October 31st-November 4th

This week has been my favorite week so far. Don't get me wrong, I am loving the entire experience, from all the positive things to the negative ones. However, this week I saw my planning fructify in the students. I understand that my plans are happening because I actually have one single class a day and enough time to plan a week ahead. That is not going to be my reality once I graduate, but I will enjoy it until is over. During last week's Open House, I managed to plan a whole week of class, however the day prior each lesson, I would prepare the daily lesson plan and adjust a few things. A weekly plan helped a lot in terms of knowing how I will begin the week (which was also the beginning of a new skill) and how it will slowly develop and finish by Friday. On Monday 31st my practice group did not have class. Instead, I stayed with Mrs. Trinta working on more planning and observing her and Mrs. Ruffat's group. That day I texted C.T. that I'd be a few minutes late because I had to go to AEELA in Humacao. When I arrived, Mrs. Betancourt was giving her class with my C.T. It was really nice to be there, supporting her. She was feeling frustrated because the class did not turn out as she wanted and I was able to let her know that that is going to be our reality.

On Tuesday I went to Mr. Martinez office to hand in a letter requesting a Color Day to collect funds for my special project. I left the office pretty disappointed because not even the letter was taken. I didn't have a proper conversation with him because he had someone in his office, so I left with a million questions. That afternoon I finally had my kids, and I successfully gave my class. Two incidents happened that day: once again, the knife kid. He apparently lost a "legendary" Pokemon cart during lunch hour and he was furious. Adding to that, he pulled the cards out during my class and Mrs. Trinta quickly yelled and took them away. This made the kid lose his temper automatically. He threw his notebook, pencil, crayon box, he opened his book back and began to pull out every notebook and slam each of them in his desk. All while using dirty words and asking the teacher to give back his cards. While this is happening, I'm still trying to give my class but obviously, my students weren't focused. C.T. took him out of the class and I kept doing my thing. While they were outside, the second incident was the "bathroom boy". The kid that always needs to go pee. This time I was explaining again that I'm a practicing teacher (as an introduction to the Student Assessment of a Class exercise). Bathroom boy interrupted me just to say "Ah si porque tu no eres maestra". At first, I chose to ignore it, but Mrs. Quinones in the back stood up quickly and yelled at him to say sorry. He looked confused, as though he thought he said something normal. I only told him that I was hurt. 8 years is the age of identifying cause and effect, especially within our actions and how they affect others. I was not mad, I was a little moved but it was alright. At the end, Mrs. Quinones told Mrs. Trinta and Trinta decided to give the kid a lesson. She made him face me while explaining that it is not his problem if I am a teacher or not. I had something different to say but I didn't have the chance to say it so instead, I ignored it.

On Wednesday my students had a Transition Words Battle. I bought the octopus (because the kids gently asked me if I could bring him) and began the class quickly. I gave the homework first (following Mrs. Trinta's advice) and only stapled it slightly because I wanted to pick it up the next day. Students heard the instructions, reviewed following me, and were allowed to look at the chart in their notebook to follow the activity. All students participated. I

would say my favorite part was when bathroom kid blurted out an answer and it turned out to be the right answer that no one knew. When I said “Very good!” he gasped and put his hand in his chest like he couldn’t believe he got it right. We had a lot of fun, time was perfectly managed, the kids showed me they have a strong grip on the topic, and when it was almost time for me to go, they chose to name the octopus “Jimmy”. Every time a class is over, C.T. meets with me quickly outside and gives me a thumbs up. She told me the kids reacted very well to the activity. I left very satisfied with my work. On Thursday they finished the Transition Words topic with an individual activity. I gave the instructions and guided the students through every item. Everything was okay until they reached the second part where they had to classify the words they identified in Part A. A girl asked if they could use their notebooks and I said no and explained that it was the moment for them to show me how much they learned. I told them that using the notebook would be cheating and they all agreed. However, one student cheated in front of me. I let him know I saw that, he laughed and automatically I acted mad. I took away his notebook, erased what he wrote and made him do it again. I taught the students previously that stickers would only be given if I saw them trying hard. So, they know when they see the sticker, that I am acknowledging their effort in class. The boy who cheated did not get a sticker, and I went to him, kneeled by his side and expressed how I felt about his action. He admitted being wrong and that was good enough for me.

I took their work to my workplace (aka Burlington’s crew room) and corrected the majority. I made a beginners’ mistake with the homework. I did not ask the students to write their name 😊 so now I have a bunch of papers without names. I decided to give all of them five points because they all did it, but I cannot grant their punctuation because papers are not identified. It had to happen for me to learn and thank God, it didn’t happen with a test or something bigger; it was a matching exercise. I still corrected them, and the majority got 7/10 which was the degree expected.

The highlight of this week, perhaps the detail that made it my favorite week, was seeing all my professors support me with my special project. I never thought it would happen like this and I can't wait for them to see my work and to thank them personally.