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**Teacher**  
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TEACHER

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.