

Teacher Qiu

This post was originally written in Chinese and published on Qzone.

In high school, I met my homeroom teacher, Mr. Qiu. If I were to sum up my first impressions of him in four words, they would be approachable, gentle and refined, sharp-eyed, and intelligent and wise. The best-selling author Ling Zhijun points out in his book “Growth”: “Excellent students all meet excellent teachers at crucial moments. None of these unforgettable teachers taught them how to cope with exams. The secret to why these teachers are unforgettable lies outside the classroom: they teach them how to be a person; they teach them how to learn; they tell them which direction to go, and there really is what they want.” Mr. Qiu is precisely this kind of teacher; he is our mentor and friend.

Learning

Every afternoon during the ninth period, I would go to information science Olympiad training, while most of the other students in the class stayed in the classroom for self-study. In the Olympiad training, I often encountered difficult problems and would retreat without giving my all. I also often didn't cherish time, not focusing on learning information science, and being careless. During evening self-study, I lacked self-discipline, often chatting and joking with my deskmate. One day, I talked to Mr. Qiu about my recent situation. At that time, the midterm exam results came out, and they were not ideal. Mr. Qiu was not very satisfied with this. He said, “I don't agree with you spending so much time on information science, but I don't object, I'll give you the opportunity to choose.” He sounded an alarm for me, but also gave me the right to choose. If I invested too much in my interests and lost ground in my studies, how much of a loss would that be? However, that day, I was not completely convinced by Mr. Qiu's sharp words. He didn't seem to have much hope for me winning an award in the Olympiad.

A withered yellow leaf gently spiraled in the air. A gust of wind blew, and it lost its original tranquility, arousing its potential to fly again.

Gradually, as soon as the eighth period ended, I would immediately rush to the computer room. I would take out my book and think about the principles of programming; I would pull out stacks of draft paper and write down the programs in my mind; I would type on the keyboard and debug the code. I was oblivious to the flowers blooming and falling in the courtyard, and the clouds rolling and stretching in the sky. Slowly, an invisible urging made me feel uncomfortable when I was chatting during self-study. I would consciously close my mouth and continue to wave the pen in my hand. Gradually, a strange spur made me have to race against time when walking on campus; it made me have to eliminate the desire to sleep a little longer the moment I heard the wake-up bell, and instead let busyness and fulfillment run through the day.

That day, the conversation with Mr. Qiu was the turning point from blindness to autonomy in my first semester of high school. I reflected, why did I change? Suddenly, I knew the answer. It was the right to choose freely that Mr. Qiu gave me! Compared to the middle school teachers who ruthlessly prevented me from participating in extracurricular activities, I am grateful to Mr. Qiu for letting me make my own

choices. I carefully chose the approach of pursuing my interests and learning at the same time. Thus, I gained the freedom to pursue my interests. Freedom, something that makes everyone's blood boil! The moment I made the choice, a voice came from the depths of my heart: it was my own choice, I must be responsible for my choice, and responsible for myself. I learned outside of class that the meaning of education is: through certain means, to elicit something that is originally latent within a person's body and mind. Then, Mr. Qiu's approach is an interpretation of education.

Sports

In my first year of junior high school, during the Yuyan Sports Meet, Mr. Qiu won the championship in the 1500-meter teacher race. I still remember it vividly. Not long after the start of the race, he established a lead, and then, his speed not only did not decrease, but instead he accelerated all the way, finally far ahead of second place. Usually, I also often saw the teacher carrying badminton equipment, wearing a blue sportswear, jogging to the badminton court. Therefore, I had another word to describe him—a sports enthusiast. I often praised his “life lies in movement”philosophy among my classmates. Since high school, Mr. Qiu has often encouraged us to do more sports outside of class. However, he also often plays basketball with us, enjoying the joy of sports together. Sometimes, he competes with the boys; occasionally, he spars with the girls. When we boys play with him, everyone is evenly matched, with each side winning and losing. I guess, on the girls’side, his skills should make him feel like a fish in water, showing off his skills and being invincible.

Gradually, I found that more students were running on the playground under the sun, or running, or playing football or basketball. We are very happy to be friends with Mr. Qiu, and shout with him, “I exercise, I am healthy, I am happy.”

I am proud to have met such a mentor and friend in high school. A teacher for a day, a teacher for life. Mr. Qiu, thank you for all the things you have done for us this semester. Here, on behalf of all the students in the class, I would like to say to you: “Teacher, you have worked hard!”