

Life will always push
us down

Life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Life will always push us down but we have to work towards building ourselves up, things won't always go our way, what we do to fix that situation is what counts. There are numerous instances where time will be your greatest enemy, a vanquisher. Times when you will be tired of waiting, waiting for things to come or waiting for the world to change. Rudyard Kipling once wrote: ' If you can wait and not be tired by waiting---you'll be a Man, my son! '

I was sitting under the banyan tree beside my house, under the evening sky, when unexpectedly a kite brushed the top of my head and fell at my feet. Picking it up in my hands a smile broke out on my face, thinking of the time... Jumping across puddles and evading the muck, trying so hard not to get my new shoes soiled, whilst avoiding getting hit by the noisy tractor driving by. I was just about managing to keep the mud off my face, but all my efforts were undone when a chaos of children leapt towards me, in attempts to get their hands on the kites I was carrying for them.

The joy I had brought these children by bringing them, as simple a thing as a kite was just humbling. We all got up off the ground and they guided me to the shack I'd be staying in for the next week, this little hut would be my house for the next six nights. My primary aim for the next week was to help out in and around the village school, and provide my assistance to the children in any way possible. It was late afternoon and after having a quick wash I went around the village with the children, in an attempt to get myself acquainted with the place.

I took up this assignment prepared for the worst, I came here with a positive mindset and my only aim was to help the children. The children showed me to their school, I was prepared to see a shabby building that was almost about to fall to bits, but I saw exactly the opposite. The building was bright and well maintained. The children even painted their own mural on the wall. The inside was clean and the children were rather well disciplined, contrary to what I am back home.

As I began to walk towards the headmaster's office, the children slowly began to move away, I feel quite the same way back at home. After a preliminary introduction, I eagerly asked him what role I was to play in this institution. After informing me about the routine he took me on a round around the school, as we were walking I noticed many students look at me in awe- wondering who this random child walking with the headmaster is. I was asked to be at school by around eight o'clock. Next morning I woke up with butterflies in my stomach but with a sense of excitement.

I walked in, all of a sudden silence dawned the class, the children looked at each other, with a look of confusion on their faces. I introduced myself and told them why I was there. After the usual formalities I began to teach them math. I began with a game and continued the lesson, the children seemed to enjoy themselves and I left them with a smile on their faces. During the class I had noticed something rather peculiar, the books the children had been using were at least eight years old.

I went to discuss this with the headmaster, he asked me how my day had gone and if I had any problems, I reassured him that there was no issue

communicating with the children, the only problem was that the books they were using were torn and tattered, he let out a deep sigh, bent down and picked up a thick folder, I could see the sorrow in his eyes, as he undid the lace of the file, I was wondering where this was leading me, was it something I said?

He passed numerous letters to me all addressed to the education department of the state government, as I read through them a sense of frustration enveloped me, as I looked up in disbelief he began to explain - the school had been waiting for the supply of new books to arrive for the last three years, the children were the ones losing out as they had been reading the same book for years and years now.

Each and everyday the children wait eagerly for a truck carrying the new books to drive into town, but these children never loose hope, even after so many years they still believe that one of these days that day will come. As I overcame the disbelief I wanted to get to action, I went through the letters trying to figure out what went wrong. The next couple of days were consumed not only in teaching but also writing numerous letters to the state government, hoping we would get a response.

The headmaster would spend his time gazing outside the window, for a glimpse of the mailman; a tiny glimpse was all he needed to run out only to be disappointed. My brief stint here had caused me not only to realize how lucky I am but also gave me a chance to help others and bring a smile to their faces. With one last group hug I bid them farewell as I walked out of the village, I could see the sorrow on the children's faces, and I knew that they

had a long wait ahead of them, they had to keep trying and persevere. Until hopefully one day when their agonizing wait would come to an end.