

LESSON ONE

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An elderly figure went directly to the blackboard and wrote down a serpentine formula. He turned every once in a while and explained, and all the Greek became Ad-Cal!

As soon as setting foot in Pilani, everyone knows about priority numbers, time-tables and getting to register for the best professors. The first semester is the toughest for all. The pressure to perform and prove is high. The advice of seniors is sprinkled generously all around, “You need to attend this Professor for this subject else you will not make a good grade”, “Guss the registered Professor and go for P Singh!” is among a few what made it to my eager and willing ears. I still vividly remember the feeling that enveloped me, when I attended my first AdCal Class. Some students had reserved their seats in the classroom on the very first day of the class on

the prudent advice of their seniors. Unfortunately, this piece of advice had missed this beaver.

I arrived ten minutes early only to see in vain, a sixty capacity class-room packed with 200. Benches supposed to be seating two, had three. The not so fortunate had already made full use of the wall, and the truly unfortunate were simply standing over any foot of ground space available to them. My thirsty eyes looked everywhere, for the proverbial drop to drink. The gap between every bench also had a student sitting in between on the floor. I stood at the door staring at the sight when someone behind me urged me to get in. I managed to enter

in and squeezed in between two girls and squatted on the floor somewhere in the middle of the classroom. The panic kept me rooted despite the overwhelming urge to run away.

Now I waited for an exceptional teacher and an exceptional lecture that would be a stepping stone to realizing my future, my dreams and my aspirations. Back to reality, and the professor trudged into the classroom hardly casting a glance to the crowd. He started teaching, and it seemed that the only objects of his affection and attention were the chalk-piece, duster and black-board!

I was overwhelmed and mortified. The thought struck me and I wondered if I was really studying in one of the best Institutions in India. But people grow on you, and so do Professors and their teaching ways. First impressions are striking but not always correct. Someone told me that P Singh was the best, and the crowd would get lesser and people lazier. And as events would unfold, and the story be told, I maxed my first test and immensely loved every class of ADCAL thereafter. And it wasn't just the result of the first test

