

Talawanda Teacher Confessions

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The Tribune asked Talawanda teachers to confess their deep-dark teacher secrets and here's what we learned about the skeletons in your favorite teachers' closets:

My first year of teaching I was chewing gum while helping a student and my gum fell onto his textbook. I picked it up and put it back in my mouth and kept talking.

I thought I could copy and paste from one computer to another...

My first year of teaching, during seventh period (at the very END of the day!), a student whispered to me, "You have a hole in your pants." I looked down, and my pants were split open down the side from the belt loop to the knee (how I didn't notice it is beyond me). Dumbfounded, because I was unaware that this had happened and confused as to how long my pants had been like that, all I could think of to say back to the student was, "Yeah, I know." (like it had been my intention all along to wear ripped pants).

I had a deer that decided to join my Accounting class one time by smashing through the window. It took a look around and decided to leave.

Once, my sweater became attached to the bottom of the projector screen. As I raised the screen, the sweater went up too!! The class pretended not to notice. I am grateful.

I am secretly obsessed with "Family Guy."

I was sucking on a tic tac and teaching and the tic tac went up my nose. At the old high school while teaching some ants fell into my blouse while teaching, I tried to be distracted but it tickled so much I had to run to the restroom.

I wore two different shoes to school. I didn't notice until a student pointed it out.

It was my third year of teaching...and I was sick on this particular day. But, being the young fool I was, I still came to school because we had conferences that night. During one parent-teacher conference, I coughed. Keep in mind, I was sick, and the cough was so...um, forceful, I simultaneously farted. And, it wasn't a polite squeaker. This was a full force, airy monster of a fart. I looked at the mom who was sitting across from me and I said, "I'm sorry, I'm really sick." She looked at me for a second before continuing, "So, about my son," as though the fart never happened.

I must confess: in order to hide how painfully thin I am, I disguise myself in the body of a much larger person.