October 10th– 14th

This week we had a day off, Monday was a holiday. The week went off quicky however, this was perhaps the hardest week I've had in a while. On Tuesday, my brother, mother, and I said our goodbyes to dad for the first time. He left to the United States in hopes of finding a better life for him and my mom. We had to be at the airport at 4:00 am and we didn't have much time to hug and say goodbye as we wanted to. It has been hard for me, keeping up with my practice, my job, my responsibilities at home, PCMAS, and my anxiety. Thankfully I have a bunch of people reminding me why I am here and why I am doing this.

That same morning, I got home from the airport and got ready for practice. I was a relatively normal day. I corrected exams and helped my C.T. correcting notebooks as well. On Wednesday she asked me to prepare flash cards with the months of the year for both first grade groups. I helped her out with everything she asked me. Thursday I was told that my C.T. was going to be absent on Friday and that both her and the school principal wanted me to teach fourth, first, and third grade. I immediately told my supervisor that she could swing by and evaluate me on Friday. It is not supposed to be that way though, these visits should be unannounced. On Thursday I stayed up late working on the lesson plans for all classes and preparing the handouts and exercises as well.

Friday came in and I taught fourth grade. They are studying the character traits, so we worked on identifying the character traits of the main character in a passage that I wrote. They were good, they followed instructions, only a few did not pay attention, had to erase everything, and start over. Time management was not perfect, but I complied with the whole lesson plan. I would say, next time I wouldn't give them an example on how to start writing a sentence because every single student wrote their sentences the same way even though they are all still unique.

Teaching first grade was the biggest challenge. First, I didn't have the forty-five minutes I was supposed to have because students had an activity at the basketball court and their bell rang five minutes earlier. I had them dance to a song about the months of the year and that was my favorite part of the day. Then, I had them work on a handout where they had to write the

missing month of the year; it was a fill-in-the-blank type of activity. I then walked the group to the lunchroom all by myself and they were nice and obedient.

At 12:00, my supervisor was supposed to visit. I was afraid she wouldn't make it because I began my class, and she didn't show up on time. Turns out she was lost inside the school, and she made it like ten minutes later. I didn't have an awesome class planned for my group, they were just going to answer the TWS Pre-Test but my supervisor still enjoyed and evaluated my class. The kids did amazing. They behaved so well I could've cried. They greeted my professor, and they said their goodbyes when we left. I wasn't nervous during the class. I was loosing it before the class started, but once I being teaching, I felt pretty much confident and in control. My supervisor was very satisfied with my performance and my progress so far. She acknowledged the fact that I no longer live with my dad and that I am working and preparing for PCMAS and that means a lot. Knowing that all this sacrifice is visible to someone, and real, that motivates me to keep going.