TWISTED LOGIC.

There are moments where you just hold your tongue, not because what the brain wanted you to spew out would have been horrendously wrong, but because the situation demands that the third party caught up in between the heated debate between the left and the right lobes of the brain should remain oblivious to their naivety and the friction that they have caused between the two faculties of mind. One side, the creative one says, *‘Go on, let him have it’*, while the logical one tries to reason, *‘You do this, and yourself step on a live mine’*. It helps sometimes, keeping them in ignorance of their ill-perceived superiority from other species. I just wished they someday considered us to be of the same species, the higher one. The other times, I really wish my neurons’ synaptic gaps were not so far apart, so that the impulses and prompt replies reached in the time frames when they would have the greatest punch in them. Presently, they are too slow and any disturbance that they try to cause in my voice strings just ends up in either hiccups or a short cough.

Being students, we have been up close with the Godly creations (pun intended), which the entire world sometimes refers to as one pillars of the nation. Now I don’t know how many other pillars are there and in what health, or what other classes of people are given this herculean task of holding the structure of nation intact like Atlas holds the firmament but I do know that the magnificent pillars are either worn out, or are too few, and they are the ones who really bear the burden of quality maintenance. The newer ones, most of them if not all, are standing on infirm foundations, are almost hollow and need constant replacements lest the machinery might crumble like a stack of domino. I sometimes wonder, who ever coined that term, the pillars thing, either never actually went to our classes, or he was wise enough to coat sarcasm with some sugar, realizing the modern egotists getting into this profession. Probably, he was a diplomat par excellence or was suffering from acute shortage of good grades.

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Being from an engineering background, one thing that has been gifted to me is the wisdom of scientists and the results that will work in the form of simulation programs and of course, the computer. Gone are the days of Thomas Elva Edison, when one had to do the experiment one thousand and one times to finally cause the bulb to glow successfully and stably. Now, before the actual implementation of any design, or even before investing in the hardware, we simulate. This simulation habit is sinking into our personalities such that we often simulate situations on the whims of whatever little imaginations we have. And we’re not alone. It is intricately related to creativity, though on a different scale.

*When I am getting ready to reason with a man, I spend one-third of my time thinking about myself and what I am going to say and two-thirds about him and what he is going to say.*

*Abraham Lincoln*

So while I was preparing for my hardware project presentations, these question were echoing again and again from an unknown source in my head.

*Q. Why does this look so ugly?*

A. Have you ever seen a man or woman without skin? Does that look pretty to you? Does a skeletal look pretty to you? I don’t think so, and this, Sir, is yet to get its frame.

Q. Does it look beautiful to you?

A. Of course, I created it with time, toil, and money. Ask your mother or father how beautiful you are, though I am tempted to tell you otherwise, Sire. Did nobody tell you before? Oh I am really sorry?

Well there could be many bifurcations or trifurcations or many distributions and a whole tree of possible questions could be framed, but let’s not get into details folks, just have the cream, and the chocolate.

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Of all the other things that are expected of a good teacher, two are of utmost importance, as I have come to realize. First, a fairly good sense of humour is a must. No, it’s not that a teacher should come to class dressed as a clown or crack jokes instead of doing what he is being paid to do, but he should not mind laughing with the children he’s nurturing rather than bearing that unyielding look of a tormented soul. And secondly, well, this should be the Firstly, but well, let it be the way it is for now. So, secondly, a teacher should not have a mind that minds, and should not seek revenge upon the hapless dependants who barely stumble to tell the real truth about him/her. A tamed ego is what I am talking about.

**Excerpt from the memories of words said and unsaid in a presentation.**

*Q. What do these R and L stand for?*

A. Right and left.

*Q. But according to convention and being an electronics engineer it looks more like Resistor and Inductor?*

A. How *un-engineerly* of me. I'll surely make the suggestion to the author of the book I referred. I'll urge him to strictly abide by IEEE norms. But dear Teacher, the initials in your name, its R C written here, what does it stand for? Oh well, being an electronics engineer, it looked more like Resistive Capacitor to me. Why do **You** seem to be all charged up, Teacher?

How I wish my evaluators had a good sense of humour, or at least they should ask a damned technical question if they are so adamant on quality. But it seems they are more concerned about presentation syntax and semantics than engineering. Half filled pots make too much noise. I am not even a quarter full, but if you don’t know something, keep mum. Why ask a stupid highly uncorrelated question that will only prove the fact that you don’t know it. What happened to, ‘*Once a student, always a student’, huh?* Well, a restraint on the tongue gave me good grades, so no damage done, no issues, no ill-feelings. I shall speak no more, for now.

*Look at us, running around. Always rushed, always late. I guess that's why they call it the human race.*

*~Wally Mars (The Switch)*