**THE UNTOLD STORY…**

“WE ALL LIVE UNDER THE SAME SKY, BUT WE DON’T ALL HAVE THE SAME HORIZON.”

I stood in front of a huge class of sixty-seven students, standard sixth A. It was the first day of the school, the re-opening day.

The students were too eager and excited to know who their class-teacher is.

I stood there observing each of them, reading their mind and thoughts.

Their previous class-teacher came in to hand over the new revised class list.

“ Hello , good morning, how’s this class?”

“ oh, it’s good, no problem, except for one child.

The exception has always to be there , and with it the challenge to face it!

“Who is she? “ I asked her very softly.

“ Arohi Mishra,”

“ Ok, no problem.” I tried to remain cool.

“ She is very indisciplined and disobedient. Last year she gave me a lot of trouble.”

I just kept silent. It was too early to judge them, I had to know them, understand them.

I looked at Arohi , she was small made, unruly hair, dusty shoes, shabby uniform… a mischievous look on her face but.. her eyes spoke beyond it. They were seeking attention.

Slowly , I learnt about Arohi, her family, her problems, her pain…

She had lost her mother when she was six, her two brothers and she were looked after by her father and her grandmother.

They couldn’t give the children all the attention and care they needed.

After a fortnight, I told Arohi to read the lesson. She was quite good. There was expression on her face and modulation in her voice.

I was quite impressed.

I regularly gave her small opportunities to show that I cared for her. She became the blackboard monitor, nothing much, just to write the date. But it was a big achievement for her. I saw a galaxy of dreams in her eyes. She had a desire to be recognized.

I gave her small roles in the class skits. She played them with utmost enthusiasm and sincerity.

Slowly and gradually she started showing mark improvement in her behaviour and class performances. She was more disciplined and more attentive in the classroom.

She used to wait eagerly for my class. I could clearly see the excitement on her face. I started giving her a little more attention than she deserved just to boost up her morale. The other students knew about it and supported me most willingly.

It ws my Hindi period. I gave them a topic to write” The happiest moment of my life”

The students had written beautifully. Now it was Arohi’s turn to come up and read.

She started reading her essay slowly… the happiest moment of my life was when Ms. Curie had called me her best friend.”

I was too moved by her words. The students looked at her and were equally touched.

Today is 5th September, Teacher’s day celebration.

I was sitting with my colleagues in the auditorium, watching the beautiful show put up by the students. Arohi had also taken part in a Hindi skit, “Eklavya the loyal pupil”. She played the role of Eklavya with utmost commitment.

As I had entered the hall, Arohi had given me a greeting card for teacher’s day . it was made by her and written in her own handwriting.

“ Thank you teacher for making me,” ME”.

Every word seemed to sink slowly into the depths of my heart and it gave me a wonderful feeling of contentment. I realized that moment , that whenever we make someone’s day we have also made our own.

**Curie Pereira**