

# A lesson on worth

Niharika Sudheer  
AIS Noida, Alumna

As the bell rang after lunch break, the students of Class VI B groaned in despair. It wasn't the subject that bothered them – but the teacher. English was something they enjoyed, but Ms Radhika, their strict and sharp-tongued teacher, filled even the bravest hearts with dread. Her reputation preceded her. Known for her cold demeanour and cutting remarks, she intimidated not just students but fellow teachers as well. Just a month ago, she had reprimanded a girl so harshly that the poor child had wept for days. Since then, her presence silenced giggles and straightened spines.

As the class hurried back to their seats, pushing and pulling in nervous urgency, the door creaked open. Ms Radhika stepped in, her white-rimmed glasses perched perfectly on her nose, her saree draped immaculately. Instantly, the class fell into pin-drop silence and greeted her in unison.

Despite her strictness, the students couldn't deny one thing: she was a brilliant reader. Her voice carried elegance and rhythm, and she brought life into the lessons she taught from the textbook, weaving stories so vividly that the class hung onto every word of hers. But just as



Wisdom Tale

the enchantment settled in, the spell broke. Story time was over — now came the dreaded homework-check.

Ms Radhika's eyes scanned notebooks with her usual stern expression. Occasionally, the slight lift of her brows hinted at approval. But then, she reached Aryan's notebook. Her expression darkened. "You copied this," she said coldly. Aryan stayed quiet, knowing it was true. And then she burst out. For ten full minutes, Ms Radhika's voice thundered through the classroom. Aryan stood frozen, eyes wide and expressionless. But ev-

erything changed when she uttered the word – worthless.

Something broke inside him. His silence shattered into tears as he looked up and asked in a trembling voice, "Madam, have you never made a mistake?" The question stunned her. For a brief moment, the classroom in front of her eyes blurred, replaced by a memory buried deep, deep within her.

She was twelve again – bright and a straight-A student... except in maths. One day, after scoring poorly in a test, her teacher was disappointment and said that same cruel word: worthless. That mo-

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ment had scarred her deeply. It had shaken her confidence not just in maths, but in everything. And that day, she had made a quiet promise to herself: If I ever become a teacher, I will never make a child feel that way. Yet here she was, years later, breaking that very promise. Tears welled in her eyes. The classroom fell silent as she took a deep breath and turned to Aryan. "I'm sorry," she said softly. "You're not worthless. No one is." She then told the whole class. "I forgot what it meant to be young, to make mistakes and learn. That won't happen again."

From that day on, Ms Radhika was a changed teacher. Strictness remained, but it was tempered with patience and empathy. She no longer ruled the classroom with fear, but with understanding. And every student she taught after that knew one thing for sure: they mattered. They were worthy. [GT](#)

**So, what did you learn today?**  
Words have power over minds,  
and they should be used kindly.

## POEM

### I am but a little girl

Preksha Nair  
AIS MV, Alumna

I am but a nervous little girl  
Not yet ready for this world  
Sometimes I cry when I fall  
Then I hold my dearest doll

I am but a pleasant little girl  
My wings just do not unfurl  
I still get scared of the dark  
I love bright rainbow arcs

I am but a demure little girl  
A delicate and shining pearl  
In cosy scenes of my dreams  
I dance with the moonbeams

No, I am not a wise woman  
I am still just a shy little girl  
Please dear time, do not turn  
Stop, let my childhood return.



## It's Me

### KNOW ME

**My name:** Kashvi Manocha  
**My Class:** Nursery A  
**My school:** AIS Vasundhara 1  
**My birthday:** November 22

### MY FAVOURITES

**Teacher:** Shruti ma'am  
**Subject:** English  
**Friend:** Darshika  
**Game:** Hide and seek  
**Cartoon:** Elsa and Anna  
**Food:** Daal-rice  
**Mall:** Habitat Centre, Indirapuram  
**Book:** Colouring book

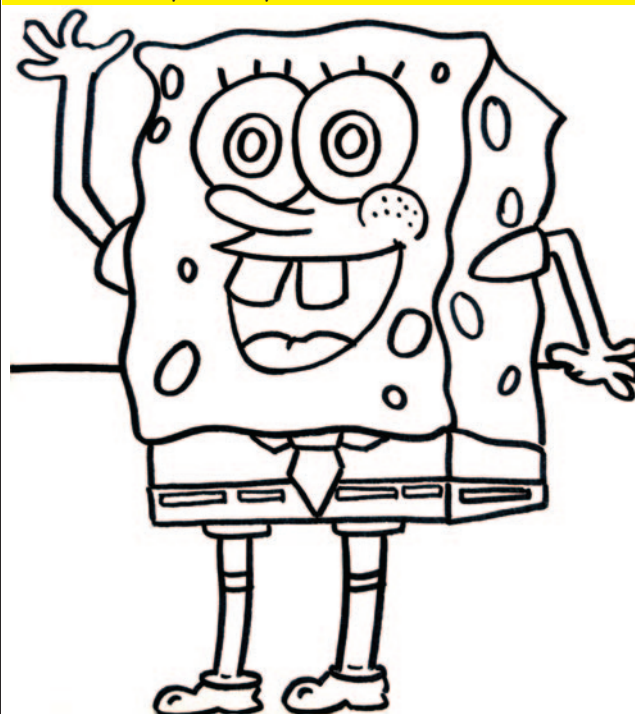
### MY DREAMS AND GOALS

**Hobby:** Arts and Crafts  
**I like:** Playground adventures  
**I dislike:** Spicy food  
**My role model:** My dad  
**I want to become:** IPS officer  
**I want to feature in GT because:** I want to be part of the school community.



## COLOURING FUN

Sketch by: Shravya Malik, AIS Mohali, XII B



Click a high resolution picture (1 MB or more) of the entry and mail the same to: [editor@theglobaltimes.in](mailto:editor@theglobaltimes.in). The best entries will be published in GT.

## Best entries for colouring fun

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