

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing

Meaning: **Good knowledge of an art or profession is essential to be successful in life. A man with insufficient knowledge will always cause harm to himself and others.**

Alternative: **An empty vessel makes much noise.**

Illustrative Story

It was a fine Sunday afternoon. Nine-year-old Rohit helped his mother clear the table, after lunch. "Ah, that's a job, well done, my boy!" his mother patted him. Then she said, "grow up quickly, my boy. Then you too can do many other things like carrying out minor repairs as your Papa does. How I wish your Papa were here! But, no, he is on tour most of the time. I now have a leaking tap. The plumber never turns up for odd jobs, even if I tell him a dozen times.

"I can do it, Ma/" Rohit offered.

"Oh, no," she yawned and moved to the bedroom for a nap. Soon she was fast asleep.

Rohit told himself, "Setting the tap right should be easy. I have watched Papa doing it a number of times." He remembered the steps, "Pick up a spanner. Tighten it round the neck of the tap. Unscrew the tap. Replace the washer. Put the head back in place and screw it tight."

It looked quite simple. Rohit tip-toed to the shelf at the rear veranda, picked up the tool box and ran to the bathroom. The tap was leaking.

Rohit pulled out the wrench, set it round the neck of the tap and tightened its jaws. Then he tugged, with all his strength. The head refused to budge. "What would Papa have done?" Rohit thought. Then he remembered, "He would hit the free end of the spanner with a heavy stone."

He did that. The stone landed on his thumb. He winced with pain. Tears welled up in his eyes. Then he controlled himself, "I must do this job. Mamma expects it of me." He hit again. This time he was successful.

The tap turned. Water gushed out. Rohit got drenched. But he did not mind that. Then he got a real shock when the head of the tap, pushed by the gushing water flew in to space. It hit the wall and bounced back into Rohit hitting him on the tip of his nose. "Ouch!" he sobbed. Meanwhile the head of the tap dropped down, rolled along with the water and got stuck into the outlet.

Rohit groped around, as the water began to rise in the bathroom. He tried to prise the head out. But he could not. Water gathered in the bathroom. Soon his feet were under water. "What shall I do now?" he wondered.

He decided to use the screw driver to prise the head out. That was when he heard his mother bellow, "Hey, Rohit. What are you up to?" She caught hold of him firmly and dragged him out, saying, "What do you know of this job?"

"But, Ma, I have seen Papa doing it, several times," Rohit mumbled.

"So what. Your knowledge is incomplete. You should have done this first," she cut off the supply of water by closing the main valve. Then she managed to clear-the blockage. Water drained out.

"See the mess you have created.

" She stopped on noticing the swollen thumb and the red nose and growled,
"The bathroom is now a pool. And your thumb and nose are a bloody mess."
" She led him to the medicine chest and dressed up the wound telling him,
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Remember that. Always."



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