

Experience of my 2nd Language acquisition

When I was 7 years old, I learned about English for the first time. In my life, I met around more than 20 English teachers, I guess. I know it is a huge number but I can remember all the teacher. From now on, I will mention just two teachers. It is about the worst teacher and the best teacher.

I met the worst teacher when I was in middle school 3rd grade. The teacher was a male and his name was Yee-jo Jung. I can recall his appearance even after 10 years passed by. He always had a book in his left hand and a lash on the other hand. Usually, he taught about reading skills and grammar systems.

In his class, he didn't allow us to speak a word. Even though we had questions about content of a lesson which we took. About 10~15 students in the class, sat in parallel and always solved lots of problems after his explanation. It was really monotonous class. I took a boring lesson everyday and solved the problem during the class every time. There was no exception. His teaching skill was of no interest to me.

Also it was really hard to take notes of the lecture because he said too fast. He used Korean but I couldn't understand often exactly what he said. So I made an effort to write the whole lecture instead of understanding the lecture. Sometimes, it was helpful with revision but I was just read letters on the paper. Nothing was in my head. I think he was totally the explainer. That's why I was not good at grammar at that time.

The other memory on his class was a vocabulary test. He tested about grammar rules or vocabulary daily. I had to memorize 100 words each day and if I didn't get full marks in the exams, he hit my palms with his lash and didn't allow me to go home. He didn't care about the time, school life the next day, other subject homework or parent's worry. He used rote exercise a lot. It was the most terrible memory I've got. I had register for a class in March because the mid-term exam but I couldn't hold on so I quit that academy before the final exam. He was the worst teacher I've ever met.

I'll talk about a completely different person. She was the best teacher and I feel lucky that I could take her class. I met her when I was 7 years old. I can't remember her name or appearance but I

can remember that she was an involver.

When I confused to pronounce 'r' and 'l', she drew a picture in detail for me. Everyone in that class was seemed understanding but I couldn't. So I raised my hand and asked her that "I can't understand you." And then she said "Will you come to me after the class? I'll explain to you in more detail." After the class I went to her office and she explained how to pronounce them. She waited for me until I would got some better pronunciation, but still I couldn't get it because she just explained the theory. I told her that I couldn't understand either, then she put her finger to my mouth and pointed to the right position of tongue when I pronounce the 'r' and 'l'. I could understand immediately and precisely. I was very shocked about her action but it was really helpful to understand. I will teach to my students just like she did.

Also she used all 5 types of methodology. When I learned about basic grammar, she used GTM or DM or TPR. There is one thing which I had a clear recollection of the activity. When we learned about subjective case, possessive case and objective case, we played a treasure-hunt game. The treasures were cards which she made and if we found it and submitted to a right space on the

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board, we would get some points. I think she had all the methodologies off pat. I need to emulate her passion for her teaching skills.

The other experience with her class was that she called students every weekend and it took only 2~3 minutes. It was not academy's policy but her deep interest. My parents didn't like the phone call because they felt like I just chattered with teacher. So they called to director and complained about her teaching method. But when they saw that I made some progress in English, they called to director again and expressed their sorrow. Actually when I talked on the phone, she started with asking closed question and I answered only yes or no. As time goes on she asked the opened question. Of course, I could make a sentence which consisted of only 3~4 words but I felt a sense of accomplishment due to I made full sentence by myself. It did turn out like she intended.

I was lost in old memories during writing this essay. The guy who I called the worst teacher is totally the bad one. I want to be the exact opposite person. I think the opposite way to how he taught. I want to be like her. I must try to model myself after her. In the

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future, I will teach the students, I hope that they might feel emotion as same as I felt. I'll study harder and harder to be a great teacher.