member.” She replied to him in severe frustration. “Sorry sir, I won’t.”

She came back to her place and started crying. I got surprised and started thinking that why these students are behaving like this. This time, I made a move towards Devika to say sorry to her. In addition, I wanted to know the reason behind her wounded hands. However, she started crying so heavily that I stopped my feet. At that time, I thought that might be I called her nuts in front of the whole class, so for that she was crying so much. I got no perfect reason for this and I felt pity for that young beautiful lass. My whole plan was spoiled and then I suddenly realised that Prof. Gupta was right, no plans, no notes help you in teaching. Teaching is an art not a football match. Time was almost over, so I ended my lecture via giving them some notes, so that they would not suffer in their upcoming exams. I ended my lecture and made a move towards the staffroom. Prof. Gupta was standing at the entrance of the staffroom as if he already knew that I was coming there.

“Why is your face so dull?” Prof. Gupta asked in his James bond style.

I remained silent as my mood was off. I was in a shock and I did not want to discuss about this stuff with anyone.

“I am ok. Sir” I replied in a shaky voice.

“No you are not, son, I wanna tell you something”

“Sorry sir I am not in a mood to listen your pravachan. I want to relax. Shall we talk later?” I started walking away from that spot.

“Ok lad, this means, you liked Devika’s story.” He shouts.

I stopped and turned back slowly.

“Whoa!” I was in a severe shock and my mouth was ajar.

“Yeah, boy I know everything. Devika’s hands wounded due to chidings and beatings of Prof. Khanna. He is a real psycho.”

“Where is he, I want to kill him, right now. Where is his cabin? That pest should not have the right to survive in this world.” I got excited and started shouting like a mad man.

“Hold on boy. Don’t shout. I do not have the full proof. He was in my black list, that’s all.” Prof. Gupta made my excitement level down.

In this university right from the beginning, I got so many shocks. Moreover, this was a big blow for me.

“Where is it, I wanna see that list.” I asked him with great cheerful readiness.

“Nope, I will show you but at the right time. You have not prepared for this, right now.”

All my excitement reduced to minus level. I took my bag and started walking towards my cabin. In addition, like a door attendant, Prof. waved his hand and gave me a continuous pleasant smile until I reached my cabin.

3.

OUTING

Every single human being on earth enjoy Sunday. Moreover, when I was in IIT, Sunday was my favourite day in whole week, no classes, and no grotty plans or anything. On non-working days except students, all teachers got outing. Studious students engaged themselves in making mini projects in their labs. I marked this day as an ‘outing day’ on my calendar. On outing day, it seemed like a fest or something exciting was going on in the university. I usually spent my time with nature in Mussoorie. What a beautiful place it is! There every single minute, you experience number

of wonderful things. I experienced the same, when I first time met with Myra. She was looking so beautiful in her yellow top and black jeans. Otherwise, she always wore her ‘not so sexy’ professional suit in the college. However, that day she looked stunning.

“Hi Ratan” a beautiful voice reached to my ears.

I turned back and identified that unknown voice.

“Oh! Myra mam,” I said in a surprising tone.

“You got surprised, why?” she asked.

“I hardly know any girl here and suddenly you called my name.” I gave her weirdest of the weirdest explanation.

“Ratan, why are you so boring?” she asked me a very difficult question and I was wondering that why every girl thinks that she is miss perfectionist and the guy who is talking to her is an asshole?.

“Do not know mam.”

I do not know why I am so boring. Actually, I am not boring it was just her imagination.

“Ok. If you don’t want to tell, fine, but shall we proceed ahead. I wanna buy a jacket from that shop.”

‘Why’ and ‘me’ these two words repeatedly going in and out via my brain and I started feeling crap. We were just walking and talking and every time I looked at her pretty face and beautiful mehendi on her hands. She was repeatedly touching my shoulder while jabbering, which was making me little uncomfortable. Nevertheless, at this time, who cares when a hot chick is talking and laughing with you. According to men’s ideology, men want extra fun in this case.

Perhaps by the starting of the incredible evening we were up with lot of shopping. Now, it is the time, when you take a girl to her favourite place.

“Ratan, are you starving?” Myra said by putting hand on her maw, also signalling me indirectly that ‘come on boy it is the time for rock n roll, lose your pocket for me.’

I nodded coz I was in love. I do not know ‘why only boys readily jump in love first, if some

beautiful girl has been talking to them for few minutes.’ In addition, same thing, now, started happening with me. I was in love with the college’s most sizzling faculty. I started celebrating as if I had scored perfect ten in GATE.

We entered into the restaurant and I was thinking to propose her, without noticing one thing that it was only a one-sided love. We placed our butts on the wooden chairs and as per the tradition; I ordered one ‘kahrai Amritsari chicken’ and ‘butter nans’. If you are investing in the right place then money is not a problem for you. At the same time, you think as if you are the owner of some big corporation. After the ordering process, waiter gone, after putting a cunning smile on his face, I started behaving, again, as if I was on a date with Myra.

“Mam, how did you know my name?”

“First of all, stop saying mam again and again. You are not my student Ratan you are my friend.” she scolded me for the first time. “I know you because you were the only one who refused my

birthday party in the staffroom. I felt bad but now it's ok.”

My tongue came out after hearing her sentimental story.

“So sorry Myra, I was in a depression at that time. I am really sorry.” I switched to Myra automatically (from mam).

“Oh! but why?” she touched my hand sympathetically and a shiver ran through all my body.

“Just family problem that's all” I lied to her but what else would I say?

She just started looking at me as if I was her wounded little pet, who want love from his mistress. She again held my hand in her hand and now this time for a longer duration. A gigantic wave generated inside me, which took my body more close to her. Actually, we were lost in our dream world and suddenly waiter arrived with Amritsari chicken and butter nans to end our midnight show. We started eating that spicy delicious chicken and soft creamy butter nans. I

liked the way she eats, she talks, and she laughs at my poor jokes. At this point, I was totally in love with her.

After the delicious meal, we came out.

“Hey, Ratan I wanna ask you something just say yes or no. ok?” She said in a very genteel tone that enhanced my excitement hundred times. I was so excited. I was looking very confidently in her eyes like a rapid fire round was going on and simultaneously expecting only three words from her.

“Will you be my friend?” she asked by giving me a frightened look.

“Hmmm... ok. I am your friend” my all excitement went down but my heart was repeatedly giving me sympathy, by saying that ‘boy you are a very good player in such a short period she became your friend, soon she will be your girlfriend’.

“Wow, I knew it. Thanks a lot Ratan.”

I remained silent and just watching her pleasant and lovely smile. When I came back from

mussoorie, I was sitting all alone with my coffee mug and reminding her heart touching smile. At the same time, someone knocked my door and that someone was no one but my only neighbour and my free fund advisor Prof. Gupta.

“That’s my boy, so how was your date with Myra.” Prof. Gupta said normally.

“Whoa, how do you know sir?” I was shocked.

“That’s not my answer, tell me.”

“Great, I mean wonderful. It was a nice experience for me. And she is nice and fun loving girl.” I was open-heartedly telling him about my experience with her but my excitement ended in a minute.

“But she is daughter of a bitch, got it. Don’t even dare to talk to her.” Prof. Gupta warned me but I was still not mindful that why he said so.

Nevertheless, after hearing all this shit I got rude with Prof. I talked rudely with him. For my rudeness, I still regret every minute.

“Sorry sir, but now you are putting your nose into my personal life. First, you tell me ‘how you know

about Myra and me’ and don’t try to act like my dad please.” I yelled on him in such high tone that everyone ran towards my room to watch the live cinema.

“No son, I am not your dad but I just want to say that what you are doing is totally wrong.”

“I know what I am doing. It is the time to see that what you are doing. Peeping in everyone’s personal life, this is not fair.” I was constantly yelling on him and the crowd was watching our fight as if some nukkad natak was going on.

“Don’t lose your mind; see what is happening over here...” He got silent without completing his talk.

I constantly argued with him that night. However, he became a stoic. Moreover, he was constantly watching the mob. After few minutes, he left my room and the mob dispersed after watching the nine pm movie. Prof. Gupta was gone but he left so many questions in my mind. Full night, those questions revolved in my head. I again went under the severe frustration. On one side, there was Myra, my first love and on the other side, Prof.

Gupta, who tried to give me some sort of indication. I was confused, where to go now towards Myra or Prof. Gupta?

4.

Mess Time I

After dinner, I went for a walk within the university premises. Lights were ON in few buildings. I was walking and simultaneously burping, I had eaten a lot and feeling little sleepy after a heavy prandial, so I chose the smooth and silky grass of univ garden for a small nap. After some time, I heard someone running scarily fast.

“Hey, why are you running so fast?” I asked after blowing a whistle.

He took a moment to calm down.

“Sir Rajan.” He marked a full stop after throwing two simple and familiar words at me.

“What happened to Rajan?” I enquired.

“Sir, help me, please?”

“Yeah, but, what happened? Why are you shivering?” I again enquired but this time in a more humble manner.

Nevertheless, without saying anything, he started running towards the hostel. I followed him and reached there in a minute. I blew away when I saw the pathetic condition of that grotty place. I could not even imagine that condition. On one side, such good facilities provided to the teachers but on the other side, the senior students were suffering lot of pain by living in that bull shit. I entered into the room, where Rajan was lying on the bed like a dead man. That room was so small for three people to live in. He was roaring in the severe pain.

“Call warden or security guard for help.” I ordered while analysing rajan’s fatty maw.

After hearing my question, everyone in that room started looking at their dumb faces. After getting no answer from them, I sent two of his roommates to call the doctor, who sat in the univ campus until 10 pm. After talking via expressions, one lad opened his mouth.

“Sir I am Avinash. Right now, we are coming from the warden’s office, he is not there.”

“What!” I exclaimed in surprise. “And what about the guard”

“Sir he never comes at night. He daily drinks and slams students who plead for help.” Avinash told me the entire story.

I was amazed. My situation was not good. I was not thinking straight. My mind generated lot of questions for me. I had totally lost my mind by seeing Rajan’s pathetic condition; it was going worse and worse. He started lifting his chest outwards. In addition, my heart shifted to my throat after watching him in this manner. He was acting as if someone threw the voodoo curse on him.

I encouraged him so that he remained with me until the doc came. After few minutes, his roommates came inside with terrifying news.

“Sir, Doc is not in his clinic. We searched him everywhere.”

What to do now, no one was there for help. I was paying the cost of being a teacher. Albeit, students were helping by putting their heart and soul in saving Rajan’s life and I appreciated the unity among the students. By watching the dedication towards their sick friend, my excitement level also raised up. I took that sick boy in my lap and reached the main gate. In the tensed state, we were finding the security guard so that he would call the doc who all the time claims for his twenty-four hours service (opened especially for the students). Everyone started the rescue mission to find out that bully security guard. After sometime, a giant appeared on the scene. He was six feet tall, muscular and looked like one of the relative of ‘Great Khali’. He was looking terrific.

“Stop, stop you little maggots.” He shouted.

“Hey hold on boy, no need to shout. We are not captives.” I tried to normalise that hulk.

“Who are you? Now you will tell me when I have to shout. Just keep your mouth shut otherwise I will cut your body into small-small pieces.” He again screeched but this time he took out his sharp knife. For a while, I made my mouth shut but I was a faculty and some cheapo gateman going mad at me. Suddenly my ego raised inside me. I started squawking.

“You son of a bitch, you know to whom you are talking to?” I was in a full flow.

“No, who are you, Son of Birla or Tata?” he started laughing. While laughing he was constantly showing his yellow decayed teeth. In addition, that horrid smell which was coming directly from his mouth activated my medulla.

“I am faculty of electronics and communication department.” I showed him the real picture.

Suddenly a rapid change came in his attitude.

“Oh! I am so sorry sir. Please don't make my grouse to higher officials.” He pleaded.

“It’s ok. Right now, call doc this boy is ill. May be he is suffering from food poisoning.” I ordered him.

He quickly ran from that spot and everyone started staring me as if I am captain America or something like that. However, my whole attention was towards Rajan, his body started burning up. He was fainted. I was losing my sentiments.

Approx. fifteen minutes were past and neither that hulky guard nor doc came for that sick boy. I laid his body down and along with his roommate; I went to search the doc.

First, we rang the doorbell of his house. An aged woman opened the door.

“Who are you, beta?” She asked in a broken voice.

“Mam, I am Ratan I want to meet Dr. Chadda.” I replied.

“But, he is not here. Check the directors’ dream house at MBA block. You found him there.”

That woman closed the door and we marched towards the MBA block.

“Sir, will he get alright?” the boy asked in a shivering voice.

“Yeah, lad he will. We are doing the right job.” I encouraged him via showing him some sympathy.

“Sir, nobody will come. He has to die .We are not doing good job.”

After hearing that weird statement from twenty two year old chap, I got goose bumps on my hands.

“Gone mad or what!” I scolded him.

“In every SEM someone dies. Sometimes two or three, I know this hostel shit. You are unaware of what kinda things happening over here.” He said mournfully.

My heartbeat started beating fast.

“Sir, being a faculty why are you helping a student and by doing this what do you wanna show?” this time he asked by directly seeing into my eyes.

“Nope, I don’t wanna show anything. Right now, I am fulfilling my aim. That’s all.” I replied to the Einstein’s query.

“Your aim, what kinda aim?”

“To save my student’s life, that’s my aim. Got it you knapsack.”

After getting my answer, in the whole journey towards MBA block he remained silent. May be my last answer had satisfied all his queries. After few minutes, we reached our destination. We ran with the speed of bolt so that we catch the doc as early as possible.

As we had found the dream house, I told the boy to wait outside because house is for faculty members only. No student allowed peeping inside. Inside the house, everyone was dancing and enjoying their drinks including doc and that bully guard. No one bothered who was coming inside. Everyone was busy in fun-n-frolic. After watching all this shit, my blood started boiling. My face turned red. I approached the guard and smashed his face onto the table. He got half-dead. I was unaware that all the HODs were also there. My focus was on the guard and the doc. After closing the chapter of hulky guard, I approached the doc to end his life. At a sudden like a sankatmochan, fatso HOD of

ECE department came in front to protect his beloved doc.

“Stop boy what are you doing?” fatso asked.

“Sorry sir I will not. I wanna kill this bastard.” I replied very aggressively.

“But he is our univ doctor and without any reason you wanna kill him. This is not fair.” Fatso said after consuming the lager.

“This is totally fair. One student at front gate is on the verge of losing his life and you all are doing party over here.”

“So? No one gave us the notice that someone is sick” fatso gave his clear explanation.

“I had sent this fucking guard to inform the doc but this moron had not told him.” I said via pointing my finger towards doc. “Or may be our univ doc is not serious about his patient. I don’t think so that he did not give you the info”

“Hold your tongue young man. You haven’t any right to accuse me,” Doc gave me his first and last warning.

“Ok. So come with me.”

The doc’s eyes started searching some place to hide. His forehead got all wet due to sweat. I was assuming that might be all the problems of that boy shifted to doc. I know this is a very superstitious and hideous thought but at that time, it was not me, my anger was controlling my mind. Later the doc agreed and we reached at the main gate. Everyone was silent at the gate. No movements were visible in the crowd as we went near. After watching the gloomy faces of the students, I started getting a bad intuition about Rajan’s health. The doc also started his work. After analysing everything, he rotated his face towards me and said (casually):

“The boy is dead.”

“Dead...? What are you saying? It is impossible.”

I was broken into pieces after listening to this terrific news in a very casual manner.

I was not feeling anything my whole world gone upside down. My heart attached with his heart.

Slowly, my eye shutters went down and after that, I hardly saw anything, where they took his body.

5.

Mess Time II

After seen lot of bad stuff in college last night, I woke up from my unconscious state. As I opened my eyes, I saw Prof. Gupta was sitting beside me and his eyes were all wet.

“Where they took his body?” I said in a worried tone.

For the first three minutes, Prof. remained silent. After wiping all big tears from his face, he said:

“Congrats boy, you had done a tremendous job. I am feeling so proud today.”

“Proud ...?” I was not able to understand that why he said that proud thing.

He again started watching my face.

“Yeah it’s our first victory; albeit we lost our soldier so what war needs blood in place of the freedom.” He sounded very patriotic.

I was still solving the puzzle.

“Tell me Prof, where Rajan’s body is?”

“His body is preparing to meet with the holy fire and soul to the divine god.” Prof. Gupta was sounding like a Mahatma.

“Be straight, sir”

“You know what was happened last night.” He said by pointing his finger towards the main gate.

“Yeah, it was a horrible night. I will never forgive that fucking doc.”

“Yeah, may be you not, but it will not hurt him. We have to know the exact reason behind Rajan’s death.” Prof. said (looking into my eyes).

“Sir, he died due to the food poisoning, trust me. Have you not noticed the unhygienic condition of our univ hostel? I am cent percent sure. I have a full proof.” I tried to gain the confidence of Prof. Gupta. I wanted to know this hostel thing in detailed version.

“What proof, pal?” he asked by raising his bushy eyebrows.

“I know everything about this shit.”

“If you are so confident then at night we shall go inside the hostel to resolve this mystery.” He said in a secretive window dressing.

“Done sir, I am in” I said very enthusiastically.

“But.....sir I wanna ask you one thing.”

“Yeah, go ahead boy.”

“Why have you said that war needs blood and why were you congratulating me on rajan’s death?” I asked while scratching my ass in search of the answers.

“Dig deep and get your answers.”

I stood still with my hand on my ass and he went after giving his philosophical answer.

.....

At 11: 00 pm, we entered into the hostel without breaking the REM sleep of the security guard. Prof. Gupta was taking every step in his own James bond style. The entire hostel was lost in the darkness. We switched ON our big torch to make the things visible. As we reached the mess area, we saw the real portrait of that grotty mess. Now the entire picture was clear that why every year students die due to severe illness. There everything looked messy. The plates kept at the wrong side where everyone urinates. The frogs and lizards were playing on the plates. As we moved towards the food shell, I vomited. What a dirty smell that was.

“What are you doing Ratan?” Prof. asked aggressively.

I made an instant apology for my mistake and actively removed the vomit from that place. Prof.

Gupta was like Amir Khan, Mr. Perfectionist. He disliked even an iota mistake in his work.

Moreover, I made a huge mistake in his mission via vomiting. I got panicky after watching his ugly looking face in the torch light. However, I removed my eyes from his face and signalled him to proceed ahead.

“what the fuck these students consume here.” Prof. said in worried tone.

“Sir, this is the reason behind the Rajan’s death.” I said.

“yeah but we have to dig more. May be we get more info.”

Prof was getting worried and more worried because we were in the mess area and yet we had to explore many things. We hardly breathing in that food shell. We came out after suffocating a lot. Now, only water could remove our suffocation. As I lifted the lid of the water tank, I saw sand more than the water. A convulse ran via my body. I called Prof. gupta immediately.

“Sir, see I got one more clue here.”

Prof. was busy in clicking photographs of the mess and the food shell as if he was doing a photo shoot with kingfisher models. This time he heard my voice.

“What have you discovered?” he asked after taking a glance over my discovery.

“Water tank,” I gave an instant reply.

“Water tan.....” Prof. had switched off his torch after absorbing the last word ‘tank’ in his mouth.

When I asked the genuine reason for this absorbance, he said:

“Time to hide somewhere. Run”

For a while, I thought that he was gone round the bend. He was acting like a psychic patient. May be it was the outcome of the bad impact of that smell which was coming from the food shell.

Nevertheless, after few seconds the whole confusion was clear. I saw a light and a man’s voice heading towards the mess area. He was the warden of the hostel.

“Hey, who’s there?” Warden shouts.

We hid in bloody food shell after hearing that voice. It was too hard to control your breath over there. That fucking smell gained the full control over my head. Again, I started feeling crap. That smell was leading me near to death.

I started making some jerk noises in the food shell. Prof Gupta tried to normalise me in that situation but his attempt became useless. After hearing so much noise from the food shell the warden caught both of us red handed.

I was in very bad state; I was behaving like a mad dog. Prof. held my hand in the entire journey (from hostel to warden's office). I took my seat in the corner my situation was very sarcastic.

“So what were you doing inside the mess area?” warden asked a straight question.

“We were just searching Ratan's id. He lost it somewhere in the hostel's mess area.” Prof. replied humbly.

“What his id doing in the mess area, eating paranthas?” Warden was in the mood to play KBC with Prof. Gupta.

“Sir, he is that faculty who helped your boy at the time when he was suffering pain in his maw.”

Prof. shouted (angrily this time).

The warden’s condition became pathetic at that time when Prof. roared at him.

“OK. Sir, I am so sorry. I got it. Tomorrow, I will arrange a meeting with director sahib. I want to give him a big honourable prize for his bravery and kindness.”

“Thank you sir, but I don’t wanna repeat the history.”

I was sitting in one corner like a mad dog and hearing their talks. Still, I feel crap when I recall this ‘history’ line of Prof. Gupta. It shows his good and caring nature. He did not want to let me die. He loved me as my dad. That night I saw his other side and still I was sitting like a mad dog but this time a bright smile was on my face and I was continuously looking towards Prof. Gupta.

6.

Dutch courage

What will you do, when you wanna propose a girl?
To be straight, you will tell her your feelings.
However, in my case, there was a little curve.
After feeling so much pain in this college I wanted
someone special to whom I told all my latent
feelings. Now, the problem was how could I tell
my feelings to Myra? I wanted to say three lovely
words to her, anyhow. Therefore, I chose the
wrong but courageous path to express my love
(without fear) to Myra. That night I was drinking

lager with Bahadur (univs' canteen owner). He was a good cook. Whenever, I felt stress, I went to him for a drink and his handmade snacks. Also at that time, we were having fun together, drinking and sharing our life's secret stories. My love proposal (to Myra) was a pre-planned game, which I had to play. In addition, all the controls were in the hands of my destiny. I was like a living Muppet.

“Sahabji, why are you looking so worried today?” Bahadur enquired.

I remained quiet; I was busy in drinking alcohol.

“Sahabji, if you are in some problem then tell me. I will help you,” he again asked. He was very caring. In addition, he was the member of the social society.

Our ‘social societies’ or what we call them in general ‘the minority classes’. The people in these societies are way to better than the people in upper class societies. I am not talking about ‘averages’ (middle class one), because they are ‘the most ignored’ people of this world. What my point is that why we give our social societies the severe

disrespect? They work in our homes, to make our surroundings clean and hygienic. Why we cannot take any initiative to bring back their goody image? There are so many questions to answer but first, our upper class societies have to be social. The word 'Indian' means 'the one who has lot of potential'. If we have then we can beat any country (excluding war) easily. Nevertheless, why are we losing every race with other nations? The answer somewhere lies in the word 'discrimination'. You know who invented this grotty word. Yep, it's our corrupt politicians, business personalities etc. in short "zillionaires". These GORMLESS worms have stretched this word from Jammu and Kashmir to Kanyakumari.

The same discrimination was bahadur facing in India. He was from northeast. Moreover, we all know what kinda problems they face. They are Indians but we call them Chinese. What a shame and we call ourselves incredible. I don't think so. Indians are the worst creation of god. We have lost our harmony, respect and uniqueness. Now it's the time to accept that we are the extinct species. We

are not Indians, because Indians never do discrimination.

Now coming back to bahadur, every night he cried for being Non-Indian. In addition, I made him felt comfortable via pouring some more drink into his glass. What else I should do instead of giving him a drink to express his anger in a better way? I am not a shaman then.

“I am little worried but for different reason.” I replied.

“What reason?” he asked while making another drink for me.

For a while, I remained quiet. I thought that should I told him about Myra or not? However, I had seen no fake expressions of sympathy on his face, as also he was the member of the social society.

“Bahadur, I like Myra yar.” I was feeling diffident.

Bahadur stared my face for a while and said:

“Now we celebrate big with this bottle”

I never drank the Indian branded drink. Nevertheless, it was bahadurs' treat so how could I refuse it. For the first time I drank the 'desi daru'.

"It's desi, but..." I started fumbling.

"So what we need, a big celebration Sahabji" he was in nice mood.

"But I am not use to it." I said. "And I haven't expressed anything to her yet."

Bahadur's face again went dull. His excitement was lost. He placed that bottle on the table and said:

"Sahabji, consume this drink and then see the 'Dutch courage' in you to tell memsahib everything."

I thought that without Dutch courage I lose Myra so for that I had to consume it. Then I opened the bottle like I was opening the champagne. I drank two full neat and my mind, at a sudden, was gone at the highest altitude.

I shouted:

“I am the king of this universe and I want to meet Myra, my beloved queen.”

“Sahabji you are going awesome. Now time to meet your beloved queen.” He was igniting my Dutch courage.

I marched ahead with my army towards teachers’ colony, sector-c, and apartment no. c-99.

“come out my queen, your king wants to meet you.” I shouted fearlessly.

In result, everyone came out including my queen.

“What happened to you, scumbag, why are you shouting at midnight?” An old moron chided me.

I ignored that egghead. I started shouting again.

“I am here for Myra, not for you. Where is my queen?”

Myra suddenly came out.

“Why are you shouting Ratan?” As she called my name, everyone got a super-duper shock.

That moment was very dramatic plus problematic. On one side, I was shouting and on the other side, Myra was trying to normalise my Dutch courage.

“Are you drunk?” she asked.

I stood still my all focus was on her. What should I told her? I was speechless.

“Your silence means yeah, you are drunk.” She was angry.

I was like watching her beautiful face. I was not conscious at all. I just wanted to tell her my feelings. Suddenly volcano erupted.

“Myra, I love you.” I proposed her in front of the mob.

All my shying nature dissolved into the desi beer. Now, I had my Dutch courage with little audience and me.

“What? You are drunk. Go home.” she said.

“You are my home. My home is incomplete without you. Please say you love me. I drank this strong alcohol because I wanted to express my

feeling, which I hadn't expressed in musoorie.”
My little extempore went good.

I was feeling nice after giving a lovely speech.
Now, I was ‘just’ waiting for the answer.

Everyone in that sector started showing this kind of window dressing as if a nail biting match was going on between India and Pakistan. It was a tensed situation. I was waiting for my answer and others were waiting for the next move. That night was unforgettable one. Suddenly, Myra started running towards me. As she came closer to my face, she kissed me. It was my first kiss. Each person present on the scene started clapping for my unbelievable achievement. I got my first love. Alternatively, it is appropriate to say that ‘Dutch courage’ made this impossible work possible. I thought she started hating me for this c-grade deed. However, it was all due to my Dutch courage, I founded my true love.

7.

Devika's pain

Mostly, every crime happens at night. But why? Are nights safer for psychopaths? May be, but at night Indian women feel unsafe. These criminals sexually harass our sisters, daughters, and even mothers. We have to change our mentality. We blame western culture behind every rape.

However, the actual story is that western culture is thousand times better than our old- moronic Indian culture. I am not a 'Deshdrohi', my intentions are clear. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings.

What should I do, my work is to tell the truth.

Now what's next? The answer is quite simple, we need to crush every superstition, abandon all poojas and mantras, and renounce the entire 'fake priest' thoughts. Believe in yourself believe in individualism. Before attempting rape (or any crime), think for a while that what am I doing is right or wrong? Education doesn't matter, matters what is our sensibility. If we are sensible, then we are great.

In IIT, I had done every work at night. However, I am not a criminal, but for them (President's officials) I am a 'father of Osama bin Laden'.

After Prof. Dhyanchand, I was the next terror for their evil thoughts. Nevertheless, I am born to demolish this 'fake IIT'. It was almost 11:30 pm and I was struggling that night. My maw was paining due to my overeating problem. That pain was killing my sleep too. I switched ON the lights

and went near to the window for fresh air; when I started feeling good I noticed some movements inside the ECE HOD's office. Being a member of ECE department a sudden curiosity generated inside me. I started walking towards the fatso's office. As I went closer, I saw a girl screaming and shouting in front of the fatso and Prof. Khanna. Her face covered with the scarf. Now the question is why the hod and prof. khanna was beating her so severely.

Suddenly after the severe beatings, fatso started tearing her clothes. She was in her negligee. She was continuously shouting:

“Please leave me, sir”

I was watching the whole incident carefully. Suddenly an idea struck into my mind. I opened my cell phone and filmed the whole incident.

“Please sir...” fatso grabbed her mouth and thrown her on the table. It was a rape, which I was filming. Still that girl was unidentified.

“Who is she?” I whispered. I was eager to know her name and everything. Those bastards

repeatedly raped her I felt like crying after watching this hideous crime in my univ. I was helpless. I wanted to help her. But, I was only a spectator.

The whole image of this university was drowning in front of my eyes. Simultaneously, a current was also generating inside my body. I wanted to beat those post humouses. After a full night entertainment, they left her inside the cabin unclothed. Then I stepped inside the cabin, my legs were shaking I was thinking that how would I face that girl's pain. When I un-scarfed her, my heart came out. I held my head and sat beside her. She was Devika (Imtiaz's friend). After few minutes, prof. gupta also came there.

“What happened ratan, what are you doing here?” he enquired.

I hugged him tightly and started crying. He tapped my shoulder and said:

“Every day, I watch this shit. I know it's hard to believe. Nevertheless, remember this is imperial

institute of technology. Don't waste your anger by simply crying. ”

I controlled my emotions and asked him a question:

“Sir, what are you doing here?”

“After this hideous crime I came here to reduce Devika's pain. She is my BRAVE HEART.” He said in a very proud manner.

“I didn't get you sir, please be straight.” I pleaded. He started watching my face.

“Son, I had told you about Prof. Khanna that he is a psycho.”

“Yep, now I know who he is.” I said.

“Every night, he forcefully takes any girl of his choice and do sex. Actually, he likes Devika and wants to marry her.” He said by rubbing his teeth.

“What!” I was surprised.

“Devika slapped him in front of the top officials. That's why he is taking his revenge by sexually

assaulting her, every night.” Prof. Gupta told me the entire story.

I started thinking about the class incident, when Devika was hiding her pain from me. I got all the answers. After confabulating, prof. gupta and I took her to our apartment. She was a living legend for me that night. I had told you earlier that the senior students were facing many difficulties in this university and I wanted to end this bullcrap. However, what should I do? A big question mark was on the top of my head.

Inside the apartment, prof. gupta started discussing about Prof. Dhyanchand.

“DO you know who Prof. Dhyanchand was? He asked in his detective style.

I nodded my head from left to right. That means no.

After, wrapping devika’s hands with lots of bandages, he first time showed me his ‘BLACK LIST’ in which each faculty listed with black marker. I photographed the entire list on my cell. I forgot about Prof. Dhyanchand and started

examining the list. In addition, prof. had swallowed his Wikipedia back into his stomach. Whole night we sat beside Devika to reduce her pain by watching her innocent face and that list.

8.

Prof.'s secret

Secrets, secrets, secrets! Every single person in this world keep some secrets, for example, a man already having children and a beautiful wife but still he dates another woman who is more hotter and slimmer than his wife. These kinds of secrets are short lived. We cannot hide them from our dear

ones. I don't like keeping secrets or to be frank my secrets easily come out in front of the world. So, why we keep secrets, show them to the world. It is easy and better way to release yourself from all the sins. Nevertheless, not every secret related to the bad concept. Actually, in this universe, two types of secrets are in existence. One is good secret and another one is bad secret. So here, we talk about good secrets, which we keep to make this world live in a better way. Another name of the good secret is 'sacrifice'. If we take a glance on our family, parents do sacrifices for their children; in return, children also do some sacrifices for their parents. We are bounded with the word 'sacrifice' or 'good secrets' or in Hindi version; we call it 'Tyaga'.

I have some bad as well as good secrets in my life. For bad secrets, I regret every minute. Why I regret? Answer is same my secrets whether bad or good all come out with no shame. I never share anybody's secrets. However, you cannot predict your life. Life gives you lot of surprises and each surprise hold some meaning. As I had not

predicted that, I ever share anybody's secret in my life.

It was a daytime, my alarm clock was about to broken into pieces. When it snoozes out, I tapped my palm onto the top of the clock. Finally, I woke up. That rape incident had shaken me from inside. I started working late at night and I screwed my daily routine because of that grotty incident. It was looking as if somebody had raped me. In addition, I started hating going into the classes. Whatever, it's my life, which was ruining and I am the one who was ruining it. So no worries! When I almost bathed, I sensed as if somebody illegally entered into my room. I came out in my boxers. My eyes were scanning the entire room. Suddenly, a hand came from my backside. As I turned behind, I saw Myra was standing in her beautiful dress, towelling my wet back. I quickly covered my bottom part with another towel.

“MMM...Myra, you!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah my king, it's me, your queen.” She teased me.

“I am so sorry Myra, bahadur encouraged me.” I tried to prove myself clean.

“Yeah, yeah I know. At least you proposed me. Otherwise boys take very long time to propose.” She said. “You are my hero,”

I started whistling Mika’s HOTTEST song.

“STOP whistling and put some nice clothes on your naked body. We are going KFC today.” She said while selecting some decent shirts from my wardrobe.

I got super excited. I was going on a non-vegetarian date. I quickly dressed and went KFC for my first date.

“Are you excited?” I asked Myra a silly question.

“For what?” she asked by throwing back another question.

“For our date Myra, where is your mind?”

She gave a huge laughter. I hate when girls laugh without reason. Are boys funny? However, most of the times we crack jokes in front of the girls just for fun.

“Why are you laughing?” I asked.

She blinked her beautiful eyes and said:

“I am in love that’s why I am laughing.”

I was confused. Why girls give tricky answers, especially when they are in relationship? Maybe boys find nothing out of this garbage, but I founded various oxymoronic answers. However, I was looking at her charming face. It was glowing like a precious pearl glow under the ocean.

“Please speak something, I am feeling boring.” She said while taking a leg piece from the bucket.

“So are you from ECE Department?” I asked her a simple question.

“No, I am from PDP department.” She said.

“Ok, that’s nice yar.” I said by holding her soft and lovely hands.

“So, how many members are there in your family?” she asked in such a tone as if she was a ‘jan-gadna’ officer or something like that.

“Including me, three.” I replied. “And in your family?”

She remained quiet for some time. I thought in my mind that had I asked a wrong question. But, after a long thought process, she said:

“None, I am an orphan.”

That moment was so embarrassing for me. I revived her old wounds. Then, in the entire journey (from KFC to her apartment), we hardly talked. I was continuously blaming myself for this shit.

Suddenly, Prof. Gupta came into my room.

“What happened ratan, why are you so upset?”

“Nothing, I am not feeling good.” I said by ignoring him.

“Tell me, anything wrong?” he asked again.

I again lied to him. I didn't want to let him know about my relationship with Myra.

“Leave it, sir. You want something.” I changed the topic.

“Yeah, a week later I told you about Prof. Dhyanchand.” Prof. reminded me.

“Yes, of course, and I got busy in watching your black list.”

He took out an old paper from his coat pocket and tossed it towards me.

“What’s this prof.?” I asked after reading the name ‘prof. dhyanchand’ on the top of the paper.

“He is prof. dhyanchand, my close friend. You got job at his place.” He said.

“Where is he now?” I asked.

After wiping all tears from his face, prof said:

“He is no more between us. He is dead.”

“Oh Sorry for the loss but how was he died?” I enquired.

“It is a long story lad.”

“So I tell me the summary.” I talked intelligently.

He watched my face and said:

“Son, he was exactly like you, very passionate and energetic. For students he was like god. I have a doubt that our univ president killed him for those pics.”

“What pics,” I said.

“He clicked some valuable pictures and our president sahib faced a lot of trouble due to those pics. However, he is a very powerful person. All the police officers are under his control. PROF. Dhyanchand died under some conspiracy.”

I got amazed after hearing the prof.’s secret. This world is full of powerful people who want to rule by making graves for less powerful people. However, in actuality, less powerful people sacrificed their lives after showing their power to more powerful personalities. After hearing prof.’s secret, I got a serious blow. Neither prof. nor I was sure that our univ president killed our leader, prof. dhyanchand. Nevertheless, on that eve, we lightened numerous candles in his memory.

9.

Welcome freshers!

When I was a student, my college days went so good. Nevertheless, first day of my college was so horrible. According to the Indian philosophy, first day decides your remaining days. I always thought that my first day went so bad, now what about my remaining days. My first semester disfigured because of this moronic psychology. However,

from second sem onwards I had improved my further GPA's. Being a faculty, on fresher's day I sensed the same feeling inside the freshers. They were worried, tensed, and little excited. They were discussing about the univ campus, teachers, its reputation etc. They were not in first sem; actually, they were in their first hell. I was surprised after hearing from a sixth sem student that special building was given to the freshers (where they complete their both sems) just to minimise their interaction with the seniors. They interact with their seniors after second sem or alternatively after signing a ten-page affidavit.

‘What the hell this affidavit is?’ this question came in my mind at least hundred times. At the end of the second sem, imperial group gives you an affidavit in which first nine pages are related to ragging and cyber crime but the real matter is at 10th page where it is clearly stated that ‘If I leave the imperial institute of technology(in any sem), I will pay the penalty of 10 lac rupees. Also, I agree with all the remaining terms and conditions.’

What the fuck! these three words came out from my mouth after hearing all this shit. Is it possible? Have you heard any such thing in other deemed universities? Maybe or maybe not, you have heard about this stuff but if you are in some private university, which calls it as 'deemed univ' then be aware, always read these kinda stuffs carefully. I am not saying that every private univ is fake or corrupt but in India, it does not matter that whether your university is private or government. Both univs have the same 'corruption' problem. Private universities are making education a business, and government universities, I don't know what they are doing.

India has less than zero% educated people, it means our education is at minus level. Only few people are literate and the remaining ones are eating mud in their houses. Our country is setting a big bad example for the future generations. In abroad, every comedian when comment on the topic 'corruption' they mark India on the top of their list. India is topping every negative chart, but when will we top the positive charts? In my

opinion never, we are the bunch of idiots who vote blindly. I don't wanna go too deep into the politics but for me politics is not that bad, the people who are in the politics (whether in univs, parliament, business corps etc.) are corrupt.

After hearing that 'affidavit' thing from a sixth sem student, I felt bad. I was suffocating. I was repeatedly thinking that 'soon these smiles got fade.' How many students spoil their career by choosing imperial like universities every year? In India, every year so many students ruin their career due to wrong college selection. Indian Youth is like petrol, non- renewable resource and corruption in our education system is exploiting our youth's future. We have to conserve our youth power; otherwise, we lost the word 'innovation' from our country.

10.

Tough love

Are you a drug addict? If yes, then you immediately need a tough love. In India, drug addiction is very common problem. Especially college students consume this life threatening stuff in very vast amount. For them it is a way to forget

the assignments, backs, break ups, etc. Most of the time, we see teenagers lying on the floor, stairs, and even inside the hostel. As a youth, we have to realise our rightful duty towards our nation. We are making our country a worst place- full of smoke and syringes. Indian youth has lot of potential but we are ignoring it. We are going in that direction where we only face death in return.

Inside the college, annual fest ‘Sangam’ was about to begin. It was my first and last fest. The decoration was awesome, whole univ was looking nice. In addition, I was rehearsing my lines repeatedly, Myra and me; we had to host the fest in front of the faculties, chief guest hon’ble chief minister sahib, and students. I was shivering from top to bottom; all the negative thoughts were coming back and forth in my mind.

“If I forget my lines, then what will happen?” I was talking to my mirror image.

At the same time prof. gupta entered into my room. After signalling his finger towards the wall clock, he said:

“Hey, fest is about to begin. What are you doing here? Go on the stage.”

“Yeah... still 45 minutes are there on the safe side. Let me rehearse, don't you see I am nervous.” I said.

“Are you nuts? We have to collect the bookays from MBA block first. So let it go, give your lines some time to settle down in your empty brain.” He chided me.

I took that paper and started recalling my lines (loudly) on our way to MBA block.

“Ratan, don't lose your focus. More you see this grotty paper, more you feel unconfident.”

I was busy in recalling my lines; my all focus was on Myra. I had to host the show with her so how could I forget my lines. I wanted to present my each line with the correct timing.

“Listen, first we fetch all bookays from MBA block then we have to go outside to give all this stuff to President Sir.” prof. explained his plan.

“Ok, sir but right now I am feeling panicky, my throat is all dry.” I said. My whole body was shivering as if I caught by some high voltage fever.

“Are you out of your mind? I am explaining you the fucking strategy and you are talking nonsense.” He chided me, second time during the fest.

I remained silent after watching his face. When he got angry, his face automatically converts into shahnaz hussain’s face, means very scary.

However, thousands of students gathered in the field to enjoy the fest, to listen some rock bands, to groove with the DJ etc. During the fest imperial looks like other (normal) colleges. Students dressed smartly, especially you found girls with extraordinary fashion in the fest. It looked as if ‘SunBurn’ was going on in the Fake IIT. I was very nervous and in that state, I was managing the fest with prof. gupta. Albeit, Chief Minister was about to come in our fake college and president sir had already taken all the preventive measures to hide the bitter reality of his deemed univ. In front

of me, for the first time, every faculty was handling the student crowd gently.

Now coming back to our journey towards MBA block, prof. started discussing about how the President of this college turned the black money into the white.

“Hey lad do you know how many bucks are spent in decorating this fucking place?” prof. asked as if I was a participant of tech quiz.

“No idea sir” I said. My eyes were constantly on the paper.

“25 crores” prof told the inside story related to fest. “And maximum collection was taken from the students, 2000 rupees per head.”

My mouth remained ajar. I folded the paper and put it back into my suits’ pocket.

“Fuck!” I was in shock. “Someone refuses to give the money, then?”

“As if you don’t know, by hook or crook they will fetch their money from you.” Prof. said.

It was another shocker for me. In which direction we are going. In what way India is developing. Our politicians and businesspersons are developing their numerous bank accounts leaving India drowning in middle of the ocean. Again not boiling much blood, we go further.

“Sir we immediately need to do something for our students’ welfare.” I suggested.

“Yeah, we will figure out something, but for now we have to keep the patience up.”

“But they are in this univ for quality education; most of the students in our college are from outside the Dehradun. Their parents submit their fees on time so that their dear ones get good job and salary. We need a quick solution right now instead of patience.” I was in a hurry to do something for my naïve and innocent students.

“You are going way to fast, son. We will definitely do something but without any mistake. He is a powerful ‘BUSINESS’ personality in Dehradun.” Prof. tried to put me on right track, but I was planning something ridiculous.

After a long walk and discussion, we finally reached MBA block. As we went closer to PDP department, I smelled as someone smoking cigarette in the washroom. The washroom was next to the PDP department. I followed that smell and Prof. followed me. When we went inside the washroom, we both get shocked. The entire washroom filled with smoke, few boys and girls were lying on the floor, and we found some broken syringes next to them. Those students were the drug addicts. We were looking at each other's face. Now a new turn we had seen in our univ campus. Prof. was also surprised after watching this new shit.

“What the hell is this?” I said.

“Don't know may be it is a new innovation by our president.” Prof. was examining the broken stuff.

I started watching his face like dumb. I did not know what he was saying.

“Son, these students are used as slaves to sell the harmful drugs in the market.”

It was my third time when I was shocked. How a university can turn its students into drug mafia? They were young MBA students; my blood starts boiling after knowing the cruel reality of the univ. Why 'people' open such univs, why? Who gave them the right to demolish our youth's valuable future?

Lot of engineering colleges are there in our country but still most of us are illiterates, why? Nobody knows the answer of this fucking 'why'. Nevertheless, I was shattered after watching the pathetic condition of those 'drugy...drugy' students.

"What will we do now?" I asked in worried tone.

"Take all of them out, one by one. I will give them tough love." Prof. had cleverly planned everything in such a short period.

"Tough...what?" I asked, as it was a new terminology for me.

"I mean I have to do their treatment, a tough one. So hurry up!"

I started pulling their fainted bodies out of that smoky washroom. It seemed as if I was playing roadies. I invested half of my energy in dragging their bodies. In that time, prof. brought a two-wheeler so that it took less time to reach to the teacher's colony for quick treatment or say prof's tough love.

After loading the students into the two-wheeler, prof said:

“Ratan, you go outside with these bookays maybe CM has arrived. I will take care of these scumbags and you are right, it's the time for immediate action against that bastard, who is waiting outside for his expensive bookays.”

I nodded my head in excitement and ran outside to welcome our chief guest with lots of bookays. Seriously fellas, it was a horrible evening for Prof. Gupta and me.

11.

‘Time to rebuild our nation’

After watching, numerous deaths due to food poisoning, a rape incident, fainted drug addicts and lot more cruel stuff in the college. I decided that I would conduct a sting operation and surprisingly students supported me because without their help this operation was meaningless. Anyhow, I grabbed their support and started my basic preparations for the 'Operation Imperial'. First, I called prof. gupta and told him the entire concept of this sting operation. After his valuable approval on this stuff, I met with the HOD's of each department; they gave me the permission for the grand seminar (in which I was expecting lot of students from each branch). However, some questions were also swinging back and forth in my mind but I ignored them. My brain all focussed on the bulls' eye. After eating the starters, I switched on to the main course, I mean after taking permission from the 'GIANTS', I arranged two large seminar rooms. In one room, I addressed the audience and in another room, prof. gupta was in charge. Albeit I was expecting big crowd but only eight 'brave and bright' students came to hear my lecture. Nevertheless, I believe in qualitative

approach not in quantitative one, so I accepted all the students in one room. After taking a glance over my eight listeners, I saw Imtiaz Ali and Devika were also there, curiously looking at my face. My confidence level boosted after sensing their curiosity, I pulled my sleeves up and started the seminar:

“Good morning everyone, some of you know me, but still majority does not know my name. I am Ratan, ECE faculty. First, I let you know that what the purpose of this seminar is. The objective behind this seminar is “sting operation”. My vision is to make all of you free from this hell and I just want your support because without your support my vision is incomplete. It is my promise that after six days you will be at your homes.

Now, besides doing only ‘bolbachan’, let us see what we have to do practically. After this, I shall ask your opinion on this stuff.

Now, one thing is quite clear that our prime motive is to conduct a successful sting operation in our univ and the name of this sting operation is ‘Operation Imperial’.

Until now, whatever I told you, forget about that stuff for some time. It is the time to think that what your role in this crucial operation is. On the very first day, you have to plant cameras secretly in classes, toilets, hostels' food area, canteen etc and I will take care of the higher offices like dream house, hod office, univ hospital, bus department etc. After planting bomb like cameras everywhere, five days we will sit idle and record everything on our console. I want one student as third in command who will guard the recordings day wise. On the sixth day, nobody will attend the college; we will make our videos compact so that we can easily upload them on social sites via univs' 'secret WI-FI' (only faculties have the access to use the Wi-Fi.)

This was the small summary of what we have to do as engineers.

My good students, right now, India needs a helping hand because private and Govt. engineering institutions are changing the definition of "innovation" in our country.

Now raise your hands those who really want to help ‘MAA BHARTI’.”

I ended my seminar which took approx. an hour. Also in the end, I added a satire so that no body rejects my vision and my satire really worked. At last, without any doubt all the students raised their hands and said in chorus “Salute to Operation Imperial, Time to rebuild our nation”, later it became our slogan.

12.

Operation Imperial I

Day 1:

Prof. was good at filling motivation in young lads and lasses. In addition, he prepared a small motivational speech for the students because without being motivated, the task was impossible.

In the CS-IT LAB, prof. threw his motivational speech:

“My brave students,

I am prof. gupta, univs’ event management head. You will work under my supervision and Mr. Ratan will help you in high-risk zones. As we have already discussed the strategy, so now it’s time to implement it with positive outlook. This operation is ‘no fun’ game, those who want to quit, quit this operation right now. Otherwise, it will become mandatory for you to play this fixture, until your last breath. Be forewarned, I don’t want ‘courageous’ cowards in my team. I want serious and hardworking members. You all are the future of this univ and our country. First, by any means we have to make our remaining students free from this unwanted luxury. We want neither ‘high class’

business Engg colleges nor govt. 'easy going' colleges. Our objective is to reduce the no. of engg. colleges from India.

Thank you.”

Prof. ended his heart touching speech with genteel finishing. After the speech ceremony, everyone got ready for the roadies task.

“Separate in two groups.” I ordered.

Quickly a giant group separated into two parts. A sweet smile came on my face after watching the unity among the students. When grouping was over, prof. gupta appointed Imtiaz Ali as third in command. Until now, everything was going as per the strategy, but still the anonymous fear was in my heart as if something was going wrong.

However, I bypassed my fear and marched outside with handful of students.

“Ratan, where are you going with these idiots?”
prof. kalmadi interrogated.

I remained silent, as if rattlesnake smelled me.

“Why are you so silent? And how is bhabhiji doing?”

He again enquired.

“She is good. I have arranged a seminar for the students.” I said in an unconfident manner.

“okay, okay. Go now” He ignored my half-truth.

As we reached cafet, each student assigned some amount of work. Moreover, when the operation started, I noticed that Devika was not feeling comfortable.

“Hey pretty lady, why are you so upset?” I enquired.

She looked at me for a while and said:

“sorry sir...”

Her incomplete sentence amplified my fear. I asked in shaky voice:

“sorry for what?”

“sorry sir, I misjudged you.” She cried.

I hugged her tightly. Moreover, after wiping the drops of senti-water from her face, I took her along

with me. Everyone was doing his or her task in a professional way. I felt good after watching their technocracy. My hardworking technocrats placed the latent cameras everywhere inside the univ.

Now, it was my turn to show some ‘master-giri’.

My job was quite hard; I placed the cameras inside the HODs office, dream house, and docs’ clinic.

When every task was successfully completed, I arranged a surprise party for my crew, because I wanted to revive their lost happiness. In addition, on that eve everyone enjoyed a lot.

DAY-2:

“Ratan, come fast. We have to start the recording process today.” Prof. chided me for my late appearance in the lab.

I bypassed his anger and at a sudden changed the topic.

“Good morning sir. What a pleasant morning...Huh”

As usual, after hearing my stupid answer he stared me for a very long time. My mind was not responding well, that was an “ass-biting” situation for me. Prof.’s chidings were really giving me a heart attack. I took my chair and turned on the console. I was shaking like an old branch of a tree. After sometime the computer in which the recording process was going on, signalled us. I called prof. and Imtiaz to see that crap.

“What happened? Why are you shouting?” prof. asked in a very aggressive manner.

“Sir, watch this bullcrap.....”

“Holy shit!” prof exclaimed.

We were not ready to accept the stuff that a bloody teacher was snatching mobile phones from the naïve and innocent students. That moment was very cruel; prof’s anger was also at highest altitude after watching that stuff.

“Why is he taking mobile phones from the students?” prof. asked.

“Don’t know.” Imtiaz said. “My phone is still with me, thank godI am here.”

I had not said anything. I was standing still.

“Maybe they know about our operation.” Imtiaz said.

“Nope.....say positive ...believe in god.” I said few lines after gaining some courage. I was sounding like “BBD BABA.”

“Ratan is right imtiaz....be positive and work hard.” Prof. said.

“Bingo” I said as if I had bowled out ten outta ten batsmen from the ground. After hearing some good points from prof. gupta, I gained some more confidence.

“Now what’s next?” Imtiaz said.

“Whatever it is....mark it as ‘don’t care’. Keep working and record some more stuff like this, tomorrow.” Prof. motivated us.

“Yep... It’s on my console. Soon, it will be on the internet.” I threw some more encouraging stuff.

“So time for pack up, it is enough for today.” Prof. said after disconnecting his lappy from the plug in source.

After closing the recording process, we marched outside with confident smile on our faces.

13.

Operation Imperial II

DAY 3:

Today when youth is doing fab in their respective fields, some people are discouraging them, so that the youth community never come up with innovative ideas or never hold good positions in the nation. Albeit, I don't want to say anything odd about those people, but still, I believe in my heart that in my nation there is nobody who respects the youth power. Nobody even talk about the development or empowerment of youth in India. Everybody is busy in filling his or her Swiss accounts. However, one day, youth will show their true power and we will see only young politicians in the parliament. Nevertheless, is it right? In my opinion "no", because young mind is innovative plus violent so we need some people who will guide them properly. Old as well as young educated politicians should join hands and optimistically work together for their nation.

After the wonderful conclusion, let us come back to our journey.

Two days were gone with the wind and we got only one recording. For the third day we planned

that, we record some useful stuff that helps in proving the fake-ness of this univ.

“Ratan any recording, yet?” prof. asked.

“No sir, nothing.” I replied in dull voice.

“Okay, still we have few hours; don’t make your focus dull. Eyes on the screen, son.”

Prof.’s words always touched my inner soul, I don’t know the reason behind this and also I never showed him my inner emotions but he always guessed right about my gestures. He was very magical like DYNAMO or CHRIS ANGEL.

“Hmm...” I nodded my head up and down.

“Sir take some rest, if I will see something, I will call you.”

This time Devika requested me to take some refreshment; meanwhile she handles the recording process.

“As you wish. Thanks dear.” I thanked her and left the console in her hands.

I went outside to consume some good stuff. As I had finished one tetra pack of real juice, prof. texted me.

“Ratan come fast, Devika has recorded some great stuff.”

After getting this news, my inner curiosity went up and I quickly ran towards the lab.

“Hey ratan, today Devika had done great job. Congratulate her.” Prof said.

“Congrats Devika, where is the recording? I want to see it right know.” my curiosity was enhancing seconds by seconds.

“Yeah....of course. Here we go sir.”

I watched that whole recording. It was bullshit. My heart stopped working after watching that grotty stuff.

This is not for heart patients:

“In the recording all the HODs were sitting in their private chatting room and few students serving drinks to them while some girls were dancing half nakedly in front of the HODs.”

After watching the whole stuff, I felt that I was watching “mughal-e-azam’s” advanced version. However, at that time no salim or Akbar was present over there.

“What is this, sir?” I asked in a shocking manner.

“The standard of education in INDIA.” Prof. said in a witty manner.

I was standing like a Muppet whose mouth stitched with a long sharp needle, after listening the prof’s witty answer.

“Are you sure? Really, India’s standard of education is this much cheap and grotty?” I asked prof. to ensure myself.

“Yeah, my lad. This is the bitter reality of our nation.”

After confabulating on this topic for half an hour, we saved our recording in the hidden file and closed the recording process.

Day 4:

“Hey boy. What a pleasant morning, huh?” prof. asked in his own James bond style. It seems that prof. was in good mood.

“Yep sir, it is nice today.” I was trying to connect the prof.’s mood with the morning.

“So shall we start the process or not?” prof. asked in excitement.

“Yeah sure. Why are you asking today?”

I was not sure that whether the prof’s mood was good or he was trying to cover something.

“Because today is our second last day of recording process. Soon our students will get their ultimate freedom and that beast will be caged down by the police.” Prof. explained me that how happy he was.

“Very true sir, so shall we start?”

“Yeah, with the salute to operation imperial.” Prof. saluted our secret operation.

As the recording process started prof’s happiness ends with it.

As I hit record on the console, the location on the monitor shifted to the library. Every student was in severe tension. They were finding books on the shelves and in the old cartons. Nevertheless, hardly any book was there inside the library. In addition, the librarian was sleeping with his partially opened mouth. I wished that someone put kilos of cyanide into his mouth.

After recording this much stuff we stopped the process and sat beside the console. Prof's excitement was lost somewhere. I was like watching his face in some anonymous hope.

“Sir, can you believe this. People outside the campus praise this univ. They believe that their children taking B.TECH degree from a deemed univ.”

“Deemed my ass, this univ has nothing to do with the youth's future. The President of this univ is only fetching money from the innocent parents.”

That day Prof. cried a lot after watching the future of our nation in engineering.

Moreover, why people crack jokes on engineering or on its decreasing standard? The answer is quite simple, the increasing no. of private institutions in India. First, government should ban such type of engineering univs/institutes, which get approval for business purpose instead of engineering purpose. We need to think about the decreasing standard of engineering. Right now, it doesn't matter that whether you are an engineer or not. We have to think collectively and find solution for this problem. Engineering needs you and your support, fight against all odds and help in giving back its status that is lost somewhere in the swarm.

14.

Operation Imperial III

DAY 5:

After spending four consecutive days inside the CS-IT lab, we recorded something precious in our console and as per our plan; my eight brave and bright students were present inside the lab. Albeit, I was waiting for Myra outside her apartment, as I wanted to give her a surprise.

“Come fast Myra, a beautiful surprise is waiting for you.”

Myra came outside after putting so much make up on her face. She was looking nice in her beautiful red saree. My eyes fixed on her.

“Hello, now you are not getting latehuh!”

Myra said in her witty style.

I broke my focus and signalled her to proceed ahead.

It took fifteen minutes to reach our destination. I was excited. As we entered inside the lab, everyone got super shocked. Prof. Gupta started staring at me as if I had done something wrong. The whole atmosphere became tense after my arrival with Myra.

“What this bitch is doing inside my lab?” Prof suddenly started yelling on me.

“Sir, please mind your tongue. She is my fiancée.” The heat inside the lab started rising up. The atmosphere became more intense.

“Ha ha ha...what a joke ratan, I did not expect such crap from you.” Prof. chided me.

“What is your problem sir? I like Myra, is this your problem?” I demanded clarification from prof. gupta on this topic.

“You want to know the reason ...huh! So listen, she is the bloody murderer.” Prof pointed out his finger towards Myra.

Everyone inside the lab got quadrupled shock. A low frequency murmuring started inside the lab.

“Are you alright, sir? What is this nonsense?” I defended her. Myra started crying and my anger reached above the boiling point.

“This is not a joke, son; she killed my best friend, Prof Dhyanchand.”

I started watching Myra’s innocent looking face. In addition, I was thinking that why Myra not throwing a single word in her defence. However, my argumentation with prof. gupta took half hour to end.

“Ratan you are gormless, I want you to break your relationship with this prostitute.” Prof. ordered me.

“Never sir, I love her.” I was sounding like ‘STUPID MAJNU’.

“Then, I end this journey here only. Nobody will support you.” Prof. warned me.

“I don’t want anybody. This was my idea, and I am the one who started this operation.”

After listening to this crap, prof silently moved outside the lab along with my eight brave and bright students. In addition, after throwing such

heavy words towards prof I remained silent as if I had lost everything.

DAY 6:

My prediction was wrong about the last day of my operation. According to my prediction, I was on the verge of showing the dark face of imperial education group to the world. That univ was about to collapse under the power of social media but I was wholly wrong. My all cunningness was lost when I saw that no recordings were in my console. My five-day hard work was gone in the trash box. The question raised in my think tank that who did this? Who touched my console? I had given my passkey.....to...? All the questions were revolving in my head repeatedly. My mind was about to blast. Suddenly an idea struck in my mind. I called Myra but unfortunately, her phone was switched-off. Everything started going against me. I was feeling lonely. In addition, I was missing prof and my students at that time. In that guilty mood, I called Prof Gupta but his phone was also switched-off.

“What the hell!” I screamed like sunny deol in that stress.

After wailing a lot, I sat beside my empty console and started thinking about Prof. Suddenly my phone ranged.

“Are you Ratan?” stranger asked.

“Yes.” I said in shaky voice.

“I am inspector RAO. Please report to Dalanwala police station immediately. We got nine dead bodies.” Inspector gave me shocking news, but still the picture was not clear.

“But why are you calling me...?”

Inspector gashed the line and left a question in my mind that what is the relation between the nine dead bodies and me? I was confused and for solving this puzzle, I went to the police station.

“Sir I am ratan. Where are the dead bodies?”

“Come with me.” Inspector took me to the mortuary ward. “See, are you able to recognise these dead bodies. Do you have any connection with them?”

My mouth remained open. I said ‘Yes’.

“Ok. Come and sign on this sheet.” Inspector brought one blank sheet with him.

I was in a shock. I signed without seeing the paper. My whole attention was on the dead bodies.

“So, sequentially tell me their names for a record”. Inspector ordered me.

“Prof. Gupta, Imtiaz Ali, Devika, Rohan, Shreeja, Mayank, Amit, Devashish and Nandni.” I told their names in a crackly voice.

At that time, I was wholly depressed. My senses were not responding well and at a sudden, I ran outside the police station and quickly reached to the chairman’s office.

“Hey, you scumbag, you killed my crew members. I will kill you.” I was flowing in the sentiments after watching my crewmember’s dead bodies.

“Prove it.” Chairman said.

I stood still as all my proofs formatted from my console.

“Listen boy, I am sparing your life. Yeah I took their lives. Nobody can stop me. Neither you nor your crewmembers. I will run this univ according to my wish. So now you go home because you are fired.” Chairman had shown his ‘MAFIAGIRI’ to me.

I silently walked away from that univ where I had spent such a beautiful time with prof. gupta and eight brave and bright students. I was crying and feeling guilty. I was responsible for their death. I started hating myself. I started hating this world. I had lost my job, friends and love. At last, I went to my home where my parents were living.

15.

“You win a few, you lose a few”

SUICIDE NOTE

Dear mother and dad,

Please forgive me. I am neither a good son nor a good teacher. My one hefty mistake took eight innocent lives. From last one week, I am in great melancholy, that asshole President of IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (university) gave me the suspension letter; I do not know where to go now. I do not want to live any more. I am your nil boy mamma. Nobody is with me today. I am feeling like a maggot. Dad, I want to give you ‘world’s best dad’ trophy for giving me such a beautiful life, but what a freak I am, I have ruined everyone’s life whether it is yours or...I have ruined Myra’s life too. Sorry Myra, I Love you honey, I do not know how you spend your next thirty years without me, but you have to

forget our relation and continue your beautiful journey with someone else. I know it is a mammoth task for you, but you have to close with this for me.

Now it is the time to sign off. I hope I will meet my crewmembers up there; I have to say sorry to them.

Your loving son
that always loves you

Ratan

After writing this deadly suicide note, I popped up fifteen sleeping pills into my mouth at once and then I don't know what happened, who took me to the hospital. As I opened my eyes, I saw Myra standing beside me.

“Are you alright? Thank god, you are safe.” Myra said.

I was watching her dull face, as she hadn't slept from several nights.

“Myra, where were you? I searched you everywhere.” I said in excitement.

“And I was looking for you since you left imperial.” Myra said. “ratan I want to confess something.”

“Confess?” Again my questionnaire started.

“Ratan I am feeling very guilty about what I had done to you. I have ruined your happy life. I am a bloody sinner. Prof. gupta was right; I was involved in that conspiracy against prof. dhyanchand.” Myra confessed and cried.

This time a thousand volt current struck me, my eyes became red. My blood started boiling.

“What! Are you mad? How could you do this to me? I truly loved you. You made a joke of my innocence.” I yelled on her.

“please ratan, calm down. I want to tell you everything.” Myra requested me not to shout in that state.

“Nothing’s there to tell. Get out.” My anger was up to maximum level.

“please ratan give me one last chance. After this I will never show you my dirty face.” Myra said in worried voice.

Once again, I lost the battle with my heart and I allowed her to confess more.

“Ratan I belonged to very poor family. My father sold me to the bloody chairman, ‘Swaminathan’. At that time, he was struggling to set up a gang of his own. He wanted to rule on this city. One day he got a ticket from a local political party and anyhow he won a good number of seats.

Moreover, being a minister, through black money, he opened a university named ‘Imperial Institute of Technology’ where he started smuggling drugs, arms ...etc. slowly- slowly this univ gained popularity among students. Now he used another type of trick to harass others. Nobody can challenge him because of his power. When prof. dhyanchand and prof. gupta stood against him, then he introduced me to finish this game. He ordered me to hang around them as a spy. I sent

every information and proof to swami.

Nevertheless, I shocked when I heard that he killed dhyanchand and spared the life of prof. gupta.

Now I understood this thing. Luckily, again swami's plan worked when you introduced me in the lab in front of the prof. gupta. When swami took eight innocent lives along with prof., I got shattered and first time I found myself guilty. In that guilty mood I decided to take revenge from swami but I didn't know how he know-ledged everything and one night he took me to the lone place and tried to end my life. That experience was excessively bad. However, luckily I escaped from there and hid in one cottage. The landlady of that cottage lives all alone, so I sheltered myself there for one week. In that period I got your address and when I reached at the same address one woman told me that you admitted at 'Mahant Indresh Hospital'. I quickly took one cab and reached the hospital. The whole night I prayed for your life."

After listening to this sentimental confession or story. My active volcano got silent and I hugged her tightly to salute her courage plus to show her

that still I love her so much. In that sentimental environment, my mother watched me with Myra in that position. I quickly got separate from her.

“ratan why you are hiding your face. she is nice girl; she told me everything about what happened with you. But it was my fault; I encouraged you to choose the wrong college for the good salary package.” My mom started crying.

Myra hugged my mom and I was quite happy that I got my love and family back.

16.

'A mouse may help a lion'

After being discharge from the hospital, I reached my home along with my family. Nevertheless, I wanted to take my revenge from that man 'Swaminathan'. He was ruining so many lives and anyhow I had to stop that bloody moron.

In the mid afternoon, after lunch I was deleting all the stuff from my mobile one by one. As I reached to the folder named 'dark fantasy', an intuition made my mind to open that folder (otherwise I would directly delete that folder from my mobile). As I opened that life-changing folder, I got all the videos and pics that I recorded or clicked inside the univ. I called Myra and renamed all the media files. Now, I got one 'MOUSE' in the form of the folder. After the renaming process, we decided to put all the stuff to social media sites like facebook, twitter, youtube, paper-msging etc. I didn't

expect such a response from the people. When these real mobile clips and pics became visible to the young India. A NATION WIDE protest started, everyone was demanding to ban this univ named 'Imperial Institute of Technology'. We got invitation from every news channel for giving them the detailed information. At that time, my mobile actually worked as a 'MOUSE'.

Now at a current stage this univ is shifted under the GOVERNMENT jurisdiction and the chairman of this univ is suspended from the party and leading a painful life inside the jail.

At this moment Myra and me, we both are leading happy married life with one naughty kid.

