

# School reunion 2010 essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Congratulations were thrown my way as I headed for the pavilion after my 376 not out, which clinched the 5 match series from Pakistan. Being the captain of the Indian team, I knew I would still have to go up and collect the trophies and my man-of-the-match award.

“ The man-of-the-match for his astonishing 376 not out and amazing captaincy is Deepak Chandi. Could you come up and say a few words Deepak?”

I ambled up the 42 red-carpeted stairs through a gangway of bats created by my fellow

match participants in honour of my historic performance. An exhausted me arrived at the presentation box two long minutes later.

“ How did it feel to break the record set by Brian Lara?”

“ Well David (Gower), I was just concentrating on chasing the total. Obviously, it’s nice to do so well but the main objective on my behalf was to stay in the middle and see out the innings.”

“ Once again well done and congratulations. Ladies and Gentleman could you give a big hand to the scorer of the highest individual innings in the history of test cricket.”

When I finally arrived, back at the hotel, the first thing I did was check my e-mail. I pressed down, with my index finger, on the button labeled as ‘ open’ on my ten-inch palm top computer. ‘ You have seven hundred and twenty eight new e-mails’ said the computer. Among the usual congratulation notes

and ‘ behave yourself notes’ from my parents, I noticed something rather unusual. A peculiar looking e-mail registered from Northampton School For Boys. I immediately opened it and read to find that there was a school reunion for my year and there were only 5 hours left before it was scheduled to start. I rushed to my phone to arrange for my plane from Calcutta to Northampton International Airport.

I arrived in Northampton one hour later in my Concorde alongside my agent Eddie Murphy. Some aging long- haired hippy that was claiming to be my chauffeur was waiting outside my own terminal. I looked up at him and there was something familiar about the guy.

“ Mr. Alsop?” I thought it was my old English teacher.

“ Yes Mr. Chandi.” he replied, opening the black rigid door at the back of the 17 seating limousine.

“ I watched you the other day on TV. You played very well, I must say”

“ Thank you sir”.

“ Please Deepak, call me Alsoppy”.

We then proceeded towards the legendary Grosvenor Centre. This famous establishment is known for its variety of exclusive, high quality designer wear shops. As soon as I entered the shopping complex, I was mobbed by cricket fans in search of my rare original autograph. I had to push my way through the crowd, as I had no time to spare. I strolled into the large Harrods

stores and bought a black suit made by the well renowned designer; Benny Frostino.

We then sped away from the complex in my newly bought prestigious Ferrari 360 Modena registered as DEEP4K. As I approached the site where I remembered the school being, I came across some signs saying ‘ NSB’. In the distance, I could see what appeared to be a small but well lit up building. However, as every second passed the building was growing in size. Eventually we arrived at the 5-story car park. There were security guards everywhere, wearing bright yellow jackets, which seemed to be sponsored by Alex Cochran.

There was a big picture of my school friend Alex pasted all over these jackets. I parked up on the 5th floor. Beside my beastly car pulled up a green battered Ford Escort. Out of it stepped my good friend and also current Wimbledon champion after defeating Lleyton Hewitt 24 hours earlier. He was wearing seventy-two earrings in his nose, bright orange trousers, a skimpy little t-shirt stating ‘ I am tennis’ and to top it off one purple glove on his left hand. It was Christopher Ingram.

“ Hi Chris. How’s the tennis career?”

“ Just the usual. Won Wimbledon without losing a point. How about yourself?”

“ Just the usual. Scored 376 not out earlier.”

“ Oh Yeah! Congratulations. I watched it on Alex Sports 1. You played really well. Remember the days when I used to play with you too?”

“ Sigh. They were the good old days.”

“ I think we better go. Everyone’s probably already there”

“ Good Idea.”

We exited the car park and made our way to the main ceremony. Chris had a limp as he was still recovering from a crack that he obtained on his pelvis. However he still won comprehensively at Wimbledon. We followed signs to the NSB casino. We arrived at the entrance and an 8ft creature, wearing what I would’ve called greebo clothes back in my school days, ticked us off the list. The creature then looked up and said “ Deepak. Do you remember me?”

“ No, I can’t say I do.” I replied.

“ It’s me Paddy.”

“ Oh! Hi. You’ve grown. A lot!”

We then passed a drunken beggar. I don’t know how he got in. I then examined his red spiky beard full of bread loaf to discover the identity of this inhumane monster. I never thought Nick Chapman’s music career would go that badly. He was fairly good at playing the horn. Or was it a...I’m not sure what it was actually.

We entered the elevator. The ‘ elevator engineer’ (that’s what he liked to be called) was wearing the school uniform of our time complete with a yellow colored year strip. He turned around. “ Hi Deepak. How are the kids?” asked the lone figure.

“ I don’t have any Omar”.

“ Oh Yeah! Replied the former president of Jordan. He tried to take over the world but his evil endeavor never took off. His children beat him up with long pipe cleaners and threw him out of office.

We then entered the main hall to find a short man complete with spectacle lenses seven inches thick. He flipped his cape with the American flag stitched upon it and began to make outrageous claims. “ I am the president of the U. S. A.” He was wearing shorts on his legs. When his shaven, skinny legs began kicking at young children I knew who it was. I always knew George would end up like this.

I then received a phone call from Roger Davies (the coach of the Indian cricket team) telling me to return to the team camp immediately. The reunion was over for me as I left in my Concorde.