

## The Real Teacher

waiting had elapsed." That is how I got the first love of my life. Mrs. Morgan encouragement I take painting showed me self-discovery only comes when others help you achieve it positively. <sup>Kin</sup> This girl was **furthering** the lessons my real teacher had once given me through the task of painting this piece of art.

The girl **looked** me straight in the eye and said another statement, "This picture **tells** me you had childhood struggles, you **seemed** not to like what people said about you. You **hated** the truth about yourself, didn't you?" Before I replied, she interrupted "But time **has made** you realize despite the bad truths, you have some good elements about you that you never realized. Your smile <sup>WC</sup> beckons I'm correct, I'm I not?" I simply nodded in affirmation and she smiled too.

Mrs. Morgan, she **tinkered** my ill belief of my own mind and my scope of potential, and **placed** before me the choice to dream in what others were not embroiled in. When others were busy enjoying a game of football, I was busy experimenting with the art of painting. It was my first **painting** and now I want to dream, dream the dreams of Francisco Goya the Spanish court painter of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century, and immortalize the stories of the world and preserve its emotions on canvass through the eternal test of time. This will not make the lessons learnt from the real teacher, Mrs. Morgan, lapse into waste through the adversity of forgetting.