**My best and worst teachers that I thankful to both**

**First Essay**

**85th WDT NJ**

I still remember the feeling when I said ‘hello’ in English for the first time to someone from other countries. I think I was nervous thinking that he may not understand my English even a very simple word. During my middle school, I liked to learn English and it was fun to study. However, after I went to United State to study and meet actual people whose first language was English, I became too shy to speak up. Sometimes it was extremely stressful to adjust to the new environment. After I met many good people around me, I became more active and grateful of my situation that I had a great opportunity to learn different cultures. Looking back, I had both good and bad teachers. They were all helpful to me to learn English. However, I have different memories of them.

The most memorable English teacher I had before was John Doe from my high school. He was not only my favorite teacher but also my best friend at that time. I was not an outgoing person and got homesick sometimes because I studied abroad. He was the one who took care of me as my parents and made me laugh a lot with his great sense of humor. John was actually my Chemistry teacher at Storm King High School in NY. However, though his teaching, my English skill was getting improved and I became comfortable to talk to friends in English. When I think of my high school life, he is the first person who I miss the most.

My best English teacher, John has warm heart and the way he taught and treated students was always sincere. Because I was a transfer student and English wasn’t my first language, I was shy to speak to people in English. I think he fully understood my situation so he always came to me first and said ‘hello’ and asked me if I was alright. When I asked about the materials I learned slowly in English, he always waited and listened patiently. Whenever I felt difficult to express my thoughts and in English, he always cheered me up. I slowly got the courage to speak up in English and became more comfortable talk to people from different countries. Because of him, I could adjust to my environment without parents and enjoy studying.

On the other hands, I had English teacher whom I didn’t want to remember. The place I met the teacher, Jane was ALA at Lake Forest Academy in IL. It was the place to prepare for studying in English high school. They have classes for four language skills, reading, writing, speaking and listening of English. She was my one of English instructors at the institute and I had studied there for one year. The institute had a great program for international students but she was the meanest person I have ever met before. She treated students unequally and embarrassed students in front many people. She always pointed out the mistake if students spoke English grammatically incorrect. Her attitude made students afraid to talk to her. I don’t remember her smiling to students. While staying, she hurt my feeling from time to time and because of her I really hated to study in her class at that time. Even though I have bad memories of her, I admitted that I learned English a lot and thanked to other good teachers there for providing good programs.

The worst memory of her was the time that I visited the institute two years later, I was invited to a ceremony of my friend’s high school graduation. Since the institute was next to the high school, I went there to say hello but she didn’t remember me. She looked at me as if she was meeting a person for the first time. She couldn’t remember any of my friends who studied together at that time. I just couldn’t understand her but at the same time, I realized that she just treated students without the heart. I was very disappointed at her and after that moment, I really don’t recommend people who ask me about ALA because there are many institutes that have good programs and who give their full attention to students.

If someone asks me to learn another language, I think I am going to give up. It is really difficult to learn another language for me so I am very thankful to both my teachers for teaching me English whether I remember them as a good or bad teacher. Without their help, I can’t even imagine to learn TESOL. However, if I can be an English teacher, I will try to understand my students as John did to me before. Lastly, there is the quote that pups up in my head ‘Educating the mind without the heart is no education at all’-Aristotle.