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Educational Essay Draft 1

As a student I have had many different educational experiences in my life, some of which were good and bad but, they stuck with me and had an impact on my life and educational experience. One of my educational experiences that stuck with me and had a impact on not only my educational experience but on my life is unfortunately a bad experience that occurred in third grade. For many in third grade is supposed to be a good experience and exciting because your two grades away from middle school however for me in third grade the only thing I can remember is having a racist english teacher.

In third grade I experienced racism for the first time from my english teacher and it stuck with me all my life. English has always been my favorite subject, I would find myself getting lost in writing poems and short stories. I would always win awards in class for writing the best poems in my grade I remember that everyone had loved my poem that I called "Silly Billy". My English teacher's were always very sweet and motivating me to do better and to write more and I loved excelling in English. It was the beginning of the year and I had nothing but high hopes when I started third grade because this year I was going to be going to an advanced English class so I was getting to work with the fourth graders I was so excited. In just moments that all

changed when I met my new English teacher I knew it was going to be a nightmare and I was right having her as an English teacher was in fact a nightmare that I couldn't get out of.

It was time for me to go to English class and the first time I walked into her class, she stopped me and asked me my name. She had a look of distance on her face but at the time I just brushed it off and brought myself to the conclusion that maybe she was having a bad day. After giving her my name she immediately pointed to the back of the class for me to sit there. I was a bit upset because I preferred sitting in the front but I went to the back as I was told. As she continued making the seating arrangement it seemed peculiar, black children like myself were seated in the back and white students sat in the front of the class. Although I wanted to say something I didn't dare to comment on the setup I just paid attention to the lesson and try to make the best of it. During the lesson I noticed her give us a few looks of disgust but I nor the rest of the students commented on it however, some returned the looks of disgust back to her.

The worst experience that I have had by far with her is when she **brung** candy into the classroom and only gave the people in the front of the class treats which were the white students. A few of my fellow classmates that sat in the back with me because they were black as well seemed offended by her actions because they work just as hard if not more than the students in the front and they got absolutely nothing for their efforts. In that very moment I was hurt and started to doubt myself. I wondered to myself is my work sufficient enough? Did I do my homework incorrectly? Am I not capable of being in the class with the fourth graders? What exactly is the problem? **That led me to speaking up for the first time and she was not thrilled at all.** She was so upset about me speaking up that she threatened to call my mother if I ever did

that again, which quickly shut me up. This left me stuck watching the other students eat candy while I copied the board. It was an awful feeling.

As time went on in the school year she eventually started calling my mother about my behavior saying that that I was speaking to much in her classroom and it was disruptive and that I was slacking off in class. My mother started questioning me about whether I was slacking off in class because I was never the type of student that got in trouble so she found it strange. I had to prove myself by showing her my notebook and she was baffled because she wanted to know why is the teacher calling making false accusations when I clearly was doing my work. My mother confronted the teacher because she wanted to know why would a teacher target one student and she wanted to get to the bottom of what was really going on. When she spoke to the teacher she claimed she mistaken me for another student and apologized, so my mother told me to ignore the situation and focus on my work and I agreed. I tried to stay focused but due to my teachers unprofessional attitude all the time it started to have an affect on me. I started to lose motivation, school was no longer fun what was my favorite subject had now turned into my least favorite subject the idea of even going to English class was dreadful. My mother started noticing my lack of interest in English and she had a talk with me and that's when I realized that this teacher probably just wants to see me fail. I told myself I'm not going to fail a class and lose interest in my favorite subject all because of her I was letting her have to much power over me. I decided I was going to pass with or without her help.

Not everyone always has great educational experiences but I learned it's about what you make out of it. Although this was a bad educational experience for me it still had an impact on my life and it taught me that my education is important and I can succeed with or without the

help of ignorant racist teachers, now it doesn't matter what kind of teacher I have I try to succeed with or without them.