

Early Retirement

Dale Easley's blog

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I'm applying for early retirement due to disability. I've been diagnosed with late-onset Tourette's. It's a real problem. I'm a teacher and, without my volition I'll shout out things in class like, "Turn off your fucking cell phone!" Or "Are you texting or rattling your dick?" Rodney Dangerfield said, "We were so poor when I was a kid, if I hadn't been born a boy, I wouldn't have had anything to play with." He better damn well put his toy away in my class.

I teach geology. I've held in my hands a few copralites, fossilized turds. So I had an idea what the doctor meant when he said I suffered from Coprolalia. I talk shit. It's pretty fucking, woops, sorry, exceedingly common among Tourette's sufferers, and it gets the big fucking press. Woops. I am so fucking, uh, very, sorry. Anyway. So in class, I'll start talking about metamorphism and say shit like, "Metamorphism is like when rocks get the shit squeezed out of them till it's fucking impossible to tell where those motherfuckers came from. They get all banded like some fucking Oreo shit sandwich." Sorry about the language, but I'm going to give the fuck up from here on for self-censoring. Anyway, my students do seem to have better retention of some of my explanations than back in my pre-Tourette's days, and they definitely are more fucking engaged.

Engagement is one of those big fucking academic buzzwords. I mean, it used to mean finding your husband at college. Now they have a National Survey of Student Engagement, and it ain't about preserving the traditional fucking definition of marriage. It means, "Are the goddamn students awake in the fucking classroom?" And if so, are they engaged with their cell phones, their dicks, or your lecture? Actually, we're told to stop fucking lecturing and admit they don't give a shit nor know how to listen. Make them happy so they'll pay their fucking tuition.

Sorry. I'm having a bad fucking day. Coprolalia comes and blows. Shit, I mean goes. Ah, fuck it. Anyway, as you can tell, I've gained street cred in the classroom but am losing my job. Dickwad administrators act like they've never heard fuck. As if. If they listened to faculty they'd hear it a lot, as in "Working here is a goddamn clusterfuck."

I just hope my disability insurance comes the fuck through.