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Teacher
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He stumbled in drunk, strumming a ukulele, suggested we all take off our shirts. It seemed fishy. But everyone says he's a genius, so OK, we thought, maybe it's a metaphor for something. Our first assignment: Drink someone's blood. Not your own. Report via ghazal. The next week he took us outside into the blizzard, pointed at the library and yelled What's that? The wind babbled like a lunatic. The library! we shouted. He frowned, shook his head, asked again. Hours went by. Our tongues turned to ice. But we learned the lesson: walked away one by one, alone, cold.