

Different Summer Reading!

The long, summer holidays are nigh upon us, recognizable by the fact the nary a student roams the long, almost empty corridors at most schools ; indeed, the afore-mentioned student has become a rare (if not longed-for) commodity. It is then time to think about leisurely pursuits with which to pass the days during the holidays, and if one doesn't feel quite up to an entire novel, then maybe this very small but eminently rich 'manual' will be just the ticket!

The title first, is all but enticing to the dispensers of knowledge that we aim/claim to be...

Shakespeare's Insults for Teachers!

Each insult is accompanied by the play, act, scene, line of origin! Not only that, but there are different chapters depending upon who you want to insult. Here then is a (not so) short summary.

The book starts with a chapter devoted to (other) Teachers and Administrators and has an introductory quote to set you salivating in anticipation :

I wonder that you will still be talking: nobody marks you (Much Ado About Nothing).

For **Boring** colleagues, the book suggests, amongst others:

More of your conversation would infect my brain. (Coriolanus)

You are a rare parrot-teacher (Much Ado About Nothing)

Thy words are blunt, and so art thou? (Henry VI, part 2)

She speaks, yet she says nothing. (Romeo and Juliet)

I profit not by thy talk. (Troilus and Cressida)

For **Tyrannical** teachers

You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense.

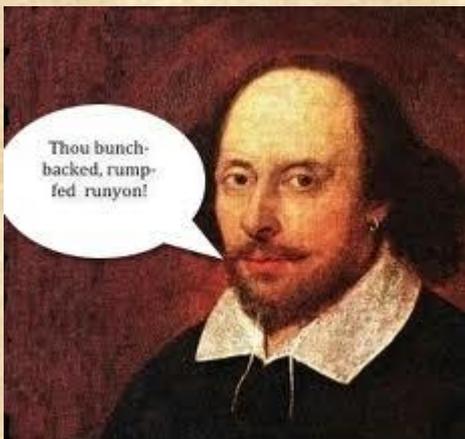
(The Tempest)

How the fat rogue roared. (Henry IV, part 1)

For **Weird** Teachers

To be so odd and from all fashions cannot be commendable (Much Ado About Nothing)

(You are) a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. (Twelfth Night)



Administrators too are dealt with in this not so poison-pen pamphlet and they too (as in real world) are sorted into different categories.

For the **Obstructionist** Administrator:

(you) whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! (The Taming of the Shrew)

I can hardly forbear hurling things at him (Twelfth Night)

I will do nothing at thy bidding. Make thy requests to thy friend. (Timon of Athens)

For the **Pompous** Administrator:

Mend my company, take thyself away (Timon of Athens)

They flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. (Henry IV, part 2)

He is every man in no man. (The Merchant of Venice)

I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. (Troilus and Cressida)

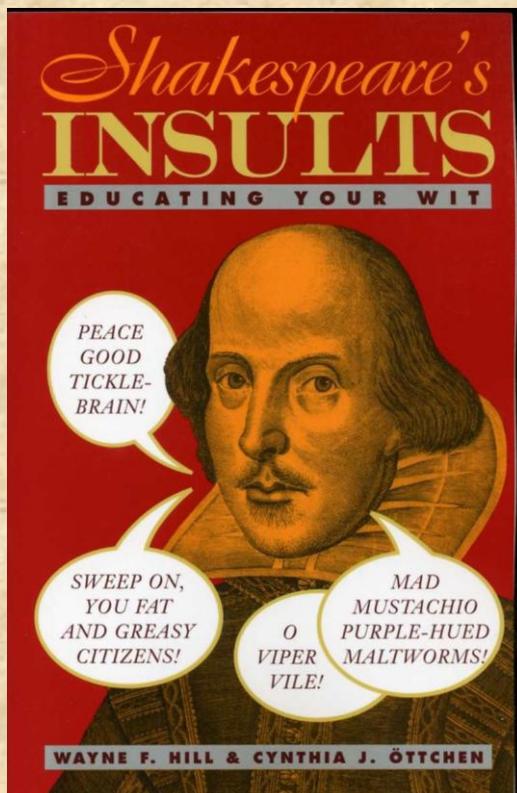
And the **Incompetent** administrator has not been forgotten...

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great (Henry IV, part 2)

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment (MAAN)

Thou whoreson zed! Thou unnecessary letter! (King Lear)

There's small choice in rotten apples (The Taming of the Shrew)



And last but certainly not least, the **STUDENTS!** Here are a few choice morsels, copied out for your reading pleasure. You might like to start reading early, so as to memorize them for the month of September...

On **laziness**, Will Shakespeare had quite a bit to say, as witness the following:

(you) apes of idleness! (Henry IV, part 2)

Thy brains are useless, boiled within thy skull (The Tempest)

How have you come so early by this lethargy! (Twelfth Night)

O illiterate loiterer! (The Two Gentlemen of Verona)

As for the airhead, the **Distracted** student:

Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts! (Macbeth)

Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it!
(Troilus and Cressida)

The **Mischievous** student is also dealt with:

Here's a young and sweating rebel here, That commonly rebels. (Othello)

Boys, with women's voices, strive to speak big. (Richard II)

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves! (The Taming of the Shrew)

Hell is empty and all the Devils are here. (The Tempest)

And what of the (often pathetic) **excuses** for work not done, forgotten at home, left on the bus, ad nauseum? Shakespeare has insults for perpetrators of these heinous crimes too!

That's somewhat madly spoken. (Measure for Measure)

If you be mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. (Twelfth Night)

You tread upon my patience. (Henry IV, Part 1)

The '**report card**'. How we, in France, so often lack originality. No more, for there are even quotes that can be placed upon our "bulletins" (if only the parents and administrators could understand...)

... one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. (Coriolanus)

He wears his wits in his belly and his guts in his head. (Troilus and Cressida)

(an) undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion. (Love's Labour's Lost)

Thou art not altogether a fool. (Timon of Athens)

... a fellow o' th' strangest mind I' th' world. (Twelfth Night)

There is even a short chapter for "jaded **parents** of smarmy children"

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! (Henry IV, Part 2)

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. (Coriolanus)

Foolery sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. (Twelfth Night)