

Born Too Soon: America's Hottest Teachers

by Con Chapman

Ho hum. Another day, another female high school teacher plying her male students with alcohol and marijuana in exchange for sex. It's a story that's become all too familiar, like "Fireman Saves Tree-Climbing Kitten," "Lottery Winner Now Destitute" and "Woman Stuck to Toilet Seat Freed."



"Shagadelic, baby!"

Or else it's a story about a high school English teacher having sex with one of her male students on a green shag rug. Follow this [link](http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/born-too-soon-americas-hottest-teachers) for a handy pocket guide to the recent history of female teacher/male high (and middle!) school liaisons. This material will be on the final, which will count for half your grade.

"I'd like to talk to you about your book report on 'Great Expectations'—after class."

The teachers who get caught propositioning male students are typically wholesome family women, according to interviews with neighbors. Isn't that always the case? This is why I have

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repeatedly called for regular round-ups and preventive detention of wholesome family women, before another young man's morals are corrupted.



As Henny Youngman used to say: "Take my algebra teacher—please!"

One teacher involved in an incident last year—the one on the shag rug, if you're having trouble keeping track—was a "waifish, bespectacled" type. Again, you fool with these women at your peril. It's why I support automated book checkout at my local library. If you get too close to these hotties, you'll get burned.



"Hot pants—huh!"

My question is not "What the hell's going on in America's high schools today?" My question is "Where the hell were these teachers when I was in high school?" Here is as close as I ever got to the torrid emotions that are apparently swirling just beneath the surface of America's female teachers today.



CAUTION: The stories you are about to read may bring a blush to the cheek of ingenuous youth. And, as on *Dragnet*, the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Sister Mary Clarice: A self-styled “new sheriff in town,” this Precious Blood nun took over the glee club of Sacred Heart Elementary School in 1960, determined to clean house and crack down on a hard-core group of depraved boys who refused to sing along to “O Sanctissima” *and told “elephant” jokes in the back row!* (Sample—Q: How can you tell if there's been an elephant in your refrigerator? A: Footprints in the Jello.) During a fire drill she caught me talking in line and grabbed my arm in a manner that is recommended by the Kama Sutra as a sure-fire means of bringing your lover to heights of ecstasy never-before experienced—*and she wasn't even my home room teacher!*



“What are you boys doing back there?”

Mrs. Kennealy: This grey-haired woman single-handedly stopped a fifth-grade crime wave that included consensual “pass out” sessions in the cloak room where students held their breath and allowed classmates to squeeze them until they lost consciousness. I betrayed the trust she had placed in me as Class President in an effort to shed my goody-goody image by asking Scott Lilja and Tommy Dickman to teach me how to give someone the finger; she caught me in mid-bird-flip and whacked my left middle finger with a metal-edged ruler, producing a scar that embarrasses me at business lunches to this day.



Mamie Eisenhower and Bib, the Michelin Man: Mash ‘em up!

Ida Cruzang: This Mamie Eisenhower look-alike killed my interest in math forever with the hide-and-go seek technique she employed to store used Kleenex tissues; one up a sleeve, another slipped discreetly under a bra strap, etc. After a two-hour mid-term exam at the height of cold and flu season she'd look like Bibendum, the Michelin man, in a floral print dress.

"So you're saying Andrew Marvel's 'To his Coy Mistress' is about—darn it, I can't get this thing unsnapped!"

Mrs. Riestang: This sultry-voiced English teacher was familiar to me from summers at the Country Club pool, where I was a part-time lifeguard. When I was assigned to her creative writing class senior year, she praised my lame post-nuclear bomb survival story "Applejack" with words that, in retrospect, were a thinly-veiled attempt at seduction.



"I think you need to work harder to develop the female character," she said as she leaned over my desk, a potent potpourri of stale cigarette smoke and Elizabeth Arden perfume emanating from her every pore. "Also, you've got some kind of Sloppy Joe goober on your lip."

