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## "My Inspiring Teacher"

When I was a child, my parents wanted me to be versatile, so they made me attend all the classes that existed by that time- arts, sports, science. During that years, I've seen many teachers, but there was only one, that inspired me more than anything or anyone else. Surprisingly, it was my football coach. He resembled a typical football coach. However, he wasn't merely a coach, who gave instructions in the field, but also the one, who inspired me to do life-changing decisions and to have an eye-opening experience. Although, my parents always say, there's nothing occasional, everything that happens is inevitable, I still think that he's my inspiring teacher because of three occasions. The first one took place on a sunny day, in 2005. I was playing football. Someone tackled and I fell. Suddenly, I heard a voice, " Get up and keep playing hard, lazy boy "! That was he -the only person by that time, that could motivate me to do whatever I wanted. After the game, without even asking my opinion, he told me that I was in his football team. I got off to a flying start and began training since the next day. That days and months were cognitive, as he taught me a lot, not only about football, but also about working hard, always moving towards anxiety, not complaining or blaming others, instead of myself, never giving up on dreams. We got on like a house on fire. Nevertheless, our roads separated in 2010. Despite my virtue was increasing day by day, once, I found myself in a situation, where I could have hardly imagined. I was taken to a hospital because of a severe allergic reaction to the grass that I had trained on. Therefore, I began to train less, thus, becoming obsolete for the team. When I was in the hospital, the coach visited me. He explained the whole situation from his point of view, thus bringing my unaccomplished football career to a halt. He meant what he said, and said what he meant. However, before leaving the room he promised that I'd be " back in the game ". I didn't catch it, so I went with it. Two years passed. I handled my problems related to the illness. Furthermore, I was concentrated on admitting to a foreign university. During that two years, I've been developing my knowledge by

working hard. Every time I felt low, I remembered his voice, and that helped me out of difficult situations. Finally, when everything seemed fine, curiously, he broke into my life again. I was sitting in a cafe with a friend and discussing mathematics, when I heard the voice. It was he. He was surprised to see two teens talking about mathematics. When we spoke, I told him about my plans. He said that every foreign university has its football team and that he will help me to get in shape. By saying that, he kept the promise that was made two years ago in the hospital. In conclusion, although, the stories, and the reasons that I adduced above may seem ambiguous, I still consider him as the one, who inspired me to do what I've already done. He may be a simple coach for others, but he's an out of the way teacher for me.