

Joke of the Week

AS WE START THE NEW YEAR, HERE ARE A FEW OF THE ALL-TIME BEST JOKES WE'VE RUN ON THE SITE:

You Might Be in Education If . . .

You believe the staff room should be equipped with a Valium salt lick.

You find humor in other people's stupidity.

You want to slap the next person who says, "Must be nice to work from 8 to 3 and have your summers free!"

You believe chocolate is a food group.

You can tell it's a full moon without ever looking outside.

You believe "shallow gene pool" should have its own box on the report card.

You believe that unspeakable evil will befall you if anyone says, "Boy, the kids sure are mellow today."

When out in public you feel the urge to talk to strange children and correct their behavior.

You have no time for a life from August to June.

Marking all As on report cards would make your life SO much simpler.

You think people should be required to get a government permit before being allowed to reproduce.

You wonder how some parents ever MANAGED to reproduce.

You laugh uncontrollably when people refer to the staff room as the "lounge."

You believe in aerial spraying of Prozac.

You encourage an obnoxious parent to check into charter schools or home schooling.

You believe no one should be permitted to reproduce without having taught in an elementary setting for at least 5 years.

You've ever had your profession slammed by someone who would never DREAM of doing your job.

You can't have children because there's no name you could give a child that wouldn't bring on high blood pressure the moment you heard it uttered.

You think caffeine should be available to staff in IV form.

You know you're in for a MAJOR project when a parent says, "I have a great idea I'd like to discuss. I think it would be such fun!"

You smile weakly, but want to choke a person when he/she says, "Oh, you must have such FUN every day. It must be like playtime for you."

Your personal life comes to a screeching halt at report card time.

Meeting a child's parents instantly answers the question, "Why is this kid like this?"

You might be a teacher if

You always, to your family's embarrassment, turn a pizza into a math lesson on fractions.

You ask your friends twice if they need to go to the bathroom before they get into your car.

You repeat instructions three times and then ask, "Does everyone understand?"

Stacking piles of papers on the floor seems like a logical filing system to you.

You correct the grammar and spelling on restaurant menus.

You consider a 2.2% pay raise above average.

You tote more keys than a horse has teeth, and you know how many teeth a horse has.

Your best friend's vanity plate says "METEACH."

You find yourself kneeling down to tie your spouse's shoe.

You have explained to a child that being a rock in the school play is an important role.

Untied tennis shoes are a fashion statement where you work.

When someone mentions "M&M," you do think of a food group.
You consider a roll of toilet paper on your desk a necessity.
You have considered encouraging a parent to consider home schooling.

How you know if you're an elementary school teacher:

You declare "no cuts" when a shopper squeezes ahead of you in a checkout line?

You move your dinner partner's glass away from the edge of the table?

You ask if anyone needs to go to the bathroom as you enter a theater with a group of friends?

You hand a tissue to anyone who sneezes?

You refer to "snack time" as "happy hour"?

You ask guests if they have remembered their scarves and mittens as they leave your home?

Do you say "I like the way you did that" to the mechanic who repairs your car?

Do you ask "Are you sure you did your best?" to the mechanic who fails to repair your car?

Do you sing the "Alphabet Song" to yourself as you look up a number in the phone book?

Do you say everything twice? I mean, do you repeat everything?

Do you fold your spouse's fingers over the coins as you hand him/her the money at a tollbooth?

Do you ask a quiet person at a party if he has something to share with the group?

You've Been Teaching Too Long if...

You realize that the lesson plans you write your substitute teachers are better than the ones you use yourself.

When you read the newspaper, you find yourself marking and grading articles.

Your lesson plans are older than your students.
You insist that your spouse complete a worksheet when you go to a movie together.
You can't carry on a conversation without the help of an overhead projector.
You eat all of your meals in less than fifteen minutes.
You really look forward to meetings.
You can't do anything without a form.
Your bladder and bowels work only at fifty-minute intervals.
You take attendance and maintain classroom type discipline everywhere you go.

How to Tell If You're a REAL Teacher

Real teachers grade papers in the car, during commercials, in faculty meetings, in the bathroom, and (at the end of the term) have been seen grading in church.
Real teachers cheer when they hear April 1 does not fall on a school day.
Real teachers drive older cars owned by credit unions.
Real teachers clutch a pencil while thinking and make notes in the margins of books.
Real teachers can't walk past a crowd of kids without straightening up the line.
Real teachers never sit down without first checking the seat of the chair.
Real teachers have disjointed necks from writing on boards without turning their backs on the class.
Real teachers are written up in medical journals for size and elasticity of kidneys and bladders.
Real teachers have been timed gulping down a full lunch in 2 minutes, 18 seconds. Master teachers can eat faster than that.
Real teachers can predict exactly which parents will show up at Open House.
Real teachers volunteer for hall duty on days faculty meetings are scheduled.

Real teachers never teach the conjugations of lie and lay to eighth graders.

Real teachers know it is better to seek forgiveness than to ask permission.

Real teachers know the best end of semester lesson plans can come from Blockbuster.

Real teachers never take grades after Wednesday of the last week of the six weeks.

Real teachers never assign research papers on the last six weeks or essays on final exams.

Real teachers know the shortest distance and the length of travel time from their classroom to the office.

Real teachers can "sense" gum.

Real teachers know the difference among what must be graded, what ought to be graded, and what probably should never again see the light of day.

Real teachers are solely responsible for the destruction of the rain forest.

Real teachers have their best conferences in the parking lot.

Real teachers have never heard an original excuse.

Real teachers buy Excedrin and Advil at Sam's.

Real teachers will eat anything that is put in the workroom/teacher's lounge.

Real teachers never plan discussions for first period or cooperative groups for 7th during an evaluation.

Real teachers have the assistant principals' and counselors' home phone numbers.

Real teachers know secretaries and custodians run the school.

Real teachers know the rules don't really apply to them.

Real teachers hear the heartbeats of crisis; always have time to listen; know they teach students, not subjects; and they are absolutely non-expendable.