

Throughout my high school career, I've developed interesting relationships with all of my teachers. These relationships can only be described as half teacher's pet/half devil's advocate. I first noticed my gift of teacher whispering in my high school English class.

Her name was Mrs. Cher, and she had a horrible reputation, mostly for being a bitch. I had conquered her type before. With my quick wit and advanced vocabulary, I'd have her wrapped around my finger.

When I entered her classroom, a faint odor of takeout Chinese food filled my nostrils. I found a seat next to Roxy, someone who'd tolerated me since elementary school. I looked toward the teacher's desk and saw a small round lady sitting in the corner. She got up and introduced herself. Again, her name was Mrs. Cher. (Not really but I'm not about to get sued by my arch nemesis.)

She seemed completely harmless. Mrs. Cher explained that the following day a barbeque was being held for those with a 2.0 GPA (or higher) during her class period and that anyone on the list was welcome to go. Being in an advanced class I assumed everyone could at least manage a 2.0. After her class ended, I marched over to her desk and told her to have a nice day. She smiled.

The next day, I sat in my math class, preparing myself for the lamest bbq ever. My math class was right before the barbeque and my teacher was a notorious push over. The other kids persuaded her to let us out early and she agreed. She read aloud the names that were able to go, including mine. After reaching the end of the list she excused everyone early to go to the barbeque.

When I got to the pool deck, I was surprised to find an actual party. Music was blaring, people were laughing, and the smell of meat grilling surrounded me. I saw Roxy dancing away with a few people. I yelled at her. She took one look at me and scowled. "Where were you?" she asked. Umm.. what the fuck was she talking about.

She noticed my puzzled look and explained that unless you knew for a fact you were on the list; Mrs. Cher had wanted everyone to go to her classroom to double-check. I told Roxy I was in fact on the list and that it didn't matter. She looked at me funny and explained that when Mrs. Cher noticed I wasn't there, she announced to the entire class that I was not on the list and therefore I was ditching her class to go to a party I wasn't invited to.

The most embarrassing thing was that she mocked me for having less than a 2.0 GPA (which I didn't!)

Mrs. Cher went on to say that it was common for people with lower grades to feel left out of events such as this. I'm sure that's true but I was NOT one of those people.

I felt an odd sensation creep up my spine. I had never felt this before, a burning hatred for Mrs. Cher. I thought the woman liked me. I stormed out of the party like a bat out of hell. I went straight to Mrs. Cher's classroom where I found her inhaling a Big Mac wrapped in lettuce.

I stood in the doorway glaring at her. "Just because it's wrapped in lettuce, doesn't mean it won't give you a heart attack", I yelled. I was furious.

She looked at me with a smirk and asked if I had "enjoyed the party".

I rolled my eyes. I asked her to clear my absence but she refused. She took out the list and looked me straight in the eye and said I wasn't on it.

I grabbed the list from her nubby fingers and pointed to my name at the very top. She looked at the name then at me. She let out a grunt, "Guess you are, my mistake."

I wasn't convinced she actually thought it was her mistake. I made it clear that I would make the entire school year a living hell for her if she didn't cut the shitty attitude.

This woman was the devil reincarnated. She smiled and told me to have a nice day. Before leaving I noticed a big bottle of maple syrup under her desk. My day had just gotten a little sweeter.

After my last class, I camped out behind a water fountain outside Mrs. Cher's classroom. I watched her leave her classroom, most likely to get more food. I bolted to the door. Unlocked. I didn't have much time. I ran to the jumbo bottle of maple syrup and took off the cap. I poured maple syrup all over Mrs. Cher's chair, desk, and paper work. After emptying the entire bottle, I ran out of the classroom and into the sunset.

The next morning, I walked into Mrs. Cher's class with a huge grin. A strong odor of maple syrup lingered in the air. Mrs. Cher sat at her desk eating a Cesar salad and three glazed donuts.

Mrs. Cher looked up at the class and notified everyone that we had a free day to do whatever we wanted. She explained that over the weekend she had spilt maple syrup while grading papers and didn't have the day's lesson.

"Clever", I thought.

The entire class talked, laughed, and yelled while I quietly studied Mrs. Cher's movements and planned my next move. The bell rang, which resulted in a massive stampede for the door.

As I walked briskly to the door, Mrs. Cher called me over to her desk. She apologized for the way she had acted before and had blamed her bad attitude on the fact that students have tried to outsmart her.

"Won't be the last time", I murmured.

A smirk crept across her face, "Now we're even aren't we?", she asked. Not wanting to blow my cover, I put on my best confused face and walked out of the classroom.

Mrs. Cher had started a war, and I was going to be the one to finish it.