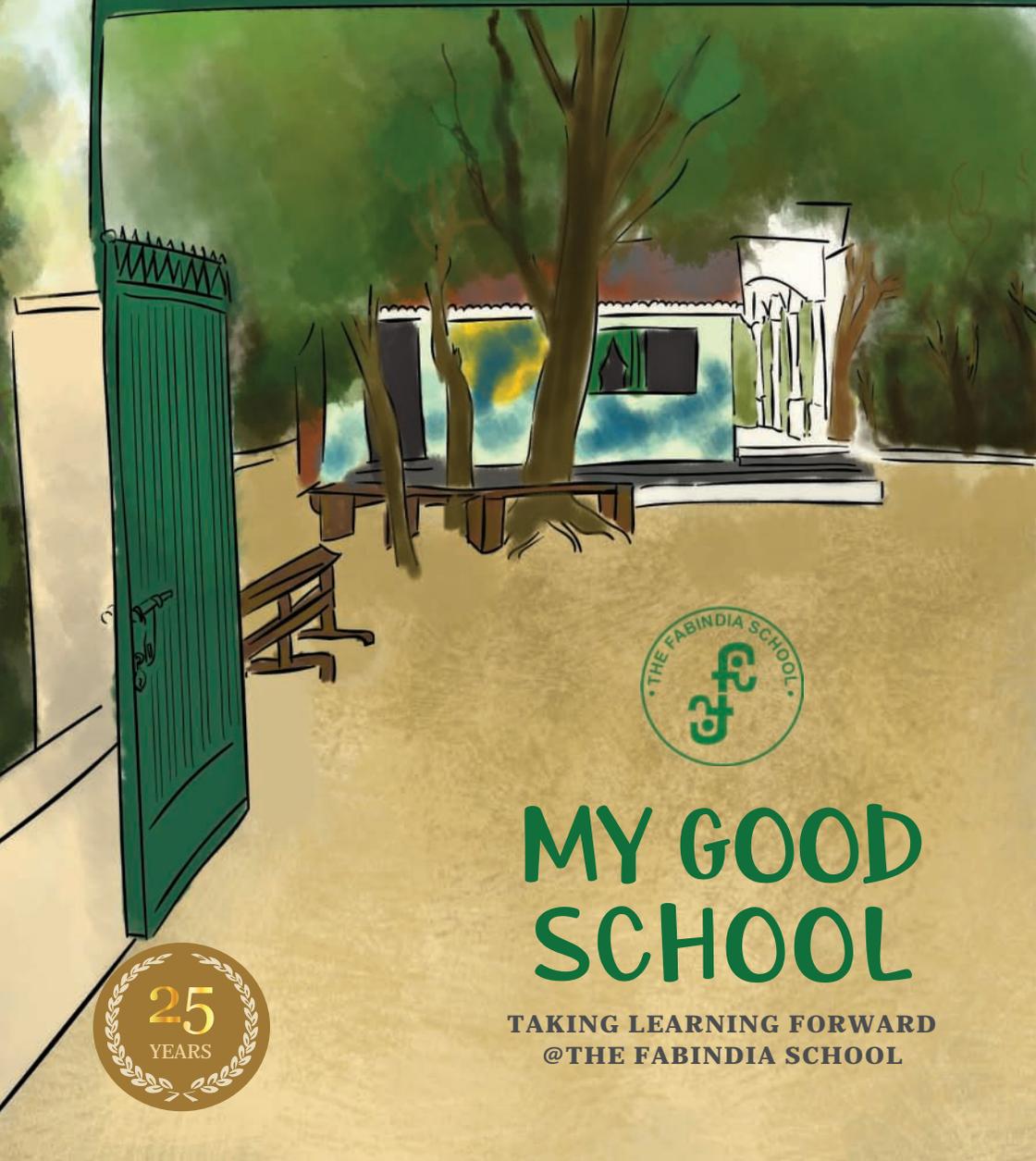


# The Fabindia School, Bali



## MY GOOD SCHOOL

TAKING LEARNING FORWARD  
@THE FABINDIA SCHOOL







# MY GOOD SCHOOL

**Bhadrajun Artisan Trust**

*Delivering affordable quality education*

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## DEDICATION

**We dedicate this book to the entire Fabindia Family for giving us educators this wonderful opportunity to share our experiences. A big thank you to everyone who worked to create this book. It has helped us in developing a deeper understanding of our classrooms and our relationships with the students.**

## LEARNING AND DEVELOPMENT PARTNERS

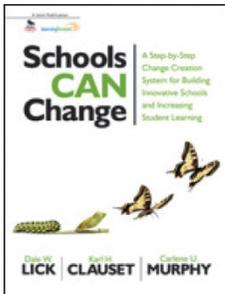
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## FOREWORD

**I** am delighted that this book, which has been put together with so much love and care, commemorates the Silver Jubilee year of The Fabindia School which was established in Bali in 1992.

The Good Book symbolizes the spirit of Education at The Fabindia School – it is creative, innovative, collaborative and aims at creating an unparalleled learning environment.

I am passionate about promoting approaches to education which focus on each child's inherent talents and abilities. I am also passionate about giving education a local context and keeping it relevant to the environment.

**The Fabindia School's Mission is to provide access to high quality education for both boys and girls at the rural level, using English as a medium of instruction. The school views primary education as a major stepping stone towards social mobility, equality and employment opportunities, and promotes the education of girls. I am glad to state that we have proved true to our Mission. The school has become a model institution for preparing students for success in life – we have illustrious alumni who have done us proud and are role models for our young students today.**

**The success of this enterprise rests on contributions made by many people over the last twenty five years. From past and current principals and teachers, to board and advisory committee members, from parents, volunteers, well-wishers and donors, The Fabindia School, and the values that it stands for, have been fostered by a very committed community.**

There is one person whose contribution I would particularly like to highlight – Sandeep Dutt who joined us as Chairman and Executive Director of the Bhadraran Artisans Trust in 2012. He has been responsible for facilitating many of the landmark achievements we celebrate today.

I wish each one of you the very best, as we prepare to move into the next twenty five years of the school!

William Bissell

## PRINCIPAL'S NOTE

**I**t is not possible to show someone the path they need to follow if we don't tread the same path ourselves first. This is how I learnt the art of managing my class. And I believe, this is how teachers should approach the task of teaching. Looking through the prism as a teacher, we often tend to forget how the world looked to us when we ourselves were students.

This book is the result of an experiment that the educators at The Fabindia School have undertaken to realise that their potential lies within themselves. Be it to brighten up their teaching or to mentor unruly students — this journey spread over an entire year has placed them on a path of self-discovery as a teacher. Through this, they have understood the nuances involved in the workings of a school. They have had the opportunity to share their experiences with one another only to realise how similar their situations have been. And despite this similarity, they have come to realise how every situation has required a unique solution. This book has given them the opportunity to collaborate and compile their experiences to share with the educator community and the world at large.

The inspiration came from Kavita Ghosh's book "Wanted Back-Bencher & Last-Ranker Teacher" — which served as a platform for the educators' professional development, a process initiated with the help and guidance of our Chairman, Mr. Sandeep Dutt. The book first became a training tool for the teachers, and in turn, inspired them to pen their own book, thus completing the cycle in its entirety.

Initially all were at sea as to how a book can be used as a training instrument. But after reading the book, the educators began to identify with the situations mentioned in the book and picked up methods to help deal with similar situations in future. Through the book, they realised that their failures can become their potential, provided they use it to enhance their own style of teaching and conducting themselves in the classrooms.

With endless discussions, agreements and disagreements; with sharing and mulling over their own lives in classrooms, teachers finally decided to break into groups in order to have a more satisfactory and rewarding exchange of ideas. It helped that they were all so diverse as it made them come up with equally diverse templates that have wider applicability when dealing with students from diverse backgrounds. Never did the educators realise though, that they would end up writing a book all by themselves!

My gracious thanks to our Chairman who could rope us all in on this journey of discovering ourselves in our own classrooms. My sincere thanks to all the ed-

ucators and support staff for being so proactive in their discussions, making efforts to come out of their shells, and of course giving a concrete shape to all their experiences. I would also like to express my gratitude to the erstwhile Principal, Mrs. Deepika Tandon, under whom this process began.

As we move forward in this journey, we have realised that teachers have to be like Timur Lame. They have to be back benchers and lead from behind. Because in doing so, they become the base on which the individualities of students grow and blossom. Leading from the front, while it may have its own benefits, may not be the wisest decision at all times, as by giving them our leads, we risk the possibility of turning them into our clones. That won't be much of an education but would merely amount to mass production. We are, after all, nurturers standing on the other end — the creations have already been created by nature and we have to take their learning and development forward!

Rajeshree Shihag  
Principal, The Fabindia School



## EXPERIENCE VS. INEXPERIENCE

**I**t was the month of June and The Fabindia School at Bali was about to reopen after the summer break. The first Academic Meeting for the year was scheduled to take place in the Principal's chamber. The Principal was pondering over the agenda for the meeting. She had taught in some of the best schools of India — Mayo College Girls School - Ajmer, The Scindia School - Gwalior — prior to this. This was a refreshingly new experience for her and she was working hard to enhance the quality of academic delivery at the School. The Academic Deans and the Coordinators (Senior, Middle and Primary) began gathering outside the Principal's chamber for the meeting.

The agenda for the Academic Meeting was:

- Duties of Deans & Coordinators
- A new Admission Policy
- Admission strategies
- Spoken English atmosphere in the School
- Recruitment of teachers

The meeting began and the first item on the agenda was discussed. The duties of the Heads of Departments and the Staff were also assigned. This was followed by a discussion of the challenges facing the School. Next, it was decided that a new Admission Policy would be designed to increase enrolments.

Taking note of the discussion, the Principal said, "Let us discuss admission strategies." Mr. Byju Joseph, Vice Principal & HOD (Science), said, "We should survey the adjoining areas." Mrs. Sharmila Vijaywargi, Primary School Coordinator, added, "Newspaper advertisement, pamphlets, and hoardings should be displayed at prime locations." Mrs. Bharti Rao, Senior School Coordinator & HOD (English), said, "Toppers' names and photographs should be published in the newspaper."

The Principal observed silently and then remarked, "We will need the sanction from the management as advertisements are a costly affair."

Mr. Ajay Vijaywargi, Academic Dean & HOD (Mathematics), suggested, "We should post video messages on social networking sites showcasing the activities being carried out and facilities being provided in the school. This will not cost much." Mrs. Perna Rathod, Middle School Coordinator, proposed, "We should request the management to sanction more funds for new scholar-

ships.” Mrs. Usha Panwar, Pre-Primary Coordinator, added, “If more than two siblings study in the school, then 25% or 50% fee concession could be given to them.”

The Principal patiently heard what each member had to say and then concluded, “You have raised some pertinent points. We will have to take the budgetary sanctions from the management to implement these suggestions.”

With this, she moved to the next item on the agenda - Spoken English atmosphere. Suddenly, the peon, Hanja Didi, entered the chamber with a tray full of tea cups and asked in the local Marwari language, “Behanji cha dau pee (May I serve the tea)?” Not wanting to disturb the momentum, the Principal asked her to come back with the tea after the meeting. She then turned to the attendees and noted in an annoyed tone, “The standard of Spoken English has deteriorated on the School campus. It has been observed by me that some teachers speak in Hindi and Marwari in the staff room and even in the classroom! If this is the state of affairs, how will we set a good precedent for our students? I don’t know what the Coordinators, HODs, and Deans are doing.” Mrs. Pre-rna got annoyed and retorted, “Teachers don’t listen to the Coordinators and instead, they answer back. I recommend that we levy some kind of penalty on those students and teachers who speak in Hindi and Marwari in school.”

Hearing this, Mr. Byju responded, “This is not a wise solution as we all know that most of the students come from a rural background and are unable to get the atmosphere needed to become fluent in English. I am of the view that we, as their teachers, need to work harder.”

Mr. Ajay chipped in and said, “My suggestion is that we promote the use of English in conversation. Those students who converse in English should be rewarded and a badge should be given to them on a weekly basis. Their names should be announced in the Assembly and even teachers who promote English conversation should be declared ‘Teacher of the Month’. This will motivate both teachers and students to converse in English through appropriate recognition.”

The Principal nodded unwillingly because she had tried a variety of strategies to improve the situation. And the result was always the same. All methods had failed as the habit of speaking in their native language was too deeply ingrained to be altered. The influence of their background was more pronounced because they spent more time at home than in school. She decided to move on with the agenda of the meeting.

She said, “Now I would like to share an important issue with the committee.

I have recruited a few teachers during the vacation but I am not sure about one of them as she is inexperienced. I would like all of you to support her and make her stay comfortable here. Bharti, try to assign her English as the main subject and avoid making her the Class Teacher. I would like you to supervise her and assist her in every possible way.”

Bharti looked at the Principal, puzzled. The Principal sensed the sudden silence in the room and asked, “Why are you all looking so worried? She is good in English as she is a Fabindian herself. You might be familiar with her and may even have taught her at some point. Her name is Diya Verma and she is a student of the 2006 batch.”

Suddenly, Mrs. Usha recalled her and remarked excitedly, “Bharti Ma’am, don’t you remember her? She is from Sewari. She used to stay near us. Her mother is a teacher and after her 10th standard, they shifted to Pali as her mother got transferred. She completed her studies in Pali and completed her post-graduate studies from Jodhpur. Her mother retired recently. And I think that is why they have shifted back to Sewari.”

Mr. Byju was not satisfied with this introduction and said, “Mrs. Usha, we are not concerned about her whereabouts. We need experienced teachers.” Mrs. Sharmila said, “I think experience has little to do with teaching. Her communication skills will be the deciding factor.” Mr. Ajay was tired of the discussion and began looking at his watch. Unwilling to prolong the discussion, he concluded, “I think we should avoid discussing about her experience as she has already been recruited. Instead, we should take care that she settles in quickly and works satisfactorily.”

In a bid to lighten the charged atmosphere, the Principal interrupted, “Let’s have tea first. We will continue with the discussion after the break as this is an important issue. Please excuse me for a few minutes as I have an urgent call to attend to.” With these words, the Principal gave everyone a warm smile and left the room.

A quiet, warm afternoon breeze filled the room as everyone sipped their tea. Breaking the silence, Mrs. Bharti said, “Ajay Sir, I don’t understand why you and Byju Sir are so particular about recruiting an experienced teacher. Why can’t we give an opportunity to an inexperienced teacher? We should not forget that we too were inexperienced when we joined this profession. Someone trusted each one of us with an opportunity, despite our lack of experience. We must do the same.”

Mr. Byju understood and appreciated Mrs. Bharti’s exhortation with a smile.

However, Mr. Ajay did not follow suit. He responded in an irritated tone, “According to CBSE and SQAA norms, we need trained and experienced teachers. I have no personal grudge against a person I have not met.” With this, he excused himself and walked out of the office. Mrs. Prerna looked around and asked, “What time will the meeting get over? I think I am developing a headache.” Mr. Byju finished his cup of tea and responded, “Relax and enjoy your cup of tea. Ma’am requires us all to be here to discuss a few more important issues.”

The Principal entered the office again and enquired, “Who is missing from the office?” Mr. Ajay walked in quickly, took permission to be seated, and settled down. Noticing the tired faces around the room, she remarked, “What I can conclude from our previous discussion is that some of you are not satisfied with the recruitment. My only hope is that you will be able to understand that with the new session facing us, the recruitment was the need of the hour. It was difficult to get a trained and experienced teacher from outside at this time of the year due to the upcoming RPSC examinations.” She paused to wait for a reaction. On getting no response, she continued, “If you all are still not convinced, I can assure you that I interviewed her personally and observed that she is a good communicator. Moreover, she is proficient in Co-Curricular activities.” Mrs. Usha added, “Ma’am is right. Diya is very talented. She has received awards in various District, State and National-level Debate competitions.”

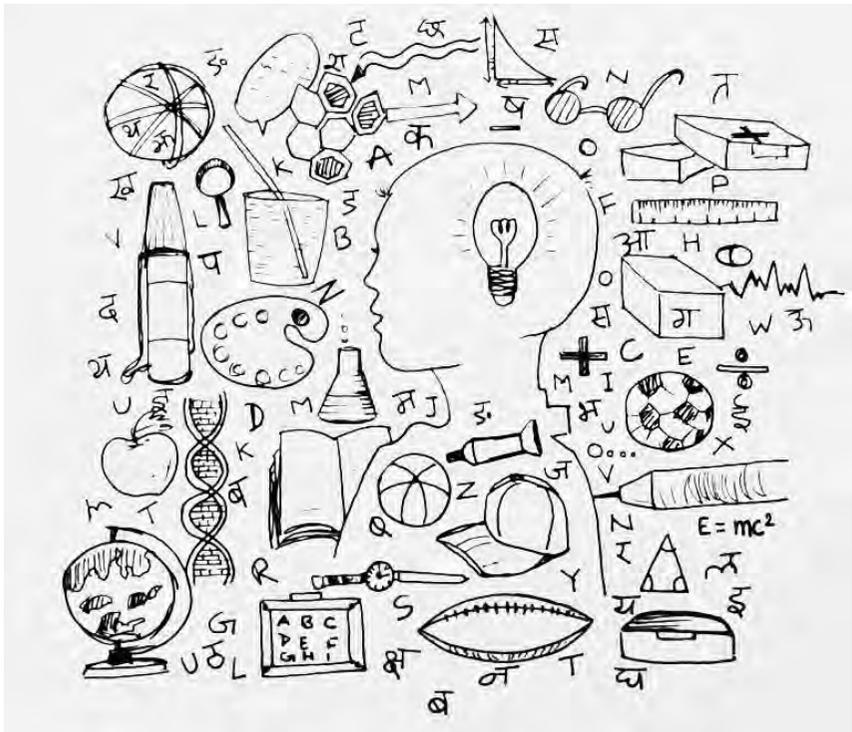
Noting the satisfied glances, the Principal decided to conclude meeting. She said, “I hope all the experienced staff members sitting here will help her in settling in. Bharti, please make a note of the minutes of this meeting, and share them with all members present here, at the earliest. Thank you all for taking out time and participating proactively.”

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**A good school treats inexperienced teachers with potential as assets. These teachers bring fresh energy and enthusiasm to their first job, working to go that extra mile to learn more and learn better.**

**In the words of Herbert Prochnow -**

**Inexperience is what makes a young man do what an older man says is impossible.**



## EVERY WAR ENDS IN PEACE

**T**wo weeks had passed since Diya joined the school. She was new to the profession as this was her first job as a teacher. She was a quiet and peace-loving person. She reached school early and began checking her timetable. She noticed that she had no class scheduled for the first lesson of the day. She had been assigned to teach English to Classes VI and IX, and Mathematics to Class VII. She was also asked to fill in as Class Teacher for Class VI as the designated teacher was on leave for six months. She took a seat in the staff room and began preparing for the next class. Just then, Sharmila entered the staff room and shouted at Diya for not going to Class V. The class was unsupervised and as a result, was making a lot of noise. Diya was astonished by this. She had just finished checking her timetable a minute back and it clearly indicated that she was free. She told Sharmila the same while pointing to the timetable. Sharmila left the room to look for the concerned teacher. The incident angered Diya. As she returned to her books, Urmila entered the room.

Urmila greeted everyone with a wide smile and came up to Diya's desk. "Hi Diya! How are you doing today? The colour of your Dupatta is very beautiful. Is it an organic colour? From where have you purchased it? I would also like to buy a similar one." Diya was hassled after the previous incident and was not in a mood for conversation. She returned a smile to Urmila and began getting ready for her classes. Once she moved out of the staff room, the others began airing their opinions about what had happened.

She entered Class VI for her English lesson. The scene that welcomed her left her speechless. Two students were fighting and the rest were egging them on. There was absolute chaos everywhere. She stood there silently for a few minutes.

Some students took note of her presence and became quiet. Once the noise died down, Diya asked, "Why are you all fighting in the classroom? Such an undisciplined lot!" The room fell silent as no student uttered a word. She repeated her question. One student, named Krishnapal, responded, "Ma'am, I clean the whiteboard every day. But today Raviraj took the duster from me and began cleaning the whiteboard. This is not fair."

Diya paused for a moment and said, "First, I want both of you to return to your seats. Only after that will we find a solution to this problem." Both the students obeyed. "Today, I will clean the whiteboard. From tomorrow, every student will get to clean the board and you will follow the order of your roll

numbers. You come to the classroom to study, not to fight. All your classmates are like your family and you all must solve your problems in a peaceful way”, said Diya while addressing the entire class.

Next, she had an English lesson with Class IX in the school’s Learning Lab. For this, Diya prepared a PowerPoint presentation on Determiners. She was **anxious as nearly all the teachers had asked her to be careful with the computers** and had warned her that Class IX was very mischievous. As expected, the moment they entered the Lab, there was chaos all around.

Suryabhan: “Chandrashekhar, I will sit near the window.”

Chandrashekhar: “No, that is my seat.”

Suryabhan: “I was sitting here yesterday. So I will sit here today as well. Go and sit elsewhere.”

Chandrashekhar: “This place was assigned to me. Yesterday I was absent so you took my place, but today I am here, so only I will sit over here.”

Suryabhan: “No. This is my place now.”

Chandrashekhar: “I will tell Ma’am.”

Suryabhan: “Ma’am! Ma’am!”

Chandrashekhar: “Ma’am, Suryabhan is sitting on my seat.”

Diya: “Why are you both shouting? If you have a problem, come here.”

Both of them went to Diya.

Chandrashekhar: “Ma’am, he is occupying my seat.”

Suryabhan: “No Ma’am, this is my seat.”

Diya: “Suryabhan, be quiet. First, I will listen to Chandrashekhar, and after that you will be given time to speak. Calm down. Shouting and fighting will not lead us anywhere.”

Diya listened to what Chandrashekhar had to say. Then she heard Suryabhan. After hearing the two, she paused for a minute. She was very angry and felt like slapping both the students. She could not believe that Class IX students were fighting over something as trivial as seats! But she knew that they were just kids and slapping was not at all a good solution.

She looked at the whole class and said, “This window seat is the best sitting place in this Lab. All must get a chance to sit near the window. So from now on, each student will sit here roll number-wise. In a family, we adjust according to the needs of our family. Similarly, your school is your second home and you must never fight, while you are here, over small things. You all are old enough to understand this, and next time I should not find anyone fighting in the class.”

The class fell silent as they had seen Diya's anger for the first time. Diya began her lesson on Determiners as all the students listened to her quietly.

A few weeks passed. She entered the staff room in the middle of the day to pick up some books. She noticed that the rest of the teachers were discussing Class IX's misbehaviour.

Ajay remarked, "The most famous class of the school! They are well known for their misbehaviour. Every teacher hesitates to enter that class."

Byju added, "All students are mischievous and lazy but one unique trait among them is that whatever punishment they get, they face it fearlessly and happily, as if it is something to take pride in."

Prerna rued, "Only those who understand them know their minds and hearts. They have something special in them but no one seems to notice it, let alone care about it."

Bharti agreed, "Everyone says these children are of no use. But I think they know how to show respect and behave properly. Unfortunately, most teachers fail to handle them properly."

All these things struck a chord with Diya. Every day she wondered how she could gain their trust and become their favourite teacher so that she could effect a behavioural change in them. She found herself constantly looking for ways to tap their potential and turn them into assets for the school. It was a challenge that was affecting her night's sleep.

Diya began her week with the same thoughts. As she reached the school, her heartbeat started rising. Suddenly, some voices reached her ears. A few students wished her a good morning. She felt slightly better and gave them a beautiful smile.

Assembly got over and all the students returned to their classes. As Diya began moving towards Class IX, her fears came back to her. She could hear the sounds of tables and chairs, along with some loud cheering. When she reached at the door, she was stunned by what she saw. Two students were fighting and hitting each other while the rest cheered for them.

Some students noticed Diya and began telling everyone to keep quiet. She immediately turned towards the boys who were fighting. She was seething with anger from within, and though she did not say a word, her facial expressions

conveyed it all. She called both the boys outside the class and asked them why they were fighting. When they did not respond, she asked another student in class to come out.

“Why were they fighting?”, Diya enquired.

“Ma’am, Rakesh got full marks in the English class test but Avinash got only six. So Avinash alleged that Rakesh had cheated in the test by copying answers from the book. He threatened to complain about this to the teacher. Rakesh refuted this and asserted that he had studied for the test. He called Avinash a liar and a cheater.”

She decided to take both the boys to the Principal’s office. This left them frightened. They feared their parents would be called to the school and they would be expelled. This left them feeling ashamed. Just as they were about to reach the office, Diya took a sudden turn to the left. Both the boys looked at each other in surprise. They could not understand what was happening. She took them to the playground and asked them, “Should I forgive you?”

They both stared at Diya. These words were very shocking for them as they had never been asked such a question before by a teacher.

Diya: “Both of you decide.”

Both: “Yes Ma’am, please forgive us.”

Diya: “Do you deserve it?”

Both: “No.”

Diya: “On what basis should I forgive you?”

Both the boys became quiet and hung their heads in shame.

Diya decided to forgive them. When they heard this, there was a smile on each of their faces. Both of them became friends again and promised to never repeat this. She gave them one more chance to rectify their mistakes. She understood their mentality and managed the situation with a positive attitude. Thereafter, they returned to the classroom. Everyone was very excited to know what punishment they were given by the Principal, but were surprised to find out that no punishment had been handed out. The class realised the depth of care and love that their teacher possessed for them. They apologised to her and thanked her for not punishing them.

However, the Principal came to know about the incident and summoned both the boys along with Diya. The Principal scolded them and warned them for the future. Diya felt very bad for her students because she never wanted her students to get scolded. The two boys understood this and learnt their lesson.

They changed their attitude and started paying full attention in her classes. Slowly and steadily, every student in class understood this. She helped them in each and every matter, and she became their source of strength. She motivated them to participate in different activities. The students enjoyed all her lectures. She tried to make every student feel comfortable around her. She became their confidante. Everyone enjoyed her different styles of teaching. With time, she became their favourite teacher.

Her students valued her because she never insulted them or scolded them in front of others. She always tried to appreciate every student in front of others for the smallest of things. This motivated the students to follow suit.

—

Diya had a substitution in Class V. This was a new class for Diya. She was very excited for the lesson. When she entered the class, students were running here and there. She stood near the door. Slowly, the students noticed her and stood up in silence. Since it was their Environmental Studies lesson, she thought of teaching them something related to it. She asked one of the students, “What is your name?”

The student answered, “My name is Chandan.”

Diya: “Alright, Chandan. Tell me. Which E.V.S. topic are you doing in class these days?”

Chandan: “Plants Around Us.”

Diya: “Okay. Thank you. Take your seat, Chandan.”

Then she turned and began writing on the whiteboard. Suddenly, a student made a noise that sounded like a cat mewing. She turned to the class and asked, “Who made that noise?”

Nobody said anything. Diya repeated the question.

A boy named Mangilal got up and said, “Ma’am, it was Daksh.”

Diya: “Who is Daksh?”

Mangilal pointed to Daksh.

Diya: “Very bad, Daksh. You must pay attention when the teacher is teaching. Now sit and pay attention.”

She resumed teaching. All were paying attention, but one student began disturbing the class.

She pointed at the boy and said, “Stand up, child. Why are you not listening? What is your name?”

The boy replied, “Divyansh.”

Diya: “Do you want to study?”

Divyansh did not answer and he stood there staring at Diya.

Mangilal said, “Ma’am, he disturbs all the teachers.”

Diya: “Sit down Divyansh and pay attention to what I am teaching.”

Divyansh sat down and Diya started teaching again. But the same thing repeated itself. Diya recollected reading in a book that children whose sugar level is high, always tend to disturb the class. The author of the book had suggested that such children should be made to do some physical exercise to bring their level of sugar down.

She looked at Divyansh and said, “Divyansh, go to the playground and take one complete round. I will keep a check on you from the window.” Divyansh went and Diya began her class again. But she noticed that all students were interested in looking at Divyansh in the playground. So she decided to take the class outside.

Diya: “Okay students, you all are not interested in classroom teaching today. So we will go out.”

All the students were excited and started shouting.

Diya: “Quiet everybody. Listen to me. First, we will study, and if you pay attention, then I will let you play afterwards.” The students agreed.

Diya went outside along with the class. She showed them plants and their parts, and told them about the different uses of plants. All students listened attentively and asked a number of questions. Then, as promised, she gave them a football to play. All the students became happy and began playing.

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**Life is full of complications and worries. A teacher has to forget all her worries and always appear calm, happy, and patient in front of the students. This serves as a source of positive energy and helps her in finding ways to win the hearts of her students. Beating or punishing will not improve students’ behaviour, but understanding them will definitely bring about a change in them.**



## EMOTIONS OF THE CHILD

A few months had passed and Diya had settled in comfortably. Her students were responding well. She was enjoying the experience. One day, the Principal called her and asked her to teach Mathematics to Class IV as well. Diya was upset as she was a fresh recruit with a considerable workload already. She thought for a few minutes about this development. A large part of her wanted to take up the new assignment and gain a new experience. So she accepted the offer made by the Principal. Not having dealt with such young kids before, she looked forward to the fresh challenge.

The first lesson was scheduled for the coming day. When she entered the classroom, all the students stood up and wished her together. It was very new for her because all her previous experiences had been full of chaos. As it was a new class for her, she introduced herself and then asked the students to introduce themselves, one by one. After this, she began her lesson. Within a few minutes, she noticed that some students were not interested in studying. One of them got up and said, “Ma’am, today is the first day of school after the mid-term break and most of the students are absent. Please don’t teach us today.”

Diya agreed and replied, “Alright. Today I am not going to teach you. But from tomorrow, I will teach you regularly, so I expect each one of you to come prepared.” Diya looked at the clock. As only five minutes were left, she decided to ask the students about their hobbies. The same situation repeated itself the next day. Some new students were present while some of those who were present the previous day, were absent now.

After a brief introduction, she asked the students to write multiplication tables from 1 to 10 in their notebooks. Diya solved some problems on the board and gave some more as homework. To her surprise, no one did the homework. At first, she thought that were finding it difficult to adjust to her style of teaching. She gave them some time and asked them about their old teacher. One day, a boy with a bald head entered the class while she was teaching. He looked very sad. All his classmates started laughing upon seeing him. The boy tried to ignore them and went up to his seat. In the first lesson, he sat quietly. In his second, third, and fourth lesson, he tried to adjust himself with his friends. During the lunch break, a boy from his class started teasing him by shouting, “Taklu! Taklu!”

The two boys began fighting with each other and the whole class was shout-

ing at the spectacle. The sounds reached the Principal's office. Soon, a peon came and told the two boys that they had been summoned by the Principal for their misbehaviour. The principal also summoned their class teacher, Diya.

The Principal began questioning the boys about their fight and asked Diya to sort the matter out. The class teacher heard both the students and found out that the boy had become bald as part of a ritual. He had lost his grandfather last week. The boy loved his grandfather a lot, and was sad and frustrated. So when the other boys began teasing him, he could not take it and fought with them in response.

Diya understood his emotions and wanted to teach her class something from this incident. After lunch, she went to the class and began talking to them about relationships and friendships. She told them how a relationship begins, how it is maintained, and how it comes to an end. She asked them how they would feel if they lost someone they loved dearly.

All students became quiet upon hearing this. Finally, the student who was teasing the child earlier, got up and apologised to him. He realised his mistake and promised to not repeat it ever again.

Diya was happy with her profession as a teacher. She worked hard and tried to solve students' problems. She communicated and interacted with students. She taught them moral values and life skills. Everything was going well. However, she was unable to get her Class IV students to take interest in her subject. She had been teaching them for over a month but the situation had not improved. Diya was very upset and wondered what she could do to get them do complete their work on time. She decided to ask her students directly. The children told her that many of them could not understand the concepts covered by their old teacher and found it difficult to apply them, as a result.

She decided to confirm this by asking some of the senior students who had been taught by the same teacher. The students told her they had faced the same problem and as a result, were weak in Mathematics. She then checked the attendance register of the class and found that those students who were weak were also irregular in the class. To add to this, they had no regular Math teacher for a considerable part of the previous year.

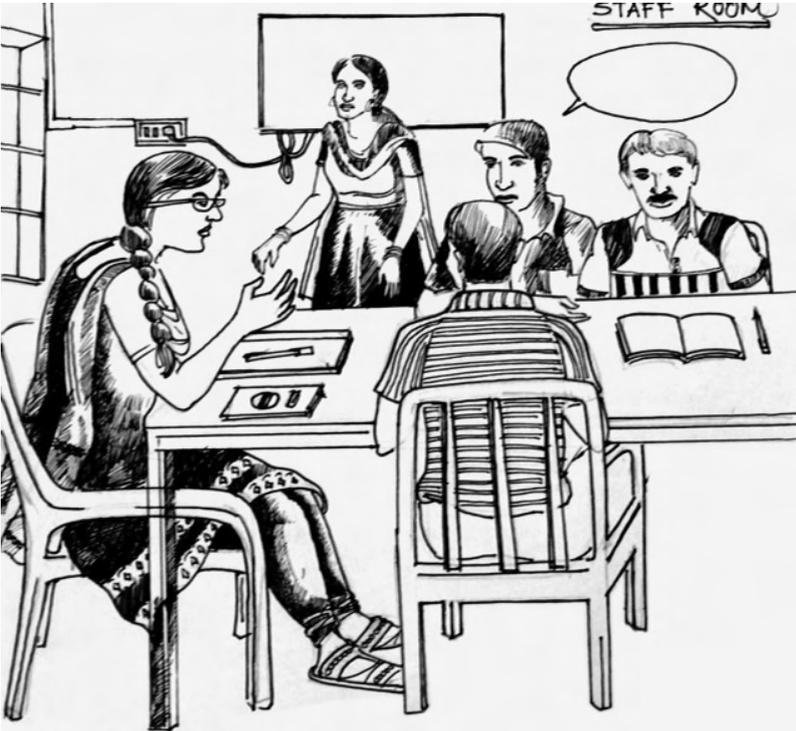
When she began teaching them Multiplication and Division, she realised that none of them knew tables beyond 6. It was a big challenge for her to teach them multiplication tables at this juncture. A lot of time would have to be spent in learning them. She was upset but decided to teach them from scratch. She first told them about multiplication and its use in life. She made them repeat every table after her and helped them learn quickly. She solved some

problems using the tables and gave some questions to be completed at home. After a week, students understood the concept of multiplication and began making some progress.

The students were slow learners but she did not give up. She pushed the students regularly to learn and solve the problems. One day a student came up to her and said, “Ma’am, I have understood the concept now. I can help my friends in understanding the concept.” She was overwhelmed by these words. She formed multiple study groups and found a new way of teaching her class. Many of her colleagues praised her hard work towards the students and said, “Your attachment towards the class and their problems has made it possible! They are finally good at Math!” With time, the class became emotionally attached to her and tried to understand each concept that she taught.

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**Life is a series of happy and difficult experiences, neither of which last too long. We have to pass through different circumstances. Sometimes it makes us laugh and sometimes it makes us sad. But a small hint of courage and patience sees us through.**



## TAKING RESPONSIBILITY

**T**he monsoon break had just ended. The school corridors were buzzing with conversations about the rainfall and the record-breaking flow of rivers in the region. The bell rang and all the teachers proceeded to their first class. While walking towards Class VI for the English lesson, Diya began thinking about her students and their families. As soon as she entered, she noticed that Priya was absent.

Priya was the only student in her class who lived in a kuccha house, in a village across the river. She asked the rest of the class about the absence. Vijay rose and replied, “Ma’am, water entered Priya’s house and her bag got wet. So she could not come to school today.” The news saddened Diya.

She began teaching but her thoughts kept going back to Priya. Later in her free lesson, she discussed this issue with the other teachers. She thought of collecting funds for Priya’s books and notebooks as the child was poor and would find it difficult to buy the books again. The staff room was divided on the issue. Some teachers agreed with Diya, while others were opposed to the idea.

They argued that there are other students in the school who have suffered the same problem. It would be tough to raise funds for everyone. Diya was disappointed. She decided to help the child of her own accord. With this thought, she went for her next lesson with Class VII. Unable to concentrate, she decided to discuss this with her students. She did not mention Priya’s name but presented her ordeal as a hypothetical situation to see if the children had any solutions in mind. She asked the class if they would be happy to help a child like Priya. Her class responded with a resounding yes. She was overwhelmed by their sense of understanding and maturity.

Her students proposed that they all pitch in some money to help Priya. She assigned the responsibility for collecting the money to Amar. Before beginning collection, she asked all students to take the permission of their parents. Some students expressed their willingness to collect funds from their neighbours as well. She was pleasantly surprised at their ability to take ownership to help a fellow student. She agreed to their suggestion.

After a tiring day, she went back home and relaxed for a while. Later in the evening, her mother made her a cup of coffee and offered her snacks. While having coffee, Diya discussed the situation with her parents. They advised her

to call and check up on Priya. Diya went to her room to make the call.

She dialled Priya's number and her mother answered the phone.

Diya: "Hello! Is this Priya's mother?"

Priya's mother: "Yes. May I know who is calling?"

Diya: "I am Priya's class teacher. I just wanted to know if Priya was doing alright."

Priya's mother: "Hello, Ma'am. She is fine but due to the heavy rains, all her books have become wet. We do not have enough money right now to buy her new books. As a result, we're unable to send her to school."

Diya recalled that Priya's father had passed away in an accident last year. Her mother was the sole earner in the family. She worked as a maid in different houses, doing household chores to earn money. Diya consoled Priya's mother and assured her of help in every possible way.

Next morning, Diya was collecting her books from the staff room. As she turned her gaze towards the gate, she spotted the smiling face of Amar. He walked up to her and handed her the amount he had collected from his classmates. He said, "Ma'am, this is the amount that I have received from half of the students in the class. The rest have promised to pay by tomorrow."

Diya took the money from him and thanked him. She was overwhelmed by the efforts made by her students and the happiness was clearly visible in her eyes. When Amar left, one of the teachers sitting in the staff room asked Diya about the money. In response, Diya told her about Priya. All the teachers present in the staff room praised the efforts of the class. The bell rang and Diya proceeded for her next lesson. On the way, she stopped by Class VII and thanked everyone who had contributed.

The next day saw Priya return to school. She was surprised to find Diya holding her books. After the assembly, Diya called her and gave the books to her. Priya was overjoyed by this and thanked her teacher profusely.

Later, Diya told her class about Class VII's collective efforts to help Priya. She emphasised on the importance of assisting those in need, and never shying away from responsibility. That day, when she returned home, she thought about all that had happened. She couldn't help but feel a great sense of satisfaction and happiness.

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**"Happiness of a true teacher comes from the happiness of her students."**



## POSITIVITY VS NEGATIVITY

**A** warm breeze was blowing on an autumnal afternoon. Diya's next lesson was with Class IV. The students had responded well and were getting better at Mathematics now. They are very curious and creative. She was welcomed by an unusually noisy classroom. A boy named Rohit had been crying and a large part of the class had gathered around him. Diya went up to his desk and asked, "What happened Rohit? Why are you crying?" Just then Pravesh shouted, "Ma'am, he scored zero marks in the Class Test!" Shivam added, "Ma'am, he gets very low marks in every Class Test." Diya asked the class to return to their seats and maintain silence. Once everyone was quiet, Rohit complained, "Ma'am, they were teasing me because I did not get good marks in the test." Upon hearing this, Diya looked at the class and said, "Children, how would you feel if everyone teased you? We all are friends, please don't tease each other."

Diya knew this was not enough to make them understand. She added, "If he doesn't get good marks in some subjects, it doesn't mean that he will never do well. He always scores well in Mathematics. And he is the best in sports! Every day is a new day and everything can be changed in the future. We should not discourage him." Pratham stood up and said, "No Ma'am, he cannot. He is not even scoring passing marks in EVS and English! How can he do well?" Diya felt that she must take this opportunity to change the opinions of her class and create a positive environment for students who do not perform well. She wanted her students to not judge each other on the basis of marks. She told them to sit quietly and listen to her. She said, "We feel good when we get good marks but marks don't decide our future. Rohit may have an interest in other things. Every child is unique." She decided to tell them a story.

All the children stopped fidgeting and listened to her attentively. Diya began, "There was a boy who was not good at studying. His teachers tried every possible trick but were not able to make him learn anything. Finally, they gave up and refused to teach him. They even asked his parents to send him to some other school. But the boy's mother did not give up. She believed in her child. She never made him feel that he would never get better. She created a positive environment and helped him in his studies. He came to value his mother's faith in his abilities and decided to work harder. He grew up to become a brilliant scientist. His low marks earlier did not imply that he couldn't do well for himself. His mother's trust and his efforts made him what he wanted to be."

Diya then asked her class, “Do you think only marks make us successful in life?” The children replied, “No, Ma’am.” Diya looked at them with a smile and asked, “Do you know the name of that scientist?” All the children began looking at each other to find out the answer. Diya hinted, “Who invented bulb?” The children shouted in unison, “Thomas Alva Edison!” She then asked them, “So is there anyone here now who thinks Rohit will never do well in life?” All the children responded together, “No, Ma’am!”

Rohit stopped crying and began smiling. He felt very glad about Diya’s trust in his abilities. The bell rang and Diya proceeded to the staffroom for lunch. She narrated the incident to Urmila, Monika and Vimmy — all of whom were sitting in the staffroom. They felt inspired and appreciated Diya’s efforts.

—

Next day, Diya had her English lesson with class IX. She entered the classroom with a lovely smile. She taught them Letter Writing and finished a few minutes before the bell for the recess. While taking her seat at the head of the classroom, Diya overheard Hemant talking to Akshay.

Akshay: “So, what did your cousin say?”

Hemant: “He said it is awesome! We must try it.”

Akshay: “But where will we get it from?”

Hemant: “I’ll take care of that. Are you in for the plan then?”

Akshay: “Hold on, I think Ma’am heard us. Keep quiet. She’s coming towards us now.”

Diya approached their desk and tried conversing with them.

Diya: “What happened Hemant? What is so awesome?”

Hemant: “Nothing, Ma’am.”

Just as Diya began asking her next question, the bell rang. She went to the staffroom but the conversation she had overheard kept coming back to her. She had a bad feeling about it. When the day ended, the children were queuing up to go home in the buses. Diya was waiting to board her bus when she heard Hemant and Akshay in the background again.

Hemant: “Do you want to try or not? It is in fashion these days. My cousin said it is common among young boys.”

Akshay: “I am not sure. Let’s think about it tomorrow.”

Diya became more apprehensive upon hearing this. Next day, she entered a cheerful classroom. The weather outside was pleasant.

Diya: “Do you have a football match today?”

Everyone: “No, Ma’am”

Diya: “Alright, then. Take out your books and pay attention.”

After teaching them for 30 minutes, she gave them homework for the day. Hemant was sitting on the front seat with Akshay.

Diya: “So Hemant, what was the awesome thing you both were talking about yesterday?” Hemant: “Ma’am, we were just joking with each other.”

Manish (whispering): “Don’t tell her. She might tell our parents.”

Realising that they were up to something but were not willing to share the same with her, Diya walked away quietly with a smile. She was confused. She didn’t want the boys to indulge in something harmful. At the same time, she did not want to intrude into their personal space. She felt that if it was something harmless, they would have shared the thought with her promptly. Her students had always been very frank around her. The bell rang and she left the room. The class headed towards the Library.

Diya was also in the Library. She had to return some books that were due. When she was signing the register, she heard excited voices in the background. Hemant, Manish and Akshay were sitting on the chairs next to the table, with their backs towards Diya.

Manish: “How often does your cousin take it?”

Hemant: “I don’t know. I will ask him today as he is here for two days. He lives in Bengaluru, where he studies in class XII.”

Akshay: “Will he have some spare ones?”

Hemant: “I suppose so. If he does, I will borrow some from him. Then we all can try it.”

Diya became anxious and decided to confront the boys. She called them and asked them to accompany her to the corridor.

Diya: “Hemant and Manish, I heard you were talking about something that you all want to try without informing your parents.”

Hemant: “Ma’am, we were just talking about latest fashion trends.”

Diya: “I am asking you again. I just want to help. Nothing else. If you tell me, I might be able to give you a better perspective as I am elder to you.”

Hemant: “Ma’am, my cousin smoked a cigarette day before yesterday. He said it’s really cool. So we want to try it as well.”

Diya: “And why does he think it is cool?”

Hemant: “He said it relaxes the mind.”

Diya: “Did he also tell you that it contains 4000 chemicals of which 51 are known carcinogens? A carcinogen is a substance that causes cancer cancer, apart from other diseases.”

Hemant: “He didn’t tell me all of that.”

Diya: “It is easy to get addicted to cigarette smoking. And it starts in the same way for everyone. They tell themselves they’re just going to try it. Later, they find it hard to let go of smoking. It becomes an addiction and goes on to cause lung cancer. You are young. You will want to try many things at this age. But not all of those things will be good for you. Your elders care for you and love you. That’s why they want to save you from those bad habits. Hence, it is their duty to guide you till you become mature and can distinguish right from wrong. Elders advise you because they have more life experience and do not want you to make the mistakes they have made or have seen others make.”

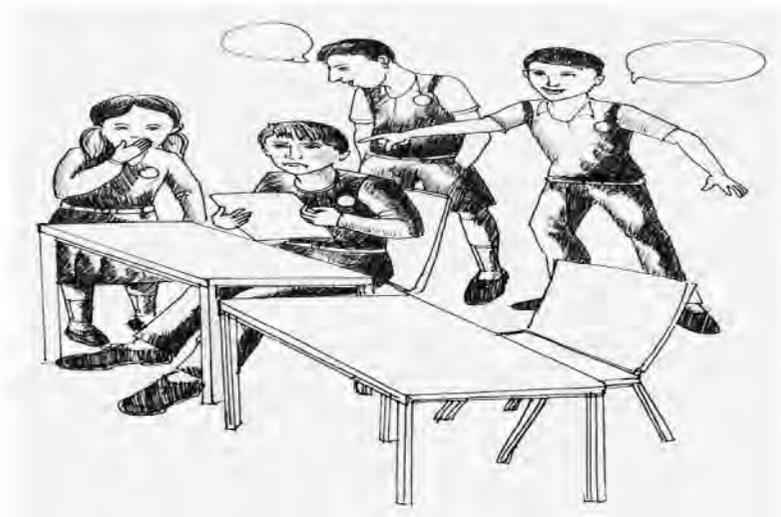
Hemant: “You are right, Ma’am. We didn’t think it’d be so bad. I will advise my cousin to leave it as well.”

Manish: “Yes. Thank you, Ma’am. You explain everything so patiently.”

Diya: “Good. I am very proud of you all!”

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**Children often get swayed by what their peers are saying and doing. It is a teacher’s job to make them aware of the pitfalls of peer pressure. A teacher must ensure that the children grow up in a happy and healthy classroom environment. Each situation must be handled patiently and positively. Parents and teachers play the most important role in preparing a child for the future. Teachers must be aware of their students’ views. They should help them overcome negativity. They should hear them patiently and respond in a way that makes the child feel cared for. In return, not only will the children respect and trust their teacher more, but will also take their advice seriously.**



## BLACK AND WHITE

**I**t was Children's Day and the celebrations were about to start. A picnic had been organised by the School for Class VI to XII. They were divided into two groups: Class VI to VIII and Class IX to XII. The first group was assigned to go to Ratha Mahaveer near Bijapur, while the second group headed to Muchala Mahaveer near Ghanerao. Both the groups had a group of teachers accompanying them.

The groups reached their respective destinations at 9:00 a.m. They alighted the bus and stood in groups, waiting for directions from their teachers — Ajay, Bharti, Kusum, Usha, Diya, and Rakesh. All the students proceeded to the gardens and were offered snacks and cold drinks. They were given a set of instructions and duties were allotted to some of them. Thereafter, they walked towards the temple.

They returned to the gardens after an hour and began settling down.

Kusum: "Did you like the place?"

Students: "Ma'am, the temple is exotic!"

Ajay: "Those who want to share their experience, come forward and share it with all of us."

Diya: "Ajay Sir, that's a great idea. Who wants to come up first?"

One by one some of the students came forward and shared their experience. In the meantime, Usha noticed that some students were missing. She looked around but could not spot them. She then went up to Ajay and said, "I think Suman, Raghav, and Mahesh are missing." Pratik, who was sitting in the front, said, "Ma'am, I saw them going towards that hill."

Ajay called Rakesh and Diya, and said, "Go and look for the boys. They've been missing for an hour now." Just as Rakesh and Diya turned to walk towards the hill, they saw the three boys returning. Bharti cast a stern look at them and asked, "Where were you all?"

The boys kept quiet and did not respond. Bharti lost her cool and said, "I am asking again. Where were you all? Why were you missing?"

Raghav replied in a feeble voice, "We were clicking some pictures, Ma'am." Diya looked at them and asked, "Why did you not inform your group teacher?" All three of them stood there silently, facing the ground. Then Mahesh responded, "Ma'am, we forgot. We are very sorry."

Rakesh picked up a strange odour emanating from the boys and suddenly realised it was cigarette smoke. He requested to speak to Bharti in private. He informed her about the smell of smoke. She was taken aback. She walked up to the boys and spoke rather loudly.

Bharti: “Were you boys smoking?”

Ajay: “Bharti, are you sure about this?”

Bharti: “Sir, please ask Rakesh to check their bags and pockets.”

The boys’ faces turned pale upon hearing this.

Suman: “No, Ma’am we were just —”

Before Suman could complete his sentence, Rakesh pulled out a pack of cigarettes from Raghav’s bag and a lighter from Mahesh’s pocket. All the teachers looked at them angrily. They decided to report the matter to the Principal. The Principal instructed to deal with the matter after returning from the picnic.

A meeting of all the senior teachers was convened by the Principal after school. Kusum and Usha suggested that the parents be summoned. Bharti informed everyone that the parents of the same boys had earlier this year complained that they were scoring low marks in their tests. The Principal asked Ajay to call the parents for a meeting.

The Disciplinary Committee met the next day and began the meeting with the parents.

Ajay: “Good Afternoon, everyone. We have called you here to discuss a serious matter. Your sons were caught with a pack of cigarettes on the day of the picnic.”

Kusum: “Are you aware that your sons have been smoking?”

Mahesh’s father: “I was not aware that my son has taken up smoking.”

Suman’s father: “I had a suspicion earlier this year but when I confronted him, he refused. I believed him and let the matter pass.”

Raghav’s father: “We apologise for Raghav’s conduct. We will accept whatever punishment you give them.”

Ajay: “They are teenagers at the end of the day. They often take to things that are not appropriate for them out of curiosity and peer pressure.”

Bharti: “But Sir, mistakes of this kind can have serious consequences. They must be made to realise this.”

Usha: “Bharti Ma’am is right. Today it’s smoking. Tomorrow it will be drugs.”

Mahesh’s mother: “I cannot believe that my son was smoking. He is so sincere and quiet at home.”

Kusum: “Don’t worry, Ma’am. We’ll help the boys out of this.”

Diya: “When children come off age, they often tend to make errors of judgment. They are not mature enough to assess the consequences.”

It was decided that the boys would be kept in detention for 2 hours after school for a week. They will be counselled for an hour and will be made to do tasks for the school in the remaining time. A health camp was organised by the school in the next week to make teenagers aware of the harmful nature of smoking and drug addiction. The Principal encouraged the teachers to connect with their students at a personal level and counsel them. Parents were advised to spend more time with their children and interact with them to help them overcome peer pressure.

—

The Annual Day preparations were on in full swing. Excited students and teachers buzzed through the corridors. The programme was scheduled for the next day — an exhibition followed by a cultural show. The students were busy with some last-minute practice and the staff was running around arranging the stage as well as the seating plan. Suddenly, Diya remembered that she had left her handbag in the Social Science Exhibition room. All the exhibition rooms were supposed to be locked as they had been prepared for the function.

As she moved towards the room, she noticed that it was unlocked. She found it odd as all the other rooms were locked. She moved closer and heard loud voices coming from the room. She peeped inside to find Mahesh, Raghav, Suman, Reena, and Asha seated in the poorly-lit room. They were drinking and chatting. There was a bottle of alcohol on the table in front of them.

Diya decided to call Ajay and Bharti. The three of them entered the room and the students became silent. Asha nervously tried to hide the bottle.

Ajay: “Why are you all here? This corridor is supposed to be locked.”

Diya: “This room smells of alcohol. And Asha, don’t try to hide the bottle. We have already seen it.”

Bharti: “Were you drinking here? Are you not aware that drinking is forbidden on school premises?”

Ajay: “Please come with us to the Principal’s office.”

The students wore a look of immense fear on their faces. They began walking towards the office silently. The Principal became angry upon being told about the incident. It had only been two weeks since the smoking incident. And now, the same students were found drinking in school. She was in a hurry to oversee some last-minute preparations, so she tasked the teachers with the disciplin-

ing.

Ajay: "Alright. I want you all to tell me who gave you this idea."

Reena, fearing the worst, began crying immediately.

Asha: "Ma'am, we were forced to join in."

Bharti (angrily): "And who forced you?"

Raghav: "Ma'am no one was forced. Everyone took a collective decision and asked me to procure the bottle. They willingly contributed money for the same."

Ajay: "Are your parents aware of this?"

All: "No, Sir."

Reena: "Ma'am, we wanted to experience the thrill. We had heard a lot about it. So we decided to give it a try."

The Principal returned and was briefed upon the matter by the teachers. She asked the students to accompany their parents to the school after the Annual Day for a meeting. When the day arrived, neither of them turned up. Realising that they had not learnt from their mistakes, a decision was taken to suspend them from school for a fortnight.

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**It is important to give every student a change to explain himself or herself. Teachers must handle sensitive matters calmly and patiently through counselling. However, if students repeat their mistakes and show no willingness to learn, it is necessary to make them realise the importance of following rules through appropriate reprimand.**



## FRUITS OF PATIENCE

**W**inter was starting to set in at Bali. Diya was slated for a new experience today. She had a substitution lesson with Class III as their Art and Craft teacher was absent. She reached the classroom and greeted the young children. They seemed very excited and happy. She settled down and asked them to start painting their most favourite plant. Within minutes, the class became very noisy. In one corner, a child was crying because another child had taken away his black sketch pen. Diya rushed to their seat and resolved the matter. She announced that she would take everyone's paints away if they did not keep quiet. Suddenly, all the children fell silent.

Rohan: "Ma'am, may I distribute the white sheets?"

Diya: "Okay, but first let everyone settle down."

After five minutes, the papers were distributed among the students. The children picked up their brushes and colour palettes, and began painting quietly.

Akash: "Ma'am, can I use thick colours for my painting?"

Diya: "Why?"

Akash: "I drew something incorrectly and I need colour to cover it."

Diya: "Show it to me."

Akash: "Here, Ma'am."

Diya: "You're right. That is going to need some covering up. Alright, Akash. You can use the thick colour. But please make sure you only use as much as you require. If you spill the colour or waste it, I will have to confiscate your colours for the day."

Akash: "Yes, Ma'am."

Diya left Akash's desk and moved around the class to look at the other children's work. They were painting a variety of trees and plants. Some were busy colouring flowers, while others were still trying to draw theirs. Suddenly, she heard Rohan shouting from across the room.

Rohan: "Ma'am, Akash has wasted the entire bottle of thick colour!"

Diya: "Akash! What have you done? Did I not ask you to use the colours wisely?"

Akash: "Sorry, Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am."

Diya: "I had asked you to not waste the colour. And that is exactly what you did. I will have to take away your colours for the day."

After a while, Diya noticed that Akash was borrowing from his classmates to complete his painting. She observed that since he was using their colours, he was taking utmost care of the amount he was using.

Sometimes, it is important to make students realise their mistakes. If they have the will to rectify them, they improvise and get it right the next time. Diya was very pleased to see that the little child had corrected his mistakes quickly.

—

After lunch, Diya had a lesson with Class IV. She reached the classroom and greeted her students.

Students: “Good Afternoon, Ma’am.”

Diya: “A very Good Afternoon, children.”

She exchanged smiles with them before beginning her teaching. As she began speaking, she noticed that one child was sobbing in the corner.

Diya: “Why are you crying, Bhawesh?”

Bhawesh did not respond and continued crying. His partner stood up and answered on his behalf.

Mahipal: “Ma’am, he got less marks in E.V.S.”

Diya: “So, what? Don’t cry!”

Bhawesh: “The question paper was very hard and all the questions were not in my notebook so I did not know the answers to many of them.”

Diya: “Oh! That’s sad. Come here with your notebook. Let me check.”

Bhawesh brought his notebook to the teacher’s desk and stood there confidently. He thought the teacher wouldn’t actually check his work. But Diya meant what she said. She looked through the notes and realised that Bhawesh was lying. He began looking down towards the ground on realising that his lies had been caught.

Diya (surprised): “Oh no! You were right.”

Bhawesh looked up in shock. He couldn’t believe what had just happened.

Diya: “Now Bhawesh will get the first rank in the next term because he has the questions and their answers.”

Bhawesh’s face was shining and smiling. He was relieved and grateful to his teacher for not scolding him in front of everyone. Another student got up and shouted from his seat.

Adarsh: “But Ma’am, he never completes his work! And he always makes

noise in class.”

Diya: “I know but from now on he will complete his work on time and will act responsibly. Am I right, Bhawesh?”

Bhawesh: “Yes, Ma’am.”

Everyone: “Ma’am, can we please play outside today instead of studying? We are not in the mood to study.”

**Diya thought it was a good opportunity to motivate Bhawesh to change his ways while ensuring that other students judge him beyond his marks.**

Diya: “Alright, we will play football today then. Let’s see who wins in the class.”

Diya made two teams: Team A and Team B. The captain of team A was Mahipal and team B was Bhawesh. The children began playing and soon became engrossed. Bhawesh immersed himself into the game completely as he really enjoyed playing. He never worried about winning or losing. Even though his team was losing initially, he kept a cool head and ended up scoring two goals in the last 5 minutes. All the students gathered around Diya, waiting for her to declare the winning team. She declared Team B to be the winners. The kids rejoiced but Bhawesh was still busy playing the game all by himself. The results made no difference to him. Diya was very happy to see this. She summoned the class to move back to the classroom. Bhawesh also joined them and expressed his happiness to Diya and thanked her for allowing them to play.

Bhawesh: “Ma’am, I really loved playing today. Will you send us to play like this once every week?”

Diya: “Let’s see. I think I can allow you all to play once in every 2 weeks. But I have a condition. Will you agree to it?”

Bhawesh: “Yes, Ma’am!”

Diya: “Alright then. All of you, and in particular Bhawesh, will have to promise me that you will put in more hard work in your studies. Are you ready?”

Everyone: “Yes, Ma’am.”

The children went back to their class feeling ecstatic. Bhawesh took Diya’s words seriously and kept his part of the promise. He worked twice as hard and completed his work on time. When the second term’s result arrived, Diya was pleased to find that Bhawesh had improved considerably in all the subjects. His parents were extremely happy at this development.

Next morning when she entered the class, she found some children teasing Bhawesh. She asked everyone to settle down and then looked towards them. She then turned to face the class and told them how Bhawesh had been work-

ing hard slowly and steadily. She informed them that he had performed well and was improving every day.

—

Revision classes were going on. Diya entered Class IX and began taking an attendance. She realised that Karan was missing from class. Karan was one of the brightest students in her class. He had also received a prize last year for 100% attendance. She began to worry about his absence.

Diya: “Where is Karan today? Revision classes are going on.”

Students: “We don’t know, Ma’am. He didn’t tell any of us.”

She resumed teaching and decided to check on Karan after class. Later, she called his parents. Upon asking, she found out from his father that Karan was undergoing medical treatment for depression. She could not believe it. Karan was scoring some of the highest marks in class. The more she thought, the more she wondered what could have possibly gone wrong. Next day, she decided to find out about the incidents preceding Karan’s absence.

Diya: “I found out that Karan has been feeling low. Can you tell me what happened?”

Harsh: “Ma’am, I think it’s because he scored negative marks in Social Science. He has never scored low marks in his entire school life.”

Diya found it hard to accept this as Karan had always been a studious child. She decided to help him out of it. In the evening, she visited his house as it was in the same village as hers. Upon seeing her, Karan came running towards her and greeted her warmly.

Diya: “Karan, I heard that you were undergoing treatment for depression. Is it because of low marks in Social Science?”

Karan: “Yes, Ma’am. I couldn’t understand what went wrong in the paper. I had studied everything but when it came to answering the questions, I went blank and couldn’t recall anything. After the test, I kept fearing that this would repeat itself and lead to failure in life.”

Diya: “Okay. First, you need to stop stressing over marks of a single test. Relax and let go of your fear. Have you heard the story “Think and Grow Rich” by Napoleon Hill?”

Karan: “No, Ma’am.”

Diya: “Alright, then listen. It’s about a man who found a piece of land that had promising gold deposits. After convincing some relatives and friends, he managed to borrow enough money from them to buy the machinery neces-

sary to mine the gold from the ore. But a few weeks later, having initially hit some gold deposits, he lost the vein of the gold ore. They tried to find it again, but failed miserably. Feeling distraught, he sold the machinery to a junk man for a few hundred dollars and went back home. The junk man, in turn, got a miner to look at the ore. He then bought the machinery needed and struck gold merely 3 feet away from the point where the first man had quit. Had he continued digging, he would have found the gold. The junk man earned a lot of gold from his discovery.”

Karan: “That is an interesting story.”

Diya: “This story reveals that one moment of impatience has the ability to change the course of your whole life. So retain your patience. Marks in one test do not determine how your life will pan out.”

Karan understood the importance of patience and sprang back to his original confident self. He put in more effort and worried less about the outcomes.

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**Patience is an important virtue in teaching. It is a teacher’s job to not only treat her students patiently, but also teach them the value of an attribute as essential as patience. It helps inspire children to overcome their fears and misunderstanding, and achieve success.**



## WRONG VS. RIGHT

**I**t was Wednesday morning. Term exams were going on and the school corridors were full of anxious students revising some last-minute details. Some teachers were busy correcting exam papers, while others were preparing for their invigilation duties.

Kavitha: “Did you correct the Math papers?”

Diya: “Which class?”

Kavitha: “Class IV.”

Diya: “No, the exam is on Friday!”

Kavitha: “Oh, I forgot!”

Rajesh: “Hello everyone. How are you all?”

Diya: “Rajesh, did you read the notice on the board?”

Rajesh: “Yes, I did. We’ve been given two days to prepare results this time.”

Diya: “Yes, we can complete all our work — report cards, feeding marks into Fedena, term reports — everything!”

The bell for the next lesson rang. Diya proceeded to Class IV. Their E.V.S. teacher had finished correcting their papers and had asked Diya to distribute them on her behalf. The distribution began roll number-wise. When Rohan’s turn came she noticed that he looked very nervous.

Diya: “What happened? Are you alright today?”

Rohan: “Ma’am, I could not do well in the exams because I was at my grandfather’s house in Jodhpur.”

Diya: “Why?”

Rohan: “Ma’am, he was not well. So we had to go to Jodhpur to take care of him.”

Diya: “Oh! I am sorry. How is he now?”

Rohan: “He is still in a serious condition. I came back to Bali, but my mother is still in Jodhpur.”

Diya: “Don’t worry, Rohan. All will be well. You still have two more exams. You can do well in those subjects. Here, take your paper.”

He took his paper and went through it to check his mistakes. He felt sad and shared this with his friends. His friends consoled him and offered help for the remaining exams. He thanked them. Later that day, Diya received a call from Rohan’s mother.

Diya: "Hello. May I know who is calling?"

Rohan's mother: "Hello Ma'am, I am Rohan's mother."

Diya: "Oh! How is your father now? I heard he was very serious."

Rohan's mother: "Yes, he was. But now he is feeling better. He has been discharged from the hospital and will recover soon. Ma'am, I wanted to tell you that Rohan was not able to prepare well for the exams this time. He was with me in Jodhpur for many days."

Diya: "Yes, he told me about it. Please do not worry. As a class teacher, I'll make sure that he completes all the pending work on time and understands everything."

Rohan's mother: "Thank you, Ma'am."

It was Friday morning. Diya was getting ready for school. She requested her mother to pack some curd rice for her as it was her favourite dish. She reached the school and signed the attendance register. She reached the staff room to find that everyone had already left for the morning assembly. She quickly kept the bag and joined the assembly. After that, the teachers proceeded to the Exam Cell to check their exam duties. Diya was not on Exam duty so she had time to correct her papers. It was Friday and her class IV students had their Math exam. Rohan and his classmates, Amit and Sunny, were sitting in the class, waiting for the invigilator.

Sunny and Amit were friends. Amit had brought a chit to copy during the exam. Sunny knew about it, but did not tell anyone. The invigilator arrived and everyone stood up to wish her. He wished them back, asked them to keep their bags and books outside, and started distributing the blank answer sheets. After the second bell he handed the question papers to them. After looking at the question paper, Amit looked at Sunny and smiled. The questions could be answered using the chit easily. When the teacher crossed Amit, he swiftly hid the chit in his palm. This went on for some time. After a while, when Amit was engrossed in copying an answer, he forgot that the teacher was near him. As soon as he realised, he threw the chit near Rohan. Rohan picked it up and opened it. He noticed the answers on the chit and stared at Amit in disbelief.

Rohan was in a dilemma. He had not prepared well for the exam. His brain told him, "Rohan come on, this is a good chance. Copy some of the answers. You will get good marks." But his heart said, "No Rohan, be honest to yourself." In the meantime, the invigilator reached his desk and took the chit from him.

Teacher: "What is this?"

Rohan: "It's not mine, Ma'am."

Teacher: "Oh! You are trying to copy!"

Rohan: “No, Ma’am. Amit threw it on me a minute ago.”

Teacher: “Don’t lie. This chit is in your hand.”

The teacher refused to listen to Rohan. She told him to go out of the class. Diya was crossing the corridor. She saw Rohan coming out of the classroom. She asked the teacher what had happened. The invigilator informed her about the incident. She could not believe it as she knew that Rohan was a very innocent and honest boy. She excused herself and Rohan from there and took him to the staffroom. She then asked him to narrate his side of the story. Rohan told her that the chit belonged to Amit, who threw the chit on Rohan out of fear of being caught. When Rohan picked it up and opened it, he was caught by the invigilator. Diya trusted Rohan’s word and went back to the class to cross-check. She took the chit and immediately recognised the handwriting on it. She summoned Amit outside the class and asked him to explain his case. Amit could not come up with an excuse and admitted his mistake. Rohan was sent back to complete the exam.

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**It is important for the teacher to give every child a fair chance to explain himself or herself. Only when they are sure of being heard, will they present their case confidently. So, a teacher should try and be unbiased in handling sensitive situations.**



## LOSING VS. WINNING

**T**he School's sports teachers were busy gearing up for the season's competitions. A number of events were coming up. Children were signing up, attending the try outs, and getting ready to compete. The day had begun with unexpected rainfall. Diya was looking out of the window and wondering how the students were going to practise in such a weather. Just then, one of the peons entered the staffroom and asked Diya to report to the Principal's Office.

Diya: "Good Morning, Ma'am."

Principal: "Good Morning, Diya. Are you excited about the sports season?"

Diya: "Yes, Ma'am. The students are working really hard to win this time."

Principal: "Yes, I noticed. I have called you in today to assign you a task. The Inter-School Football Tournament for girls is coming up. We have never participated in it. I think we should. I need you to oversee the formation of the team and the preparation. The tournament is 2 weeks away."

Diya was shocked. There was barely any time for putting together a team, let alone teaching them and preparing them for the competition. She did not know how to respond to the idea. The Principal noticed the discomfort and confusion on Diya's face.

Principal: "I know it is short notice. But participation is what is important. It will give us the opportunity to finally start the tradition of having girls' teams for various sports. Winning is not important."

Diya: "I agree with you, Ma'am."

Principal: "Good. Get on with the work then. Good luck!"

Diya: "Alright, Ma'am. Thank you."

Diya returned to the staffroom and remained lost in thought for the rest of the day. It seemed like an arduous task. She did not know where to start. She slept over the anxiety and woke up the next morning with a plan. She went to each section of Classes 7th to 12th and encouraged interested girls to sign up. The exercise resulted in Diya gathering names of 15 such students. Later, she asked all the girls to report for their first football lesson after the recess. When the time came, Diya moved towards the playground and was delighted to see all the 15 girls waiting there. She greeted them with a smile and asked them if they were ready for the challenge. The group let out a loud cheer of excitement. Diya, along with the Sports instructor Tarun, explained the basic rules and objectives of football to the girls. Thereafter, they showed them some fundamental techniques to be used during the play. This was followed by a warm-up

routine and a brief practice of all that had been taught.

The girls began to tire out, so Diya asked them to take a 10-minute break. The practice resumed and the teachers showed them some kicking skills. They then asked them to come forward, one by one, and apply those skills. Diya noticed that there was fear underneath the excitement. The girls were hesitant about kicking for fear of getting hurt. So they were not applying full force while kicking the ball. To overcome this fear, Diya reduced the amount of air inside the ball and made it a little easier for them to begin with. The group picked up the game quickly and showed immense enthusiasm to carry on with the practice. Diya was pleased with the initiation and hoped that the momentum would continue all the way up to the tournament. She drew up a schedule for them to follow.

Things seemed to be progressing well in the first few days. On the fourth day, however, Diya noticed that the energy levels were low and the girls looked worn out. Their arms and legs were aching, and they were unable to give their best shot. This was worrisome. Diya decided to focus on teaching them tips and tricks via videos in the computer lab on days when they were too tired.

This proved to be of great help. The players understood rules and game play in detail. They picked up various tricks and applied them in the practice sessions. In a week, they all had taken their positions and were practising like a coherent team. At last, the final day of practice arrived. The group looked determined and ready. The team practiced for the whole day and did so with 100% effort.

The day of the tournament arrived and the team left on a bus for Udaipur early in the morning. The expressions on their faces were a mix of fear and excitement. In order to convert the fear into courage, Diya engaged the team in a conversation. She made them open up and discuss their inhibitions frankly. She answered all their doubts and made them feel comfortable. She then asked them to relax and enjoy the rest of the trip by singing songs and playing games. They reached the Heritage School in Udaipur and moved towards the football ground. The girls were surprised to see an actual football field. Up until now, they had practised on a dry ground and had only seen green fields in the videos. They sat down and watched the ongoing match. After the match was over, Diya could see the fear of their own match on her players' faces. After lunch, the players moved to the field and formed a huddle. Diya and Tarun reviewed the game strategy with them. Soon after, there was an announcement about their first match was to be with the organising school. Diya sent the team to kit up. As the team reached the ground, they saw that the spectators were cheering only for the home school. Diya felt that this might play on the

girls' minds and increase the pressure of performing well. So after the toss, she **made them form a huddle again and reminded them that it was not the result that was important, but how the girls played.** Diya told them to play with full energy and confidence and not worry about anything. Diya wished them luck and left the ground.

The match began after the referee blew the whistle. In the first 10 minutes, the striker of the opponent school scored a goal. This put Diya's team visibly under pressure. After few minutes the ball was with the striker of her team — she was the youngest student of class 7th. She rolled the ball and moved towards the opponent team's goal post. She then kicked the ball with 100% energy and before everyone could realise it, she had scored the first goal for her team. It was an overwhelming feeling for the team as well their teachers. But they kept their cool. At half time, the score was tied at 1-1. The second half began with excitement on both sides. However, the opponent team got the better of them and scored another goal. The match ended with a score of 2-1. The girls had lost their first match. They looked sad and tired at the end of it. Diya **told them to move on and brace themselves for the next match — scheduled for the next morning itself.**

They all woke up early and met for breakfast. There was time for the match, so they went to the playground and did their warm-up routine. Diya also **pointed out a few mistakes in their gameplay from the previous match and encouraged them to overcome them.** Before they knew it, it was time for the next match. Diya sent the team to get ready. But as luck would have it, the team lost yet again. The girls were now starting to feel upset and annoyed with themselves. Diya felt that the time was not appropriate to point out their mistakes. They needed some time to get their minds off the defeat. She asked them to calm down and observe the winning team with a positive mind frame. In the evening, Diya met her team over dinner. None of them looked cheerful and were in no mood to eat. She asked them to not be angry and finish their meal. After dinner, they proceeded to the playground for some practice. All the other teams were also there with their respective coaches.

Diya (smiling): "I have observed that you girls play with discipline and your technique is spot on."

Riya: "Ma'am, if we're playing well technically, then why are we losing?"

Diya: "A technically sound gameplay is advantageous but winning requires something more. It requires faith in one's own abilities under all circumstances. You must never let your guard down. You must never let anything make you believe that you're not capable. You must tell yourselves that you will win despite all odds and despite things not going your way."

After this, Diya showed them a video recording of the match. She pointed out the errors and Tarun instructed them on ways in which they could avoid the same mistakes. The girls took note and began getting back into the fight.

Diya: “And remember team. Mistakes are proof that you are trying. And in order to win, you must keep trying.”

Team: “Thank you, Ma’am. We will not give up!”

The students and the teachers retired for the night. The morning arrived and the team was ready on its feet well in time for the match. It was crucial to win the match in order to stay on in the tournament. The first 15 minutes were tense as no team was able to score a goal. Just then, the striker of the opponent team beat 4 players to reach the goal post. But the goal keeper was on guard and made a great save just in time. The crowd cheered and the girls felt motivated. At half time, the score was 0-0. In the second half, the striker moved forward with the ball past a few opponent players. She clashed with one near the goal post and in the process got hurt. When Diya asked if she wanted to be replaced, the girl refused and said she’d continue to play. The play was down to the last 5 minutes. The striker started moving forward once again towards the opponent’s goal post. Beating 6-7 players, she moved forward and reached the goal post. By that time she was extremely tired and could not kick with 100% effort as her injury had started resurfacing. She tried a couple of times, but failed. Diya signalled to her and gave her a thumbs up. The player tried again with all her might and scored a goal. Everybody cheered loudly and clapped. The time was up and the match had been won.

The win gave the girls the confidence they needed. They went into the next match without any fear and won 5-0. Diya knew that half the battle had been won as the girls had successfully overcome their fear of the ball, the game, and defeat. They won the next two matches and entered the finals. For the final match, the opponent team was one of the best in the city. The crowd came out in full support of both the teams. The girls displayed tremendous courage and confidence in the final match. Unfortunately, they lost the match 1-0. But they kept their calm throughout and prevented the opponents from scoring goals for most part of the match. Though they lost the tournament, the Best Player and Best Goalkeeper trophies were awarded to them.

On the way back, Diya told them that they had every reason to be proud of themselves. They won the matches against all odds — with little practice but a lot of determination. They faced and dealt with defeat like winners. They all agreed and began smiling.

**Encouraging students and motivating them to do their best is all that a teacher needs to do to push her students in the right direction. Even though the team did not win, Diya did not discourage them or scold them. She constantly focussed on positive feedback and a comfortable environment. She inspired them to overcome the fear of failure and become confident.**





## UNDERSTANDING VS. MISUNDERSTANDING

The Term exams were over. All the students were happy because they had a free day at school. The class teachers proceeded to their respective classes. Diya's class was scheduled next to Monika's. Since both classes were sections of Class VI, they decided to have a joint session. The children were thrilled at the prospect of meeting their friends from the other section.

Monika: "You all are looking very excited. Is it because your exams are over?"

Students: "Yes Ma'am!"

Diya: "So, what do you want to do today?"

Students: "We want to have fun!"

Monika: "Alright. Who loves to sing?"

Students: "Kavya! She knows the lyrics of many songs."

Kavya was a quiet girl. She rarely spoke in class. She was not very good at studies and but was brilliant at singing. However, she never took part in any singing event at school because she was shy.

Monika: "Come here, Kavya. We would all like to listen to your song."

Diya: "Yes, Kavya. Don't be shy."

Monika: "Will you sing if I sing first?"

Monika held her hand and brought her in front of the class. All the children were smiling and cheering for Kavya. Monika sang one line and then asked Kavya to continue. Kavya began in a low voice but the volume soared along with her confidence when she noticed how excited everyone was. After the song, everyone broke into a loud applause for Kavya. She was ecstatic and began smiling. The rest of the period saw more students coming forward and displaying their talents. When the bell rang, Monika and Diya left the class and were walking towards the staffroom. They discussed how talented Kavya was and wondered if more could be done to hone her skills and creativity. Just then, Diya remembered that a singing competition was coming up in school. Monika decided she would motivate Kavya to participate.

Monika: "Kavya, there is a singing competition next week. Would you like to take part?"

Kavya: "No Ma'am, I cannot sing alone."

Monika: "Don't hesitate, child. Simply participating without f

ear will help you feel better and more confident.”  
Kavya (hesitatingly): “Okay, Ma’am.”

The day of the competition arrived. There were some excellent performers. Monika was worried that Kavya might feel nervous. Soon, the anchor announced Kavya’s name. She stood up and took her position on the stage. She began looking for Monika in the crowd. She spotted the smiling face of her teacher and smiled back at her. She started singing and left the audience mesmerised. She ended the song and the audience gave her a standing ovation. This motivated her to overcome her shyness and sing confidently. Thereafter, she participated in every school function and competition.

The following week saw the teachers and students returning to their studies in full swing. Some teachers were chatting in the staffroom. Diya also joined them.

Diya: “I heard you were talking about Kavya.”

Monika: “Yes, I was telling them how well Kavya sang in singing competition.”

Diya: “Motivation can bring about transformation. I had a friend named Mehul in school. He weighed more than everyone else in class but was a very enthusiastic child. The Sports teacher, Mr. Sharma, called all those who were interested in joining the school Kabaddi team, to give in their names. When Mehul went to sign up, Mr. Sharma discouraged him by telling him that he was not fit to play on the team. The incident left Mehul deeply demotivated. He lost all interest in games. Mr. Sharma wanted to choose strong and fit students. He did not realise the impact his words could have on an innocent child. It was unfair on his part to not give Mehul an opportunity to try out for the team.”

Ishu: “How unfortunate!”

Sharmila: “Nobody has any right to discourage anyone.”

Monika: “We all must learn to understand the feelings of children. We should appreciate them. One stray sentence of motivation can change a child’s life without our knowing.”

Diya: “Yes, I agree with you. We should give a chance to every child. We must create an environment in which they feel positive, creative, motivated, and fearless.”

Sharmila: “Motivation brings with it hope and happiness, whereas criticism brings sadness and frustration.”

The classroom is the most comfortable place for a child to try something different, to explore new vistas, and to hone existing skills. An understanding teacher who believes in motivating her students can transform their lives by

helping them internalise the fact that they are capable of doing everything they put their heart to.

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The winter was starting to set in. The teachers were trickling into the staffroom for their daily hot cup of tea. Diya spotted Sharmila and Monika engaged in a deep conversation. She went over and sat next to them.

Sharmila: “I am happy that I was able to make the children understand.”

Diya: “I seem to have missed the story. What happened?”

Sharmila: “It was a beautiful day and I had a lesson with Class V. All the children were waiting for the school to get over as it was a half day. The atmosphere was full of cheer. However, three students were sitting silently in one corner and looking around. A few others were pointing towards them and smirking. I walked towards them and asked them what it was all about. To my utter surprise, Shruti responded by expressing her dislike for Dev, Anchal, and Ritu. She said they were bad people because they ate egg and non-vegetarian food.”

Diya: “What! That is such an unfounded judgement.”

Sharmila: “Precisely. The three kids, who were the subject of this discrimination, were visibly uncomfortable. When I was about to strike up a conversation with them, Mohit rose and asked me to stay away from them because they killed and ate animals. The rest of the class began teasing the three children.”

Diya: “Dear God. How did you handle the situation?”

Sharmila: “I realised that it was important to help students understand and appreciate the differences among them. I asked Mohit, Shruti and others who their favourite actor was. They responded in unison by naming Shahrukh Khan. Then I went on to ask them if they’d dislike him if he ate a certain kind of food. They were confused at my question and said no. I took that as an example and told them about the unfairness of their bias against those who eat non-vegetarian. I also told them that preferring to eat non-vegetarian food was a personal choice – something they must learn to respect. I told them about similar stereotypes that we tend to form in our lives and emphasised on the importance of being tolerant to avoid misunderstandings.”

Diya: “You did the right thing.”

Sharmila: “I also told them that non-vegetarian food is a very good source of protein – crucial for the growth of our body. Slowly, they began to understand the point I was trying to make. They apologised to the three kids and then began mixing with them.”

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**Children are too innocent. We must think and understand things from their point of view. They should be taught the meaning of equality and must be encouraged to practise it in their daily lives. Every child is unique. A teacher must appreciate the child for every good thing he or she does, and never discourage him or her when they are unable to perform.**





## MY GOOD SCHOOL

**I**n 2012-13, The Fabindia School at Bali embarked upon a new journey to revolutionise the way in which schools look at education. The single-pointed focus on academics, marks, examinations, and results, has made education a uni-dimensional concept. However, we at The Fabindia School understand that education, in its truest sense, travels far beyond the realms of books and studying. We decided to introduce the “My Good School” program at the School in order to shift our focus towards a more holistic approach to the learning and development of a child.

The My Good School program is unique in that it bases itself on a four-pillared structure comprising of: Skill, Service, Sport, and Study. Together, these 4 S's combine to make a child's experience at our school as close to the real world as possible. This is critical because the end goal is to equip every child with a toolbox that contains multiple tools to deal with every challenge effectively, confidently, calmly, and smoothly. And the best part is that this toolbox comes with no expiry date — it will stay with the child as his or her lifelong friend.

In pursuit of becoming a “My Good School”, the school has been organising interesting events on a near-weekly basis. These events aim at fostering a spirit of service, imparting essential life skills, emphasising the need for a healthy body, and developing an intellectual bent of mind for every single student in the school. Some examples include mock Panchayats, celebration of festivals, debate competitions, quizzes, sports matches, fancy dress competitions, special weeks for various subjects — Hindi, English, Math, SST and Science. The school organised the students under 4 houses — Mahatma Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Dhyan Chand, and C.V. Raman. The events are inter-section, inter-class, and inter-house. They have seen a tremendous increase in participation. Initial hesitations faded away quickly and a sense of enthusiasm installed itself permanently in the psyche of the student body. They now learn how to speak effectively, articulate properly, and present themselves before an audience. Teachers are encouraging the students to be participate in as many activities as they can, so that they can become role models for the generations that follow them.

We, as teachers, have observed that students now look more confident and happy. They are becoming active listeners, speakers, actors, artists, musicians, players, etc. We have seen transformations in their personalities and it has

been very rewarding.

As part of this program, we have introduced My Good School report cards and record books in our school. These map every child's transformation by recording the assessment of his or her performance using inputs and observations from every stakeholder — Teachers, Students, and Parents. When we first told them that now they could fill their growth and performance themselves in the report card, they were ecstatic. This infusion of a newness in a routine procedure has resulted in positive dividends for all of us. The students now feel motivated to better their own performance year after year in order to be able to record it in writing. It has helped foster a sense of ownership of their own learning.

The My Good School philosophy has helped in charting out and effecting the personal and social development of every child. Even parents don't feel left out any more as they too have to record their observations on every aspect of the child's development in these report cards. These report cards, thus, are not only representative of all that has been achieved, but also carry within them hopes and dreams for the future that is to come. They help set and record the expectations of children and parents, thereby making every child's education suited to his or her needs.

We are also encouraging exchange programs for our students to learn from the experiences of students belonging to other schools, and in return sharing their own experiences with others. Our students have gone for exchanges and events at schools such as Scindia School (Gwalior), M.G.D. School (Jaipur), and Heritage Girls' School (Udaipur) to name a few. They are breaking barriers every day and are venturing into new domains such as participating in Model United Nations conferences. This exposure has helped broaden their views.

The Principal decided to constitute an Exam cell with senior and experienced staff members to streamline the exam process and make it more efficient. To make subjects such as Mathematics more interesting, quizzes are being organised frequently. These have helped generate more enthusiasm towards the subject. Teachers are adopting technology at every level and in every process. They now utilise Audio-Visual aids in their teaching and often prepare Power-Point presentations to deliver their content. During the Annual Day Function, we now put up subject-specific exhibitions to display various projects, charts, and activities prepared by the students as part of their formative assessments under supervision.

In order to help parents keep track of all that is going on in the school, we

send out frequent messages to them via SMS. These messages convey school timing, vacations, festive greetings, and progress of the school. We have also started a new system wherein each week, we announce the “Parent this Week”. **These parents are invited to the school to attend the school assembly and share their views about their experience with us. This helped in deepening our connection with the parents.**

We also began a system of announcing “Student this Week”. These are students who do extraordinary work in service, skill, sport, or study. This has motivated many students to try new things and excel at them.

Next, to motivate teachers, we began the tradition of announcing “Teacher this Week”. This serves as a recognition for those teachers who work hard and go that extra mile to deliver their best in school. In order to support teachers, our Chairman and Principal initiated the LFIN Professional Development Program for the educators from 2015 onwards. This program has focused on creating Professional Learning Communities in the school. All the teachers are divided in 5-6 groups, called WFSGs (whole faculty study groups). We work in teams on various issues relating to teaching, personal and social development of children, and classroom challenges. We are learning tools and techniques of the modern-day teaching. We are also adapting ourselves to the changing technology and keeping ourselves updated with technological developments in the field of education. As a result of these initiatives, teachers are becoming more self-confident, are learning to deal with stressful situations in classrooms, and understanding the true value of helping each other and working with each other.

**We are not only a witness to this transformation that continues to this day, but also contributors. We firmly believe that integrating service, skill, and sport to the education of a child, has helped reinforce the child’s ability to study. These components constantly interact with each other and reinforce each other, thereby making every child’s education comprehensive, enjoyable, and long-lasting. With this and more, we hope to motivate our students to be pioneers, leaders, and path-breakers in whichever field they choose to enter.**

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**CONTRIBUTORS TO THE BOOK**

**Consulting Editor  
Smriti Krishnia**

**Writers**

**Ajay Vijaywargi  
Aysha Tak  
Bharti Rao  
Byju Joseph  
Gajendra Mewara  
Ishu Chouhan  
Jaffar Khan  
Kavitha Devda  
Krishan Gopal Dave  
Kusum Dangi  
Kusum Sharma  
Monika Vaishnav  
Perna Rathod  
Rajeshwari Rathore  
Rakesh Kumar  
Sharmila Vijaywargi  
Surendra Singh  
Suresh Singh Negi  
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[www.fabindiaschools.org](http://www.fabindiaschools.org)

The Fabindia School, Bali - 306701, Dist. Pali, Rajasthan