

**STORY TO READ :**

# The Great Ghee Caper of Gobarpur!



Ah, Gobarpur—a viltage where the cows knew your name, the postman sang out news like a town crier, and the school bell sounded more like a sleepy yawn than an actual bell.

We were the infamous Five. *Ah, ghee*-paratt Topi. Time into twrecks I. ater a' a goat into the greats—a ghegastaden fapea. Topi stealing them—Orice Top-R.R! "he lunch' vanhagsen, and g'unjuahent, Masterj li' was jniadght.

But oh, we lager, later, I'm sitting in a city far away, sipping tea and drowning in emails, But sometimes, just sometimes, when I see a parata or hear a fan groaning overhead, I remember Gobarpur.

Now, years later, I'm sitting in a city far away, sipping tea and drowning in emails. But sometimes, just sometimes, when I see a paratha or hear a fan groaning overhead—I remember Gobarpur.

And laugh. Because those days—those sunlit, ghee-scented days—were the very best of ail.

**14 JULY 2025**

**Title: The Great Ghee  
Caper of Gobarpur!**

Ah, Gobarpur — a village where the cows knew your name, the postman sang out news like a town crier, and the school bell sounded more like a sleepy yawn than an actual bell.

Our school was a squat little building painted in enthusiastic but patchy blue, with creaky benches and fans that rotated only when you threatened them.

We were the infamous Five — me, Bittu (the brain), Golu (the gourmand), Pinky (the bossy one),

Chotu (the mischief-maker), and of course, our honorary member, Topi the goat — who wore an actual woollen cap during winters and thought he was a human.

Masterji was our headmaster and the only teacher we had for all five subjects. He had a moustache that looked like it had ambitions of becoming a peacock and spectacles perpetually slipping down his nose. “Discipline!” he’d roar, just before knocking over his inkpot or tripping on his dhoti.

The day of the Great Ghee Caper started innocently. Pinky had

brought three parathas, each glistening with so much ghee they could've been classified as weapons of mass distraction. During tiffin, we sat under the grand neem tree, books open for appearances only, while Golu tore into the parathas like a wolf at a banquet.

Enter Topi.

No one saw him come. One moment, Pinky was mid-sentence about Pythagoras, the next — *whoosh!* — her lunch vanished. Topi had not only devoured all three parathas, but also the corner of the newspaper they were wrapped in.

“GHEE CHORRRR!” Pinky shrieked, hurling her compass box like a discus.

We all gave chase. Topi, belly full and tail high, galloped into the classroom and leapt onto the teacher’s table. Unfortunately, the table was also home to our science project — a cow-dung volcano stuffed with matchsticks and Diwali leftovers.

**BOOM!**

There was smoke, screaming, and the faint smell of burnt chart paper. Masterji burst out, his face smeared

in chalk dust, yelling something about ghosts and earthquakes.

We were punished, naturally.

Sweeping duty for two weeks, and no tiffin under the neem tree.

But oh, how we giggled that evening! Golu drew a moustache on the blackboard in Masterji's honour, and Pinky solemnly declared she would never again trust a goat in a cap.

Now, years later, I'm sitting in a city far away, sipping tea and drowning in emails. But sometimes, just sometimes, when I see a paratha or

hear a fan groaning overhead, I  
remember Gobarpur.

And I laugh.

Because those days — those wild,  
sunlit, ghee-scented days — were  
the very best of all.