Describing a person

In Roald Dahl's autobiographies, *Boy* and *Going Solo*, he provides his readers with many descriptions of interesting people. In the following extract from *Boy*, Dahl describes his maths teacher, Corkers.

**Corkers**

There were about thirty or more masters at Repton and most of them were amazingly dull and totally colourless and completely uninterested in boys. But Corkers, an eccentric old bachelor, was neither dull nor colourless. Corkers was a charmer, a vast ungainly man with drooping bloodhound cheeks and filthy clothes. He wore creaseless flannel trousers and a brown tweed jacket with patches all over it and bits of dried food on the lapels. He was meant to teach us mathematics, but in truth he taught us nothing at all and that was the way he meant it to be. His lessons consisted of an endless series of distractions all invented by him so that the subject of mathematics would never have to be discussed. He would come lumbering into the classroom and sit down at his desk and glare at the class. We would wait expectantly, wondering what was coming next.

‘Let’s have a look at the crossword puzzle in today’s *Times*,’ he would say, fishing a crumpled newspaper out of his jacket pocket. ‘That’ll be a lot more fun than fiddling around with figures. I hate figures. Figures are probably the dreariest things on this earth.’

‘Then why do you teach mathematics, sir?’ somebody asked him.

‘I don’t,’ he said, smiling slyly. ‘I only pretend to teach it.’

from *Boy* by Roald Dahl