

# The irony of teachers

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A wise person once told me that working hard on assignment does not equal 90%. What happened to the days when working hard on something paid off with a great mark to show it? What happened to the days when a student could look at their work and say “ wow, I did a great job.”? Those days have proven themselves to have past, as I have so unfortunately experienced.

All of my hard work has been undermined and hidden behind comments of “ you could have done better” and degrading remarks such as “ you’re not a 90% worthy student”. You see, this ‘ wise person’ has taught me that effort no longer means anything. Spending an abundance of dollars and working countless hours (2 921. 937 hours to be exact...) on a project that you feel so profoundly proud of means nothing. Why? Because at the end of the day, your work is judged subjectively by one who is not willing to see it your way. My parents always taught me that when I am upset about a mark, I should go discuss it with the teacher.

I took their advice and approached the wise person. I expressed my concerns, in a calm, polite manner. The wise person glared at me with the most condescending glance, and said: “ you should be happy you got that mark. You are not a 90% deserving student.” I was taken aback, in complete and utter disgust.

Aside from the fact that this teacher is completely wrong (I am, indeed, a 90 student), I was extremely offended by the nerve she had to take a shot at and insult my academic ability. How dare she. Teachers, the people who we hold responsible for teaching the world’s youth, can act so extremely stupid sometimes. At this point in time, that 87% that I got to show for my 4

months of work is the least of my worries. It was nothing more than that conversation I had with this 'wise person' that upsets me. For a teacher to look me in the eye, and react in a manner, similar to how a catty, teenage girl would react is what angers me.

It is less that none of this teachers business, and I have no need to justify myself to her. At the end of the day, this wise person was indeed right, but could not be more wrong. The reality of it is that our marks are not defined based on how much effort and how much hard work is put into it. Our marks are defined based on how much the subjective teacher likes you, or expects your consistent average to be. My grade was decided for me before I even handed my assignment in. My grade was predetermined based on the 2 words neatly typed in size 12 serif font situated in the top left corner of my assignment page.

I was marked based on my name, not based on the quality of my work produced. Clearly requesting the wise person's answer as to why things turned out like this was not my best course of action. And at the end of the day, my mark won't change, no matter how much it deserves to be raised. But a teacher...an educator...undermining me and telling me that I'm not good enough... That is simply unacceptable. But this is just it.

I am simply a student, and she is simply the teacher. In the end, the wise person wins. Teaching the world's youth, they themselves need to be taught. That is the definition of irony.