

Practicum Journal
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Week one

Class 1:

In my first day of practicum I was not nervous or scared but anxious and excited to see how good I could be at being a teacher. Of course I had an observation week before starting to prepare my classes as such but I was not sure about what to expect from my students, the school and myself as an English teacher.

I arrived to the school on time, even when my classes were at five past seven in the morning and I have to tell that I am certainly not good at getting up that early. I did have a plan, and I had clear ideas of what the class content was going to be but I was not going to apply the whole class plan due to I had to first present it to my practicum tutor which I couldn't do before the class and to some schedule and time stuff at both, my university and the school. But I had clear ideas of what the content was going to be and as my teacher recommended, I only applied some games and opening activities that day.

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As a result, my students participated actively and showed enjoyment of the activities we were doing, I could identify better the kind of students they were: the misbehaved, the shy ones, the participative, the active and so on. So I had the chance to think of how good the next activities had to be and which methods and teaching approaches would best match every child in the following classes.

Class 2:

Today I did have the opportunity to implement my class plan and I soon found out one of the most real lessons we teachers could have. I understood and got convinced that **"things will NEVER go the way we expect them to happen, no matter if we have a class plan or not"**. The methodology and activities I used worked perfectly in the second grade but these kids were another story completely different. Their attention was not focused in the tasks and they got distracted very easily. However there were some kids who got at grasp with the lesson really fast and presented good results when practicing the vocabulary which made me feel better and to think positively in a future teaching them what they did not know from previous years as I identified during the diagnostic test.

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Week Two

Class 3:

This day was one of the "not that good" day because I could not work as I had planned. I was not able to use the video beam and my classes had as a base two videos which I needed to develop the class since the very beginning so I had to think about a plan B just in the moment because of that unforeseen problem. Thanks God I had brought my own speakers and my laptop so I improvised and played the videos in my laptop just as sound and no video. Of course I danced so my students would have fun watching my erratic movements due to I am not very good at dancing I may add. All in all, they had fun, they danced and they showed clear proof by pronouncing, using the class content, singing the songs and making the steps of the choreography that at least they learned in that so improvised and out of control day which literally made my day. So I would say that in the end, my students saved the class by themselves and that was even more rewarding than anything. So my day school was full with the most incredible mixture of emotions, at the beginning I was frustrated, then I

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was in a hurry...let's say "acting by motion" but finally I went out really happy and of course tired, but **HAPPILY TIRED** which I consider is that matters the most.

Class 4:

What a beautiful day this was. The morning was cold just as I like, I woke up earlier than the sound of my alarm clock because of course as I was tired last night I went to bed earlier. As a consequence, I arrived earlier at school, the video beam was available and by the way I was able to install, turn on and use it without any problem. My students were so charmed because of the songs and the beautiful ice videos I had prepared for that day. I think I am becoming more acquainted with the "being a teacher" thing, and the best part is that I like it is happening. The day passed as planned in the copies I showed to my teacher, which was definitely good. There is something really important for me to mention, it is that children are saying words in English!!! (shout of happiness :D). I gave them happy faces for the first time and they were so pleased. After the class, during the break time some of them went to the classroom and as the room had many pieces of paper left from the cutting and pasting activity I offered them happy faces to help me clean-up, which they did instantly and

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politely. To sum up, it was an excellent day with a lot of progress for both, the students and me the teacher.

Week Five

By this time I have already lost notion of time. Which I consider a good thing because it is thanks to the way this practicum have become part of my life. And come on! Does anybody count the time they are living? I would say NO, not at all. Or at least no one I have ever known.

As a result, I have become conscious of my role in society as teacher, it is not only to teach English but also to give life lessons for my students as well as for every possible person I meet. And of course, as I am not the wisest person in the world, I also learn from them. Which I consider even more important for me as teacher, researcher and human. There have been some moments I think I will never forget. These kids make laugh every time I am with them, and sometimes I behave as another child in a group of friends.

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Week Six

At this point of the teaching practicum I have already participated in many school extracurricular activities. And I need to say that "teachers" is just a tittle to call our profession, but there are many other tasks to do hiding behind that only tittle. Teachers, when it is necessary become: psychologists, event's organizers, sound technician (which was mostly my role in the events, although I know almost nothing about sound and technology), tailors, party hosts, and cleaners, among other labors that come up according to the different situations we face during a normal (and sometimes not THAT normal at all) work day.

To make it clear, I am not complaining about it. In fact, I did enjoy every event, from "Earth's day" to "Language day", to "Children's day". I had fun, I saw my students enjoy and the school community in general was more closely related. I am a teacher now, and these happenings make part of it, so why not to enjoy them as much as we can?

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Week seven

These last weeks have been amazingly relaxing, the pressure I felt at the beginning of the teaching practicum have completely disappeared. Now almost everything goes in cycling, continuous, calm way. It has passed a lot of time since my students accepted me as **THEIR** English teacher, recognizing me as a constant presence in their school process. Every class seems to have a natural flow of interaction between them and me and the surroundings. They know how to say hello properly in English, what songs to sing when I enter to the classroom, what rules to follow during the lessons and when they are around me. We have become so accustomed to each other that I have started calling them **MY CHILDREN** and they correcting their partners when they say "profe" instead of "teacher", or when they say words in Spanish that we already know in English and use in every class. For example, the classroom supplies, numbers or asking for permission to go to the bathroom. It is so rewarding and gratifying to see how their English level have increased during this time and to see, and feel the way they have welcomed me as one more of their friends and what makes it more incredible, one of them told me that I was his favorite teacher **EVER**.

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Week Eight

Now the time has come, this teaching practicum process is coming to an end and it will be soon time to say good bye. This thoughts bring me some kind of bittersweet feelings. I cannot deny that I am happy I will finish another semester, keep on moving on the career levels, and of course finally have some rest which I desire from a long time ago. Nevertheless, at the same time I have started wondering what will happen with my students, with that friendly atmosphere we have created, with that connection we all have, and with how the farewell will affect their learning process, either negative or positive. Once I leave it will be hard to keep an eye on them, and to make sure they enjoy their classes. I hope with all my heart and soul that these lovable kids that now my students, grow up with as much knowledge and life experiences as the can. I expect they fight for their dreams and to make them come true. And also, that hope that my lessons have reached at least one of them so deeply that they never forget this awesome time we have shared and helped to keep on learning and loving what they do.