

## The Moment I Will Never Forget

Ojaswini Rai\*

I remember an incident of my childhood; when, whenever exams were around the corner, my grandfather had kept a rule and it mandatorily had to be followed at home. The rule was that, if I wanted to go and play with my friends, I had to go through the home examination first. The home examination was the set of questions my grandfather had set up for me as a practice paper before the actual examination; and if only I answered all the questions or most of them, then I was allowed to play with my friends. I was completely against this pedagogical method set up by him back then.

As an 11-year-old girl, I was furious thinking I was not allowed to play with my friends even on a holiday. Sadly, accepting that and taking up the home examination was the only way I would be allowed to play. I took it seriously, not because I wanted to

do better in my exams but to have the privilege to go out and play, and also the reason being that my bad performance in the home examination would allow my grandfather to set up another test paper, and I began studying seriously.

On the day of the actual examination, when I saw the test questions, I immediately thought of my grandfather going through the hassle of making the test questions for me due to which the questions I see now seemed familiar. I tried my best in all the examinations. Later, I realised he was doing it for my own good, and since then I have not had any complaints in my heart. I did not realise the importance of these examinations while growing up, but this incident was an eye-opener for me.

After I got evaluated and given test scores for the examination from the

\* JPF, Department of Elementary Education, NIE, NCERT, New Delhi

school, I knew sooner or later I would have to inform my grandfather about it. As we were given each subject's test scores on different days, hence, some days I became nervous because of the average scores and some days I would be on cloud nine by scoring full marks. When I showed him my marks, he smiled at me and said, "It's the efforts you make that matter the most. Don't worry about the result. You keep working hard and giving your best." All my nervousness went away after hearing his words.

I understood he was, after all, not a strict man but someone who deeply loved and cared for me.

The next day he said, "Come with me for a walk." I joined him for an evening walk. Suddenly he took me to a pastry shop. He bought one pastry for me and told me that he is rewarding me for the hard work I put in during my examinations. I was elated to eat the pastry; and to this date, it is my favourite pastry which brings joy and beautiful memories of my childhood with my grandfather.