Tomorrow beats today's marks

Marks only catch a bit of time, lessons half-learnt in a rush. They miss how much you can grow, leave this behind, build skills no one expected.



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Another Perspective

It is February again, the exam results are back, and the air grows heavy with celebration, failure and frustration. A top student slumps in front of me, gripping her slip like a guilty verdict, her marks have dropped far from the high scores she used to get so easily.

Next to her sits the one who always struggled, eyes big with shock and joy, holding a first-grade score that breaks every story we thought we knew. What do I say to them? Not empty words that sound nice but mean nothing. No, I tell them the plain truth: This mark is not who you are. It is just a quick picture of what you understood, or missed, in that short, stressful time.

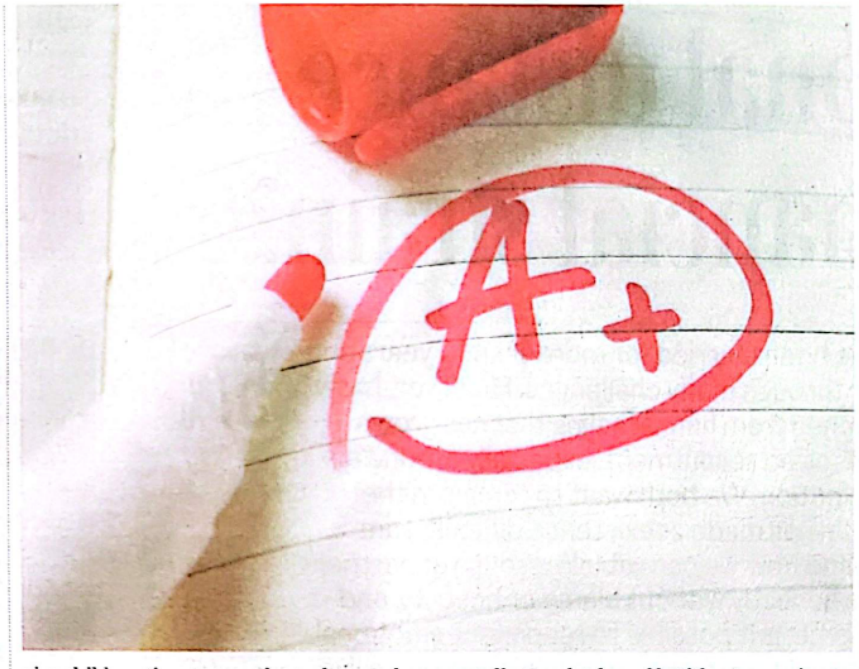
A story is circulating among teachers about a supervisor who transformed a student's result through a simple act of attention. While doing routine checks, the supervisor selected a random test paper that had been graded at 30 percent He took the time to sit down and reevaluate it carefully. By the time he finished re-marking, the student's score had risen to 90 percent.

That is 60 points gone or added, all because of the person with the pen. It does not happen all the time, but it happens enough to make you worry about those harsh graders who hold so much power.

I have seen it in my own pile of papers, answers that could go up or down depending on how strict the marker feels. Parents know this deep down; that is why they sometimes demand remarking.

But even a re-mark does not fix the real pain. It just makes us believe more that numbers tell the whole story of a person's worth.

In a fairer world, we would



give children time to grow, let their minds open up slowly. Children do not come ready-made; they twist, they fall, they heal in ways no test can measure. But we do not give them that fairness. We tie their value to marks on paper, acting like talent never changes, like hard work or time cannot fix it.

We repeat this idea in every class and parent talk: Good scores mean success forever, bad ones mean you are doomed.

I remember a quiet girl years ago, great at math in practice, her hand flying over problems. But on test day, she froze, and her slip showed 40s where 80s should have been. She cried not for the marks, but for what they meant to her family, friends, and herself. Without meaning to, we trap them like this, turning small steps into lifelong chains.

To the fallen star, I say: This drop is not the end of you; it shows how life plays tricks, how even you have weak spots. You did worse than expected because we all chase dreams that are not real; yours, mine, everyone's. Maybe you could not sleep the night before, or a tricky question tripped you up. Look at your mistakes, yes, study them close, but do not think this score is your true self. You are all the tries you make, not just this one.

To the child who surprised everyone, the one who always felt left behind: Look, things turn around. That top score shows the system is not perfect; take it not as luck forever, but as a sign you can change your story. You sat in class feeling lost, sure you belonged at the bottom. Now real skill shows up out of nowhere. Maybe the questions fit you this time, or worry lifted for a moment and you saw clear.

Whatever started it, keep it going. Marks only catch a bit of time, lessons half-learnt in a rush. They miss how much you can grow, leave this behind, build skills no one expected. I have seen children like you change everything; one good day turns into steady wins, proving slow starts were never the full truth.

And when you feel doubt, remember you are bigger than this. Always. Bigger than the pen, the clock, the grader. Say it over and over, through every gray day, until you believe it. In the end, the real test is not the slip, but what we make after it.

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