

An Autobiography of a Knife

I have been named Knife. I am a true companion of my master. I always stand by him through thick and thin. I am a symbol of strength for him. My master is popularly known as Dada to his followers. He has gained this popularity in my association. I infuse courage in him. In my presence he is as bold as a lion and as furious as a tiger. I am total to him and he is aware of it. I am proud that I have won his love and confidence. Everybody bows low before me. I have shaken the pride of many a vain person. I attained this position after a long struggle. I am a devotee of might. I believe that might is right.

My life is an interesting account of the ups and down of life. For hundreds of years I lay buried under the earth. In the womb of the mother earth I had to undergo many changes. I was like a prisoner in a underground life makes my hair stand on ends. Life there has no charm. It was full of suffocation with little to do. What a dull and miserable time it was! I had never imagined of my lot then.

At last I saw light. It was a great day for me. I heard some noise early. My neighbors were badly hit with hammers. Soon we had to face a stern enemy in man. We offered a strong out into pieces. I came out in a trolley. I was then a mere heap completely changes. It was bright and beautiful. I journeyed long to reach Bhilai. The inventive mind of man wanted me to keep pace with the fast-changing world. He wanted me to refine my habits. I was entering as civilized society. I had to prove myself worthy of it. I was put in a furnace to relieve me of my rawness. I was red with amber/ Bit O jab; arm of was molded to be known as steel. It really means that I came out successful in every latest. I could now be put to use.; I could now be changed into any durable article. I was happy that I would serve the demand of the country. I would lead my country to the way of glory. I was then sent to the rolling mill. I was changed into a fine plate there. Then I was on my way to the market. I was in great demand there. I was sold to a factory owner. He cut me into pieces. I was separated from the whole. I was thrown away into a big heap to waste. I was sad. All hopes were duped and my dreams of serving the country were gloomed. I lay there for a number of days. One day the hope was put to auction. I had to move once more to a waster seller. From there a blacksmith carried me away. He hammered me and edged me finely. I was cursing myself. He grounded me and fitted me with a fine wooden handle. I was long and bight. A shop keeper took me along with others to the market. I remained in the shop for many a day. No one liked to take me. The younger species was sold away.

But one day a man with long mustaches came to the shop. He seemed to be wild and furious. He paid a good sum for me. Now air was in his pocket. I was much afraid of him. But he was kind to me. He kissed me. Since then I have been with

him. I am at his beck and call. I helped him in time of difficulty. I put several of his enemies to death. I came to realize that might is right.