

I went to a small high school in the North East of England that was so tiny not many people have heard of it - even in the North East!

When I started my first job, ^{at} a strangely old-fashioned music shop in the centre of Newcastle*, one of the ladies who worked there started asking me about where I went to school. Not only had she heard of it but her eyes immediately misted up.

'Do you know Mr Singh?' she asked me.

I explained he was my ^{old} maths teacher.

'Oh he is just the nicest man, his whole family, they are so kind...' and for a moment she ~~was~~ could barely talk. She collected herself and explained that the Singhs ~~had moved to her~~ were old neighbours of hers, ^{and} shortly after they moved in my colleague's house had burnt down.

'I'll never forget, we had nothing left, just a bin bag of things, ^{he said} and we had two little bairns at the time - they were only babbies'

It turned out that the Singhs had come round with a whole household of things for them, some their own possessions, some things bought specially for them. Although they had barely known them, the Singhs could not do enough to make sure they were OK. 'I'll never ever forget that,' my colleague said. 'They were just the kindest people.'

It threw my oldest maths teacher into a whole new light.

* J.G. Windows - it's still there - look it up!