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Exam Pressure

Monday the 9th of November 2009. English Vocabulary Test. Ms Thomas informed the class two weeks ago that the test was today; my classmates are panicking because of a lack of revision. The test started, I caught Brathwaite attempting to glance at my paper, so I fiercely covered it up and gazed at him in disappointment. I thought, 'Wouldn't it be the logical thing to revise *before* the test?' I began to wonder what one would achieve by looking at the answer – it is not like they are going to learn anything is it? The test was over and I was given my mark; thirty eight out of forty five. In my opinion, yes it was a test but it was not exactly the grade I was looking for.

My mind set was still cemented on what happened in August. How I had to hold back my tears in front of Ms Kelly. This is the main reason why I am always in the library every break and lunch swotting. Even the librarian Mrs Hamilton made a sneaky joke that the library was my new best friend. I returned with a fake smile and laugh but then actually, upon reflection had to admit what she had said; in fact it was the truth.

That same day I walked past Room 31 and saw Ms Kelly sitting at the computer clicking away on the mouse, her facial expression was full of distress. Before I strolled in I had already rehearsed what I was going to say to her, I do not want to waste any valuable time with small talk. She is always one for jumping at the opportunity to ask 'friendly' questions such as, 'How was your weekend Jay?' when we're in the middle of the week or 'Did you win your football match?' when she knows perfectly well that I'm a cricketer. I sensed the 'friendly' question and answer session was cancelled today though.

But why? Maybe she had a bad day? Or maybe her personal problems were beginning to clash with work? There were lots of rumours flying around... At that time I wish I was blessed with the ability to read one's thoughts, but hey we can't have everything...

I jumped towards my requesting when hearing her refusal to give me the dates. What was exactly her reasoning in rejecting my request? She mentioned it was not my priority and I should concentrate on my independent study. Not my priority?! She even asked me if I would like to return in February. Is that a threat...? At that precise moment my heart sank, and without even acknowledging her – I left the room and walked towards the library.

Jay Simple
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