

# Education with Sophistication

**Aijaz Khan**

It was our first day after being admitted to the PCC college. I enjoyed all subjects other than English and Mathematics. I had a huge problem in English which was why I usually didn't like the English teacher much.

As it was our first day, all our teachers came and introduced themselves and asked us to tell about ourselves. All our teachers were nice but the one who impressed me the most was our English teacher. As he entered class his personality was such that one couldn't help but be drawn to him. Dressed in a three-piece-suit with a light pink tie, big beautiful eyes. From the roots of his hair to the toes, he was different from all the others, the way he spoke and the way he walked. His name was Dilawar Farhan. He was the Vice Principal and our English teacher.

I had little interest in English as a subject, but the way he taught it was something else. He would create such an atmosphere in class that we would be transposed to a different era and feel at one with the characters we were reading about. He would forbid us to open our books. He would tell us in simple words what the lesson was all about, why we were studying it and what lessons there were in it for us. Then he would go over a paragraph or two from the book and explain it in great detail, so that it was deeply embedded in our minds.

Because I wasn't that good at English, I told him once when there was no one else around, that I didn't like the subject and that I couldn't speak any English. He comforted me, saying this was not such a big problem and that I would soon learn it. He said it is

important to have mastery over one's mother tongue; we only learn English to understand and to be understood by people who do not know our language. I really liked his logic.

Sir Dilawar Farhan taught me a lot as far as English was concerned. He would often ask me questions in class. He would ask me to utter whatever came to your mind, whether it is right or wrong, he would say, just say it. This way he gradually gave me courage and today I am able to both speak and understand the English language. Even today I imitate his teaching style and the way he spoke. I often dress like him.

But I can still not be like him, because a teacher is a teacher and a student is, well, a student.

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