

[Comment:] Personal narrative. Document formatting is fair, with room for improvement. Document formatting issues: vertical spacing; line spacing; font control; page breaks; margin control. [Observations:] {Integrity}: 100%. {Length}: 100%. {Mechanics:} 99% (spelling 97%, grammar 100%, punctuation 97%, word choice 100%). {Citation formatting:} ungraded. {Reasoning, logic:} 87% (efficiency 79%, acuity 100%, clarity 81%, objectivity 90%).

Name

Professor

Institution

Course

Mr. Jones's Influence on Achieving My Academic Goal

I was a young, naive student in my senior high school; self-confidence was not in me. I was young and tiny, and thus older students had a way of bullying me in school. On this fateful evening, Mr. Jones, who happened to be passing by the washrooms, heard me sob silently in tears, asking me what was happening. I refrained from informing the older boys in our school even after he repeatedly insisted on knowing their names. He offered to give me a ride home, and that is when we formed a bond with Mr. Jones. The teacher made me promise to look for him the next day once I arrived at school. To my shock, Mr. Jones was the new teacher assigned to teach my English class. The best teachers never strive to be the best. They essentially encourage their students to do and achieve their best. I am forever grateful to Mr. Jones for his responsibility, passion, dedication, and contribution to know me closely, helping me excel in my studies, join a prestigious college, and pursue my career goals.

I had problems with my eyesight; thus, I was always required to sit at the front for a clear view of the board and the teacher. He was so pleased to see me in his class, for I could see a little smile. I was always active in his class, answering questions efficiently. He would always ask me to be left behind and share materials to help me attain the best in his class. I was from a humble background, where my father was a local mechanic in the local workshop, whereas my mum was a Sunday school teacher in our church. We grew up in a house of six: my parents, younger brother, and two sisters; one was in college pursuing nursing, and my young sister was just three

years old. Our house was constantly congested, for we shared a two-bedroom apartment downtown; thus, I always found it difficult to finish my homework due to the noise from my two young siblings and, of course, noises from my number.

I remember one weekend when he came to my father's workshop to get service for his Volkswagen beetle 2000 model. "I see great potential in your son, and he will become great in the future," Mr. Jones told my dad. I was always helping my dad with simple work around the workshop during the weekends and holidays when I did not have any work back home. My dad was always convinced I would take over his workshop though that was not my plan for my future. I always saw myself in the city, living the city life.

Mr. Jones asked my dad for permission to have me in his house in the evening, where he would tutor me through complex questions and help me with other assignments. All that is required of pupils is a little support, optimism, and someone who has faith in them. We became so close with where I could spend most weekends at his place. I became the best student in h class, which was also extended to other courses. Through his belief in me, practically all the teachers loved me, and in my final year, I was chosen to be class representative, and I emerged as the best performing student by the end of my senior high school.