

CORRECTION

The English teacher groaned.

So many of her students' words were **misspelt** that she began almost **unconsciously** to pull her **hair** out.

If only my students had enough **discipline** to check **their** writing before submitting it, she thought **to** herself.

But then she was **embarrassed** to note that in her own writing she had **made** a mistake.

Sadly, her dictionary seemed to have **disappeared** and she was **therefore** unable to **check** the correct spelling.

She wondered **whether** the postman, with whom she had enjoyed a brief **liaison**, had stolen it.

Normally she left it over **there** on the sideboard.

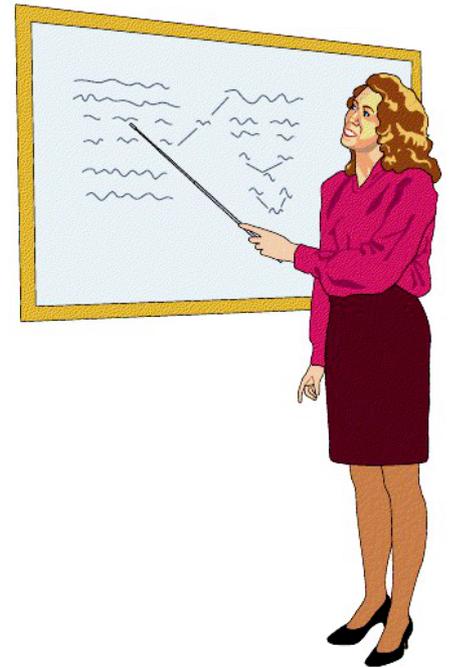
She **quietly** rose from her armchair, **quite** determined to find out **where** the dictionary was.

To her relief, she found it right **there**, **where** it had always **been**.

She was filled with all the **ecstasy** of the fanatical English teacher about **to** consult an expert.

Much **to** her surprise, her former friend, the **mischievous** postman, had written a note **to** her. It was hidden inside the front flap of her favourite book, the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary in Two Volumes*.

"I **know** you will look in this dictionary some day soon," he had written. "You are such a **conscientious** teacher, that you will not be able to stop yourself. I hope you will **acquit** me of any wrongdoing in the course of our relationship. I know that my behaviour was not always **acceptable**. But my **principles** were always good."





“One day, with your work ethic, I am sure that you will rise to become the **principal** of your school. I can only hope that you will **accept** my apologies and not find it **necessary** to hold a grudge against me.”

Occasionally, thought the teacher, life really had something unexpected in store. One only needed a little **perseverance** and a good dictionary, along with some attractive **stationery**, in order to write a life-changing letter like the one that postman had left for her. She was so touched that she stopped worrying about her students’ failure to distinguish between like-

sounding words and use apostrophes correctly.

Almost **unconsciously**, she began a little internal **argument**. Should she ring the postman? He had **definitely** been a kind and decent man and the breakup of **their** relationship had left a **vacuum** in her life. Since **their separation**, she was **conscious** for the very first time that even the **presence/presents** of her beloved dictionary was not sufficient to overcome the loneliness of her **existence**.

She sighed. First, she would correct some more work from her students. Then, she would ring up the postman.

Perhaps.