Time has fleeted past on silent wings. Today, I have crossed thirty-four years of my life. Seen a lot, learnt a lot, but still life remains a mystry. Today, I think that maybe, just maybe the creator has forgotten how to solve the puzzle that is his creation.

I have always been a dreamer, spending my time up above in the clouds flying with multi-coloured birds. Didn’t want any relationship with books or learning. Just the mention of school, gives me the creeps even today.

At the tender age of three, I was admitted to St. Thomas convent, in Begumgunj. My report card was adorned with ‘red’ during my formative years at school. Passing a class was tough. In this manner, dragging my feet, I managed to get till class two.

I still remember the time when I embraced the idea of learning. Cultivated friendship with books. The attitude of the learned masters and their disdainful attitude towards weak students was starting to prick. It started troubling me. Till today I had not looked outside my dream world. But now the situation had become unbearable.

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Now, I had to act. Time to show my valour! Till now I hadn’t even learned the multiplication table of two. Hindi alphabets were strangers to me. But the lord had given me something- my confidence, I was bursting with it. I was confident that I could do anything. Turn the impossible into possible. Convert fire into snow. Go to the ends of the earth to find any grail. The word ‘Impossible’ was not in my dictionary. If anything was there, it was my self-confidence. Belief in success! And, on its wing, I set out. Bang into the midst of the battlefield.

Monthly test was ahead, in the month of October. I had to stand first in these tests. One by one, I had mugged up all the subjects. Not one word was left. I was totally ready for the tests.

Tests commenced. Results were declared. The world turned on its axis. My name was written in the distinction list in school. Yes, that day especially, the Principle came in with the report card herself. Everybody kept asking her, “Please tell us, who has stood first?” They took turns in mentioning names, but none were right. Right at the back, I kept silent and observed the events unfolding. I didn’t suggest anybody’s name. I knew, I had stood first.

Eventually, every one fell silent. Principle Sister Phaviola told the students to calm down and then announced in a loud voice, “this time ‘Alok Dubey’ has stood first. The person who was the worst student in this class. Who is sitting right now on the back bench in this class”.