

A worst teacher

Profession, Teacher



I have a terrible teacher in my middle school life, his name is Jian Yang. Mr. Yang was my Chinese teacher, he has model stature, but every time I bethink his face, I feel nausea. I had dreamed about him several times, his face was clearly emerging in my mind, I will never forget this pair of fierce eyes and that wicked mouth. Mr. Yang was the worst teacher in my middle school, although most of my middle school's teachers are not very good. My middle school is a private school. When I was a sophomore, Mr. Yang and our Music teacher had been espousal in the same year. We all think they will have a ceremonious wedding soon. But the fact is not what we think. In Chinese school, every teacher has an assistant in each class, those assistants help the teacher pick up papers and books, or take homework from us and edit then. My friend Yu was Mr. Yang's assistant. Yu was a cute girl, she has nice voice and smooth long hair. But I detected a strange thing; every time she back to the classroom from Mr. Yang's office, her emotion had been changed, sometimes glad, sometimes displeased.

“ Mr. Yang must have done something to her,” I thought, anyway it's not my business. Five years later, once all my middle school friends and I went to my birthday party, I began to ask our middle school career's mysteries of the unknown. Yu began to crying, I understand why, and ask her “ you cry because Mr. Yang, right? ” “ Yes. ” She answered. Then I took her to side. She said as she cried “ He is my boyfriend. ” I been shocked, doesn't he have a fiancée? Is this the reason why Mr. Yang and our music teacher haven't done their wedding yet?

I have a thousand questions to ask Yu, but it isn't the right timing. Yu kept telling me, and my eyes being opened more and more large. “ Wait; did you

just say you went to the hotel with him? ” I ask her. “ Um... He also asks me some excessive demands. About...” At the same time, I can’t inhibit my dander. I tried to call my friend and go find him, but Yu stopped me. “ Let him go, we just broke up, I believe that he won’t have a blest wedding. ” Right, I thought, he did once, and then he will do twice until he dies, he will never find true love.

Whenever I bethink of this event, I can’t stop thinking and image Mr. Yang’s lousy eyes. I remember once my classmate Henry and I got a fight on the second floor of our school’s hostel. This event becomes a legend in my middle school. The source of the story is, one day afternoon, my friend Bob and I were playing soccer in our room. After 30 minutes Bob has accidentally kicked our roommate Henry’s kettle. We looked at each other’s face and slackened about ten seconds, and then he hastily said, “ Hide it! And never mention this kettle, or... stay it, anyway no one knows.

I nod immediately because I felt like I am an ant on a hot pan, but after a half-hour, this guilty feeling has gradually disappeared. “ I didn’t break anything,” I thought, “ but I won’t tell anyone Bob did it. ” Until to evening, we were all going to class, suddenly, a loud voice came “ Who did it! Who breaks my kettle!? ” “ No one breaks your kettle! Go to your sit and sit! ” our math teacher stands behind Henry and said; Henry has got to do so. After evening class, Henry walked to me and asked about his broken kettle. I pretend to do my homework and said “ Don’t know.

Then I was peeping him once when he walked away. The second evening class was Mr. Yang’s Chinese class, After this period, every student began to walk back to the school’s hostel; I followed people until to the second floor of

the hostel, a soft and cold voice came to my right ear, even I can felt that breath, “ I know is you, swindler. ” “ What did you just said?! ” I yelled. And then he yelled back “ I know is you broke my kettle, Bob told everything to me. ” Suddenly, I felt I been insulted, I lost my mind, clenched my fist, and gave his nose a full power punch, and he punched back of course.

The result of this fight was disastrous, Henry’s nose bone been broke by me, and my right calf been cut and the wound is about three inches. That’s why this event becomes a legend in my middle school. We two have been taken to the hospital then, two hours later we two back to our room. Henry’s bad is below mine, a kind of heavy atmosphere around this room for the whole night.

At 12 o’clock Mr. Yang came to our room, he punched my right calf and yelled “ you! Get up! ” And this punch such as rubbing salt in my wound. I groan out “ what are you doing?! ” “ What did you do,” he asked back to me, “ You just broke a nose bone, don’t you know it? “ I know, but he cut my leg also,” I watched his angry eyes and keep groan out; “ you even don’t realize the fact and conclude it my fault? ” “ The fact is you hurt Henry,” he said. I hesitate two-second, it’s really my fault? Henry didn’t hurt me? I know the fact is Henry cut my calf, and Mr. Yang punched at the same wound just 10 seconds ago. I was hardly getting up and trying to debate with Mr. Yang, “ He was...” Mr. Yang interrupts my speech and yelled “ You have nothing to argue, the school will expel you! ” Then he shut the door hardly. I can’t believe it, he such a dictator and gave me a conviction.

While I’m thinking, Henry laughed. Then he said “ deserved nemesis, you know who am I? My dad and our president are old friends. I can even call the <https://assignbuster.com/a-worst-teacher/>

president dad. ” I was silenced. At that time, I understood everything. I understood why Mr. Yang says that, but why does he punch my calf, will he get his wage growth up? By this point, I classify Mr. Yang is a lackey. A teacher teaches the student a lot of things; include morality, not just education. You may never meet a teacher such as Mr. Yang. Something that cannot be publicity, but I must write about it. I will never meet a teacher “ great” then Mr. Yang.