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History Wonderland

Another year of high school has begun and it felt like I had never left- no saying goodbye to tenth grade and to hell with it all. Everything was the same from when I left the place. Same white floor, same blue lockers, same teachers, and same loud, rowdy teenagers. I was ready for another dull, repetitive year, but boy was I wrong for what was going to hit me right in the face and change my experience right around.

I sauntered into the classroom that was going to stuff my brain excessively with information about U.S. history. Year after year I've been dealing with history, I couldn't care less, it was beyond me. I was sick of the same bland, monotone teachers. I dreaded going to history class because it would bore me to death. Where was the excitement, the passion, the fun in learning? It was clear as water that the teachers didn't have passion for what they taught or even to have the desire to put in the effort to make class fun for them and the students.

As I walked into the classroom and took a seat, I noticed bright, colorful posters hung among the walls that added a nice splash of color to the classroom. There was the teacher known as Amber Rogers standing proud and tall observing all of her students. When she introduced herself, her voice boomed loudly that caught the attention of every single person in that classroom. Her voice and her attitude radiated off in waves saying "Don't mess with me or you'll

be sorry”. I left that day feeling terrified of my U.S. history teacher, wishing I had never had her in the first place. Hoping that the ticking time bomb wouldn’t explode because of me.

The next time I approached Ms. Rogers class, there she was outside her class room, standing by the door greeting people, “How are you?” she would say with a beaming smile on her face.

“Is this even the same person?” I mumbled to myself.

As the bell rang indicating class to start, Ms. Rogers walked into her classroom while the door clicked shut behind her. She still had that smile gleaming on her face while she walked towards the front of the classroom, observing every single student as she did the first day we met. We were all confused when she stood there doing nothing but looking down and chuckling to herself. When she looked up she stated proudly, “I got you guys good, you all look terrified of me”, then snickered to herself again.

“This teacher is crazy”, I thought to myself, “But a crazy, cool teacher”.

The more time I spent in Rogers class the more I started to enjoy history. Every single day I left that classroom, I had wished I could have stayed longer. Every single subject we went over she included stories that gave the class a spice of flavor. Her laughter always boomed throughout the classroom when she taught. The way Ms. Rogers presented herself and the way she taught, she had so much passion for history that it could make her explode.

There wasn’t a time in her class where is was so boring that anyone would have fallen asleep right on the spot. She made the material we were learning simple but challenging at the same time. Ms. Rogers would ask questions that would make the wheels in your brain turn and

think outside of the box. It was exciting to see things from a different perspective, the light shining into the dark area where you never knew existed.

It was never a possibility for a student to be confused on a subject. She would always answer all questions to the best of her ability and if she didn't know, she would do her own research about the students question and get back to them regarding the subject. Ms. Roger would always encourage students to ask questions and never to be shy. Her classroom was a safeplace and she made sure that it felt like one.

Sometimes she would add games and fun projects to the agenda. On occasion we would play Jeopardy before our test day to help jog our memories. Most of us enjoyed the game and was competitive for the win.

At the end of the year, for our history final, we had to do a decades group project. Where each group had to research about the decade they were assigned to. It was fascinating to see how time has changed through clothing style, slang, technology and inventions.

I remember the very last day I had U.S. history with Ms. Rogers. It was a bittersweet feeling. I was forever grateful that I had met such a wonderful teacher that made the classroom full of life, exciting, and enjoyable for her students. I won't ever forget the day where Ms. Rogers made a difference in how I view history. She had peaked my interest on how fascinating history can be.