

# I miss my teacher

Literature



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

My junior school teacher was called Miss Gladys. I vividly remember the first day my parents handed me over to her as a new student after my family moved to the city. As a young, timid boy aged nine years, I was scared at the thought of being left in the hands of a towering, deep voiced figure that was Miss Gladys. However, the moment my parents waved goodbye and left, I realized I had to adjust to the new environment. Everything suddenly changed from tense to calm as Miss Gladys smiled, took my hand and led me to class. I was surprised by her kindness. Though her voice was deeper than most females I knew, her words were so polite. She welcomed me and relaxed my nerves. She made sure I had my desk and locker without being bullied.

Within a month, weekends seemed too long. Soon, I also learnt that she was the counseling and ethics instructor. I moved to the next class with a new teacher but always kept in touch with Miss Gladys by attending her counseling and ethics sessions. Thanks to her, I received awards for being the best behaved student. My parents learnt of our close relationship and frequently invited her home for tea. She had become my mentor.

Years later as a college student, I often visited her where she lived with her son. It is then that I realized she suffered from a terminal illness. I was depressed and increased the frequency of my visits. Her courageous smile gave me hope though I knew it was short lived. She eventually succumbed and left me a very sad young man. Many are the days I wake up to a rude shock that she is no more just after the thought of visiting her flashes through the mind. I miss my teacher.