

1 Hour at M-301



Joel Abees
T8

I left hostel feeling like a king. It was a three day battle and I am on the verge of emerging victorious. Seeing how huge the syllabus was, I could have yielded, but I didn't. I kept my mojo going on, one all-nighter after the other and countless cups of coffee. These three days were a real struggle. Yellow highlighted the entire textbook, revised and re-revised theorems and derivations, cursed people who theorized the theorems, shredded Xerox copies of Bhujji Amritha's (class topper) notes.

Overflowing with overconfidence, I walked towards the exam hall. Saw people frantically skimming through their notes. I wonder why everyone is so tensed. It's gonna be a piece of cake. Fine, I'll just do one more last revision. Just a minute's recap of the most important of derivations. The invigilator entered the exam hall. He politely asked everyone to be seated. I took my seat, it was on a corner back bench. I spotted my friends entering the hall one by one. I neatly arranged my calculator and easy click cello pen on the desk. stretch a little bit, exercised my fingers. I was ready to GO.

The invigilator started distributing the Question papers. I couldn't wait. I just wanted to vomit everything I learned on to the paper and get the hell out. Why is Abhishek smiling at me? He is holding the paper and looking at me and grinning. Was the question paper that easy? Devika seemed to be all tensed up. I saw her ticking the question right away! Finally my turn had come and I received the paper from the invigilator.

Part-A. First Question.....no idea what that means. Moving on to the next question. What the hell is an xyz coefficient? Skipped that one too. Third question, what the hell? Did I Study for the wrong exam? I check the Question paper title. It was applied Electron Magnetic theory all right. May be the next questions wouldn't be so hard. Damn it, it was all numbers and Greek letters. All the questions were problematic. Over

to Part-B. Part -B is where they ask the theory and derivations. Easy 60 Marks right? NO. I flipped the page to find Part-B as difficult as part A. It was all application based question.

Now don't get me wrong, I studied all the formulas. I can handle a few numericles. But these weren't just any numericles. These were advanced and way beyond our scope. Not a single question came from what we studied. I started panicking. I am not even going to score a 10 on hundred. What am i gonna do? I felt sick. That's when I scanned the rest of the room. The girls were crying. The boys were staring at each other and smiling. That's when I felt safe! What a relief, the paper was tough for everyone!

I would have left the exam hall right away, but that annoying voice in my head asked me to stay. I had to do something. I've come so far! I can't let this one paper ruin my life. Who am i kidding? I am going to flunk this exam big time. Gonna land an arrear. I would be left out of campus placements. suppli = no job = no money = no girl would marry me = I am going to DIE ALONE.

Joel, you are over thinking. snap back to reality. We can do this. read the questions again, they might make sense the second time around. Focus.

I took the pen and the answer sheet. Wrote "answer 1" on the margin and read the question. It still didn't make any sense. Who made this question paper? Was the guy drunk? Or maybe he fought with his wife and he took it on us? Whoever you are, I will hunt you down and I will kill you. God, I am so angry right now.

I started scanning the room again to see what the others were upto. Neil took out his cheat bits and started tearing them into tiny pieces. Of course he had no use for them. There were no derivation or theory. Just problems. On his face! Then there was Abhishek. he put his head down on the desk. I wonder if he is sleeping, crying or praying. What the hell is Chitra writing so much,

she is writing paragraphs and drawing diagrams. I went through the question paper again, it was all numerics. Is there a theory question that I missed? There! She is taking an extra sheet. Okay, maybe she's desperate. *Calm down Joel, you'll faint!*

I 'shhhhh' ed Jishnu, the 8 pointer sitting in front of me. Asked him to sit sideways so I can see what he was writing. Now in normal circumstances I wouldn't do that. But these aren't normal times. Desperate times call for desperate measures. He showed me his paper. It was blank. He said he is thinking. He will never leave the answer sheet blank. He will write something eventually.

Minutes passed. I grew restless. I still can't believe Joffrey ordered Ned Starks execution. Will Modi win the election? I wonder what my future wife is doing right now. I wish I was a billionaire. BMW, that's the dream.

More minutes passed and I grew more restless. Started counting the number of girls in the class. Laila had some face on her make up, who is she trying to impress? *Joel stop judging and do something!*

More minutes passed and even more restless I become. I started reading things people wrote on the desk. "I love you Manju", who writes stuff like this? Who in their right mind confess their love on a Desk? I bet it's the same people who write their Phone numbers on Urinals asking people to give them a call. Somebody drew an amazing picture of spider men. Great whitener ink art. It was always in me to appreciate talent. Then I saw it! The most amazing quote I have read all week. "Anything worth doing in life is

worth overdoing. Moderation is for cowards"

Armoured with the new found inspiration I decided I needed a strategy. I wrote all the questions down. Wrote relating formulas and theories. Now I get what Chitra was doing. I did the exact same. Wrote stuff that I knew which had the tiniest connection with the question. I started filling the page with Blah blah theories and random formula. Left no question unattended. Even the optional ones. What if one of the questions has some error? I would get some marks.

I completed the answer sheet swiftly. Rechecked my credentials in the front sheet. Folded the Question paper, took my calculator and pen and left the room. 5 minutes later the entire class was out too.

The girls were crying squeaking and whining. The guys were laughing and joking around. Boys will be boys.

I left college hoping the examiner would show some kind of leniency, I left the rest to the Gods. I went back to Hostel feeling like a King. because that's what I always feel like. The great poet Eminem once said, "Had a dream, I was king. Woke up. Still king."

