

Albert Bender  
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I don't care how much my girlfriend loves him--he wouldn't get my vote for "teacher of the year." Just cause I'm not in his precious honors class, like she is, he makes me feel like a second-class citizen. I mean, I'm in C.P., which stands for "College Prep," not "Contented Puppies," like he always calls us. O.K., a lot of kids in C.P. don't like to read and study--is that a crime? Every time we fail one of his impossible quizzes or tests he sure makes it seem so--another lecture about not allowing him to train our minds. Well, maybe we don't want our minds trained by those dumb quotes he rams down our throats with a toilet plunger. Quotes--what the hell do I care what other people say? Most of them are dead, anyway. And speaking of toilet plunger, he says we've been abusing the sign-outs for the bathroom so he only allows two a week. Where does he get off? I have his class eighth period every day, and by that time the only quote I recognize is nature calling. So I don't think he's funny when he says if I need to go more than the two he allows, I should use Kitty Litter. And I don't think someone like that deserves to be "teacher of the year." In fact, if he tells us he won the award, I'll want to barf. But I won't--it would use up one of my sign-outs.