

HAPPY TEACHERS DAY SHER
SHERNIYO !!

AAJ KI KAHANI AP SAB KAY LYE
5-SEPT ,A DAY THAT MEANS
EVERYTHING TO ME

The Teacher Who Changed Everything

Rohit had never known the bitter taste of ridicule.

All through his school years, he had been the boy who topped exams, who answered before anyone else could even raise their hand, who wrote essays that teachers praised aloud. He was respected in

corridors, envied silently by classmates, and spared the teasing that others endured.

Perhaps without realizing it, Rohit began to carry an invisible crown. He measured others against himself, judged their struggles as laziness, their failures as lack of character. He never bullied anyone outright, but there was a sharpness in his gaze, an unspoken arrogance in his smile.

But life, like a stern teacher, has its own way of correcting mistakes.

The Fall from Grace

When Rohit entered 11th grade, something shifted. The subjects grew heavier, the distractions multiplied, and his once razor-sharp focus began to dull. He wasn't failing, but he wasn't excelling either. Slowly, the boy who was always in the spotlight began fading into the background.

By 12th grade, the slide was undeniable. He barely scraped through, his marks a shadow of his past brilliance. When admissions opened, the colleges he had once dreamt of seemed galaxies away. Finally, he landed in a college that

no one aspired to join — a place known not for its achievements but for its chaos.

The campus was noisy, the classrooms indifferent, and the students mostly resigned to mediocrity. Placements? They were a fantasy. No companies ever visited.

Rohit entered his B.Com course with 52% in hand and a heart heavy with regret. He felt like a man standing in the ruins of his own life, staring at what he could have been.

The New Teacher

In the final year, when Rohit had almost given up on everything, a new teacher joined. Ms. Sharma.

At first glance, she didn't impress him. She wasn't flamboyant, she didn't try to make the class laugh, and she carried no aura of superiority. Her first lecture was quiet, filled with notes and instructions. Rohit leaned back in his chair, whispering to his benchmate, "Another one just passing time."

But Ms. Sharma wasn't ordinary. The first clue came a week later, when she realized the students

hadn't grasped a concept. Instead of scolding them or moving on, she said, "I'll take an extra class tomorrow. Not compulsory — come if you want to."

Rohit didn't intend to go, but curiosity pulled him in. To his surprise, the room was half full, and there she was, explaining the same lesson again, patiently, with new examples, until every student nodded.

It wasn't brilliance that struck him. It was sincerity.

More Than Books

As weeks passed, Rohit noticed something unusual. Ms. Sharma's teaching wasn't confined to textbooks. She brought in stories of the outside world — about how to draft a proper email, how to speak in an interview without stammering, how to sit with your back straight and eyes steady.

One day, she asked them to pair up and introduce each other in English, focusing not on grammar but on confidence. Rohit stumbled in his words, realizing how unprepared he was for the simplest real-life task.

“Knowledge alone is not enough,” she said firmly. “The world will not ask for your marks first. It will look at how you present yourself, how you solve problems, how you carry your dignity.”

For Rohit, it was as if someone had slapped him awake.

A Shift in Rohit

He began sitting in the front rows. He took notes not just of economics, but of the small life lessons she slipped in. He began speaking up in class activities, even practicing at home.

One afternoon, after class, he waited while others left. “Ma’am,” he said hesitantly, “why do you put in so much effort? Most of us don’t care.”

She looked at him for a moment, her eyes calm. “Because even if one of you walks out of this college believing you can make something of yourself, my job is done. And I think that one might be you.”

Those words pierced through Rohit like sunlight breaking into a dark room. For the first time in years, someone believed in him.

The Lessons Beyond Lessons

Ms. Sharma began holding mock interviews, sometimes staying back hours after her own schedule. When the students fumbled, she didn't scold — she corrected. She taught them to shake hands firmly, to avoid filler words, to speak with clarity.

Once, after a disastrous practice interview, Rohit muttered, "I can't do this."

She shook her head. "Rohit, the problem is not that you can't. The problem is that you've convinced yourself you can't. You've been afraid of failure ever since you

tasted it in school. Stop running. Fail here, in practice, a hundred times. So that when life tests you, you stand tall.”

Her words became his mantra.

Slowly, Rohit transformed. He spent evenings reading articles aloud to improve fluency, practiced writing resumes, and even started helping his friends rehearse. The boy who once judged others had learned humility.

The Impossible Dream

Placements were a joke in his college. No company had visited in

years. But Ms. Sharma refused to let her students wallow in that despair. She contacted firms, sent emails, used every connection she had, and finally convinced a small company in Noida to conduct interviews.

On the day of the selection, Rohit wore his only formal shirt, ironed thrice to hide its age. His heart pounded, his mind whispered doubts.

Before he entered the interview room, Ms. Sharma caught his arm. "Remember," she said softly, "they're not just hiring marks."

They're hiring a person. Show them the person you've become."

He nodded, carrying her faith like armor.

The interview was tough. Questions about accounts, problem-solving, even personal challenges. Rohit stumbled, then steadied. When asked why they should hire him despite his 52%, he replied,

"Because marks may show my past, but my work will prove my future."

Two days later, the results arrived.

Rohit was the only one selected.

Salary: 30,000 per month.

A Life Reborn

For many, it might not have seemed much. But for Rohit, it was dignity. It was hope. It was proof that he wasn't finished yet.

On his last day, he found Ms. Sharma in the staff room. Words stuck in his throat, but finally, tears filling his eyes, he said, "Ma'am, I don't think I ever believed in myself. But you did. And that's the only reason I'm here today."

She smiled, adjusting her glasses, her voice steady as always. "Rohit, teachers don't create miracles.

Students do. We just remind you where your strength lies.”

Epilogue

Years later, whenever Rohit sat in his Noida apartment, looking at his payslip, he didn't think of the numbers. He thought of a tired teacher staying back for extra classes. He thought of her calm eyes when she said, *one of you will make it*. He thought of the lessons that weren't written in any syllabus — humility, perseverance, and belief.

And every time life tested him, he
whispered the words she had once
given him:

“Fail a hundred times in practice, so
that when life tests you, you stand
tall.”

MILTY HAIN 5:30PM – VOCAB
POWER PUNCH
AND 6PM PAR !!