

In a dusty government school on the edge of a small town, sat a boy named **Ishaan**—always on the last bench.

Not because he was a troublemaker. Not because he wasn't smart.

But because he **wanted to stay invisible**.

His uniform was faded, his shoes torn at the sides. His bag carried more patched fabric than books. But Ishaan never missed a single day of class. Rain, fever, or hunger—he showed up, sat on the last bench, listened, and quietly scribbled in a second-hand notebook.

Most teachers hardly noticed him. Except **Miss Nair**, the English teacher.

One day, during a poetry assignment, she asked the students to write something original. Everyone groaned, but Ishaan kept writing, lost in his thoughts.

The next day, Miss Nair stood in front of the class, holding a paper.

"I want to read something written by one of you," she smiled.

And then, she read Ishaan's poem aloud.

*"The bell rings, not for freedom but dreams,
Each word I write hides my silent screams.
I am more than marks on a test,
I'm a heart that's trying its best."*

The class fell silent. Ishaan stared at the floor, unsure whether to feel proud or afraid.

When Miss Nair finished, she turned to him.

"You have a voice, Ishaan. Don't hide it on the last bench."

That day, something changed.

He didn't move to the front bench. He didn't suddenly become the topper. But he started writing more—poems, stories, little notes he hid in his textbooks. Writing became his world—a place where he didn't need new shoes or perfect English. Just honesty.

Years later, that same boy published a book. On the dedication page, it read:

"To the last bench, where I found my voice. And to Miss Nair, who made me believe it mattered."



Moral:

Student life isn't just about grades or trophies. Sometimes, it's about that **one teacher**, **one moment**, or **one sentence** that plants the seed of self-worth. And sometimes, the quietest students write the loudest stories.