TEACHERS

You call it my fate or something else. All my teachers hated me to last extent. They couldn’t bear seeing my face and thus, most of the time kept me out of the class. I could never score more than 51% after 10th. The teachers sometimes made mistakes as well, and when you go on to correct them, they take it to their ego. However, there was one teacher Smita Gupta, who taught me maths. She never liked me sitting in her class. She found vague reasons to throw me out. Be it, talking or disturbing (in the name of answering a question to early), she never left a chance. But after all, she was IITD M.Sc.. No one could make fun of her, not even the principal. She had an excellent way of teaching the students, by insulting them. There was not one child (only boys, feminism at its best!) who hadn’t been made to stand and insulted for at least half an hour! But she also had a nice touch of ego. I don’t know what struck me or what did I think myself as, I replied to her statement of insult and silence spread throughout the class. It was more like a silence before a big terror. The very next moment she wrote my name in her blacklist and, this is how I became her primary target…