Jay

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English 2

Story time Draft.

One kid is: short, ugly, unpopular not too smart, and not to mention slow. On the other hand there's another kid: smart, handsome, and hell of a lot cocky and hella fun to be around. If you haven't figured it out yet both kids are me. The first is when I was younger a total NOOB and the other is basically me now.

**YA**

for as long as I can remember I have always been in school. There haven’t been a time where I was not in school well except that one time after high school when I took a semester off and then started college but that don’t count that was like a weekend but anyway being in school all the time obviously meant I’m constantly learning. The cool thing about it was that it wasn’t always about academics, somethings include fashion ( the way I dress and my choice in clothes) the way I talk ( the way I speak around people are completely different whether it being with friends, family, and even professors). How to carry yourself and even my sense of humor, all learned in one environment, in a short amount of time too, oh yea I’m a fast learner \*smilee\*

**Slow kid**

Flash back to 5 grade, here I’m around nine or ten years old and was also when I met a teacher by the name of Sarah, Sarah is not her name but I don’t like her so much that I don’t want to say her name so we’re going to call her Sarah....bitch. Sarah is/was I don’t know if she’s still a teacher but when I knew her she w a math teacher and I guess a good one since her students were usually really smart or they could’ve been naturally smart, but she had a really horrible attitude and starting school a year before I should have made it really tough being that I wasn’t developed as the other kids were, so yes it was hard keeping up yet I maintained a pretty decent G.P.A. Sarah was really tough and fun fact “ didn’t like me” I know right how can you not like me, I’m me. She didn’t like me for shit and always had something against me. Fast forward to summer of 2009, I may have dropped back a bit in class so my mom sent me to lessons or as we call it in America “tutoring” and of course for math which meant I had to go to Sarah for tutoring since she knew the material we were going to be using in school the following term (worst summer ever) while there she was tough on me and taught at a fast pace which made it hard for me to understand most of the topics because well I was slow so yea it was hard, she would get mad at me for this exact reason because the other kids well the understand and got what she was saying in no time flat. She would get so mad that she would take away my break, after a while she would give everyone a break well everyone but me that. So in a nutshell I couldn't get a break until I finished my work and got everything correct. At the end of that summer I can't remember if I learned anything all I remember is a skinny bitch with an attitude. Went back to school and had my regular teacher, with her it was much more different, she was much more understanding and my grades improved as well. Now comes a really amazing day, I’ll never forget this day. Usually after school is dismissed a few of us would stay back or a few hours to further grasp topics we were having a hard time with. So on this magical day Sarah came over to our class to help us. Ok step back a bit, while I was being tutored by Sarah over the summer one of my bad topics was scientific notation and Sarah knew back to present, Sarah knew scientific notation was a tough topic for me but little does she know I’ve improved. So after completing some problems assigned to us, Sarah proceed to the front of the class where she walked up and down like she had a stick up her ass...well won’t be something new...she went over the answers and I’m getting all of the questions correct and she makes one comment that just pissed me off, say says ‘ finally, thought you would never get it, good to know I wasn’t wasting my time” not only did she piss me off but tried to take credit for my hard work acting like her tutoring helped me, I couldn’t say shit to her cause my momma aint raised me to be disrespectful plus I’m a kid and she’s an adult so I had to eat them comments. Fast forward to finals, did pretty good; didn’t get the scores I wanted but was good enough to pass. After that I moved to good old New York City.