

Class: English reading, Dr. Ivy

Date: 2011/4/15

Memoir--- Defended Mathematics

Multicultural and Linguistic studies

Cherry Chen, 陳易霆, 499810314

It's impossible for me to join the Math Fan Club! Mathematics was one of my great friends before I went to junior high school. However, it no longer was.

“Dan~ dan~ dan~” the class bell rang before the classes started; I went back to the class reluctantly. I still remember, even the memory had already become a bit blurred. The story is like this: It was a Thursday afternoon, one week before the Midterm Exam. My seat was placed in the very front middle of the classroom. due to my height and motivated personality, teachers always put my seat in a near position to them.

“Okay, today we have a pop quiz!” the math teacher said with a sonorous voice. Almost all the students reacted as ants that were ready to be boiled in the hot pot. I was in the top rank class of math and chemistry, but we were scared about the scores for showing parents, especially pop quiz, if we didn't study. Surprisingly, after I read the test paper and the 3 questions on the black board, it's what the teacher had taught last week, I remember. I finished the answers in a short time, and submitted it.

After that, I started to read another piece of paper, which had stored in my pocket from last class break. I had more colorful background, including hearts and

starts on it. Inside this paper was the great hand writing from that boy, the humorous boy whom has been friend with me for the past one year. He's not a famous person in my school comparing to me. But I somewhat liked him. He wrote me a lot, and I was very flattered. Meanwhile, my math teacher just walked toward me, and asked me what I was reading. I replied: "Nothing." Yet, he just scraped the letter from my hand. The air was suddenly feeling so heavy and smelling like stagnation. "How shameful you are! Receiving this kind of letter from the stupid boy, who even doesn't study at all!? And this is my Math class, what do you think you are doing?" My math teacher declared it loudly in the whole classroom. I felt hurt. I hated him. I hated him! I hated...

Math teacher tried to keep me separated from all other friends. He wanted me to only focus on my study, especially on math. Because he was angry to find that I still have a lot of extra time to make friends.

I began to disobey him, never studied math 'for him' again. I doubted if there was love inside his mind or not? I hope the answer is yes. Otherwise, there must be only solutions as X and Y for his whole life. None the less, I no longer belong to the member of the Mathematic Club.