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Gail Simone

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You know what I don't miss? Parent teacher conferences.

Most of Rocketkid's teachers were lovely, but we had two that still stick out in my mind as sad/hilarious.

The first one, he was in elementary school. The teacher said it was 'important' for us to come in.

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So we worried about that for two days until the meeting. What could be wrong? It's scary for parents to be left hanging like that.

So we meet his teacher, goatee and sunglasses...we live in the boonies and yet there's something here like he's trying to be a player.

2/

Not like a lady-player, like he's got an image of himself in his head. We like teachers, but this guy's manner is just weirdly kind of pushy a little bit.

Anyway, we sit does in the kid chairs, he's behind his desk, again, weirdly focused on 'power,' somehow.

No idea why,

3/

We ask about our son, he acts as if he forgot that's why we're there, says some random stuff, all normal, nothing at all worthy of a conference. I mean, contact and communication is important, but thus just feels off-the cuff entirely.

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So then suddenly he gets really intense, but pretends being casual. Like it just occurred to him.

And he says to me, 'So, I hear you're a writer.'

What?

I tell him yes, I write comics and some animation and stuff.

He says. 'I looked you up.'

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At this point, the whole thing feels very creepy somehow, so he asks some questions about writing and the conventions and signings and stuff and he actually stops me mid-sentence and says, 'I've written a novel. It's about a ghost during the Civil War.'

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And then, he starts pitching his novel.

He invited us in to ask how to get an agent.

7/

Play, do you ever want to hear your kid's teacher say, 'I looked you up?'

Brrrr.

Teaching is a hard job, all respect and love to them but...that was weird!

8/

The second one is not quite so weird, but he was in middle school at this point, and his teacher, a woman this time, called and wanted us to come in immediately, because she had 'serious concerns.'

So again, we were extremely worried.

9/

We come in, she's got this serious look on her face.

We are very concerned, we have no idea what's going on.

We sit down, she looks at us like a concerned teacher does, but she doesn't know how to tell us this awful, concerning thing.

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And seriously, we are thinking she's going to tell us something awful, she is clearly worried about the impact of what she's going to say.

Which makes it all much worse, and we're getting more anxious. It's a 'you'd better sit down' moment for sure.

11/

She looks at us, steels up her nerve and says...'in class yesterday, your son...he...your son...'

12/

'...he called himself a 'nerd.'

13/

And her face is just full of sympathy, like she just told us a horrifying thing and we're going to absolutely collapse.

And this is the thing. For a moment, all I wanted to do in the world was pretend to be shocked and horrified.

13/

I honestly thought, and I knew Rocketspouse would go along with it, that if I just collapsed, wailing and screaming, crying to the god...it would be fucking HILARIOUS.

"Oh, god, why hast thou FORSAKEN us and delivered of our loins that most foul beast, the NERD?!?"

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And for a moment, I almost attempt it, but then hubby looks at me and I realize it's not possible.

We are toast.

We are DONE.

And we just both burst out in hysterics, laughing like deranged hyenas.

16/

We are dying, can hardly breathe and she's looking at us in that mix of shock and pity teachers must reserve for parents who have lost their minds.

And that just made it more hilarious.

17/

So we can't stop laughing and then I start to feel bad because she was telling us out of genuine concern, and from her definition, a nerd was a horrible thing...and it really WAS considered that not that long ago and she was just worried, so good on her.

18/

So I try to tell her that 'nerd' isn't really a bad thing anymore, and that Rocketkid has been raised going to conventions, he's met a-list actors and directors (he wants to make movies when he grows up), he's traveled around the world, and oh yeah, his mom writes comics...

19/

We tried really hard to thank her for her concern, genuinely, I know she only meant well, but we must absolutely have seemed like giggling baboons to her, in denial at the terrible tragedy of having raised...

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A NERD!

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It still kills me, sorry. :)

I am positive she went right to the teacher's lounge and said...

"I just met the worst parents ever."

That was a good day.

♥■♥■♥■♥■

End!

PS., Teachers, you are awesome, thank you from the bottom of my heart!