

# Like Sugar in Milk

## Ibadullah

This happened when I was rendering my services as a science teacher at a Federal Government Boys High School in a far flung part of Gilgit. My school is situated at the edge of River Gilgit, on Ghazar Road. It is adorned with multiple varieties of plants and flowers.

As I reached school one fine day, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of June, 2005, I was surprised to see some strange events transpire. It was as if someone had cast an evil eye on our wonderful school.

It seemed as if the flowers in the school lawns were no longer in bloom, nor were the cherry trees laden with bright red cherries anymore. All seventh and eighth graders from the school who belonged to a certain religious sect were standing on the road demanding some change in their textbook. There is no dearth of stones in our area, so they had conveniently pelted the road with stones from all sides. Some of the students were provoking others by raising emotionally rousing slogans.

All the teachers, the head master and the school administration had reached the spot and were trying to convince the students to discontinue the protest while the police were threatening them for the same purpose. All efforts so far had proven ineffective. In fact the students were starting to get more hostile.

At this point entered someone frail but with the eye of an eagle and with sure steps like a lion. He went towards the students, all of whom gathered around him like moths around a candle. Nobody knew what magic wand the teacher, Sir Sultan Wali, waved but soon after the students bowed down their heads and left the site of the protest.

This impressed the other teachers and the administration no end. He was asked how he did it.

It was, he said, a combination of his love, sincerity, sense of justice and a certain kind of sweetness due to which the students could just not say no to him. It was interesting that the teacher didn't even belong to the same religious group as the protesting children.

“It is the connection between the hearts; the more love you have for someone in your heart, the more impact your words will have on them,” he said.

Behind that one miraculous moment were weeks and months of effort; behind it were all those moments that Sultan Wali had spent playing with the children, hearing them out, making them feel important, instead of sitting in the staff room.

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