

Admire

# Admire

By : sulochana

"No mom, it just does not happen with me. So, I wanted to know whether you have any particular feeling about it, my friends say that it is a wonderful feeling to admire someone and when that person admires you backâ that is how love is given a bloom."



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What is admiring? How does it feel admiring someone? Amanita had all these questions in her head as she entered her "world of teenage." Her friends had admired almost every boy in the class, but this was quite a stupid thing for her because she had no reasons to do it. She sometimes thought that admiring was a difficult task indeed.

"Oh! Dear you are never going to admire unless you take interest in someone." her friends would say trying to help her. But Amanita was in her own world of joy talking, singing and also finishing her English essays in time. Her English teacher was a very strict person. He was a young fellow with Masters Degree, and with English as his main subject. So, he liked to give as much essays to the class to see their daily improvement. Amanita hated him but liked his idea of essay and was always the first one to submit it.

One night as Amanita sat for dinner she politely asked her mother as she knew that these things should not be asked with excitement, "Mom, have you had any admiring lessons in your life?"

Her mother answered her back, "Why do you ask that honey? Is it so that you've started admiring someone?"

"No mom, it just does not happen with me. So, I wanted to know whether you have any particular feeling about it, my friends say that it is a wonderful feeling to admire someone and when that person admires you back that is how love is given a bloom."

"Oh! That is not it honey you are just in class x now, so might be your friends have a vague idea about it. You admire someone not to get back the same from his/her side, it happens whenever you feel that a person is worthy of it. A book having a wonderful cover outside might not have valuable contents inside, likewise a person with strict behavior is not supposed to be taken as a bad person. Overall I mean you cannot admire a person with fake personalities."

"Mom, how do we recognize a fake person from outside?" Amanita was now trying to get her mother in her trap as to know whether her mother had any admires in her time.

Her mother wrapped up, "You see honey, a person polite from outside is not exactly from inside, those who boast of themselves are also not the right ones. You admire some people's work you get inspiration from it, those person should come in your list. Do you get it? Now next month your final examination is starting, so you better start your preparation now. Don't get occupied with these things. Good night"

She gave her mother a warm kiss and went to bed. But she couldn't sleep she thought for a while, "Is admiring Peter a good thing because he writes his English essays so well and I have always got inspired from him, or Playa for his art or could even be Gitanjali for her lovely voice" and finally she fell asleep.

Early in the morning she hurried for her class, first class would be taken by Mr. Erick and he also had reminded the class to be punctual and submit the four essays together. Amanita was already late, she ran for the taxi as she already missed her bus.

She could hear the bell ring but still reaching her class was a long way enough to get the darkest look of her teacher. She ran to her breath fastening with her legs and arrived at the door of her class. Mr. Erick gave her a smile and welcomed her in the class which was just the opposite of what she had been thinking all the way. He took out a small packet of book and then called her in the middle. "Now sir will surely scold me making me stand in the middle." Amanita went with her negative thoughts again. But instead of that Mr. Erick showed

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the class about how beautifully Amanita had written all the essays given to her."In order to encourage her I have made a small book of her own writings, today I present it to her for punctuality and also for her hard work and dedication."

Amanita knew no bound to her happiness. She remembered her mother's saying and it was true that Mr. Erick though strict was a nice human being from inside. "Thank you so much sir, I am obliged to what you have done for me. That means a lot to me. Thank you once again."

"Hard work should be awarded Amanita so were youâ! Could you meet me in my desk in the break time?"

"Sure sir." was her reply.

Her friends congratulated her and were curious to know on what account did Mr. Erick called her.

No sooner had the bell rung for the break, Amanita ran from the class and in a minute or two she was in front of her English teacher. Amanita was made to sit. The teacher started," Amanita you have a very good technique in writing essays. You approach them the way they should be and I like it the most. So, whenever your class is free you can help your friends to know the method of writing it. Is it ok for you?"

"I would be more than happy to help sir." She gave a quick reply.

"Ok, then start from todayâ!" patted the teacher.

Amanita had no longer a hatred feeling for the teacher, she liked him and his essay lessons. She would wait for the English class eagerly and if there was no class, she would simply drop down to the staff room with weird reasons to have a quick look for her teacher. Initially her friends didn't notice this behavior of her but then they slowly realized that it was admire for the teacher which kept her waiting and sneaking into the teachers' room.

"May be this is how we admire, I like everything Mr. Erick does and the most important thing I learnt from him is that people do make mistakes but they can be corrected with a smile and not with a harsh word. I still remember the way he welcomed me and awarded in the class when I had been late to class. He is an inspiration for me. I admire Mr. Erick and whenever he comes to class, he makes my day which is a wonderful feeling. But I do respect him and do not expect him to admire me back." Amanita shares with her friends during her lunch hour. The bell rings and Amanita hurries as her English class is about to beginâ!

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