

## **Uncertainty Principle For Dummies**

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Preparing for the last test of First Year Physics was a heck. The semester had gone in a jiffy with all the carousal and fun there were. We had been duly entertained and as if in malice, the department slammed a notice of test right in our happy face.

Everybody scurried for class. The test was due the next afternoon and there was no hope of a postponement. All at once, the boisterous class became a teeming group of frightened, nibbling freshmen.

The morning of the test, we were all gathered in the room where it was to be had, reading feverishly. There was a low hum which was all the sound we made mumbling, mulling, leafing, reciting, damning and sighing.

There was a loud scrape as Didi sprang out of his seat and hurried across, describing something akin to Brownian motion as he snaked around seats and the angry classmates he disturbed.

“Kev, please”, he said.

Kevin seated beside me, the class’s little Einstein, looked up slowly, his face speaking of daggers.

“Please”, Didi blurted, “could you teach me Uncertainty Principle?”

“Uncertainty Principle?”, he replied thickly. It was the last thing the test should ask. It was newly taught, it was obvious the lecturer couldn’t care less and it was the last thing anybody would read.

“Yes, Kev. Heisenberg’s—“

“I know”, he cut in sharply, “unless you’ve got yours”

“No—no”, Didi replied in all innocence, clearly immune to a rib, “I haven’t got one, no—”

“Why—?”, Kev started, shaking a fist then reneged, “Ok. Ok. You want to be certain about Heisenberg’s freaking Uncertainty Principle, eh?”

Didi nodded sheepishly.

“Good”, Kev said then lapsed into silence. “Ah-ah”, he cried triumphantly and without lowering his voice, continued, “Say in this class, who have you ever danced with?”

Didi blushed fiercely and took sometime before squeaking, “Grace”

Kevin started to say something but got quick to his small lecture. “Good. When you danced with her, did you feel she loved you?”

“Yes”, Didi was going beet.

“Did you know why she loved you?”

Didi hesitated, humming, fidgeting, "I'm not sure... no, I don't know..."

"Good. Thereafter, you walked her home, yes?"

"Yes"

"And when you were parting, did she complement you?"

"Yes", Didi said a bit proud, "She said 'You're such a lovely dancer'"

Kev flinched marginally, "She kissed you?"

Didi hesitated, "No"

"You realized what she loved in you?"

"Yes. I dance like a top"

"Were you certain at the moment, leaving you there at her doorstep without a goodnight-thank-you-ciao! kiss, were you certain she still loved you?"

Didi ruminated that before replying, "I guess not"

"Great", Kev announced, "That's Heisenberg's damned Uncertainty Principle"

With a big frown, Didi asked, "How's that?"

"Simple. Just when you're sure a girl loves you, you don't know for sure why she loves you and just when you realize why she loves you, you ain't sure she loves you"

Everybody within earshot laughed hard but Didi stood there, a eureka slowly dawning on his face.

When the test came, it was one question and it was the Uncertainty Principle. Two days later when the results came out, it was his last laugh. He was the only one who got an A.

"Thank-you, thank-you", he rushed over to Kevin with an unabashed glee, "I wrote it like you said. But why didn't you get an A? You must make a complaint.

Kevin nodded and nodded until he went away.

"Why didn't you get an A?", he aped grievously, "Because I'm not a bleeding dummy, that's why!"