under the leaves, on teaching leave
Seth Cable

“Excuse us, Professor? There seems to be some kind of large gash carved into your back?…”

“Huh? Oh right! Sorry about that. But, you see, I've had to start sleeping in the woods more and more lately…”

When I was an undergrad, my friends would tell horror stories about classes of theirs where the professors had gone insane and were no longer actually teaching anything. Instead of following their long-outdated syllabus, they would rant profanely about their TAs, before insulting to their faces the few students in attendance.

I wish I could be such a pedagogue, but my shame prevents me. Instead, I rehash the same course the same way every year, giving all my students precisely what they need, which is next to nothing. It's all forgotten the next semester, I'm sure.

Meanwhile, though, I sleep outside under the stars.

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