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Discrimination Narrative

This story focuses on how teachers and students act toward each other and how both students and teachers are in the wrong. On the student side, it feels like the teacher is against them and they get no help from anyone, but on the teacher’s side, it seems like the student does not want to learn and trying will only be a waste of time. No side has any respect for each other, making it hard for students to learn and teachers to teach.

The day started like any other day, I grudgingly got up at six after blasting my alarm for twenty minutes and made myself breakfast. After I ate my breakfast, I fed my dogs and started getting ready for school, so I would be prepared to leave my house around 7:15. Like every other school day, I wore my school uniform, a white collar shirt with the words “Thomas Maclaren School” engraved on the top left and tan pants and a black belt, then I gathered all my homework into my backpack and for lunch, I made a peanut butter and honey sandwich for lunch and an apple because my school’s hot lunch sucked. I grabbed my backpack and water bottle walked into the cool and bright morning sun and got into my car. I got my music playing and started driving to school. I got to school at 7:32. I turned my phone off and hid it somewhere in my car because phones were banned, and then I grabbed my stuff and walked to my locker. I grabbed my music binder for my first class and left it in front of my locker because we had morning assembly before any class. Morning assembly is when a teacher talks about something “interesting” to the entire school. Today was no different, the teacher Jamie rambled on about the idea or rules of rhythm and how if you get the same pace, you can make music out of anything. Jamie proved this by slapping the wall with a piece of wood, then another teacher clapped their hands at a different pace and another teacher had a plastic tub and they kept going for about two minutes. At 7:58, assembly was over, and it was time for my first class, which was orchestra because my school required everyone to play one string instrument throughout middle school and high school. I played the violin, and class was almost the same thing every day, practice a section of a piece for an hour.

After that class, I put my music binder back into my locker and grabbed my math notebook and book. It was now math class, or to be precise Calculus. We walked into the white room with two windows showing the perfect day. The air was warm, but not too warm, and it had a slight breeze to give you that beautiful temperature. From the windows, you could see a slight sway in the trees. There was not a cloud in sight. The class started at nine and my class had about seventeen people in it. Today we were learning about integrals. Right as class started one student went to the bathroom.

My teacher Oswald repeated “Integrals are the area under the slope” over and over “and we find them using this formula.” Oswald then started drawing the standard integral form. “Any questions?”,

No one answered.

“No? Okay, let’s do some examples on this worksheet.”

Oswald then passed out a worksheet containing some examples of integrals and told us “Do as many as you can, and we will go over them before class ends.”

Almost everyone started working with those they sat next to too. I sat next to Andy, one of my friends, and we worked on the worksheet together because it was more fun, and we could do it faster.

Brandy, the kid who was in the bathroom for twenty minutes, returned to class.

Oswald frustratingly, “Where have you been.”

Brandy quickly responded with “Bathroom” thinking it excused him for everything.

Oswald was disappointed, “You cannot spend all the class in the bathroom, you missed everything. Well, here is the worksheet everyone is doing. Hope you understand.”

Brandy grabbed the worksheet, but no one wanted to work with him because he was not fun. He would either do nothing but make terrible jokes while you were doing all the work or do something else because he hated math. Brandy then asked. “I’m confused about how I am supposed to do this.”

   Oswald expectedly responded with, “Remember derivatives. This is just the opposite.”

“What do you mean?” Brady said with confusion.

“If you have 2x^3, what is the derivative of that?” Oswald asked.

A solid minute passed before Brady responded with “6x^2.”

“Yes, now what if instead of multiplying by 3 and subtracting one, you add one and divide by 4”

“So, 2/4 \* x^4,” Brandy responded.

“Now do that for the examples of this worksheet,” Oswald said as he walked to his desk.

“I’m still confused,” Brandy whispered. He tried to figure it out, but after a while, he gave up and laid his head on the table saying, “I am done with this.”

Oswald heard this but decided to do nothing. Alex, a classmate near him, chose to help him work on his worksheet.

“Brandy, you want help” Alex asked.

“Yeah, sure,” Brandy said in an ungrateful tone.

Alex continued to help Brandy with his worksheet. Brandy just wanted to copy Alex’s finished worksheet because he did not want to learn anything.

“Alright, let’s go over the worksheet,” Oswald said.

The Class stopped talking and looked at Oswald and we went over the answers until class ended.