

# 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](#) 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."

