

## Asaf Auerbach At School



This is one of those typical school photos. I could have been in about Grade 4. I took going to school as more or less a matter of course. That I couldn't wait until 1st September would finally arrive, that I for sure can't say. Going to school was normal, so I went. My attitude wasn't one of enthusiasm, but neither was it one of repulsion. I took it pragmatically, that this is the way it's got to be, that it's a fact. What did I like? I don't know, it's been so long...Whether history interested me? Back then they called it something different, homeland studies. I liked math. Writing undoubtedly less so, let alone drawing. I don't remember much from school. Not long ago I found some class photos, the lady in them seems completely foreign to me, even the children, I can remember perhaps one, two boys that I was friends with at the time, but the other faces don't

mean anything to me any more. The way one was yanked out from it, into a completely different environment... I've also always had quite a half-assed memory, I've always had problems with it, that cramming in high school, that wasn't anything for me. This is also one of the reasons that I never had very good grades. If it wasn't a D, it was always a C. I don't want to brag, but it wasn't due to some insufficient amount of intelligence, my memory simply somehow has a low capacity. It's really that we'd memorize something, and a while later I no longer knew anything about it. So when I was tested in something three months old, I stammered and stuttered. And my marks ended up accordingly. My mother paid attention to me when I was studying. So that I'd study. She checked my homework, that's normal, she also had me recite poems. That was a problem, to learn a poem with my memory...But otherwise in elementary school it wasn't all that necessary for her to keep an eye on me.