

That Rotten Old Dean An Ode To The Notional Functional Approach

by Ajahn Farrang

Let's not blame the students,
Who were fresh and young and keen,
let's just blame the system,
And that rotten old Dean.

For he's the one who bored them,
With his English grammatical rules,
Continuously ignored them,
And made them into fools.

Language is for speaking,
Not writing in a book,
Young people need excitement,
But never got it from that crook.

He couldn't speak English,
That rotten old Dean,
So his students had to suffer,
Words seldom heard, just seen.

No thrill of communication,
Was found within his class,
Only incessant scribbling,
And sitting on one's arse.

No wonder they came to feel,
That English is a nightmare,
For that rotten old Dean,
Compounded their plight there,

By compelling them to memorise,
All kinds of lists and rules,
With but minimal value,
Except for raving fools.

He never taught them how to ask,
Where a friend had been,
Or how to offer guests a drink,
That rotten old Dean.

And, furthermore, he taught in Thai,
Which is, of course, a crime.
He made them feel that English,
Is only used in mime.

So, English was as dry as dust,
With little conceivable use,
And the students quite rejected it,
Because of his abuse.

Now, let all teachers swiftly learn,
From this ghastly tale,
That, if we abuse our students,
They will, inevitably, fail.

Just learn this lesson quickly,
And, as soon as you have seen,
The truth of it, stop being,
A ROTTEN OLD DEAN!