

September 2025

# AKRAM Express



## Editorial

Dear Friends,

One day, the students of the former President of India, Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, approached him to celebrate his birthday. In response, Dr Radhakrishnan said that he would feel truly honoured if, instead of celebrating his birthday, the day was observed as “Teachers Day”. Thus from that day on, 5th September has been celebrated as Teachers’ Day - a special occasion to honour and appreciate the invaluable contributions of teachers.

However, for us, Teachers’ Day is not just one day. How can we honour our teachers only for a single day when they teach us not only maths, science, history or languages, but also how to live our lives? They shape our thoughts, guide our actions and help us become better human beings. That is why we should always hold them in high regard and treat them with the respect and gratitude they truly deserve – every day of the year.

Come, let us find out in this edition how we should respect our teachers. Did Parshiv, Vihaan and Thanak disrespect their teachers? Why didn’t the baby giraffe like his teacher? Which movie did Giffy watch and what was it about? And what happened next in the Aaloo-Chilly series? Let’s read on and discover the answers!

- Dimple Mehta

# Teachers' Day

**Akram  
Express**

September - 2025  
Year 17, Issue : 02  
Conti. Issue No.: 192  
Published Monthly

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Published by Mahavideh Foundation  
Simandhar City, Adalaj - 382421.  
Taluka & Dist.- Gandhinagar.

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Price Per Copy: NIL

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# A Game by the River



Mummy Giraffe was very angry today. She was so angry that she gave Baby Giraffe a punishment of doing one hundred sit-ups while holding his ears. Baby Giraffe cried as he did the sit-ups. He tried to apologise to his mummy, but she refused to listen.

In the evening, Daddy Giraffe came home. When he found out what had happened, he asked Mummy Giraffe why she had done this.

Mummy Giraffe said, "Every day I get small complaints from the school, but today it was written in the report card that our baby doesn't know how to eat leaves from a tall tree or how to walk with long strides. What is he even doing at school if he does not know how to do such simple things?"



Daddy Giraffe began to think after listening to Mummy Giraffe. He called Baby Giraffe over and gently asked, "Did the teacher show you how to reach the leaves on a tall tree?"

Baby Giraffe thought for a moment and then replied, "Yes... but I didn't understand anything."

"Then did you ask the teacher again?" Daddy Giraffe asked.



"No, not at all. If you ask that four-eyed grey buffalo to explain again, she gets angry," Baby Giraffe said with a grin.

Daddy Giraffe's eyes widened. "Is that how you talk about your teacher?" he asked sternly.



"Daddy, that's what my friends call her. I said it for the first time to you, today," Baby Giraffe replied, trying to hold back his laughter.



“Why do your friends call the teacher that?” Daddy Giraffe asked.

“When the teacher asks us something and we don’t know the answer, she gets angry. She also gives us double homework. If we don’t do the homework, she punishes us by making us stand on one leg all day. And if we try to say anything, she never listens - but if

Jenny the Pig, Mary the Sheep or Kiki the Goat say something, she listens to them straight away. So, of course we end up calling her names!” Baby Giraffe said in his defence.



Daddy Giraffe understood everything. He took Baby Giraffe to the river and said, “Let’s play a game today.”

Baby Giraffe was surprised. A game, now? He thought Daddy would be angry because he had called the teacher names. But Daddy didn’t mention that at all.



Daddy Giraffe picked a large leaf, filled it with water and said to Baby Giraffe, "Whoever drinks the water from this leaf first wins."

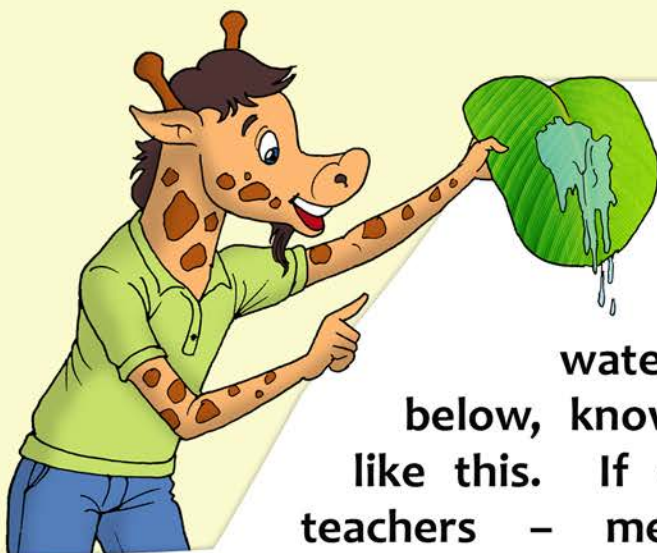
Baby Giraffe smiled and said, "That is very easy for me – I'll definitely win this game."



The game began. Each time Baby Giraffe tried to drink the water, Daddy Giraffe would tilt the leaf, causing the water to flow away from Baby Giraffe. This happened a few times.

Frustrated, Baby Giraffe said, "You'll end up winning that way! How can I drink the water if the leaf keeps tilting upwards at my end?"



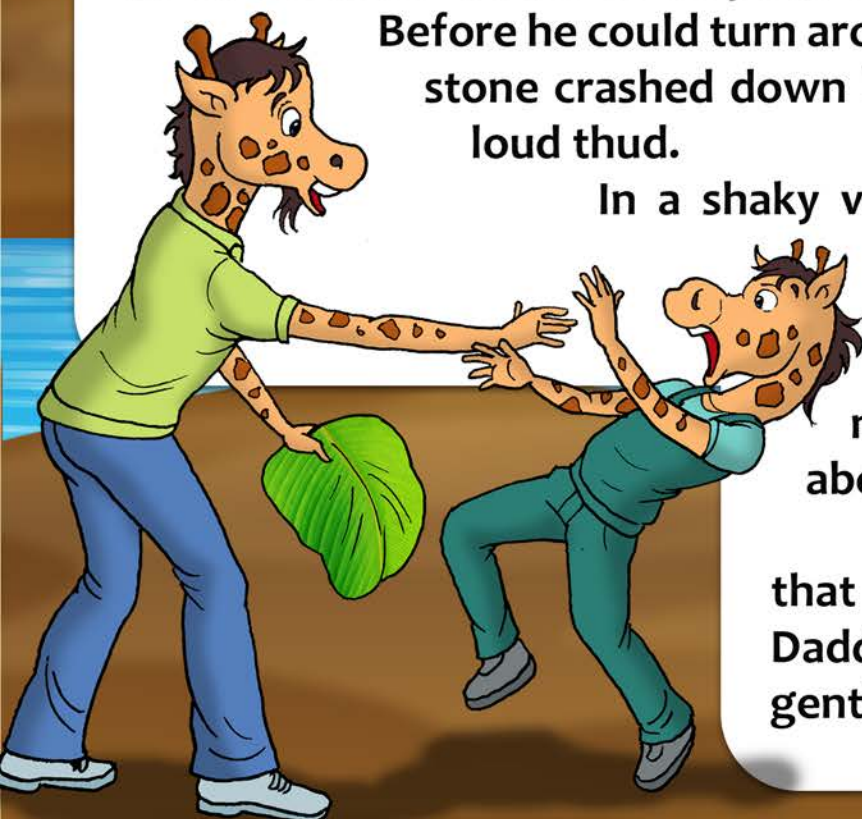


“That’s exactly right – and that is what I’ve been wanting to explain to you. Just as water flows from above to below, knowledge also flows like this. If we respect our teachers – meaning, if we consider them above us - then their knowledge can flow to us. But if we see them as below us and make fun of them, then how can that knowledge reach us? Just as how water doesn’t flow upwards, neither does knowledge.”



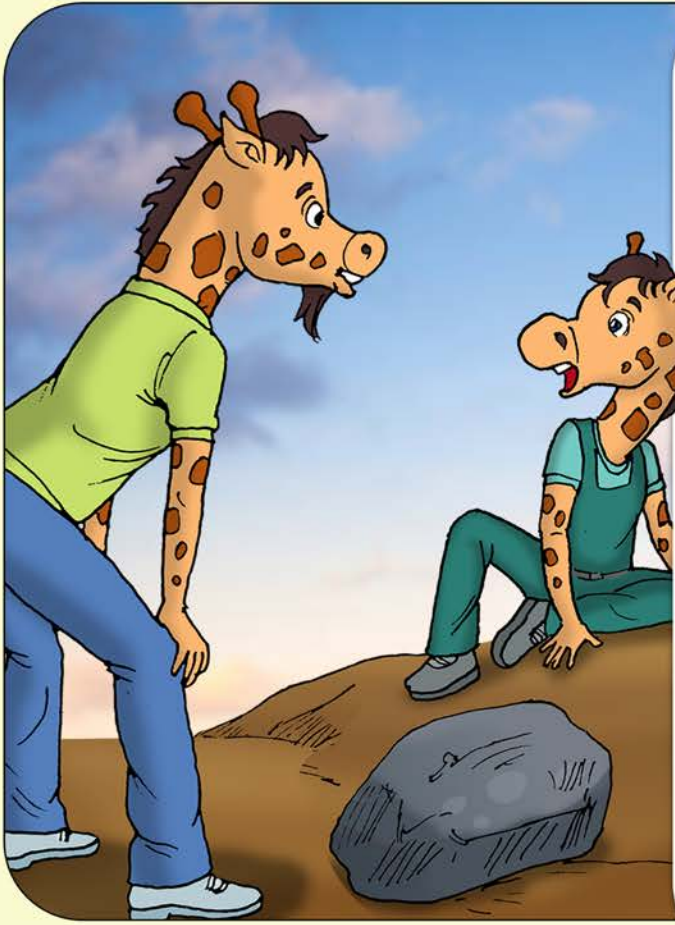
Suddenly, Daddy Giraffe gave him a sudden push and he toppled over. He couldn’t understand why Daddy had become angry now – was it because he had called the teacher names? Why had Daddy pushed him?

Before he could turn around to ask, a large stone crashed down behind him with a loud thud.



In a shaky voice, Baby Giraffe said, “Daddy, I’m sorry. For a moment, I had a negative thought about you.”

“And how did that thought change?” Daddy Giraffe asked gently.

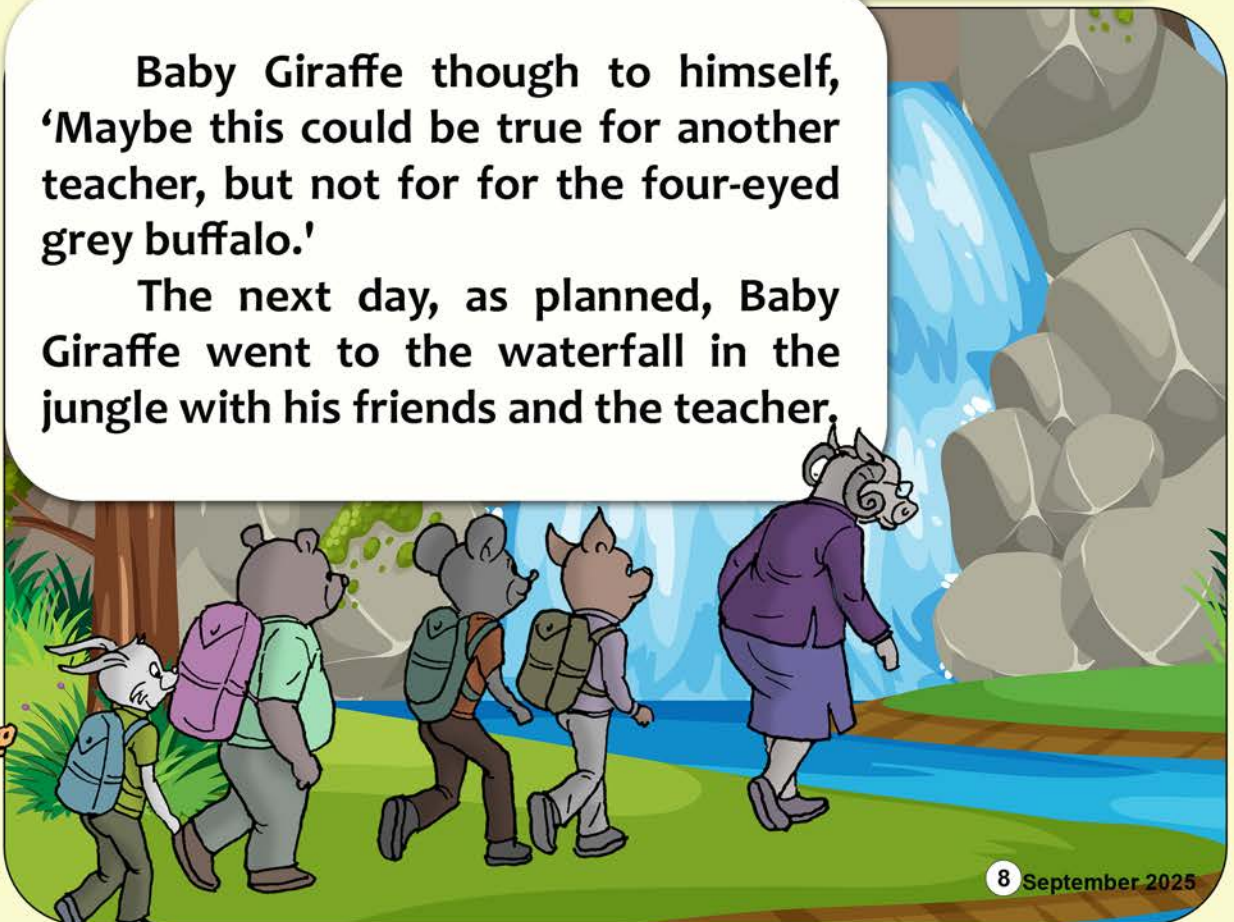


“Because you pushed me to save me,” Baby Giraffe said softly.

“Well then,” Daddy Giraffe replied, “A teacher’s anger is just like my push. You didn’t understand it at the time, so you thought negatively of your teacher. But just like me, the teacher gets angry for your own good.”

Baby Giraffe thought to himself, ‘Maybe this could be true for another teacher, but not for the four-eyed grey buffalo.’

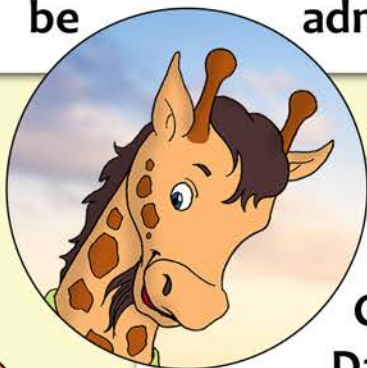
The next day, as planned, Baby Giraffe went to the waterfall in the jungle with his friends and the teacher.





As soon as he saw the water, Baby Giraffe got ready to jump in. But the teacher shouted loudly to stop him. Baby Giraffe froze in his tracks and muttered quietly, “Anger, even here?”

Just then, the jungle guide, Shibu the Fox, arrived and announced, “None of you should attempt to swim in the waterfall. The mud at the bottom is very sticky, and it is very easy to get stuck and drown. This waterfall is only to be admired, not entered.”



Upon hearing this, Baby Giraffe remembered what Daddy Giraffe had told him - the teacher gets angry for his own good. He made a firm decision in his mind, ‘From now on, I will respect the teacher. Instead of focusing on the negatives, I will look at their positives.’



# Let's Play



Find the items that should go in the bag.

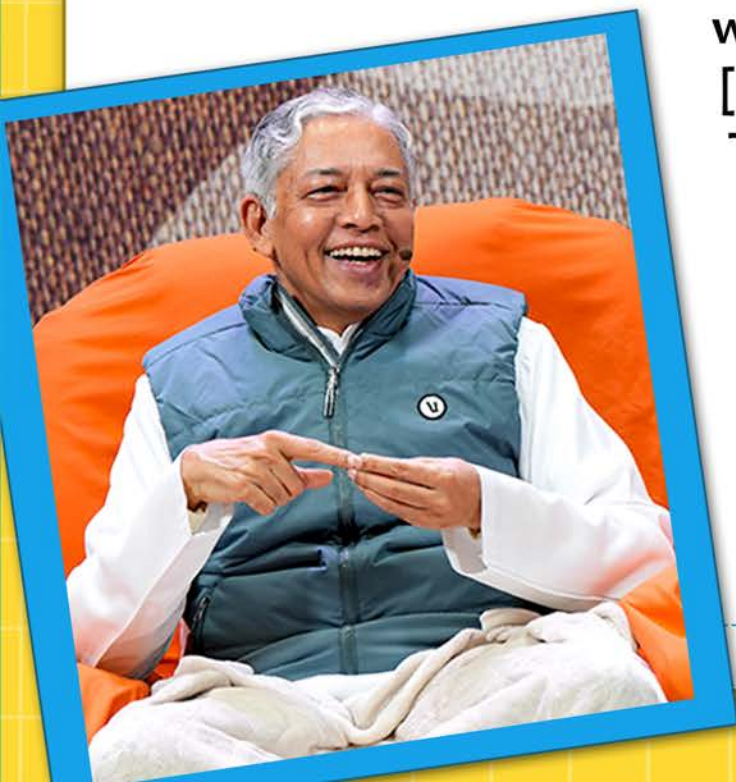


# Gnanis Say...

**Questioner:** When my friends make fun of the teacher, I end up laughing too. What should I do at that moment?

**Pujyashree:** We must never make fun of our teachers. We want to gain knowledge from them. Teachers work so hard - they spend time planning and preparing, and then teach us with great care. They educate us. So how can we ever think of making fun of them?

The rule is that knowledge flows from above to below. For example, think of water in a tray, [if we tilt the tray down towards ourselves] the water flows from above to below [in our direction]. But what if we keep the tray [tilted] away from us? The water cannot flow towards us. In the same way, if there is respect for the teacher, knowledge flows from the teacher to the student. If we have

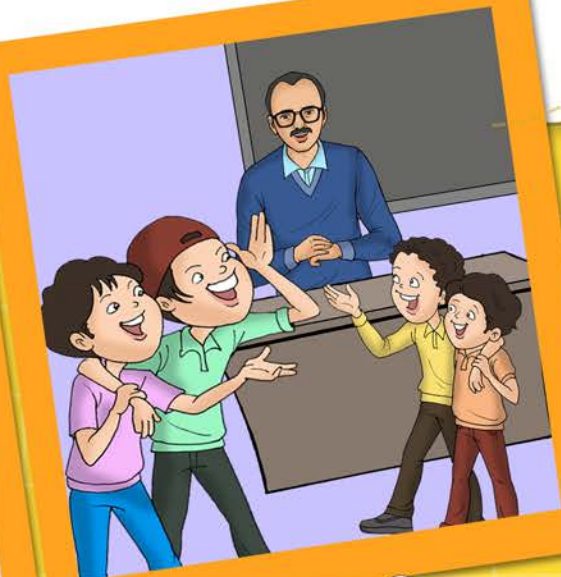
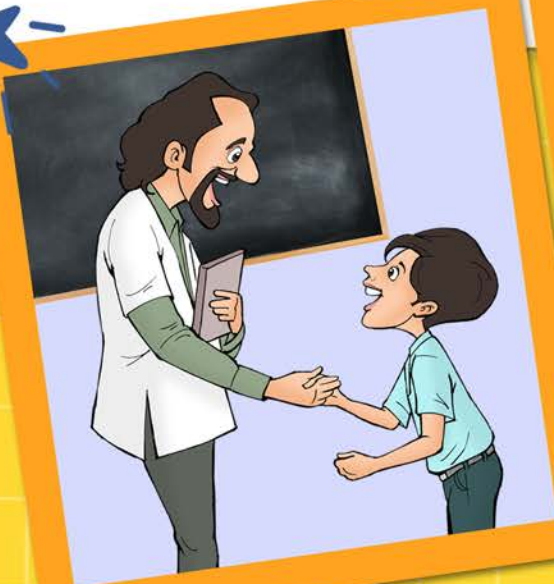




the teacher's approval, we will gain their knowle with ease. Even if they explain something briefly, we gain a deep understanding. However, if we make fun of our teachers, we are creating a block in the flow of knowledge. As a result, we will struggle to understand what they are trying to teach us.

**Questioner:** What behaviour is considered as failing to respect teachers?

**Pujyashree:** Criticising teachers, finding faults in them, making fun of them, or calling them names - all these are considered disrespectful behaviours. Even if a teacher gives a lot of homework, you should not speak negatively about them. Just do what you can and complete the rest the next day. But don't have negative thoughts [toward your teacher]. If you do, then that is considered as failing to respect your teacher, and that doesn't harm anyone else – it harms you. Your own happiness fades and your ability to learn is blocked.





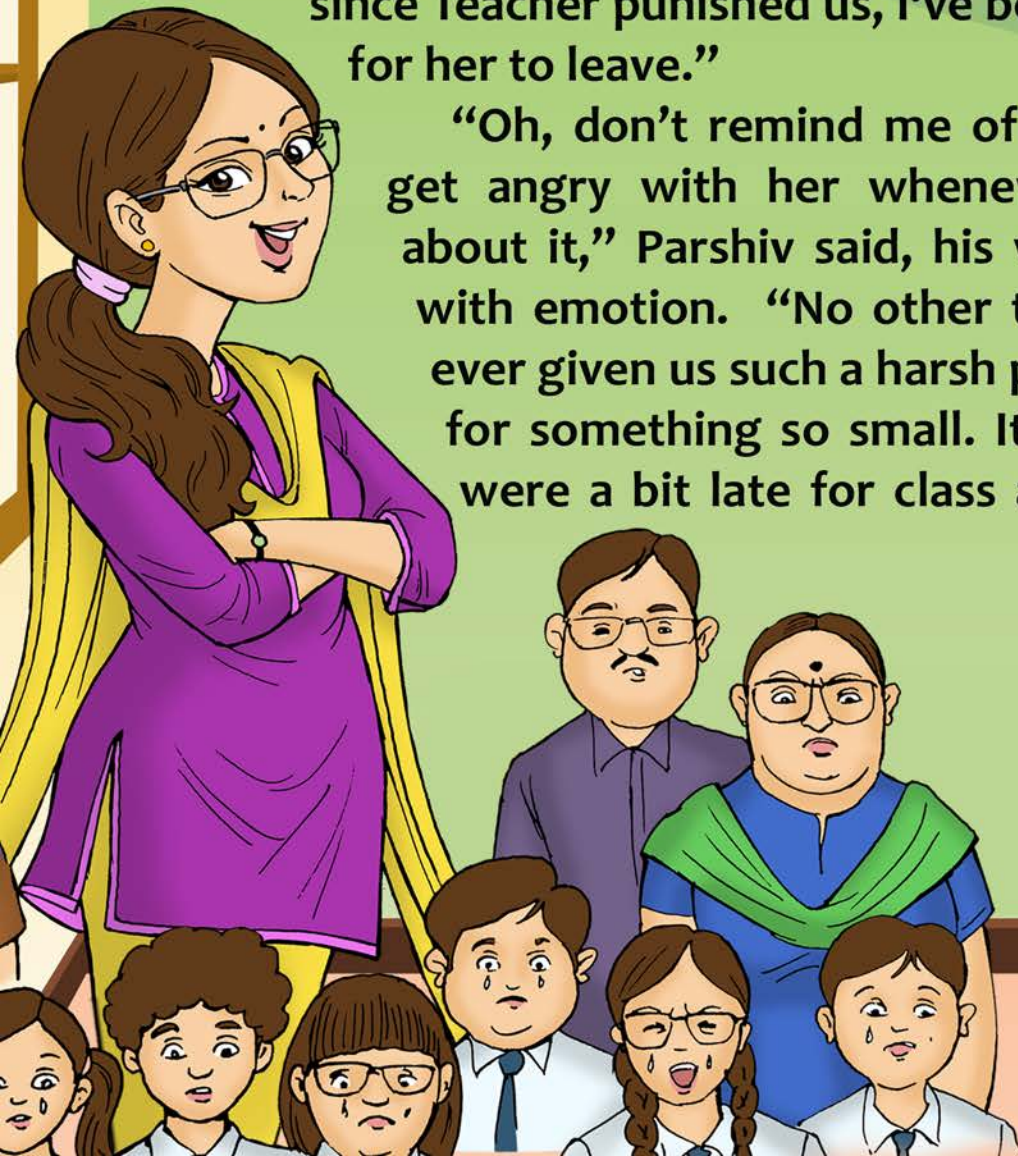
# The Last Day

It was Ms Sarla's last day teaching at the school. From tomorrow, she would no longer be coming to school, as she was moving to a different city with her family. All the children and teachers were tearful, except for Parshiv, Thanak and Vihaan. The three of them were actually happy that she was leaving.

Parshiv said, "Tomorrow, we'll have a party."

Thanak nodded in agreement and said, "Yes! Ever since Teacher punished us, I've been waiting for her to leave."

"Oh, don't remind me of that day. I get angry with her whenever I think about it," Parshiv said, his voice sharp with emotion. "No other teacher has ever given us such a harsh punishment for something so small. It's true, we were a bit late for class a couple of



times, but who gives such punishment for something like that? The whole class laughed at us that day!”

Vihaan interrupted, “Stop talking about that now. Why should we waste our time thinking about such things on a happy day? From tomorrow, we’ll be completely free!”

Full of excitement for tomorrow, the three of them passed by the principal’s office. Suddenly, a familiar voice was heard from inside the office. Parshiv froze, his heart racing as he peered inside, thinking, ‘Dad? Here?’ Thanak and Vihaan froze too, panic flashing in their eyes when they saw Parshiv’s dad inside the office. The three of them exchanged nervous glances, thinking that Ms Sarla must have called Parshiv’s dad to complain about them.

Parshiv whispered urgently to Thanak and Vihaan, “Today is the last day. The teacher is going to tell my dad everything - all the mischief I’ve been up to. Then my dad will tell your parents too! She’ll even mention that I brought my mobile phone to school.”

Now, all three of them were feeling even angrier with the teacher.

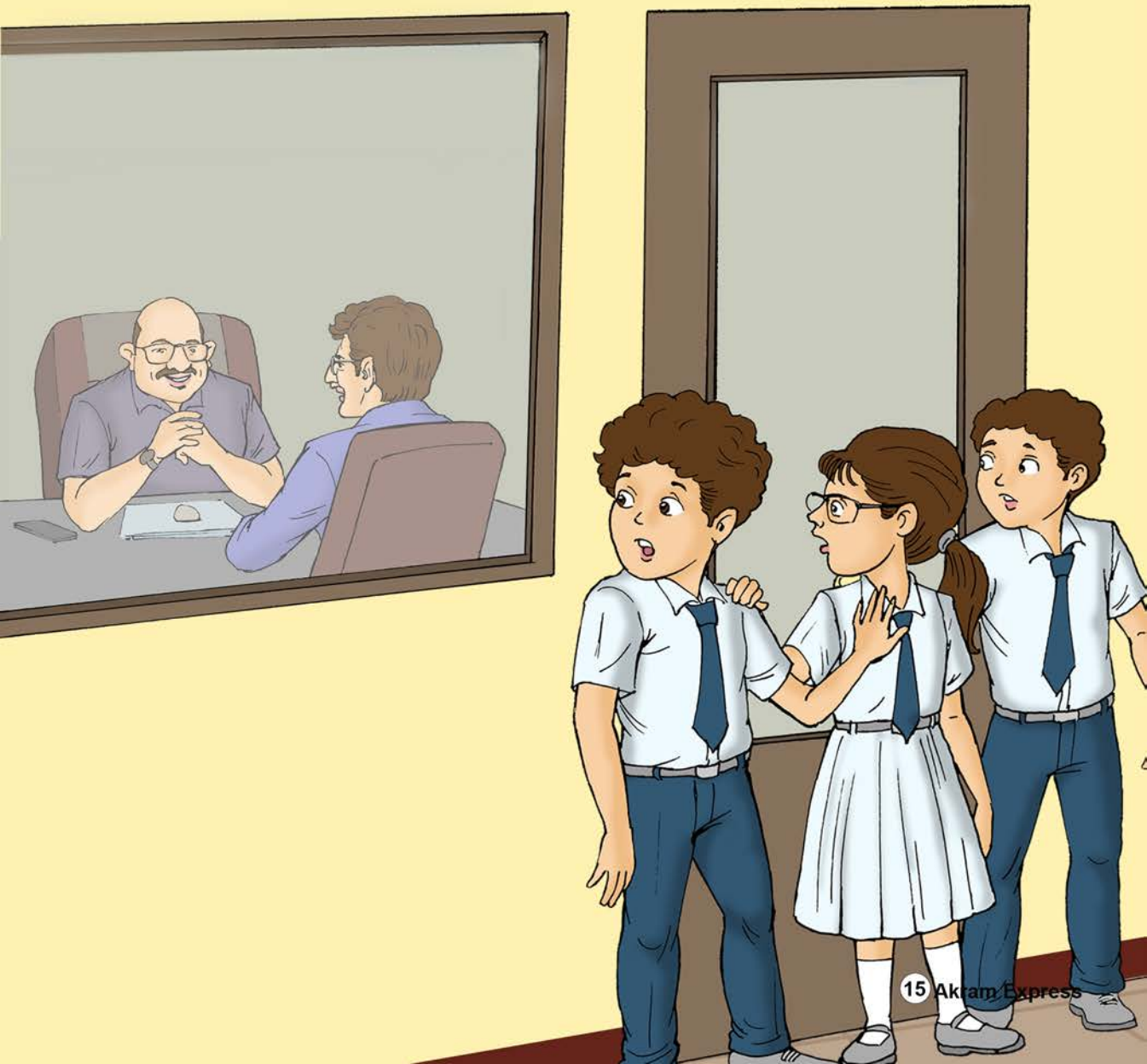
Thanak shrugged and said, “Whatever happens, happens. Let’s go to the prayer



hall. Everyone's saying that there's a surprise there for for all of us."

"The surprise will be for everyone else, not for us!" Parshiv muttered, pulling a face. He wanted to stay and listen to the conversation happening inside the principal's office, but Thanak and Vihaan pulled him away. Reluctantly, they all headed to the hall.

The walls of the hall were filled with photos of all the Year Eight students, each accompanied by a note from the teacher about a memorable moment with that student. As they walked through, they noticed a spot in



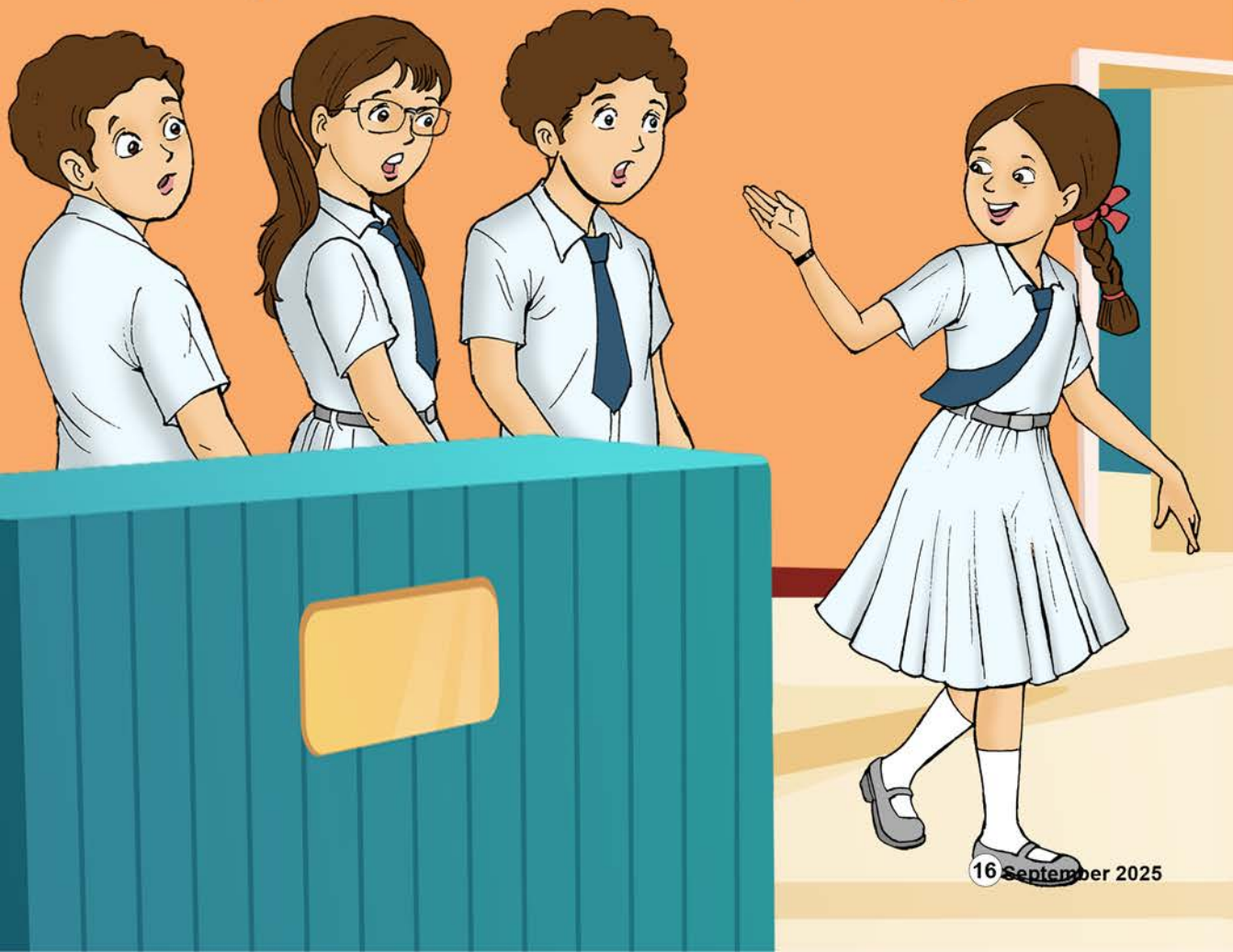
the hall where more students had gathered.

From a distance, Parshiv spotted his own photo and said, “Even while leaving, the teacher must have written something about us that will make even students who don’t know us think badly of us!”

“I wish Ms Sarla had written something like this about us too! You three are very lucky,” a girl said as she walked past.

Instead of moving forward, the three friends just stood there, their curiosity growing. A few more students came over and congratulated them, adding to their confusion. The three friends couldn’t make sense of what was happening. They stood there, frozen, staring at one another in disbelief.

Finally, Parshiv broke the silence, “Let’s go and see





what everyone's favourite teacher has written."

They walked towards their photos. Next to each of their photos, the teacher had written: 'I will forever be grateful to you for giving me a new understanding of what it means to be a teacher.'

All three of them looked at each other in amazement. Parshiv continued reading aloud: "I joined the school with no real desire to teach. But in searching for answers to all your questions on so many topics, I didn't even realise that at some point I began to teach well. Seeing your enthusiasm to learn gave me true joy in teaching. You are my fearless and dear students. In the future, if you ever need me in your further studies, please don't hesitate to reach out to me."

Thanak had tears in her eyes. Parshiv and Vihaan were emotional too. None of the others teachers were

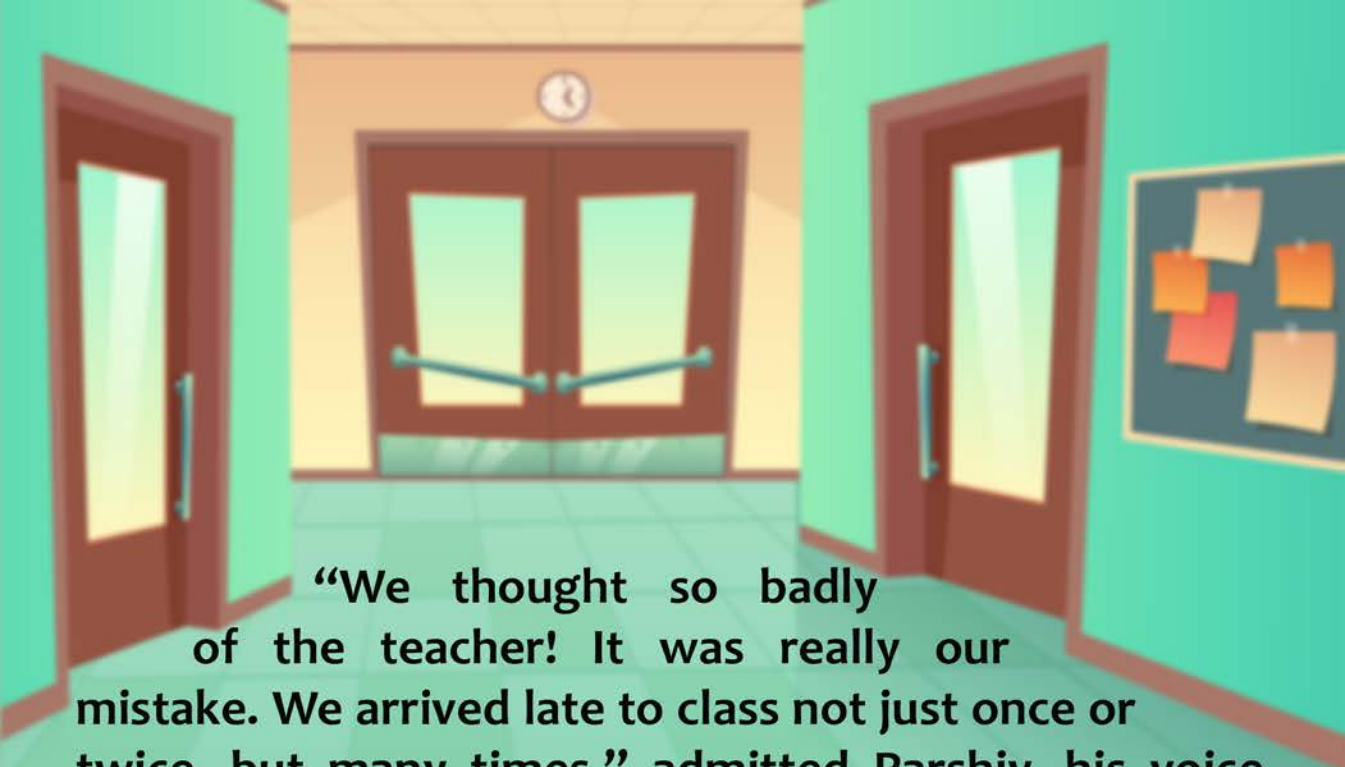
as willing to teach them as Ms Sarla had been. Unlike the other teachers, who used to avoid them because of their habit of asking too many questions, Ms Sarla never told them off for this. She always strived to answer every question they asked.

Thanak said, “I never used to like science as a subject, but because of Ms Sarla, I started enjoying it. She explained the most difficult science topics in such a fun and engaging way!”

Vihaan exclaimed, “And that’s why you did so well in the science exam! She helped me a lot too. It’s because of Ms Sarla that the three of us are good friends now. Remember? When the whole class was making fun of me, she gave us that project where everyone had to write something positive about each other. After reading kind things people wrote about me, I became more confident - and the teasing stopped. That’s when we became friends.”

As soon as they recalled the teacher’s positive qualities, they began to feel respect for her in their hearts. They even felt a sense of remorse for their past mistakes.





“We thought so badly of the teacher! It was really our mistake. We arrived late to class not just once or twice, but many times,” admitted Parshiv, his voice filled with regret. “The teacher only punished us once and after that we were never late again. She caught me with a mobile phone two or three times, but instead of scolding me, she taught me how to use it responsibly.”

Just then, Parshiv noticed Ms Sarla outside the prayer hall. His dad and the principal were with her too, but he had only Ms Sarla in his sights. He ran towards her, with Vihaan and Thanak following close behind.

When the teacher saw the children’s emotional faces, she gently asked, “What’s the matter, children? Is everything okay?”

“Thank you, Teacher!” Parshiv said softly, unable to say anything more. Vihaan and Thanak also murmured a quiet “thank you” to her.

Ms Sarla smiled warmly and said, “If you really want to thank me, then please carry out some successful science experiments in the new science laboratory that Parshiv’s dad is going to build for the school.”



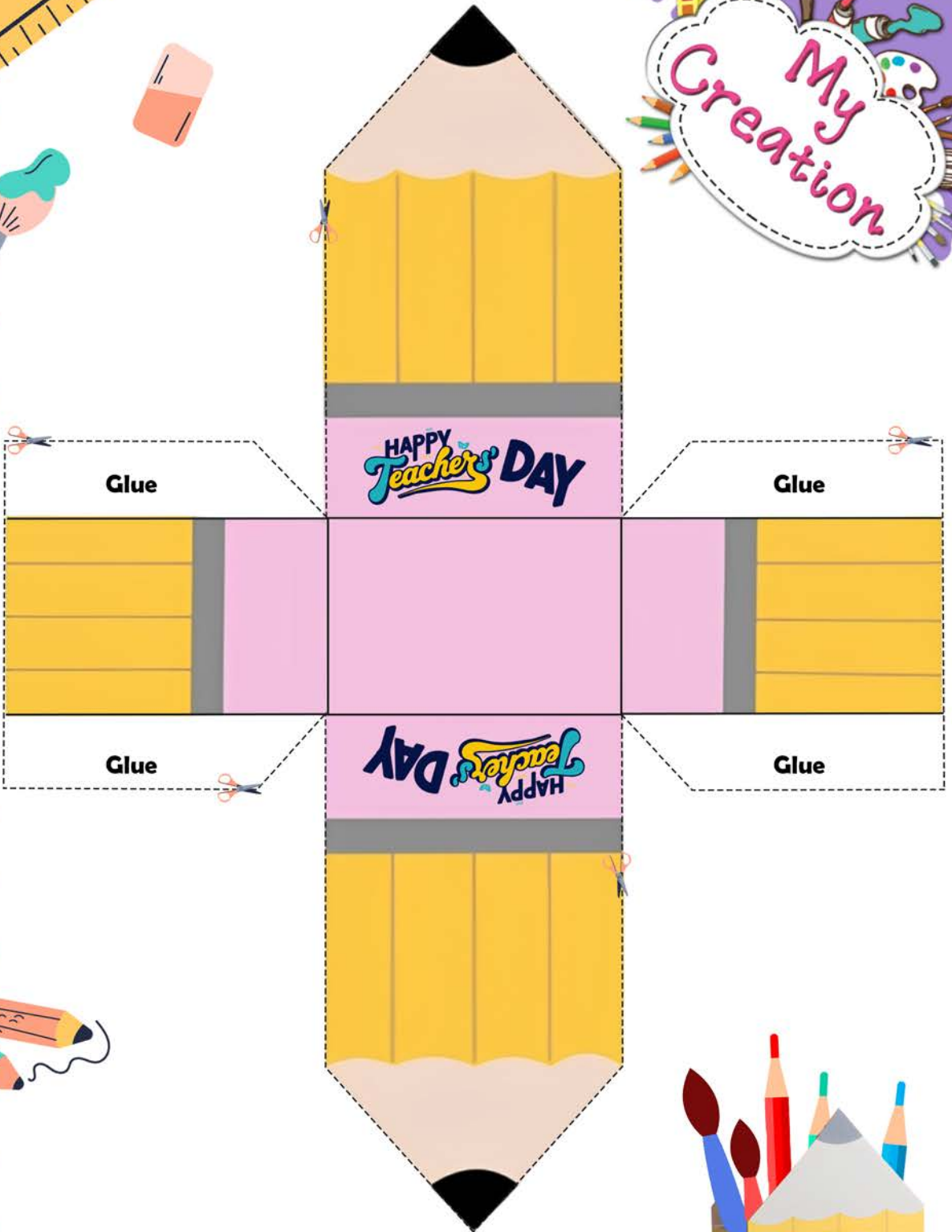
The three of them now understood the real reason for Parshiv's father's visit to the school and they again felt sorry for having thought badly of their teacher.

"And yes, the science experiments will keep changing every year, but always keep going with that ONE experiment in life. Do you remember which one?" asked the teacher. All three of them fell silent as they tried to recall the answer.

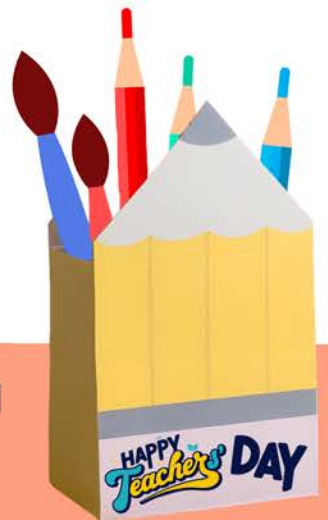
"Always look for the positives in everyone, and in doing so, remain cheerful and happy with everyone," the teacher said affectionately.

"Yes, Teacher, we will never forget that experiment," Vihaan and Parshiv replied.

"And we'll never forget you either!" Thanak added, eyes brimming with gratitude and respect.



Print the given picture, make a pencil stand out of it, and gift it to your teacher on Teacher's Day.





Giffy was sitting alone by the lake in Didima Jungle. He was crying. Rizo, Zoey and Theo came over to him.

“Oh Giffy, what is there to cry about? If someone is going to get to see a movie, why would they cry? Please stop crying,” Zoey said, trying to comfort him.

“But I have to watch the movie on my own. None of you are coming with me,” Giffy replied sadly.

“Come to the Café after the movie and tell us the story,” said Theo. “We’ve heard it’s about a teacher’s life story. Write down the key points and then share them with us!”

Giffy brightened up. He wiped his tears and said, “Okay, let’s do that.” Then he settled down on the lush green grass, under the open sky, to watch the movie. A special open air film screening had been organised for Teachers’ Day at the lake in Didima

Jungle. But everyone else was busy with work and couldn't attend. They had all agreed to meet at the Café later that night.

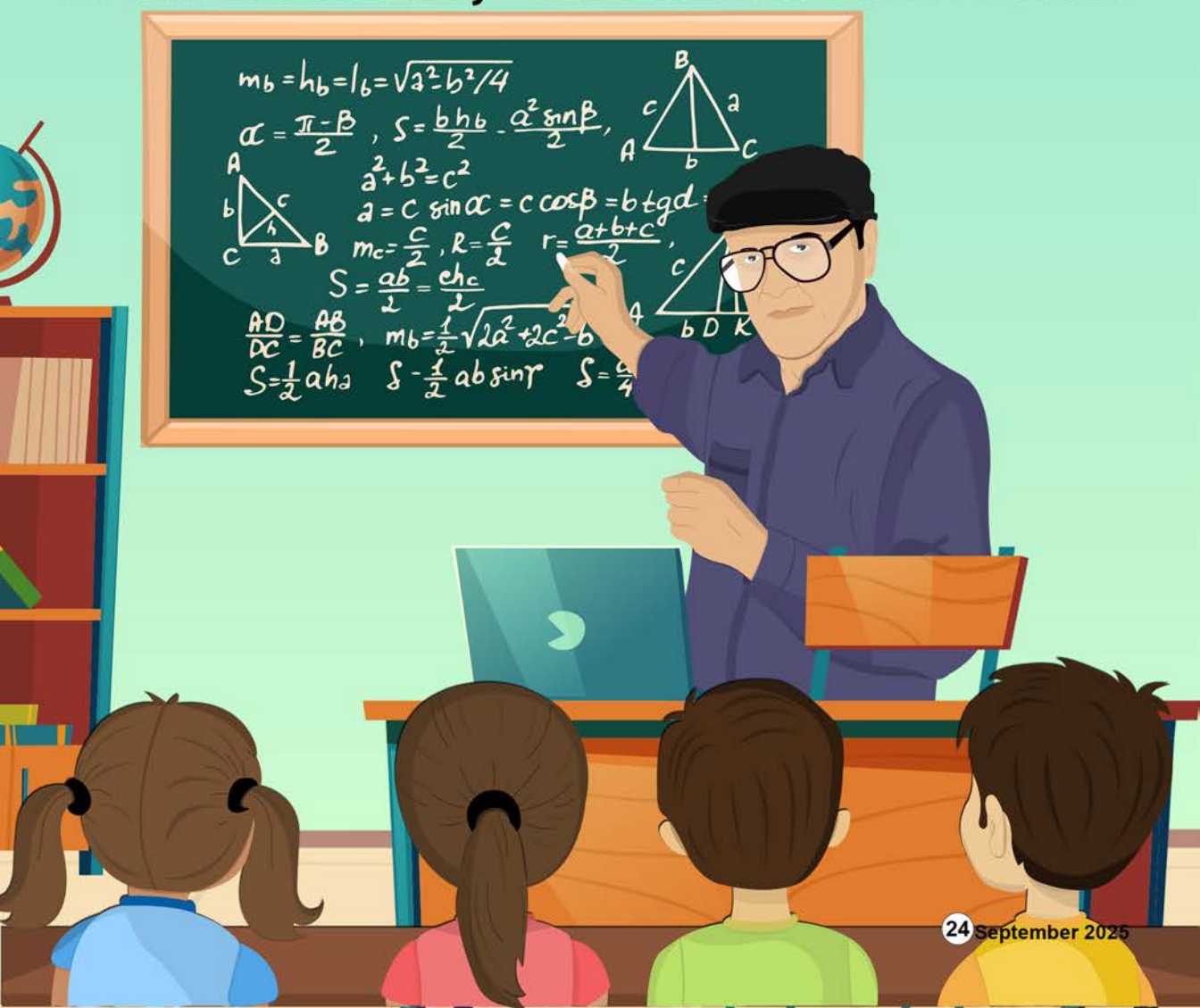
Giffy loved the movie so much that he could not wait to talk about it. As soon as everyone gathered at the café, he began the story:

“This story is about...” Giffy paused mid-sentence. He opened his notebook and read out a name, “...Jaime Escalante. He was from Bolivia. When he came to America, he could not speak English. Gradually, he learned the language. He was incredibly passionate about teaching maths, so he took a job as a teacher in a school. The children in that school had very poor academic performance. Most of them didn't enjoy studying



and many of them would drop out altogether. So, teaching maths to such students was a real challenge! But Mr Escalante had complete faith in the children's potential. He believed they could succeed - they just needed the right guidance.

In order to help the children understand maths properly, Mr Escalante used a variety of teaching methods. He made learning fun by using jokes and stories. Sometimes he would even bring snacks for the children to help them maintain their focus. The students began to enjoy learning with Mr Escalante so much so that they would come to him for lessons



before school, after school and even during the school holidays. To boost their self-confidence, he often told them, “You just need strong determination. With hard work and strong determination, you will always succeed.”

The children worked so hard that, in Mr Escalante’s class, eighteen students passed the national-level maths exam, which was considered the most difficult. Some officials thought it was impossible to achieve such good results, so they accused the students of cheating. But instead of becoming disheartened, Mr Escalante encouraged the children to take the exam again. They did - and once again, they passed.

In this way, Mr Escalante’s unwavering faith in his students’ potential changed their lives.” Giffy began to cry as he finished the story.

Zoey handed him a tissue and wiped her own eyes too. Theo passed a brownie to Rizo, thought of his own teacher, and wished them, ‘Happy Teachers’ Day,’ while popping another brownie into his own mouth.

B

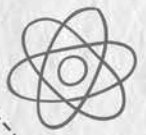
# Absolutely New and Different!



**Look at their  
positives,  
appreciate their  
positives, and then  
respect will  
definitely follow.**



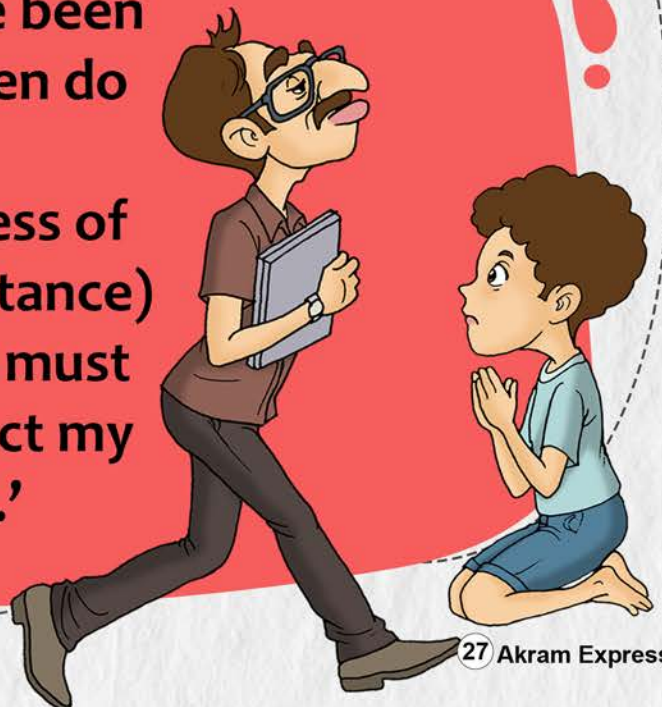
A



Behaving in a way that a teacher would approve of, counts as respect



If you have been disrespectful, then do *pratikraman* (a three-step process of apology and repentance) and decide that, 'I must not fail to respect my teachers.'





To read the Aaloo-Chilly stories all together...

**Click Here**

<https://shorturl.at/zyqqd>

Chilly was really angry with Aaloo. He felt that his best friend hadn't supported him, and that's why he lost. Aaloo was wanting to explain what had really happened. Now let's see what happened next, .....

**I said to Chilly, "Sorry, Chilly, please listen to me. Let me tell you..."**

**Before I could explain my side of the story, Parsley interrupted, "Why are you saying sorry? Just so he didn't look bad, you told everyone he let Coco win. He should be saying sorry to you!"**

**I thought to myself, 'Parsley is saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.'**

**Now Chilly became really annoyed and said, "I didn't ask him to say sorry. If Aaloo had to say something, he should have said, 'Instead of supporting my best friend, I encouraged outsiders. I tried to break Chilly's self-confidence. At the last moment, I broke our friendship!'"**

**What? Chilly, what are you saying? I broke my friendship with you? I broke your self-confidence?**



**But Chilly did not stop there. He went on, “Since we were little, I have never left your side. Even when everyone said you’d never be able to skate, I never said that to you! You were so overweight that any skates you wore would break - so I had special skates made just for you! Today, everyone goes around praising you, but back then, no one but me acknowledged you. So, why did you do this to me?”**



Phew... Chilly has directly asked me why I behaved that way. So now I will tell him and he will understand.

Before I could say anything, Parsley interrupted, “Why are you talking like this to Aaloo? He considers you his best friend - and you?”

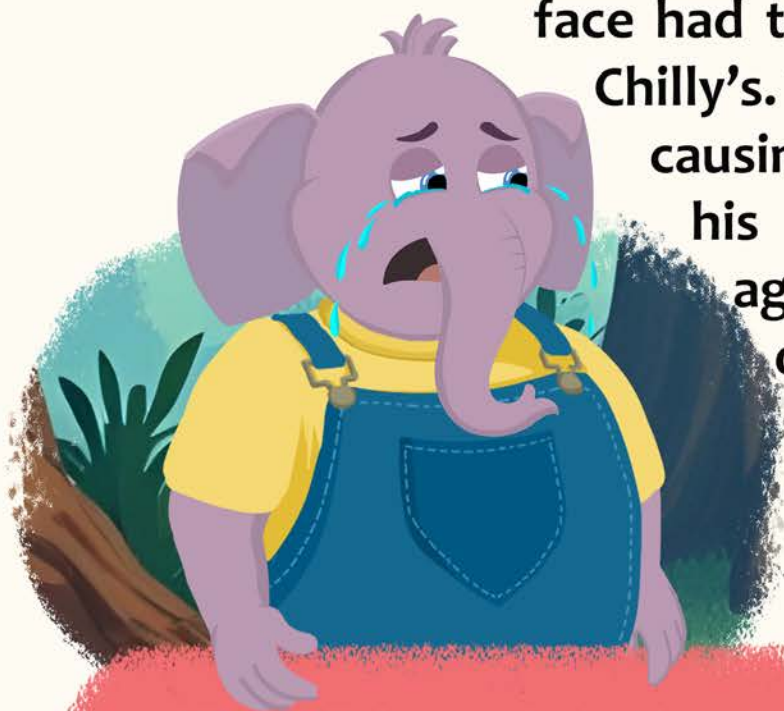
Chilly, crying, replied, “Aaloo is not my best friend anymore! I’ve been telling him for ages that I’m hurting, but he never has time to talk to me. From now on, don’t ever come to see me or have a Chilly-shake with me again.”

After saying this, Chilly walked away. I stood

there, stunned. Had Chilly really ended our friendship? He didn't even let me speak... didn't listen to anything I had to say!

I wiped my eyes and turned around. To my surprise, Theo, his friends, and Coco had been standing behind us. They had heard everything. Giffy was crying even more loudly than Chilly. The others also had tears in their eyes. Everyone... except for one... Parsley.

Parsley's face had turned redder than Chilly's. What if he ends up causing more damage in his rage? But then again... what more damage could be done? Chilly has already broken our friendship.



What will Parsley do in his anger? Will Chilly ever talk to Aaloo again? What was Aaloo going to say to Chilly before everything fell apart? Did Parsley's fear truly win out against Aaloo's faith?



# Me & Mummy



Mothers and children came together to celebrate a special event, where children listened to Akram Express stories while resting in their mothers' laps! An expert also shared the many benefits of these stories. Everyone then decided to make it a daily habit to listen to Akram Express stories before bedtime. Don't miss out! Download the Akram Express audio stories today!

