

Ashani Ferguson

9.14.20

I was fifteen years old at the time. The day was bright and sunny with no chance of rain. The air smelt like luck because I was preparing for a test that I felt confident about. As I walked through the big noisy hallway I talked to my friend about dance. Once I reached my history class I sat down only placing a pen at my desk. My teacher handed out the test and said "to be quiet and begin", the test was so easy that I finished in less than ten minutes with a sense of certainty that my answers were correct. My feet shaking and my smile from ear to ear I turn in my paper. My teacher quickly graded the test as I talked to my friends. He handed back the graded papers and asked me and a girl who was sitting next to me to step out the room. He explained that we both passed with the same answers even for the written part, he then went on to explaining how he doesn't condone cheating. From there my happy sunny day went dark, I tried to explain to him that I didn't cheat and actually studied hard but, he wasn't having it. He started yelling and told us to follow him to the vice principals office. I never hated someone so much, he even gave us another test with different questions and I still passed while the other student failed and he never apologized.