Essay

For me, the best way to learn the second language.

Marcelo

When educating the minds of our youth, we must not forget to educate their hearts.

 Dalai Lama

“Oh my God! I can’t control you anymore…”

 He screamed out to the whole class. It was happened 15years ago. Considering I’m 29years old. It was a very old memory. But I can’t forget that day. Maybe It will remain in my memory until I am old and gray.

 It is an irony that I am a English teacher. Because I didn’t like most of English teachers in my school ages. Frankly, I didn’t like studying English. Most of English lessons made me bored. Now I know it is very hard to teach many students. And it is very difficult to fulfill many students’s need. I understand them. Still there is the teacher I can’t understand.

 The very negative teacher was in my Duckwon middle school at 1999’s. His name is Kwang-Jin. And he was a male teacher and his 40’s age. There aren’t any methods and activity strategies for running classes but only his moods. He easily hit students when his mood is not good. Moreover he never did group activities. And I couldn’t get a chance to speak my emotion, experience and idea in his classes. Only lecture, lecture, lecture… Fortunately, I survived from the boring that could kill me. He couldn’t make me learned. I didn’t know why I learn English. From Malcolm knowles’s point of view, He was not a good teacher. The reasons are as follows. First, He didn’t respect students. There isn’t ant rappot between us. Second, He didn’t show any goal of learning. He just told me “just learn, learn, learn. Then You’ll be a great man.” ‘Where is a great man?’ I couldn’t find the goal of learning in his classes. Third, He didn’t do the activities about our life. His teaching exist in only blackboard.

 Of course, I also have a happy memory about English teacher. My greatest English teacher was in Duckwon middle school at 2000’s. Yes, Century changed. So the teacher changed. His name was Pang-Kyu. He had curry hair and his forehead was very wild. He sometimes said dirty jokes. That jokes gave me relaxed and interested me in his classes. He was also humorous and very funny. In my memory, He didn’t teach any grammar. He used a lot of activities to interact with each other. He drew pictures for children’s clear comprehension. He focused on student’s Ideas. He stimulated imagination of students by questions and coupons. If I give him very good ideas about the activities, he gave me the coupon. So I participated in his classes very joyously. In aspect of controlling of students, he liked to hit the students using a square wooden club. He hit students very severely. Yes, It was very scary. But There was a savior in his class. His coupon. His coupon That saved us. He couldn’t hit me when I showed him the coupon. Then he screamed out to the class.

“Oh My Gosh!! I can’t control you anymore.”

Yes, I felt my power in his with his coupons. This coupon is my goal of learning English in his class.

Maybe now his forehead is more wider than before. And now I’m in the class as a teacher who had power. I want the children to have more power as my teacher did. I know if he has power, he will enthusiastically participate in my class. I think he is the very best involver teacher I have ever met. That time I didn’t think of learning in his class. I did something and talked with my friends about our life. This time, I just thought of him. Then easily I can laugh like a child and think school is very fun.