

## **LOSE CONTROL! \_\_\_\_\_ A Short Story**

"Doing an experiment without 'control'", said an experienced experimental scientist to an assistant "is as good/bad as **not** doing it". The assistant could not understand what was told and started to control speed, emotions and many of his other qualitative traits while doing experiments.

A couple of days later, when he was asked to the results, he showed a single set of numbers corresponding to his experiment. The superior was furious at him. Luckily, he got another chance. This time he was particularly asked to incorporate both positive and negative controls. The assistant came back scratching his head.

He could not sleep that night. The controls haunted him like nightmares even in daydreams. He was silently screaming on top of his voice "what on earth is 'control'?" He even doubted its existence on the earth.

The next morning, he went straight to the superior and poured his heart out. The superior could not believe it at once but later repented on his decision to have recruited such a dumb piece of \*^^#.

The senior scientist had come across such experience before and wanted to know the reason behind such poor shows by new comers. He called upon his professor and scientist friends and convened a meeting to discuss the issue. They met in a beautiful place and shared their opinions. They unanimously concluded that the universities and colleges across the country had lost control over themselves. The resolution said,

- There was money, no accountability
- There were people, just unjust people
- There were students, the real sorry figures of the while set up
- Everything was there, lacking everything

The participants decided to form a committee comprising top scientists and educationists, which would assess the situation in depth, and submit a report to the government within three months.

After the meeting, they had a small party. Many of them, typical of lonely scientific avocations could not help but smoke. They drank to their heart's content, some of them to their gut-full.

Back at the senior scientist's base, the reprimanded assistant had successfully completed the assignment. He was waiting to show some exciting results to his boss but received only a phone call, which said that his superior will come late because, a friend of his had lost control of a car, and was admitted to an ICU with multiple fractures.

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