**My Dream As A Teacher of English Communication**

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**<Prologue>:** What is the Truth? What is Love? Or what is the right? Is the truth is something the most ultimate, is the love something the loftiest, and is the right is the opposite of the wrong as Aristotle roughly put? From the math-lover Pythagoras with his number-made cosmos belief, the quarrel-picker Socrates anguishing over the truth, moral and so and Plato who admired Socrates but decided to be Pythagoras’s pupil to before, quite fairly, the lonely Nietzsche ‘wished’ to murder the God, the history of western Philosophy has, in many senses, been defining the seemingly great virtues, or to be more precise, names. Questions have long bothered many western thinkers, however, have long been absent from China’s hemisphere – listen to what Lao-tzu claims: “Say the name ‘truth’; it shall evade thee. Say a name; but blind to the one.” Such scepticism towards language, and of such names, had strongly entrenched in Chinese, Korean thinkers’ mind – perhaps in Japanese and Vietnamese thinkers too to some extent- which became the great watershed in human thinking history, and eventually fashioned different concept of ‘teacher’. Here is the clue.

“Isn’t it easy that even a fool can do, isn’t it hard that even the saint cannot complete.

While it is easy and hard, the old man forgets himself aging.”

Teogye Lee-Hwang.

The classic teachers in the East, in many respects, appear on the opposite that of the west, remote, or even mindless towards their students; they are more occupied with their own studying. Unlike the modern teachers in common institutes, the classic teachers do not conduct massive-scale education programme; they even had no proper school to promote. They do not invite people to be their students, unless they see a potential which seldom happened; mostly, they are requested to accept a student. That is the picture of typical teachers here. Then wonders are that what is the other picture? I was introduced a hint.

**<A Good Teacher>:** It was probably on the first day that Frank, my dear teacher, shared a story with us. It was about a primary teacher called Thompson and her pupil, Teddy. Teddy, who once used to be “a bright child with a ready laugh”, was in trouble when he came to Mrs. Thompson; the absence of his mother who called to her rest in the previous year and his father who indifferent to his domestic affairs including his own son had left Teddy alone. After realising Teddy’s difficult situation, and subsequently entered into a better relationship with him, she, allegedly, began to realise what is real teaching and what is being a real good teacher. In the end, when Teddy whispered his gratitude to Thompson at his wedding who had overcame his ordeal, she whispered back saying “…you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me what a teacher could be and the importance of the teacher and that I could make a difference. I didn’t know how to teach until I met you”; and there she continued teaching her students, happily ever after. But that is merely an end of the story, not of the anything else. Questions on being a teacher and how to teach right are still not fully answered.

 The story, fairly romantic though, does not tell anything about teaching itself; it is rather more about being a good friend. Building a good relationship with the students and understanding their situation are by no means trifling, however, that cannot be the prime work for the teachers to do; teachers, above all, are who teach. The story shows a teacher who became her poor student’s friend and obtained good result by the deciding. Nevertheless, how could the unique case be general approach? Mrs. Thompson’s romance might produce resonance, yet it only indicates that, at times, teachers should be flexible with their students, nothing more.

**<Teaching Students>:** There was a time I was assigned a primary-school students’ class. To teach them English was my job that I so readily accepted without a second thought. However, when I stood in the class room as their teacher for the first time, it didn’t take long before I sensed their unwillingness to studying English. With the star-like children constantly asking me about my love affair or suchlike rather than that of English I felt inundated not with their enthusiasm for studying, but, alas, with their indifference to studying.

Despite the clearance from the headmaster, I did not yell or give hiding. I was just standing there powerlessly, hopelessly, and feeling of guilt that I couldn’t do my job… I was pathetic there. Approach fault? No, I did not even have an opportunity to begin the class properly. They just couldn’t stay in the small classroom sitting until the class finished. They just wanted to play, and they didn’t even try to make a secret of it. They actually did invite me to play with them; it was only that I couldn’t do that. “Want to play? Fine! How about playing speaking in English?” They just couldn’t hate that more which was too evident on their shining faces. It seemed that they just had to go against what I said, in friendly way if possible, and I had to go against their joy. Therefore, it was way too wrong combination; something was wrong in the class which had to be either me or them.

Many days have elapsed since the day now and I am with an unsolved question. There is when the teacher, no matter how hard he tries, cannot do his job right. There is when students, no matter how hard they try, cannot learn a thing from their teacher. For where the blame should be heading, the teacher or the students, is always difficult matter. What is it being a good teacher? What is it teaching right? If a crude attempt is only to cause commotions, I shall reserve my judgement and let the journey to the answer begins.