

Text translated by students and trainer at ATMC on 23/05/2019.

Source text cited below.

One night at dinner, my son lowered his head and said with embarrassment: “Dad, my teacher wants you to come to the school.”

When I was a child, it was normal for the teachers to visit the parents, which I think was much more friendly. The teacher would sit on the sofa, with a parent on each side, and I would hide somewhere in the room, listening as they spoke. Certainly, teachers are very busy these days, and it makes sense to invite the parents to the interview.

I guessed that my son was in trouble, and that the teachers were upset with him. When a teacher asks you to come, you cannot refuse.

When I opened the door of the teachers office, I saw four young female teachers sitting there. My son’s teacher nodded to me as I entered, but she didn’t offer me a seat, so I just stood there.

The teacher said that my son had been eating in class, and had been talking to a girl classmate during class. As I listened, I thought that these things were not so bad, so I was not worried, and I felt better.

“You better do something about your son’s mouth, because in six months he will be taking his high school entry test. If he continues to be a chatterbox, he will not get into a good high school. If he doesn’t get into a good high school, he might not get into a good university in the future.”

I nodded as I continued to listen. However, the teacher’s last remark took me aback: “He is currently third-lowest in the class, and the second-lowest and lowest students are both children of divorce.”

First, I thanked the teacher for her feedback, and then I said: “If those two children’s parents remarry, my son will end up being the lowest in the class.”

As the teacher listened to me say this, her eyes nearly jumped out of her head. She looked at me, confused, and did not say another word.

Source text taken from:

Dangdai Zhongwen *Contemporary Chinese Sinolingua*, 2004. P 60.