

## A Children's Bedtime Story

November 6, 2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
Stars and Sun date 34

Once while in school, our Teacher asked the class to read a bedtime story. He said it was a favorite of his, complex, with humor, and adventure. This was a common assignment. Were to read the tale during the ensuing hours; the next day there would be a review; most often this was just an open discussion.

Once again, on this occasion some mischief kept me from reading the piece. I did not foresee the trouble this would cause, until when that class began, and we were asked to write a synopsis of the story, critique it, elaborating as we wished on the merit of the author's product.

As the mind is never blank, and all the other students were busy pushing their pencil to the task, I had this hope; I might guess what the story was about. I knew it was a fable. I then wrote a full page on thoughts that came to mind.

When finished, I was pleased that I had been so imaginative  
and that the tale I wrote made sense

The assignments were submitted.

The teacher must have been a glutton for punishment, even I could see that there were no poets and authors in our class.

He had more home work than the class combined, for he read and commented on every submission, several times a week.

On occasion he would choose a piece submitted for praise,  
with explanatory comment.

The day following my improvisation, Mr Weber was particularly pleasant after the of the morning greeting.

Then with some glee he began reading what I had written. His critique was very good, to my mind, for he was precise in everything he said, for really, I had not been close to guessing what the piece was about..

His comments and followup required the whole hour of the class. For not only did he demolish what I had written, he proceeded to read a piece on the my topic that had been written by Emile Zola.

I could not be embarrassed, for my piece was a hint of the Zola prose. Admittedly my page lacked structure, and prose, but it was close enough to being so meaningful that it remind Mr Weber that someone earlier had taken my thought and made it a classic.

My paper was retuned, a huge F all over my presentation, and in more red, as much criticism as Mr Weber could squeeze into the 8 and 1/2 by eleven yellow lined page.