

Extra time on finals

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“ The list for the classrooms hosting extra time will be posted on the bulletin board.

You can ask the front office if you don't know if you're in extra time.” our Head of High School announces during morning meeting. We all stand there listening, finals is just a week away and we're all on edge, ready to get it over with. I look around at my fellow students, I know I'm one of those extra time students. As much as I like being in the extra time, being in a quiet room with only about ten or fifteen students in one of the regular classrooms, I miss being in the large gym with everyone else.

I like being with my friends right before the final, looking at them right before the tests are given to us, wishing them good luck right as we start. Yes, the gym is somewhat distracting, but I like the feeling of taking the test with others and that they are probably just as distracted as I am. So when I go into the extra time room I look around the classroom, maybe I'm taking a science final in the spanish room, or the history final in the chemistry classroom. Whichever room I'm in, I'm still with others. I still find it surprising every time I see the other students who are in extra time.

Some are my friends, and some are just students I know as passerbyers. Each time I see the other extra time students I want to ask them “ So why are you in extra time?”, but I know that asking that would be rude and frankly, it's not my business so why bother? Even if they're my friend I feel like I'm invading their personal space by asking. So I don't ask. Nor do i really talk to them, we're all busy studying up until the last moment. Though

we're studying on our own and ignoring each other, I still wonder if the others are wondering what I was wondering, why each of us is there.

I know I'm there because I have trouble focusing and get easily distracted. I'm sure half of them are there for the same reason I am. I feel like I'm a bad person for wondering and practically judging them for why they may be there. When it comes time to take the test, we go to our respective room and wait to start. When we take finals, we have two a day for two days, and then one final on the last day with a make up final and the double discipline on the last day. If you're in extra time and the final is in the afternoon, you have to wait an extra hour after the rest of the school has started their second final, for you to start the final.

It's because the first final time has to run out and unless everyone is done and willing to start early, you simply have to wait around an extra hour while everyone else is looking at the test and thinking it over. It's almost torture having to wait. Yes, some may say that's a whole extra hour to study, but when it comes down to it, I just want to get it over with before I over think it all. When I go to take my final with the other extra time students, the room is quiet and full of nervous faces, yet at the same time the air is calm and everyone seems to be relaxed and at ease. We're all there for the same reason, to take a final. When the final finally starts there are times when I feel like there's an earthquake underneath my feet, some people are shaking their leg so much.

Yes, it annoys me and makes it hard to focus, yet I can't exactly say stop when I do the same thing at times. Some may think that since we're in extra

time it's much harder for us to take the final, but in reality, it's probably a lot easier for us to take it because we're not in a large room full of distractions. We all have fun before the final, we all get along well, and we have fun sometimes while we take the final. Last year I hated it when I had a final second and I was in extra time for that final because I disliked the wait, but after this past final I realized that I was lucky to have that whole extra hour to study. I was lucky to be in the room with less people with comfortable desks and lots of light streaming in. I realized that being in extra time wasn't a burden, but a privilege that I was practically throwing away with my frustration to the late start during the second final of the day.

At first I felt like I was being singled out by my teachers and treated differently with the fact that I was in extra time, but then I realized that it wasn't, and that being in extra time really wasn't so bad and that it's actually quite rewarding, even if my grade doesn't always show it. So even though I want to know why someone else is in the extra time, it's not my business and I know now that those of us who are in the extra time are actually pretty lucky to be in there and to have that extra hour to study. We're not some sect of our school who should be pitied on for not being able to focus, but a group of students who are lucky enough to get to work in a room free of distractions.