

He's a little strange, no doubt. Well, alright, fine: he's more than a little strange. You might even go so far as to say he is certifiably, nay, criminally insane. When in the classroom, I never have to look too hard for him, because he is sitting as close to my podium as he can be without it constituting sexual harassment. His eyes glazed over like a lobotomy patient, he stares at me for almost the entirety of the class, moving only to take notes and to raise his hand in excess of ten times (which is to say at least nine times more than the rest of the students combined).

Henry derives great pleasure from correcting my mistakes – what few there are; I have my Ph.D., after all – and has whispered to people that he thinks he, the lowly grad student, is easily more knowledgeable about the course of study than I am and that one day soon he will be a professor. As a matter of fact, one of the adjunct professors in the department told me that on a day when I cancelled class, there was this dumpy looking kid in the room by himself, standing at the front and pretending to deliver a lecture; of course, that was Henry. I busted my backside for years to get to be the head of the history department; who the hell does this snot-nosed prick think he is, anyway? On the bright side, nobody was around to attend Henry's dissertation, except perhaps the voices in his head.

Despite having to put up with my obvious inferiority, he still knows who fills out the grades at the end of the semester. I know that he wants to be in my good graces, and on some level I can respect that, but on that day of my final lectures of the semester, May 8th, it seemed to me that he finally went too far.