

The Lilac Door to the Principal’s Office

At El Roure Petit school, there was a door that always attracted a lot of attention. It wasn’t the library door, or the cafeteria door, or the gym door.

It was the principal’s office door.

Everyone knew it because it had a round, gold-colored doorknob and, right in the middle, a small handmade sign that read:

Principal’s Office – Come in with a smile

The principal’s name was Núria. She wore round glasses, comfortable shoes, and always carried a pen in her pocket. But what the children liked most was that Principal Núria wasn’t scary. On the contrary: she knew how to listen, she knew how to laugh, and she always found a way to make the boys and girls feel important.

One March morning, as the sun streamed through the windows like a curious kitten, teacher Marta wrote on the board:

March 8 – International Women’s Day

“This year,” the teacher said, “we’ll be doing a very special activity. Principal Núria has invited us to go up to the principal’s office.”

The whole class’s eyes widened.

“To the principal’s office?” Arnau whispered.

“All of us?” Jana asked.

“Yes, all of us,” the teacher replied. “But there’s one condition: you’ll have to go in with your eyes wide open and your hearts ready to discover a surprise.”

This piqued their curiosity even more.

When they arrived at the principal’s office door, they saw something new: next to the usual sign was another one, small and lilac, that read:

Today we open the door to courageous stories.

Principal Núria greeted them with a smile.

“Welcome, explorers! Come in, come in.”

The principal’s office was more beautiful than they had imagined. There was a table covered in colorful papers, a bookshelf with storybooks, a plant that seemed to reach for the ceiling, and a round rug in the middle of the room. But the most surprising thing was the far wall.

It was covered with photographs.

Photos of teachers, grandmothers, doctors, scientists, artists, firefighters, farmers, writers, athletes… And there were also women

from the neighborhood: the baker, the librarian, the school cook, the playground supervisor, and a mother who drove a bus.

“Who are all these women?” Bruna asked.

Principal Núria walked over to the wall and said:

“They are women who, in one way or another, have helped to change things. Some made great discoveries. Others had courageous ideas. Others simply didn’t give up. And they all remind us of something important: that girls can dream big, and that boys should learn to walk alongside them with respect and joy.”

The class fell silent.

Then, Biel raised his hand.

“But… why are we doing this today?”

Principal Núria smiled.

“Because International Women’s Day is coming up. And it’s not just a day for congratulations. It’s a day to remember, to learn, and to continue making our school a fair place for everyone.”

On the table was a lilac box with stars drawn on it.

“Inside this box,” she explained, “is a challenge for you.”

Jana looked at it excitedly.

“A challenge?”

“Yes. Each child will take a card.”

One by one, the children drew cards. Each one had a sentence written on it.

Arnau’s said:

“Find a woman in your community who does important work.”

Bruna’s said:

“Remember a time when a girl was brave.”

Biel’s question read:

“Think of something everyone should be able to do, whether they’re a boy or a girl.”

Jana’s question read:

“What dream would you like to fulfill without anyone telling you that you can’t?”

The children sat down on the rug and began to talk.

“My grandmother learned to read when she was older,” said Bruna. “And now she reads stories to my little cousin.”

“My mother is a mechanic,” said Biel. “And she knows how to fix things I don’t even understand.”

“My older sister wants to be an engineer,” explained Arnau. “Some people are surprised, but I think she’s going to build amazing things.”

“I want to be mayor… or an astronaut… or both!” said Jana, making everyone laugh.

Principal Núria listened without saying a word, her eyes seeming to hold onto the words as if they were treasures.

When everyone had finished, the principal stood up and opened a drawer in her desk. She took out a small mirror with a lilac frame.

“Now I’ll show you the most important photograph on the whole wall.”

The children looked at the photos, but the principal shook her head.

“No, it’s not there.”

She placed the mirror in the middle of the rug.

“It’s here.”

“A mirror?” Biel asked.

“Yes,” said Núria, the principal. “Because among you are future scientists, teachers, artists, doctors, farmers, principals, inventors, architects, cooks, athletes… And there are also future men who will know how to share, respect, care, and build a better world together with the girls. The future isn’t built by leaving anyone behind.”

Jana looked in the mirror and smiled.

Bruna did too.

Arnau said softly:

“Does this mean we can all help?”

“Exactly,” replied the principal. “International Women’s Day also serves this purpose: to remind us that equality is built by everyone, every day, with words, with decisions, and with small gestures.”

At that moment, they heard three soft knocks on the door.

Knock, knock, knock.

It was Sílvia, the school cook, carrying a basket full of round cookies.

“I heard that important things were happening in the principal’s office today,” she said, amused.

“Very important,” Núria replied.

Sílvia went inside and explained that she loved to cook as a child, but many people told her it “wasn’t important.” But she persevered, studied, learned recipes from many places, and now prepared delicious dishes for the whole school.

Then Carme, the caretaker, arrived. She knew how to fix locks, change light bulbs, and calm nerves with a smile.

And Laia, a former student of the school, who was now studying to be a marine scientist, also came up.

That morning, the principal’s office was filled with stories.

Stories of brave women.

Stories of persistent women.

Stories of women who, without wearing capes, did extraordinary things every day.

Before leaving, Principal Núria gave each child a blank sheet of paper with the title written on it:

“The Woman Who Inspires Me”

“For tomorrow,” she said, “I’d like you to draw or write about a woman you admire. It can be someone famous or someone very close to you. It could be your mother, an aunt, a friend, a teacher, a neighbor, an athlete, or a scientist. Any woman who makes you think, ‘I can do it too,’ or ‘Thank you for paving the way.'”

When they left the principal’s office, the lilac door no longer seemed mysterious.

Now it seemed like a special door.

A door that held stories.

The next day, the school hallway was filled with drawings and words. There were portraits of brave grandmothers, hardworking mothers, creative sisters, patient teachers, and women who had fought so that girls today could imagine any future.

Principal Núria hung all the sheets on a large mural next to her door.

At the top, she wrote:

“In our school, every girl can be whatever she dreams of being.

And every boy can help make it happen.”

And from that day on, when someone passed by the principal’s office, they no longer thought only of paperwork, meetings, or schedules.

They thought of a lilac door.

The door from which courageous ideas emerged.

The door from which dreams grew.

The door that reminded everyone that, within a school, and within the world, there is room for all voices.

Especially for those that, for too long, hadn’t always been heard enough.

And so, this story has ended…

but the message, even today, continues to walk through the school’s hallways.