



# *A Story About a Teacher*

Ivan Petryshyn

Fable

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Once upon a time,  
When everything was fine,  
there lived a boy,  
who loved toys,  
who loved to be outside,  
to run, to observe and to ride,  
who was interested in many things,  
that had legs or wings,  
that were singing or talking,  
crawling or walking.  
The boy, then, went to school  
to learn and to be taught,  
and he read, he didn't eat,  
but many books by him were bought.  
He learned all the subjects he had to,  
but he didn't like them all,  
and he was fond of the spring and the fall.  
He studied Ukrainian and Russian,  
English, Biology and History,  
He liked to read books about victories:  
about Ulysses and Robin Hood,

about Ancient Civilizations,  
and he read those books in awe and elation.  
He loved English so much,  
that he sounded, like a Dutch,  
he liked verses and short stories,  
and Ukrainian and Polish,  
and, then, he become a student,  
trained to teach other young  
for good and for fun.  
Then, he returned to his college,  
that became a University,  
known for freedom-loving and for its national diversity.  
He became, then, a senior teacher  
writing articles about translation features,  
and he also learned Italian,  
just after he graduated,  
and, again, he was happy,  
and again he was elated.  
Then, he moved to a capital city,  
where all people were witty,  
and he taught Italian there,  
which was not taught everywhere.  
Then, he came to another country,  
where he taught and translated,  
and interpreted and taught,  
with liars and bad he fought.  
He was there a prof, as well,  
and everything seemed to be well,  
but there were some not good,

as they lived according to the rules of the woods,  
and they didn't wear hoods,  
they like money and goods.  
Now, he is teacher again,  
and old but kind man,  
who wants to thank those who are good,  
and to a-shame those who were bad,  
and he's sure that the bad  
very soon will be all fat,  
like a movie cat.  
He will thank the nice,  
he's not eating now riced,  
as his doctor told him not to...  
Well, and what do you do?

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4/24/19

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