

# WHEN THE INEVITABLE SURPRISES YET

Everyone knows the phenomenon of "falling in love with his teacher." And I also lived. But I'll start my story a few months earlier.

## 7<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

I was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade school (13 years) and I conducted a very common school learning to live in my new school. After a few months I started having my places of passage at set times. And then I started to cross a teacher systematically paraplegic. And here is the idea that crossed my mind: how is it when it gives way, finally, how, I, will I live? And fact, already at that age I felt my body change when I met him, but not understanding what was happening to me for fear I would have preferred never know, and restrict myself to the cross in hallways every morning.



## 8<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

What had to happen, happened. Starting my 8<sup>th</sup> grade school, I learned that I would have as a teacher for a year. One might say "great" for a devotee, but then "the big question" for a 14 year old girl! But anyway, I had no choice. So I faced my fears and I followed its course like any other and all went well. Indeed, why do things differently with disabled people, some think. But at 14, it is not yet truly master of his ideas, and it is education that creates this kind of foreboding, but that's another story ...

## HIS EXPERIENCE

It was a gymnastics teacher. One day he was working on a roof, he fell. It was then paraplegic. He stayed in teaching, but changed branch.

## THE DAY I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO CONTROL MY IMPULSES

There are things that has never lived and who arrive without warning but rarely at the right time. In my case, the first time that my pussy began to boil, I was in middle of the course, with a slight need to go to the toilet.

At first I was just trying to hold me, waiting patiently for the end of the course. But in these cases, no way to focus on the course, then the mind begins to wander. I will not give you any details either, but the fact remains that at some point I felt all right, currently hovering and trying to contain the pleasure in me, to make it last while place there was really not appropriate. Things have calmed down, the course ended.

### AFTER

Thereafter I tried to understand had happened to me, I never really understood. Finally though, but I had to wait a few more years. Not for what I felt in me, in 14 years this kind of information we gave them, but rather to understand why at this point and with this professor there.

But one year, when we have fun, it passes quickly. And then when we fall in love with a teacher, this is rarely meant to last, then it remains secret. So I entered the 9<sup>th</sup> grade, with another year before me, and new goals.

