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Death poets society (1989) John Keating

It was an extremely outstanding but traditional private school, where I graduated from. And now, I am back for teaching. On the hallway, I can hear those young students with their energetic laughs and also feel their passions! I am very excited about teaching them poetry. However, I would prefer using my own teaching way to them; which can regard to inspire and innovative their creative thinking, digging out their unlimited ability toward poetry and the most significant: Life.

I brought my students to watch the pictures of previous graduated excellent students from this school. "I have to think of something to encourage them..." I was thinking, and then I whispered, pretending I was one of the picture, "Carpe Diem!", "Seize the day!", "Make your lives extraordinary!" my students were so impressed. "Yes! Great! That's what I like you guys to think like!" I shouted to myself in my mind. During the next class, I was teaching them about how to see things from different angles. My students followed me to step up on the desks and feel it.

It seemed my students loved my teaching methods; everything had gone pretty well. I kept encouraging them. They were going on the way to realize who they are and what they really want, I am so happy about that. Some of them became braver to make a love announcement, to publish their poetry to the public, and to be change into more confident. And Neil, one of my awesome students, finally followed in his heart play a main role in a drama and also told his dad. His drama was a really big hit! I can see his happiness and potential. Unfortunately, his father still didn't like him to be an actor. He made a decision sending him to military school. Therefore, my poor student, Neil, was too sad that he committed himself.

Everyone was too shocked to accept the fact. However, we have to. I have to... Am I wrong? The school made my students signed to protect my teaching. Because I was pushing them to think and to be free. I was kicked out from the school.

I missed my students and touched by the memories. There is one scene I think of: "O, captain, my captain!" said by my students the day I was left. I still feel touch, I believe all of them would be grown up and mature enough soon. "Carpe Diem!" Don't regret what you have decided.