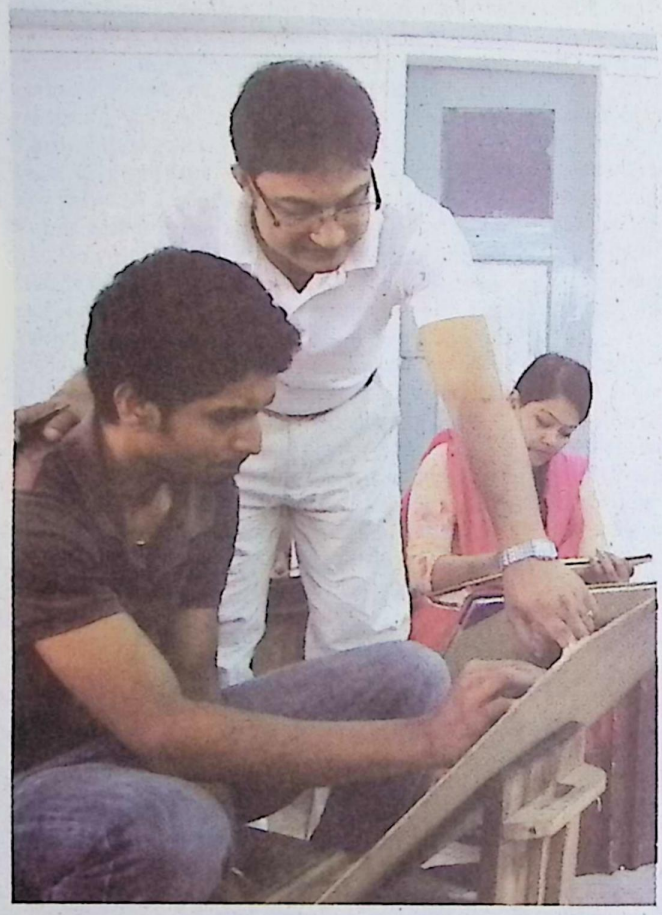


Thank you...

Yamin Tauseef Jahangir

I can recall the days when I was not a sharp head and always ended up getting and E on my report card. Being a bird brain I never had the intentions to score high in my exams and I do not know the reason why I used to boast about it. As a kid I used to fantasize and drool on numerous elements which had no connection whatsoever with education. My parents understood this and I had to go to a private tutor. He was a man in his late sixties, a retired engineer and was very strict. As I used to be fond of pets, the only thing that made me study was a promise to get to play with his dog. Funny I know, but for me it was a fascinating offer anyone would ever give me. He made me do algebra and physics; two of my worst enemies and I ended up giving weird excuses for not completing them on time. He was kind, for which instead of working on hundred sums, I had to do fifty.

From my childhood to the brink where I stood as an adult, I could say I was blessed as I came across some wonderful people whom I call to be my teachers. My learning did not only comprise of the pen and the paper but something more. There was an unconditional love, respect, affection, effort and also the punishments, which till today make the memories to be so meaningful. They were my mentors who relentlessly helped me, been there through thick and thin, gave me strength and inspired me to dream. My growing up would never been so much fun if they were not a part of it. When I shed tears on petty issues, it was my teacher who made me smile. When I was down with a fever, it was them who visited me and brought me 'Snikers' chocolates. It was them who patted on my back when I scored the wining goal. It was my beloved teachers who were my idols.

As I grew up, they grew old. With grey hairs being the evidence of their experience, they still held that spirit high for the betterment of my future. They never complained as they were patient. At times I used to be all huffy on them, but they were my guardian angels who knew what was best for me. They made me learn, but my learning was not only on theoretical knowledge and I was lucky to apply them in practical terms. One of my teachers even knew I had a habit of munching, so she had all kinds of junk food in her bag, and that acted as an incentive just to get things done by me. Teachers will never give up on you. No matter how much it takes, they will give it all to pull you up. You are in their prayers whenever you are in distress. They tell you what is right and what is wrong, so that you do not get derailed. Whenever you see darkness they show you the light, whenever you lose hope they give you faith and whenever you are sad, they bring joy.

My teachers knew how to make study interesting. They used to spend hours; with sheer diligence and hard work they made things easier for me to grasp properly. I still remember those times when I almost spent three hours to get Newton's third law on motion, but never for once I saw my teacher frowning. The thing that I loved the most was when they addressed me as 'tui' and not 'tumi'.