‘Ouch!’ cried ConnectChand as a student, seemingly in a hurry, accidentally stepped on his foot as he was loitering through the corridor. Walking two steps further, another student, also in a great hurry, stumbled upon him. Wiping off a stray tear and trying to silence the cries of pain emerging inside him, he started walking away, adding the incident as another leaf in the huge pile of bad lucks he had been having recently. A few seconds later, the entire corridor went into frenzy as dozens of students, all in a hurry to be somewhere stormed past ConnectChand. Surely, he was shocked to see the situation, but he did not give much importance to it then. ConnectChand, who was in gloom with having no case to solve in the past few days found himself loitering in the same corridor the next day too. To his utter surprise, he witnessed the same situation that he had undergone the previous day though on a much lesser scale. He was shocked and suspicious at the same time, so he decided to investigate the matter. Two more days passed by and he noticed a pattern, although the intensity of the seemingly lost but in a great hurry reduced day by day. On further investigation, he found out that all the frenzy was due to the fact that the classrooms no. 4, 5 and the placement cell alongwith the MBA department had been interchanged and renovated and thus created a lot of confusion for all those students who were in a habit to climb up to the first floor for their regular classes. But, to ConnectChand’s utter dismay, he found out that that this was only the tip of the iceberg out of a host of problems that had cropped up as a result of the alteration. Following dialogues with a few estranged students of both the classrooms, ConnectChand came to know of a grave peril that the students were brought into. Outside the regular, the benches had been placed facing opposite to the door, meaning that the entry for the students AND faculty members alike – was from the back door. This meant an end to all the fun those poor students managed to have in between consecutive lectures. But ofcourse, students do not eat, use cell-phones, chit-chat, exchange notes, draw on benches, use the sling-shot or throw paper-balls at each other during or after lectures, the issue still raised a lot of concern.

“I can’t write journals sitting on the last-bench anymore! God knows who might be standing right behind me or what kind of trouble I may get into if I get caught. How am I supposed to cope up with all the submissions now!” sighed one of the students as he talked about his plight to the other.

“Exactly! It’s like putting a camera INSIDE a prison cell!!” cried the other.

Overhearing this conversation between two grim-faced students of one of those tormented classrooms, ConnectChand felt deeply saddened. Moreover, realizing that he could do nothing to accept the plight of those tormented students sent him into deep gallows of grief. He did the one thing that he could do in this situation, pray for those poor students to not lose hope and to soon see light in darkness. Sulkily, he went to his cabin and stashed this case in his file of emotionally distressing cases and went with his routine.

A few days later, as ConnectChand was accidentally walking past the same corridor, he caught the same two students sneaking out of the same classroom and giggling secretly as they passed by.

“At least we can sneak out whenever we want to! Now I can finish my journals in the canteen!” exclaimed one of the students with a sly smirk on his face.

“Surely those cameras won’t see us in the dark!” winked the other.

Feeling rejuvenated, ConnectChand felt that a heavy weight had been lifted off his chest. He learnt a very important lesson that day. He rushed to his office, opened his personal diary and started scribbling in it with great vigor.

“Indeed, hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever really dies” he finished, as he recalled the words from his favorite movie turning down the cover of his diary with huge satisfaction and a wide smile to his face.

Surely, “if the rhythm of the drum beat changes, the dance steps must adapt!” Till then, stay positive, stay disconnected!