
An essay on the good teacher

For over twelve years I've been presented a diverse and random selection of teachers; some of which taught well and some didn't. How can you distinguish between a good teacher and a bad teacher? The good teacher is the one that teaches the greatest and is the most vivid memory of my blurry recollection. A good teacher is someone that truly prepared me for the future. A good teacher leaves an impression as if plates of lessons were burned on my head which is the unforgettable identity for that teacher. As for the bad teacher, well, they are patently obvious.

Some of my more favorable teachers left good impressions that I may have forgotten while others that left bad impressions that still catch my wandering mind. For instance, I had a very boring, easy, and plain out tedious eleventh grade history class. The class was a breeze but one semester I did really terrible. I couldn't believe what bad habits I became accustomed to. This teacher didn't try to spoil me like others did and I failed to learn many lessons he taught but did learn a self-taught lesson about my overconfidence. Because this teacher didn't indulge me full of strong fun lessons and wasn't a favored teacher of mine, he played a positive role in my life.

In retrospection from my more mature state, I would choose two teachers that made a great impact on my educational career: Dr. Cook and Ms. Knox. Dr. Cook taught the Advanced Placement English class during my senior year and Ms. Knox taught English 11a class I had to take twice. Their styles and actions and reactions were of no comparison; as a matter of fact, their only comparing trait was their individual intelligence. Neither teacher spoiled me. To be honest, I failed English 11 my first year and my AP English grade was never higher than a 2.0. Obviously, I didn't feel too lucky while I was attending these classes. Dr. Cook is admirable in my eyes because of his cynical style and the content of the material he taught. He taught something that interested me: Greek religion, Sophocles, Dionysis, Shakespeare, Oedipus Rex, Homer, and more; however, he only taught to those that listened and could understand. Ms. Knox, on the other hand, was a teacher that could teach something that her pupils absolutely loathed. If I had to choose the one teacher that had the greatest impact on my entire 18 year span of life, it would be Ms. Jacky Knox.

Ms. Knox's class: just the sound of saying that nostalgically echoes in my mind invoking the memory and emotional dread of attending her bizarrely magical class. The class started at eight o'clock in the morning; it was the first class of the day. Everyone would enter in silence with the exception of occasional yawns, coughs, and sneezes and we would move slowly to our seats. Our eyes were heavy and could've driven any one of us into a deep sleep had we let them. Knowing our teacher and her reaction, we all tried to fight our teenage narcoleptic attacks. Right

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when the entire class was practically hypnotized by their own exhaustion, this positive energy, this life force from heaven to hell and back came storming in. Most of us would straighten our postures and wait for her to say Good morning class, while others just couldn't find the energy to even lift their cranium. When she said her good morning, the class had to reply with vigor and energy and collectively yell back, Good morning Ms. Knox. If we lacked that enthusiasm that she was expecting, she would look at us with a weird smirk, as if it were expected and yet she was still ashamed and disappointed at us at the same time. Like dogs we would put our ears down and look to the carpet. Then she would repeat herself and say with more force and sarcastic voice behind it, hinting us to crank it up, GOOD MORNING CLASS! Being given that second chance we would all scream good morning back. That was the typical first 45 seconds of class. Could you imagine the rest of the school year? Somehow, either with anger, or shame, or her belief in our capabilities, she knew how to get her students active and ready to learn. I disliked her class at first, but after my attendance was more frequent than my truancies, the class grew on me. Because her teaching style, because her kindness when I was in need, because of the lessons she taught and the amazing way they stick in my mind, Ms. Knox will always be a vivid memory in my blurry recollection.

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