

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 1

One

Physics... the most dreadful subject of em all! Getting through few sums without having your head totally f***ed up, was undoubtedly impossible.... for me, at least.

Leah says it's pretty simple... physics, I mean. She says it's 'practical'. But for me, doodling on the margin of my book is million times better. I simply cannot comprehend the fact that the sun would be as hot, if it were made out of bananas! Honestly... I don't and I never will... In my opinion, physics is something that came into existence with the sole purpose of torturing nineteen year olds.

But then again, come to think of it. 19 years olds wouldn't exist if it weren't for things like thrust and force, which we do also learn in physics...

But that's natural instinct of animals! We don't have to be taught how to thrust and-

“OI WINSLOW!”

I raised my head and looked around, noticing that all the other students in my class were on their feet. I turned my head towards the teacher's desk and met a familiar pair of piercing, grey eyes that looked right into my soul. It wasn't my favorite thing to see, early in the morning of a dreadful Monday.

He had his arms crossed before his chest, which made it very clear that he was ticked off. Setting my pen aside, I gulped.

This Monday morning is shaping up to be the absolute best! Man, how excited I am!

“Are you one of my students?” He stepped towards me, successfully setting a gloomy atmosphere.

I shot right up straight. “Yes, Mr. Decarlo,”

“In this very class?” He asked, obviously sarcastically.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo,” I said, fidgeting.

Rolling up his sleeve, he glanced at his silver watch. “Isn’t it time for your physics class now?” He asked in a dangerously kind tone.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo. It is,” I managed to say without stuttering.

“Ah... so you are aware of it?” He raised his eyebrows, looking at me.

“Yes, Mr. Decarlo,” I whimpered.

“Who am I?” He asked, suddenly.

“Pardon?” I looked up, attempting to make an innocent face that would hopefully lessen his wrath.

“I said, ‘who am I?’” He raised his chin.

“You... um.. you... you’re Mr. Antonio Decarlo!” I smiled, hoping he wouldn’t stab me with a knife.

“Exactly... and I am your...?”

“My... ugh... physics... teacher!” I exclaimed, smiling nervously.

“Right... so, tell me Winslow... when a student, sees his... or her teacher walk into the class, what do they do?” He asked, venomously while walking from left to right.

“They... ugh... stand up... and greet him!” I said, my lips tugging to form a timid smile.

“That is correct... so, Miss Winslow...” He said and turned around sharply, to face me. “What did you do when your lecturer walked in?”

“I... ugh...” I murmured, staring at the ground. “Mr. Decarlo, I am very sorry. I didn’t see you there, sir. I promise it won’t happen ever again,” I apologized, my head turned down at a perfect 90 degree angle.

“Hmm...” he groaned. “It better not,” and with that he turned around and walked back towards the teacher’s desk.

“Okay, today-,” he faltered. He arched an eyebrow at me, and said, “Do I have to specifically address you, and grant you permission to sit down, Winslow?”

Feeling the blood rush to my cheeks, I plopped into my chair immediately. I closed my eyes tightly, trying to shrug it off.

No matter how many times he does this, I never get used to it... I should’ve gotten used to the embarrassment by now... but no... I still feel my face transforming into a big, red hot tomato because it keeps getting worse.

“Ever heard of ‘giving a heads up’, Leah?” I asked, gritting my teeth as I nudged my friend.

“Dude, I’m sorry, man! I didn’t think it’d be that big of a deal...” Leah said apologetically.

“You what!?” I said in disbelief.

“Ya know... we’re not even sitting right at the front! Besides, he comes here on all 5 days of the week, but I don’t stand up to greet him at least on 3. I’ve never been yelled at,” Leah shrugged.

I sighed heavily. “I dunno man...” I said and pulled my note book out.

“Did we finish discussing the zeroth law of thermodynamics?” He asked raising his thick eyebrows, that went perfectly well with his dim eyes.

“Yes, sir,” Bethany, who was sitting at the front replied.

Bethany, trying her best to be the 'teacher's pet', always preferred to make the entire class uncomfortable by reminding the lecturers even about the most insignificant work that they had assigned. At least college is less boring, thanks to Bethany keeping our levels of adrenaline spiking.

"Mr. Decarlo," Bethany spoke up.

The professor simply looked up and raised an eyebrow at the annoying girl. No matter how hard she tried, he never took much notice of her.

"Sir, we were asked to complete the work from page 16 to 73 and write reviews on the questions," she said, emanating her bitchy aura.

"F***!" I blurted out, realizing that I totally forgot all about the enormous loaf of homework he had assigned. I slammed my palms on my lips immediately, my eyes widening.

So I just cussed, and he heard it.

He was already glaring daggers at me. Mr. Decarlo looked at me in disbelief.

"That's it. Winslow, on your feet!"

I stood up, stumbling.

He walked up to me, hands in the pockets of his pair of trousers.

"So... are you, once again, going to tell me that it'll never happen again?" He asked, in an extremely sarcastic tone.

"I would if I could, Mr. Decarlo," I said, breathing heavily.

"Take it out," he said, abruptly.

"Eh?" I gave him a questioning look.

“Let me see your reviews,” he said, raising his eyebrows once more. “If you think you’re so much as eligible to cuss in the middle of class, then you must’ve excelled in the subject... at least above the others here,”

“Ugh...” I said, rubbing my neck. “That, Mr. Decarlo...”

I felt Leah squeeze my finger as if saying ‘hang in there,’.

“3.00 p.m. In my office,” he said and walked away, and towards his desk. Grabbing a marker, he started his lecture on the first law of thermodynamics.

“Sir, what about the answers?” Bethany started being her bitchy self once more.

“Most of you haven’t completed it, I see no point in discussing it,” he said, curtly. “Turn to page 364,” He muttered, looking as grim as ever.

We turned to the mentioned page in our text books.

I sighed heavily. This day is shaping up to be a really bad one...

Staring out the window, he said, “On page 364, you find the actual law. As you go down, the explanations are given. Take your time and read it. I’ll explain afterwards. And after that you’ll be doing the exercises on page 367 and 369,”

I shifted in my seat and craned my neck to take a look at the top of his table. It was empty. Just a pen and some markers. Also, the annoying flower vase.

“How does he do that?” I whispered to Leah.

“Do what?” She asked, her eyes half open, as they always were.

“That! He just preaches everything without even touching a book!” I exclaimed as I set my eyes on him.

I noticed how peaceful he looked, with the light coming through the window falling on the sun kissed skin on his face.

“I dunno...” Leah shrugged. “Some kind of sorcery perhaps...” she said.

I did my best poker face and started to focus on my work, determined not to get it messed up.