

THE DRIVE



F LIFE



SANJU PRASAD KANU

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CHAPTER 1



ACTIVE PASSION

In the nineties globalization and privatization became the ultimate changing policies of the government to invite foreign investments and encourage indoor entrepreneurs. With them one exciting theory was growing, a theory of glamorization.

Films and cricket became the pioneers in those days to admit this theory of glamorization, because glamour excites most young minds. The trend of glamour was emerging so swiftly as if the motto, “To take most of the youth add glamour to the job”, was being adopted by most enterprises.

Therefore by coming to 2020 people had added glamour to almost every field of work.

But as mentioned, in the nineties, two giant glamorous profession prevailed and that was, a cricketer or a Bollywood

actor. Therefore, becoming any one of those became the aim of most young dreamers during that period.

Samrat opted to have a dream of becoming a cricketer.

Yes, Samrat who belonged from a small village but had a big dream. Dream to be a massive achiever. Samrat, the smallest member was loved and cared by everyone in the family. In his cute childhood days, got almost everything like a common child, below ten years of age opts for. But he wanted to do something very exciting.

There was special art in Samrat, which he preferred more than the toys and that was playing cricket, not just so it was glamorous, it was because, playing cricket was in his blood.

Samrat was one of few, who did not want to follow the profession just because of the added glamour in the job, which most people do nowadays, but he wanted to be an achiever in the field of cricket as it was the art with which he was born. He was correct as because, carrying the dream in the blood, gives more guarantee to success, then to run after glamour, without any passion for achievement of the desired profession.

Playing cricket was indeed, a great experience and more than a passion for Samrat. It was such that, if there was an opportunity given to perform on a grand stage he could have passed it through like a champion.

On early stages, Samrat found one institute, where he can sharp this talent and function on it cum coach, as he was being admitted in one of the outstation school located at the queen of hills, Darjeeling.

Being too small Samrat cannot remember the school name, but can say that after observing one playing pleasantly

on the ground. Thus he also wanted to go in and operate, but unfortunately some or the other reasons he could not be admitted in that school. The reason for not knowing the school name was also being too small. He told his father, Mr. Anil Gupta to admit him in that school but was not so. Instead he was admitted in other, naming Green Point School at standard one.

But, this school was not up to the expectation. Not only on providing good sporting infrastructures, but also in understanding a child's basic need of care and the degree of strictness, which according to Samrat was very much.

Samrat coped with the interest and started to adjust with food and lodging. Initial days were tough, as he was warned in the home, not to piss at night or else will be the reason for punitive in the morning. He used to do it almost every night at home. The first night went passed planning not to sleep, which resulted in staying awake for several hours.

But Samrat slept and when he woke up early in the next morning, hastily checked the sheets containing the wet part. "Yes, the sheets are dry," and those thought brought him a sense of joy for being saved from canning.

Since then urinating in the night became an occasional job for several days and eventually ended with time. He assembled friends, went to classes, played games and did study strictly according to schedule time. Punishment was the ultimate decision for any informal activity. One evening when he saw a boy receiving thrashing with long black cane from the principal, he hoped not to be in that place ever in life. Such threatening was the cane. Before doing any naughty act, he thought for that cane.

On the contrary, there was someone more threatening than a cane and she was a house keeper Miss Konjo, whose duty commenced from the evening and lasted with tuition throughout the night. Her abrupt voice lonely, initiated Samrat almost Piss. Yes, this time almost pissing was live and the cause being different.

Miss Konjo was strict especially during the coaching period and very offensive, when he woke up her late night for lavatory. One night, Samrat was in very urgency and was waking her up to go for lavatory. He needed someone to go with him since the toilet was situated downstairs, deep beside the end of passage from the staircase, and in that deep dark night any child would have asked for assistance.

Samrat tried to woke up Miss Konjo to go with him.

Samrat near to Miss Konjo bed in a low innocent voice—
“Miss, Miss please wake up.”

But Miss Konjo was still enjoying her sleep, “Kharr, kharr, kharr, kharr”. Samrat continued, “Miss, Miss please wake up, I wanted to go for lavatory.”

But there was no impact of Samrat’s voice. He then decided to give a gentle push, which he did immediately and woke up Miss Konjo. Miss Konjo hurriedly woke up from a deep sleep, aggressively checked here and there, to find the pusher.

Samrat standing near her right side was soon spotted, and furious Miss Konjo became very determined to punish him for his deed in destroying her sleep. She yelled there on so much that, it added to the force of the excreta pushing in its course. Samrat held it hard and pleaded her to go with him which was her duty, but she thought he was being naughty.

Till then the feces was in the border, but she continued to behave more rude than in former.

Miss Konjo suddenly stopped moving her large mouth, since she can now smell something very disgusting. The odor, in the room very soon was in each and every corner. It woke up every student in the dormitory, and she understood the whole story.

Miss Konjo grabbed Samrat's hand, forcefully pulled him downstairs towards the toilet and roughly pushed him in, to wash the urinated clothes, with avoidance of knowing a child below ten years of age, can do it with decency or not. Her command resembled of a wicked lady general.

Samrat washed as ordered and went back upstairs, on to the bed, thinking of his beloved mother. Samrat remembered how nice, caring and great was his mother who would be with him, whenever he wanted her.

Miss Konjo method of teaching was so absurd, that a child was taught to compete with others and fetch good marks. Instead of eliminating the roots of poor numbers, by trying distinct methods of teaching, she stood to her own obsolete process where a very small percentage of students understood the subject. The best way for Samrat to learn was making a subject interesting without any thrashing. But was a rare procedure there.

Samrat wanted someone in the panel to notice him about his talent, but they only noticed the marks obtained in the assessment. For Samrat, leaving the beloved ones and coming to a recent place, where he has to straight away produce fine grades was initially tough. But hard work and some obstinate approach on studies fetched some good

numbers in a report and the rate multiplied, on which he stood good in front of the teaching staff.

Samrat then thought to carry on with his fine form in studies, to impress those teaching staffs and also tried several other methods for leaving a good impact by being disciplined, neat, well behaved etc., so that he can approach them easily, and talk about his ambition. He desperately wanted to share his feeling for the need of cricket tool, in the school. He was happy as acclamation did start coming on his genuine deeds and only some more performance was required to become the dearest of all.

But then something happened which was not impressive at all for M/s Lily, the principals wife. It was a very chilled morning and wrestling was one of the best ways to get heated. The little boys were in mood of some action and so they started banging each other and shouted like a true warrior. Jumping on one other and yelling brought a lot of enthusiasm, but this method of heating also heated the mam without any fight.

The action brought such a huge sense of heroism, the boys did not think, their loud noises are breaking into her room, being adjacent to them. When M/s Lily arrived with a red hot nose, Samrat understood the mistake.

M/s Lily yelled in very high pitched sound, which was loud, much louder than the boys, which silenced the children. As soon as she arrived with a big black cane, the boys started to act innocent, as they knew now they could be charged, with different illogical sections of the hostel.

The other faultless boys acted more innocent as they did not want to be caught even by mistake because the temper

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in which the fat M/s Lily was, warming the atmosphere in the room and nothing lenient was expected. Her physical appearance also was very aggressive.

But M/s Lily was successful in picking the wanted from all the bunch of innocent faces and assembled them in the punishment zone.

One by one was called up and was asked to unbutton the pants. As the trouser went down, the stick went up and the sound chak, chak, chak, chak..... spread across the room, as if, this was the mam steps of heating students.

Samrat was also asked to put down the pants and the same sound was manufactured. After the canning was over, he rushed into the bed in search of some comfort zone. He wanted to cool the latest hot zone. But wait, this was not justified enough. The boys were asked to put a round, around the school campus on half dressed and the partial necked part being down. Yes they were asked to move around wearing a shirt and a half pant.

Samrat and company then thought of circling the school as fast as possible because it was an early part of a day, which brought good chances of being less students present in the outside campus. They rushed outside and immediately planned to find a place of concealment, if anyone notices them. They started their journey with heavy legs and were very cautious of not being the headline for the morning news in the campus.

Trying to hide themselves behind each other and progress, they pushed one another. But instead of disputing, they together resolute to approach faster and complete the task. In doing so, they used the alternative smaller path and reached half way.

While moving, suddenly the cold winds started to blow much stronger and was hitting the back part of the boys with its full strength. It was just like adding salt to the wound. The boys could not shout to release the pain, since other schoolmates could notice them and get a chance for a huge laughter. Thus they were quite successful of not being a subject of ridicule. But when they were just some steps away from reaching the destination unnoticed, the sound of some students halted them. There, they immediately moved into a nearby toilet.

Standing there and inhaling that stink was only the way, escaping from those boys who can act as a reporter of taking the breaking news to each and every corner. Those boys were standing in there for a long time and each second passed like a decade. Ultimately those moved away from that zone and slowly came out the students to verify. The way was empty and clear to rush into the dormitory and get buttoned. Coming out of that scene, they took a breath of fresh atmosphere and did what they best can. They went into the room and quickly covered themselves.

This adventurous task was over with some success as some of the other mates did receive this great news for fun. But this topic did not last long, in the group and was lost as the time proceeded.

Samrat was now having a homesick and was waiting for his mother to come and grab him. He missed his mother a lot, since the affection which he requires in that very tender age was missing, which his mom gave in abundance.

The tuff hostel regulations also did not allow the students for a telephonic conversation with their parents in small duration, but it was only once in a quarter, not exceeding five minutes.

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The much awaited time came, since it was the end of the quarter and Samrat was very happy that night, before sleeping. He was then informed, to be ready, at early before 7 am for his number to speak. Mr. Anil also was asked earlier to be set on the schedule time.

The following morning came, with a bright sunlight and lots of happiness for Samrat. He quickly finished his usual morning routine and got ready for his name to be called up. The wait was over and his name was announced.

Samrat briskly walked into M/s Lily room and stood near the phone. But, before the conversation, the nearby strict M/s Lily advised Samrat to speak up fast and complete the call within five minutes. She had a stop watch ready in her hand and was ready to push the button for the countdown. She then put her index finger, into the dialing ring and rolled them one by one in sequence according to Mr. Anil's contact number. Samrat's eagerness was growing after that each number was being dialed. The call got connected and was soon received by Mr. Anil who was also waiting eagerly with his wife to speak up during Samrat's turn.

Mr. Anil – “Hello”

M/s Lily – “Hello, good morning, Mr. Anil.”

Mr. Anil – “A very good morning, M/s Lily”.

M/s Lily – “How are you?”

Mr. Anil – “Fine, thank you, what about you?”

M/s Lily – “Everything is fine.”

The formalities were eating the allocated time and now Samrat found only four minutes due in the stop watch to chat.

But Mr. Anil knew the regulation and requested M/s Lily to forward the call to Samrat.

M/s Lily quickly responded and hand the call to Samrat.

Samrat – “Hello Dad.”

Mr. Anil – “Hi dear son, how are you?”

Samrat wanted to speak his heart out, but the appearance of M/s Lily standing nearby silent him.

Samrat – “Fine dad”.

Mr. Anil – “Great, my boy and how is your studies going?”

Samrat – “Good Dad.”

Mr. Anil – “Ok, nice going my dear, study hard and get going well”.

Samrat – “Where is mom?”

Mr. Anil – “Oh, yes she is here, now talk to her.”

Mother – “Hello son, how are you, my dear?”

Samrat – “Fine, but missing you”.

Mother – “Oh, my dear, don’t worry, will come to visit you very soon”.

Samrat – “Sure, Mom do come fast”

Mother – “Do you have your food on time?”

Samrat – “Yes, mom”.

Mother – “Ok and do the hostel staff keep good care of you?”

M/s Lily now started signaling on the time, which was about to get over.

Samrat very swiftly – “Mom, you don’t worry, everything is fine here.”

Mother – “Ok son, do take care”.

Samrat – “Ok, take care mom, bye”

Mother – “Bye son.”

Samrat then disconnected the call and set the headphone on the receiver. He then felt a lot better and paid thanks to M/s Lily, before exiting the room.

But as the days passed Samrat became more determined to play cricket. He then directly thought of an idea to talk with the principal and explain him the need for sports in the school.

But the students were not allowed to visit the principal in private unless and until they have done something very special in study or in being very naughty. He had noticed many times, either a very studious tutee enter Principal's office for hand shaking or a very mischievous, for thrashing.

Samrat studied very sincerely but could not come first in the monthly test conducted, which was the criteria for the eligibility to be called by the principal privately in the office, to get a congratulation and a healthy appraisal.

But Samrat desperately wanted to talk with the principal so that he could bring a good change in the system of school. So, Samrat opted to try for the second option.

Samrat had never planned for any naughty act in the past, so it took some days for him to think and make a blue print of it. He decided to put a cockroach in M/s Lily bag and add one more case in her file, so that she instead of locally judging herself takes him to the high court of the school and appeal a better punishment.

After the lunch break, there would be a period for M/s Lily to teach English in the Samrat's class. So during the lunch

time Samrat decided to put a moving cockroach inside the mam's bag, when she enter her room for lunch. As she entered her living quarter, which was adjacent to Samrat's dormitory, she usually goes to the fresh room keeping her hand bag on the dining table.

M/s Lily, continued with her routine, as was expected by Samrat, who was hiding in his dormitory. He was ready with the cockroach, caught last night from the kitchen and stored in his geometry box.

Samrat then slowly entered the room, without any sound, opened the zip and pushed the moving cockroach into her bag. He sealed it and immediately rushed away from the spot.

It was very thrilling for Samrat, since the task was new to him. Samrat then went back near the class and got ready for its consequences.

After having her lunch M/s lily washed her hands, corrected her dress and hair and came out with her hand bag on her shoulders. She also was very strict to her timings therefore, she most of the time entered the class just minutes before the recess gets over. So, as most of the time, she entered the classroom and sat on her chair, waiting for the bell to ring and the students to come in.

As soon as the bell rang, all the respective students entered the classroom and positioned themselves for the period to go on. Samrat also got seated in his place.

M/s Lily appealed the students to be seated and open an English book for the further studies. She then took the chalk and wrote "Noun" on the blackboard. She then turned towards the students and asked, "Dear students, do you know what is a noun?"

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The whole class was silent and curious to know about the word written in the blackboard. M/s Lily then continued, "Ok, so naming words are called nouns."

For explaining further, she moved towards her bag, to take out the book of her subject.

As she unzipped the bag, the cockroach sprang on her hand and the mam stunned with the prank, shouting, jumped here, there, over the chair for which the whole class laughed and cheered.

With lots of struggle M/s Lily Billy got rid of the insect and instantly yelled the students to be silent.

The sudden cheer of the class converted into instant silence. The physical appearance grew very violent and the mam became very committed to catch the culprit. That was enough to sweat the small children. She stood firmly on one spot and clearly mentioned the doer to honestly come forward.

Samrat could not get a better chance than that, since he was successful in making M/s Lily Billy violent to such a mark from where visiting the principal was guaranteed.

Samrat happily stood up and accepted the plan to be his. But that attitude added M/s Lily Billy's state of mood and surprised her that how one boy is still happy whereas the other students are being so sweaty.

But M/s Lily Billy did not go much to explore the reason, rather she caught his hand and pulled him to walk towards the principal's office. She reacted so swiftly as if she wanted to represent him as fast as possible towards the principal for the high level punishment.

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