See If you Can Pass

CHINTITO

The examinations were long over amid strict invigilation. The students were all impatiently waiting for their results. So tense were they that they could not enjoy their holidays at all. One reason for their anxiety was their own understanding that they had not fared well in what was the exam of their life. There was no cause for them to do well because leading to the exams they had done all the wrong things possible, or impossible.

Eager to know his results before they were published, one of the students, known for his notoriety and tantrums, bribed a needy peon of the department and managed to get his answer scripts out. To his utter dismay, on opening his stolen *khata* he found out that the questions that he had answered were all criss-crossed with red ink, as if the teacher did not like his answers, found them wrong, which meant, he thought OMG(Oh my General)he was doomed. Surprisingly the teacher had not awarded any marks for each question that he had answered, and thus there was no compilation of the total marks that he was supposed to have attained in that exam. He also noticed with greater frustration that his teacher was yet to put his signature on the script, which if the teacher had done our student could then have easily given the marks himself. How great could that be! As a result, the student could not know his results before they were officially published.

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This *daagi* student was not one to give up that easily. His Plan-B was to put his widely respected teacher in deep trouble. He had hated his 're-spected-my-foot' teacher for the last over 40 years; yes he has been that long in the same class. Heh heh heh, he chuckled, *aab usko pata chalega* how many paddy in how many rice.

Having seen all the signs of failing in the exams, the braggart student engages a *moodi* shopkeeper to deliberately flaunt his checked exam scripts to learned customers at the shop. He announces the paid shopkeeper to all and sundry how he could possibly pack the merchandise in such academic material; he so much values education. 'What paper?' asks a regular, who happened to be a journalist. 'OMG (Oh my general store) where did you get these? Teachers are so careless these days. They should be arrested for such irresponsible behaviour.'

The media guy makes the lost and found exam scripts public. The teacher is delighted at the discovery because he was desperately looking for it. After all, he had a verdict to pronounce. Before he had found out that the *khata* went missing, the teacher as always had noted down the marks of each student on a separate paper. He puts the