

**Mentor. Friend. My teacher.**

The teacher's profession is considered one of the most important and difficult ones. In my opinion a true teacher is not only a person, who just stands in front of the audience and droningly mumbles something, it is the person who naturally loves his work and subject that he teaches and wants to share it with other people. He tries hard not only to give them theories but also guides people through their difficulties and misunderstandings and awakes in them the interest and curiosity. Today many of teachers say that in fact they are more like negotiators between students and the knowledge. They don't make students strictly following their instructions but observe and criticize their work always explaining the reasons of mistakes and emphasizing pluses. These teachers act like mentors and masters of the past as they bring up students to never give up and educate them to be a wise and confident person. And it is the greatest and most enjoyable prize for the true teacher to watch his student success and become even greater in something than himself.

But can a teacher or a trainer become a friend? Many of people don't think that this is possible. Why should we open up our problems, hobbies and love interests for the people that we can only see through studying prism? They will not understand us, that's for sure! But now I think that teachers are the most understanding people in the world, because they know that every person is unique and interesting.

My horse-riding trainer was that kind of mentor. I had started doing this kind of sport a long time ago when was a little girl. Actually I was very nervous but didn't want to show my fear in front of strangers. It was fascinating to watch synchronous moves of horses and riders and observe grace and power of these wonderful animals. I could not wait to ride my own horse and jump above the obstacles so I put my helmet on and with my instructor's help climbed in saddle. But the beginning lessons are seem very boring in most of disciplines especially for young children. I felt that I was fed to the teeth with slight and easy turnings of my hands that were making horse do slow circles around racecourse. And when my mentor looked aside I plopped my legs on the horse's side to make it go faster. Horse switched its walk to trot and I was thrilled with excitement. But I didn't how to stay in the saddle properly and chaotically shacked on its back until my legs suddenly left the stirrups. I started to panic when I felt that my body was slowly sliding down the horse

side. When horse was passing another turn on an increasing speed I could not keep balance anymore and fell down. My worried instructor came in time and took the horse under the bridle and went to me. I was not hurt very much: I got away clear only with some small bruises. But the tears were streaming down my face because of realizing the stupidity of my act and awkwardness of situation I got into because all of riders were looking at me. My mentor came to me and through the veil of tears I heard her say with understanding and reassuring smile: "-Do you know why horse started to run faster and because of what you fell? Because you were scared. Animals can feel our fear and become infected with it too. Don't let it control your mind. Of course, you need to study but you've already got a hardest lesson." Then she helped me to stand up and we walked together to the racecourse's gates.

By that time, we've become a very good friends. I could not wait to see my Big Friend, as I called her, on horse-riding lessons not only to learn how to guide your horse and overcome the obstacles, but also to share my interests. We always had conversations about many different objects: from musical genres we both liked to future cosmic expeditions of humanity. And also, of course, we talked a lot about horses and she even showed me how to groom and feed them. I shared my worries and problems and always received a useful advice of a wise successful sportswomen whose first principle was never give up. Now thanks for her lessons I can jump on the horse back any time and run free at the high-speed gallop.

That was a great person who helped me a lot to relax and feel free and affected the making of my personality. I've learned from her how to be honest and self-critical with yourself, how to be confident and brave enough to make my dreams come true. But also, as long as I can remember she was a kind of role model for me because if she was setting a particular goal she always stood to one's guns and made a maximum effort for achieve it. In fact, there are not many teachers of that kind, people that can be your mentors and friends, but I wish that every student will have an experience in that great sort of relationship.