



Dear Sir,

I hated you when I first met you. I hated the fact that you made me stand up straight. I hated the way you made me wear my uniform right. I hated the way you made me speak correctly. Most of all, I hated the way that you wouldn't accept my work unless it was the best I could do. And the best always seemed more effort than I was willing to put in.

We had lots of arguments, at the start. I remember being kept in at lunch a lot. And despite my yelling and threats – even tears once or twice – I remember you never lost your temper. You were always patient with me. You always took the time to listen to me, whenever I wanted to be heard.

Get the best of Edutopia in your inbox each week.

Email

Your email address

I look back upon that time as so important in the development of the person that I am today. You taught me discipline. You taught me dignity. Much more than English, which was what you were supposedly teaching me, you taught me that I could achieve more than what I or other people thought that I was capable of. I could be a success, instead of a clown.

For that lesson, I owe you so much.

Thank you.

A student (Year 11).