

You are going to participate in an Extempore Competition. All night you sit up preparing various topics. You are shaken awake by a bad dream. Write about this experience for the diary using the given cues. (100-120 words)

[Cues: Dream-sweating- on the way to school-deserted roads-only bags, no children-morning assembly in progress -can't hear anything- wondered why-House Teacher Mrs Wasan approached- well-prepared -extempore competition-fourth on the list -chose the topic- extremely nervous-words became foreign to me - topic something related to judiciary - don't remember anything - Prashant's face beaming - Shruti and Sneha smiling appreciatively-imagine-not even prepared- wake-up call.

Sunday, 10 January

5 am

Dear Diary,

Gosh! What a dream! I'm still sweating. I am on my way to school as usual. Surprisingly, the roads are absolutely deserted. No honking, no jostling, no traffic. I manage to reach the school and the guard smiles at me mysteriously. I run to my classroom, and I find that there are bags, but no children. When I peep out of the window, I see the morning assembly in progress. Surprisingly, I can't hear the prayer or the school band. I wonder why? After some time, I approach my House teacher, Mrs Wasan. Thankfully, her face lights up the moment, she sees me. "Arun, I hope you are well-prepared." I nod in the affirmative.

The Extempore Competition commences with the Activity-teacher's instructions. Three speakers speak before me, I'm fourth on the list. All the three are wildly cheered, though I can't recollect their topics or the content of their speeches. I reach the stage and pick up a chit to read my topic. I'm a bundle of nerves. To my surprise, I can't decipher anything; the words appear absolutely foreign to me. I ask the compere for help. I am able to understand that the topic revolved around something concerning the role of the judiciary. I start speaking, and there is absolute silence. I don't remember the contents of my speech, but I remember Prashant's face beaming at me, from the front row. I think I have managed to pull it off. Shruti and Sneha of my class are also smiling appreciatively, as I come down from the stage. Now looking back in retrospect, I realise that I'm quite foggy on this subject. Imagine, I had not even prepared anything remotely connected with the judiciary. Was it a wake-up call or were future events casting their scary shadows in advance? I can't say. Sometimes our secret fears also prove right. Let us see.

Good night diary.