

Autobiography of a question paper

Just as you owe your existence to Brahma the four headed god even so I owe my existence to four paper setters who gave me the present symmetrical. Form. I was, and then sent to the secretary of the Central Board of Secondary Education in a sealed cover, in whose custody I remained for many days. These were difficult days. I could not breathe freely. I cursed my fate and my Examination I was taken to the Govt. Printing Press. Here I was handed over to the head compositor for being transformed into a polished form. Within an hour my form was totally changed, though my soul remained the same.

Many persons tried to kidnap me, but there was an iron wall of secrecy around me. In a similar attempt one of the compositors was caught red-handed by a police officer on duty. The fateful day arrived. At fifteen minutes to nine, I was taken along with others to the examination hall. Then we were distributed among the candidates' most of whom were terror struck by our sight. The breath of fresh air was Form. I was, and then sent to the secretary of the Central Board of Secondary Education in a sealed cover, in whose custody I remained for many days. These were difficult days. I could not breathe freely. I cursed my fate and my Examination I was taken to the Govt. Printing Press.

Here I was handed over to the head compositor for being transformed into a polished form. Within an hour my form was totally changed, though my soul remained the same. Many persons tried to kidnap me, but there was an iron wall of secrecy around me. All this time he was nervous no doubt, but at the end I was hardly more valuable to him than is scrap of paper. Before the commencement of the examination I would have fetched a thousand rupees as my price but after at night he showed me these elders, who discussed with him the answers.

Like an unwelcome guest, I remained in a drawer of his table for a pretty long time. Not till the date of the result, there was any change in my fortune. On that day he took me out of the drawer and began to count and recount the marks that he expected to secure in the examination. But to my utter surprise he disfigured me to a great extent. Every stab of pen made me suffer untold humiliation. I was helpless a victim of cruel Fate. His success.

But one of his friends from the ninth standard came to my rescue and borrowed my services from him. I may tell you frankly that even at his place. I could not regain my former glory. He did look at me with curiosity and respect but with fear. And after his examination a year later, my value to him was next to nothing. No wonder then that along with other waste papers he sold me also to a hawker.

The fall of the Roman Empire was not so sudden and tragic.