

Robo Ralph



The Worse the Better



Horrors Junior High

My worst fears were realized the moment I found out that my first student teacher assignment was to — "House of Horrors, Junior High School."

This knowledge was hardly reassuring as I set out early one January morning to undertake this challenge. As the bus deposited me in front of the school, my mind was gripped by images of me cowering under my desk as students indulged themselves in atrocities such as swinging from lights and throwing smelly sneakers at each other while devilish grins covered their faces. I also had hallucinations of being chased by long-haired headbangers, dressed in Iron Maiden and Ozzy Osbourne t-shirts, taunting me for my preppy look. Surely, I thought, it was like a lamb being led to the slaughter.

About thirty minutes later, I, with more than a trace of trepidation, darted into the classroom and sat in the teacher's chair. The students were yakking with one another and then all of a sudden, there was a loud "RIPPPP" sound from my direction. To my horror, I had put my elbow on some moldy bubble gum stuck to the desk and as my arm lifted, my spanking brand new blazer had been ripped at the sleeve. A second of stunned amazement was followed by waves of roaring laughter. I was more than mildly embarrassed by this episode.

I decided that I had to maintain an aura of professional etiquette in the midst of this adversity. I spoke in a voice which I thought would befit an individual worthy of respect and consideration.

"Class."

The noise volume seemed to increase after I spoke. I knew that somehow that I was not using effective communication skills to articulate myself.

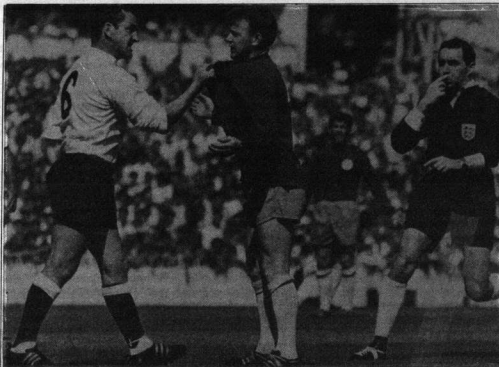
"Class. I think that's enough."

My words went in one ear and out another ear. I decided that I was not going to be stonewalled anymore.

"QUIET OR I'LL DO MY JULIO IGLESIAS SINGING TRIBUTE TO THE BEASTIE BOYS IMPERSONATION."

A serene calm came over the student body at once. Surely the possibility of my doing Julio Iglesias wasn't all that bad. Well, I got on with introducing myself and taking attendance. The class seemed to settle down and became a sort of unwritten truce between student teacher and students afterwards. Besides, I could not do a Bon Jovi impression if my life counted on it. Even RUN DMC is hard to do. The class would have become a House of Horrors if I'd done those impressions, that's for sure.

Eric Anderson



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