

wake
UP

ED!!

Samhita Joshi

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Wake Up ED!!

Sleeping at wrong times is DISASTROUS.

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This book is dedicated to Rudransh Joshi.

Religion is like an open source project.
Or vice-versa. You can create a copy
that suits you. Whatever.

ADRIAN CLIFFORD

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Acknowledgement

Acknowledgements are formalities. You do not need a piece of paper to thank people who have made significant contributions in your life— because you can't ever thank them enough. Only lies have details. And acknowledgements made on a sheet of paper, in front of a book, or a memoir, or any other media except for your brain are the best lies.

Wake Up ED!!

Remember having an exam today, Ed!?

“What? Who are you?” Ed asked, sweating. He woke up in a hurry, trying to locate the source of the voice. And, as always, there wasn’t any. There had never been any—with him being the lone habitant of his dorm room. Another of his everyday visions— his conscious making him realise that he was forgetting something important. He was always forgetting something. It had now become a daily thing; him not being able to separate his visions from reality.

“What time is it?” he mumbled, attempting to look at his table clock, which upon viewing carefully read 11:37 AM. His room, like any other room in the dorm, had its walls painted in a faded shade of yellow, scraping badly, and ceiling—a white. The room must have been as thrice as him; Ed being a 5’6”. There was a window too, opposite to the entrance, about a metre or three away. Not the best room in the dorm, but yeah, other people had worse.

“11:37?? Seriously!?” he yelled, puzzled, remembering his Physics Final Practical. The exam was to finish at 12, com-

mencing an hour earlier.

“I am—” Panicking, he lost track. “The worst person in the world. How possibly in the world could have I slept for this long?” He shouted, suddenly remembering what to say.

Someone took my brains away— or better do it now if it isn't the case— both of them.

He tried to think something logical but couldn't because 1. he was already running late. *The exam would have already started by now.* Anger and fear, 50-50% of each, crept inside him, making him sweat more than how much he had upon waking up, and 2. The exam room was a good 15-minute-walk away from him. *37 minutes of that, adding 15 more— please save me— gives me a total of nearly an hour.* Unable to keep up, he finally screamed, “I AM KILLED! I AM DOOMED!”

Adrenaline rushed through his arteries and veins and his heart and whatnot. Packing up his otherwise favourite back-pack, he ran. Ran for his life. Already late— neither having the time to search for a quicker mode of transport, nor ANY one being visible, he kept running. During his do-not-stop-no-matter-what-happens run towards the lab, he attempted to recollect why he had slept in the first place, despite knowing, preparing for, and remembering precisely that the final Physics Practical exam was going to shortly commence. And then he remembered himself slowly drooling over, lying on his bed, watching Viva Q&A videos on YouTube. It had now become a habit— going to sleep while watching the screen on his bed. It took him no longer than fifteen minutes to reach the near unconscious stage.

Focusing back on the current scenario, he found out that in about 9 and a half minutes, he had covered the distance that usually took 15 minutes. Terrified of the teacher and fearing for his life, he, somehow, managed to drag his feet to the Physics laboratory; his heart beating abnormally.

What-if the teacher denies me entry?

What-if it counts as a not-good-gesture? (which he was sure, it would)

What-ifs. Aren't they interesting? They were not interesting for Ed. At least, not this time.

Will I not be awarded a degree?

The students passing nearby, which he otherwise greeted with a cheer, went unnoticed by his eyes.

"This shady college" he paused, cursing silently, "doesn't even allow you to choose subjects of your interests." What was the point of learning to calculate values precisely, up to 7-decimal-places, if the only ones that counted were the first two, or three sometimes? He never liked this idea of college or any other institute where instructors helped people "learn" and "get awarded a certificate that shows the subjects you excelled in".

Not even sure that his hands existed, he knocked classroom door.

"May I come in, Prof?" Ed asked for permission to enter late.

A crazy, not-so-muscular-but-not-exactly-weak, bald, 4 eyed-person (2, and 2 because of the spectacles), known by the name "Professor" to his students, sat in front of the class in his ever-so-permanent chair, with various apparatus lying here and there on the tables nearby.

"Sure," the professor replied calmly, "you can," handing him

a sheet of paper. The paper, on its front, consisted of the experiments to be performed, and nothing on the back.

What? Ed thought, recovering from what he had just witnessed— his teacher reacting as if it was no big deal. The teacher was popular among the students for being hot-headed. Ed had himself observed him, go angry, on various occasions. *Was that— was that an attempt— to mock— whatever, Ed! You have to first complete your exam. Things could have gone worse. But they haven't. Shut up and focus! STUPID THOUGHTS, GO AWAY!*

Ed stared blankly at the sheet. Two of the ten experiments had been marked for him:

1. Calculation of the thickness of a cylindrical sheet of metal using Vernier Callipers. And,
2. Calculation of refractive index of a glass prism.

Having memorised the steps from the past 21 hours, Ed did what he had been instructed to do— perform and record his observations. The hour quickly went by and he looked up only when he noticed a tap on his shoulder.

“Ed, Time’s up. Give up, now,” remarked the Professor, allegedly snatching his answer sheet. “Aren’t you done yet?”

“Done Prof,” Ed replied confidently, now sober from his late attendance.

“Good then,” The Professor commented and then turned to the class. “Viva starts shortly. In five minutes.”

The students nodded and replied a “Yes, sir” because that’s what they were supposed to do, when a faculty member informed (ordered) them.

And within the next two hours, the viva was over as well. On his turn, Ed turned out to be a great elucidator. He explained things as vividly as he could. The Professor asked a few other questions and let him go only after he was satisfied with his responses.

“You have actually done well!” he exclaimed. “But from next time, I don’t want any of this late—ness. In case of an examination, try making use of an alarm clock. Or ask any of your friends to wake you up. Not everyone understands the underlying circumstances.”

Each of the Professor’s word was accompanied by bits of liquid coming from his mouth. Eww! That was gross. But Ed didn’t complain. No one ever complained. You do not complain about a teacher, otherwise, bad things happen to your grades.

“Sure Prof. It won’t ever happen again,” Ed assured, hoping that it wouldn’t.

Walking down the road— it was afternoon now— back to his dorm, he was surprised at how good the day had gone— as much as ten times better than what he had thought. He replayed everything that had happened in the morning in his head, simultaneously wondering, how— just how irresponsible he had been.

“No one does this sort of thing, especially when one has an examination that day,” Ed explained to himself. “Days like these are long!” Sideways, this time he remembered each passer-by— two black Toyotas, a red Maruti, several motorbikes and other people who were walking nearby. And then suddenly, at once, he felt something heavy, something pushy on his chest.

Unable to breathe, he mouthed, “Aaghh-H-E-L-P-S-O-M-E-O-N-E-H-E-L-P.” Despite having tried hard to utter, no words came out of his mouth. With a shiver, he woke up after some time.

This time for real.

“No way! This was a dream? What. Is. Happening. To. Me. These. Days.”

First, he looked at the not-so-fancy-looking watch on his left wrist and then on his table clock— 11:37 AM.

“What in the world!” Ed shouted and hurried for his Physics Practical Examination that was to commence at 12, 15 minutes from his room.



About the Author

Author is a human made of flesh and bones, who happens to co-exist in this Universe along with other living/non-living beings. Author hates to write this biography in third person but has to, because TRADITION!?! When not engaged with anything creative, the author sleeps! Author aspires to become a good person upon growing up.

Also, the person in the photograph above is not the author. It is an image generated by a GAN. But your photograph is something that distinguishes you from others, providing you with an identity, and I guess this one does a pretty good job in doing so.

You can connect with me on:

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