

4-6:45

This man could be John McCain, just forty pounds lighter, but as white and dried up as Styrofoam. I signed up for this class to learn about the world. The first day this asshole says he is going to focus as much on Orange County as possible. Everyday its Dockers paired with a button down short sleeve shirt and a visible hearing aid.

He has this ability to go almost three hours and write with an incessantly squeaky pen. There is zero contempt for the bemused faces of his students. I imagine it's the sound witches make to torture children. I think of Hansel & Gretel, of Hamlet; no wonder I'm an English major.

Who is this man talking to? Is it really to us, to his class? Everything about him is contradictory. His relentless pacing is uncharacteristic: something a junkie or a neurotic would do. He holds a pompous look on his face as if he's unremorseful of the bad things he might have done in his younger years when his hair and hearing we're stronger. His face and arms are so effortlessly tanned, bronzed even as if he spent summers lying by the pool eating hors d'oeuvres with George Hamilton. He seems to be on autopilot, but who is operating him? Is he a division of the right wing? A manufactured being to educate us and subtly tell us to turn right instead of left, instead of "wrong."

His shoes are old. The tips are a deep mustard yellow, no longer black and shiny. I leave early, trying to sneak out, but know that he sees me. The neon lights in every classroom make it impossible to hide. I manage to make it through the entire semester with a passing grade and never attending an entire lesson. I learned nothing except the statistic for death by an earthquake. It's 1 in 131,890.