

English teacher essay



“ Please write your composition and hand it up to me by tomorrow.” said Mrs. Tan, our English teacher, as she dismissed the class. While humming a tune, I walked briskly out of the classroom back home. At home, I took out my essay and pondered over what to write for it. Mrs.

Tan had said that we should try to use a personal experience to make the story more real. I stood up and looked out of my window, to get an inspiration on how to write my essay. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a suspicious man wearing dark clothes, and tying a handkerchief over his mouth. I witnessed him taking a screwdriver out of his pocket, and fumbling with my neighbor’s door lock with it.

I recalled that my neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Lin, were on a holiday, and they did not have any relatives. It suddenly dawned on me that the man must be a burglar. I continued looking at him, and saw him disappointedly going to the other side of the house, where the windows were, and began pulling open the window sills.

I more assured that he was a burglar. What could I do? I stood rooted to the ground for a moment as I mulled over this question. There was only one thing I could do - call the police. I picked up the telephone and dialed “ 999” for the police.

I recounted to the police what the man did, and they told me to continue to observe the man. I waited patiently for the law enforcers to come and capture the perpetrator. Time passed slowly, and a few minutes seemed like hours. I saw the shadow of the burglar coming nearer to the window, and he was going to get out of the house and escape.

I was not going to let him get off scot-free! I tiptoed out of my house stealthily and arrived at the window. Just as the burglar was to come out through the window, I slammed it shut. I continued pressing on the window, and I felt the enraged burglar banging onto the glass, trying to break out of the house. There was a while of silence, but just as I was about to relax, the burglar tried to pry open the window using then same screwdriver. I used up all my strength and tried my best to stop him from opening the window. Beads of perspiration rolled down my cheeks and I was drenched to the skin almost instantly.

Using my elbow to wipe away the sweat from my face, I used even more strength. I knew that of the police do not come fast enough, I might not be able to hold out. My muscles lodged a angry complaint and threatened to give up. Suddenly, an idea struck me. I took a string from nearby using my feet and used it to tie the window up securely.

After what seemed like eternity, the ringing of sirens could finally be heard. Three police officers came, and in three counts, the opened the window. They were all ready for the burglar to retaliate. The burglar had already given up hope and decided not to go against his fate.

He climbed out of the window and let the police handcuff him. Two policemen handcuffed him and took him back to the police office to interrogate him. The other police officer thanked me for my help. He said that I was very brave to stop the burglar as most people would not want to take the risk. I blushed and replied softly that I just wanted to uphold justice and not let the burglar get off scot-free; I did not know what I was doing that

time. After this incident, I went back home and continued on my composition, this time not having a lot of difficulty as I have a personal experience.