

I tell myself not to look at them.....I'm not prepared to see the horrors that await me. Last week, I failed a test. Yes, It had been my fault; I assumed the test wouldn't be challenging, because I was doing fine in that class. Yet, I was wrong. I was unaware how brutal my teacher was. It was, probably, the hardest test I've ever taken. Most of the material was barely touched upon, and I hoped that maybe everyone else would fail too. Yet again, I was wrong. An anger and envy boiled inside of me as everyone else flashed their shiny, A+, papers. I solemnly looked down at the paper to see my grade: I got an F. Not just an F, but an F-. Today, the grades on Digital academy were updated. I had a B in that class; whatever my grade is now is surely significantly lower than it was before. I sheepishly signed into my laptop and opened up Digital Academy, pleading against my fate. My hands were trembling as I typed in my username and password. As soon as I signed in, I frantically scrolled down the dashboard scanning the classes. A, B+, A-, A+.....F. I had an F in the class. A big, fat, bulging, F. I knew my parents would be furious, so I made a pact with myself to keep the grade hidden. My first F. What was I supposed to do? How will I bring it up? We won't have another test for at least a few weeks, so my only way of bringing the grade up until the test will be through worksheets and short assignments. Over the course of the next week, I put a vigorous effort into every assignment, worksheet, and bellwork we did. I made sure to write down notes in great detail, and even add extra footnotes and explanations. When the test finally came, I was extremely nervous. I had gotten my grade back up to a C, and I knew that if I did well on this test, it would bring my grade back up to the original grade of a B+, or even higher. The night before the test, I studied for hours. I memorized all of my notes, graded assignments, and textbook pages, and recalled them in impeccable detail. I was ready. I strided into the classroom, boldly but tensely. I was eager to get this exam over with, but also was anxious about the intensity of the quiz. The teacher handed out the tests and told us we may begin. I looked over at my classmates to see confused and distressed looks. I braced myself and looked down at the first question, but I baffled myself by knowing the answer. Puzzled, I looked through the rest of the questions. I knew them like the back of my hand. I finished the test in a record timing of 20 minutes, with the rest of the class taking almost an hour. My friend, Bertha greeted me after the exam, "Dang, that test was really hard! I'm scared for what my grade will be. How did you do?" Proudly, I cleared my throat and said, "Well, Bertha, I was in a similar situation as yours last exam, and I can confidently say that after this test, my grade may be an A or higher." I grinned. "Wow, really! Great job! Maybe you could show me some of your study habits, and we can both get As! I agreed with her, and boldly went to my next class. That was a lovely interaction. Anyways, we got the graded tests back a few days later. I got an A+, plus extra credit. I was content with my work. Sadly, Bertha got a D. I agreed to help her study, and next test she got an A as well. We really do make a great pair, and this great victory helps me understand that I can accomplish anything I put my mind to!