

WONDERFUL TEACHER - UNAPPRECIATED UTOPIA

It's not a secret, that "wonderful" sometimes means "unusual". And "unusual" always means "unforgettable".

I remember.

Dark hair, round glasses as in 1960s, grey suit - he always looked the same. always in his class facilities, admiring processes, we - average pupils - didn't notice.

I couldn't forget.

Boom!

Twenty-eight-years old man jumping down from his teacher's desk to show students the gravity. Well, it was after dropping flower.

Clap!

Fifteen degrees below zero, same glasses and twenty nine teenagers counting sticks on trees to get sure that Fibonacci's number row (also known as "nature's favorite") doesn't lie.

Even if I tried, I couldn't describe Mr Romaniv differently. He was eccentric, it's true; he was fanatic, it's sure; he is a teacher, that's a fact. He taught me Science.

I still remember the day he ran lesson after breathing gel or the day he let six frogs jump through whole classroom to convince us that temperature of their bodies changes. And yet, the funniest thing was when my friend Julia got her test with words: "I hope, you'll cook for your husband better than you copy out your classmate."

Still young, still teaching, but not me.

My wonderful teacher taught me to shout in a crowded room, jumping into deep of confidence, because it's worth making dreams come true.

I won't forget Sirius is a double star and it's all wright to see one side of Moon. And it's not a chapter of Physics.

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