

A Memorable Day in My Life

I did not wake up and find myself famous on the morning of the 14th of last month. No one wished me even when I left my bed. In those boarding homes, which accommodation two hundred students, not one thought much of me as I passed the corridor. Yet it was going to be the most memorable day in my life.

It all came in this way. I was at that time an indifferent cricketer not the well known spin bowler, nor the talented batsman that I am thought to be now. Yet as I was passing along the corridor in front of Charles's room-Charles was the college skipper. I was curtly informed that I was to be the eleventh man in the college team that day. My heart simply leapt. For, I was ambitious and of late was showing better form than I had ever done.

We were playing that day against the strongest cricket team in the town, Sutton club. There was not the ghost of a chance of our putting up a good show. They batted first and made 250 runs for the loss of 6 wickets. It was hurricane batting from the beginning to the end and fours and sixes came in huge numbers. Then we began our innings. Our stalwarts returned to the pavilion in a short time. They could not withstand the steady bowling of Davind and Brown and defeat for us was only a matter of time.

When we were nine wickets down, we had made only 63 runs. Then I went into bat amidst jeers and cheers of many of my college teachers. Ordinarily, I would have been very nervous, but so many strange things had happened that day I was feeling quite confident. Anything might happen! And something did happen.

James, who was the man, was a steady bat and played sensibly. He soon realized that I was set for a big score and helped me by letting me face the ball frequently. I hit ten sixes and 23 fours. Runs were coming at a fast pace. At tea time I had scored 145 runs. Shortly before the end of the day's play we reached the total 251 and the match was over.

I was simply delirious; I had turned certain defeat into victory. I was loudly cheered, garlanded and taken to the Boarding House in a Procession. I was very proud and a little giddy.

But the crowning glory of the day was the wire which reached me at 8 p.m. I had won a lottery of one lakh rupee. I did not swoon or babble. Oh! I was so happy. I had never been as happy as on that day. Now, the shades of the prison house, in the words of the famous poet words worth, are fast falling upon me. Things are

taking a more gloomy turn. But now I can always look back upon that day of my life and console myself that I too had my hour.