

LIFE IS A FULL CIRCLE!

Mr. X hailed from Gorakhpur, a small town in the Uttar Pradesh state of India. One fine morning, he woke up to decide that he would seek a change in his fortunes by migrating to India's premier city, Mumbai.

Although he had dreamt of having a juicy 'reel' life in Mumbai, his 'real' life adventures could only take him as far as the tiny shacks along the Central Railway tracks.

Answering nature's call along the tracks has become a great Indian sport of late. X was just one among its numerous players. That day, he was at the very same game, but he felt a little different, a little too sleepy, may be because he drank a little too much the previous night.

Like everyday he heard the loud whistle of the approaching local train. He looked up, only to realize to his great surprise that it was headed straight towards him. "Oh! Shucks!" he said, "what on earth am I doing on the wrong track?" It was too late to stand up and run away, and in any case, he wasn't in the position to do that (I hope you understand!) All he could do was take off his red shirt and wave it in the air so as to draw the motorman's attention, and pray that the train stopped.

He had stood up by now. The train had stopped a couple of feet short of X. The motorman had got down and was about to hurl a collection of the choicest expletives. Just then, the motorman spotted a rail fracture just a foot behind where X stood. He assumed that X had prior knowledge of this and believed that it was due to X's extreme presence of mind that the lives of so many passengers could be saved and a major accident could be averted. He rushed to thank X who was surprised himself. He had turned into a hero, that too in 'real' life!

"ONE MAN'S COMMON SENSE AND HUNDREDS SAVED!"

Screamed the most popular English daily. X was receiving unimaginable publicity. As days progressed, the media, both electronic and print, splashed his stories all over the place. X was soon giving interviews, attending chat shows, inaugurating events and what not! The rumour mills too, worked overtime to add new features to his so-called 'heroics'. His popularity reached such great heights that the state government, in an attempt to cash in on it, appointed X as the chairman of a committee that ensures the maintenance of Railway tracks!

X couldn't believe his luck. He had everything he wanted-name, fame and money.

His fortunes had changed indeed. **But**, don't we all know that the only thing that is permanent in this world is change? If change can happen once, it can happen twice too. The '**but**' in the above sentence was waiting to give him a kick up his '**butt**'!

As luck would have it, the state government was toppled in a year's time, a characteristic of the Indian democratic set-up of course! His new masters had developed a sense of hatred for anybody who had been appointed by the previous government out of its discretion. X was fired over the issue of non-possession of essential qualifications for the post he occupied.

X was out of the job, out of the limelight and out of the media attention. And now, outside his shack along the railway tracks, he found himself playing that great Indian sport again, which had got him immense fame! He now hoped that on another lucky day, there would be another rail fracture and that he'd be lucky enough to be perched somewhere near it. Don't they say that -

Life is a full circle!