

Good Teacher
By
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“Sometimes it only takes a slight nudge,” Malcolm said to his protégé as they stood at the edge of the subway platform. “People can have awful balance.”

“How do you pick them?” the protégé asked. “They all look like losers that deserve to go.”

“You can just tell,” Malcolm smiled. “See that one? The redhead? She wants it. Look at her eyes.”

The subway came roaring through the tunnel and the protégé gave Malcolm a slight nudge. Malcolm couldn’t help but smile as he fell to the tracks and beneath the train’s wheels.

He knew he was a good teacher.