

Why bad happens to good and good happens to bad?

Are our lives, but a game of dice played by God?

Shyam had come to Bangalore all the way from Sahranpur, UP to study BE and become an Electronics Engineer, perhaps the first and only engineer in his family circle so far. His parents are from a weak financial background and he had to apply an educational loan from a bank at high interest rate. Perhaps not a lad who could grasp concepts in moments, (*he managed to score an average of 23 in Internal assessment, after lot of hard work*) Shyam knew the importance of hard work especially for him to be able to score well. In his I Semester, he practically spent at least 4-5 hours everyday studying and sleeping practically only six hours. He never wasted his time in frivolous activities like *Facebook*, chat or watching movies. His association was also with only the most studious and the discussions with friends would never stray away from academic topics. Shyam firmly believed that despite all the drawbacks, God was on his side and would visit one famous temple of Bangalore every weekend and would offer his fervent prayers for success in his life.

Ram, on the other hand, also from Sahranpur, UP hailed from the richest family of that town. His parents already had an established industry of electronic goods, and his career path was well chalked out. He was to take over the management of the industry once he finished his course. Ram's pocket was never short of money and every weekend was a time to party with friends, in some of the best pubs and restaurants in Bangalore. He would spend min 3 hours on *Facebook* every day, maintained at least three girlfriends in three months of semester and perhaps had the trendiest costumes and the most stylish bike in the campus. He hardly had time to spend for academics, yet gifted with brilliant intelligence and excellent memory he always scored not less than 24 in his Internal assessment tests. A self confessed agnostic, Ram believed in the doctrine, "Eat, Drink be merry! Who has seen the tomorrow? Now is Life!" He never would visit temple nor pray to God, and said, "God!? Maybe someone's up there, but how does that matter to me!?"

As the I Semester drew to a close and the exam dates were announced, Shyam's hard work increased by day and then by nights. He spent at least 15 of his wakeful hours studying, and would leave no stone unturned to put in his best to score a distinction in the Semester exams.

Ram was as casual about exams as he had been about internals. Never the one to miss a weekend party, perhaps his only disappointment was to miss his friends who were busy studying while he had to party alone in the pub. As the exams approached, Ram put in a bit of extra 3 hours of study every day and was quite confident about scoring not less than 80% in the exams.

Finally the D-day had arrived. The first day of the I Semester exam! Shyam woke up early, offered fervent prayers to God and after revising the subject once again, got ready and was headed to the Examination hall from his room. As his room was far away and he had to take a BMTC bus, he started early. However, having learnt that the bus was on strike, he had to borrow money from his friend and take an auto rickshaw and headed to the exam. He was just ten minutes away from examination venue, and the auto took a swift turn into a small by lane to avoid traffic, when there appeared a BIG TRUCK taking a sudden turn from the lane and had a head on collision with the auto! The auto was damaged beyond repair, the driver injured critically! Shyam was writhing in pain for the next half an hour, until some Good Samaritan rushed him to the nearest hospital. By the time doctor arrived and his treatment started, it was already 12.30PM. Shyam had missed the first exam!

Ram arrived to the exam casually around five minutes late and gave the exam confidently. It seemed to him as if the paper was from the best of his dreams. All the questions that had appeared were the only ones he had studied! He finished answering around ten minutes early and left the hall in joy!

One exam passed and another and each one seemed easier than the other. The holidays arrived and after returning from a short trip to Ooty with his friends, (two girlfriends) he checked in on his semester exams results, and to his surprise he had scored a little more than his expectation, a whopping 82%! There was another party thrown away to friends, and the next semester began in joy for Ram!

Despite his fervent prayers, Shyam's worst fears came true! He had suffered multiple fractures in his right hand and shoulder, and the left leg, leaving him practically immobile for the next two months. After all the hard work, Shyam was left with all subjects backlog, severe financial loss and being bedridden for two months! He lost faith in GOD and wondered, if there is a GOD, is he playing a game of dice with my life!?

Group Discussion: *Can you relate similar incidents in your life or in life of people whom you have observed? Give reasons for such unreasonable happenings in lives of people. Is God playing a game of dice?*