

## DOC A

### The Best of School

The blinds are drawn because of the sun,  
And the boys and the room in a colourless gloom  
Of underwater float: bright ripples run  
Across the walls as the blinds are blown  
To let the sunlight in; and I,  
As I sit on the shores of the class, alone,  
Watch the boys in their summer blouses  
As they write, their round heads busily bowed:  
And one after another rouses  
His face to look at me;  
To ponder very quietly,  
As seeing, he does not see.

And then he turns again, with a little, glad  
Thrill of his work he turns again from me,  
Having found what he wanted, having got what was to be had.

And very sweet it is, while the sunlight waves  
In the ripening morning, to sit alone with the class  
And feel the stream of awakening ripple and pass  
From me to the boys, whose brightening souls it laves  
For this little hour.

This morning, sweet it is  
To feel the lads' looks light on me,  
Then back in a swift, bright flutter to work;  
Each one darting away with his  
Discovery, like birds that steal and flee.  
Touch after touch I feel on me  
As their eyes glance at me for the grain  
Of rigour they taste delightedly.

As tendrils reach out yearningly,  
Slowly rotate till they touch the tree  
That they cleave unto, and up which they climb  
Up to their lives—so they to me.

I feel them cling and cleave to me  
As vines going eagerly up; they twine  
My life with other leaves, my time  
Is hidden in theirs, their thrills are mine

D. H. Lawrence, *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence* (1964)

Anyone who has been properly beaten will tell you that the real pain does not come until about eight or ten seconds after the stroke. The stroke itself is merely a loud crack and a sort of blunt thud against your backside, numbing you completely (I'm told a bullet wound does the same). But later on, oh my heavens it feels as if someone is laying a red hot poker right across your naked buttocks and it is absolutely impossible to prevent yourself from reaching back and clutching it with your fingers.

Foxley knew all about this time lag, and the slow walk back over a distance that must altogether have been fifteen yards gave each stroke plenty of time to reach the peak of its pain before the next one was delivered. On the fourth stroke I would invariably straighten up. I couldn't help it. It was an automatic defence reaction from a body that had had as much as it could stand.

'You flinched,' Foxley would say. That one doesn't count. Go on - down you get.'

The next time I would remember to grip my ankles.

Afterwards he would watch me as I walked over - very stiff now and holding my backside - to put on my dressing-gown, but I would always try to keep turned away from him so he couldn't see my face. And when I went out, it would be, 'Hey, you! Come back !'

I was in the passage then, and I would stop and turn and stand in the doorway, waiting.

'Come here. Come on, come back here. Now - haven't you forgotten something?'

All I could think of at that moment was the excruciating burning pain in my behind.

'You strike me as being an impudent and ill-mannered boy,' he would say, imitating my father's voice. 'Don't they teach you better manners than that at this school?'

'Thank . . . you,' I would stammer. 'Thank you ... for the beating.'

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Roald Dahl, « Galloping Foxley », *Someone Like You* (1953)

DOC C

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HrxX9TBj2zY>

Pink Floyd, «Another Brick in the Wall », *The Wall* (1979)