

My first ap exam

Business



I leave the comfort of the car as my worn gym shoes hit the deteriorating, blistering, hot pavement with a soft thud. I release the glistening freshly painted car door and, without looking back, I nervously pace in a determined speed across the gum covered ground to my destination. I have allocated an abundance of time for this short journey, but I cannot seem to keep my heart from racing and my steps from getting faster and faster. I look around, with the warm sun's rays beating down on me, and observe the worrisome carefree crowd sitting and chatting together as if this were to be an uneventful day. As each step brings me closer, and my time to arrival shortens, I begin to worry and goose bumps slowly start to engulf my body from head to toe.

I have never been more anxious or fearful in my entire dull life but today, if successful, will bring me one step closer to escaping the monotonous life I currently lead. One hundred and eighty-five minutes of worry and tension will ultimately save me hours of studying and thousands of dollars, or it will prove that I have wasted numerous weekends absorbing hoards of pointless information. Most likely, today is the most critical day of my life because today I will be taking my first AP test. If I receive a good score it will prove to me and numerous colleges that I can compete with the best students from all over the nation. If I do not receive a good score I may be doomed to the dungeon known as "community college."

"So, continuing on my path, my sight focuses and I see that I have reached my desired location. My friends and classmates are visible standing next to the building with worried expressions on their faces, waiting for the gym doors to open and I join them with a million of thoughts popping through my head. After what had seemed to be hours waiting for the doors, covered in

gray and rusty colors, to be open, I was finally able to rush into the gym. To my surprise, the gym had been completely transformed from the smelly gloomy place that I once ran laps in as a freshman to a wonderful sea of shiny new desks waiting to be filled with apprehensive pupils. I found a desk I thought would suit me well for the next four hours. However, as soon as I sat down, thoughts flooded into my brain, and I immediately began to think that I should have sat closer to the front.

Unfortunately, it was too late to move now so I pulled out my piles of carefully sharpened pencils, pens, erasers, and pencils sharpeners and aligned them neatly along the top of my desk. As soon as my hands made contact with the glossy plastic wrapped test booklet, I wanted to rip it open so that I could devour all the information inside of it and get a head start. But instead, I made my way pleasantly down the one of the many rows of desks until I reached my spot. I sat there staring at the test trying to pierce through its light-green freshly printed cover to see the seventy questions that would ultimately decide my fate. After everyone took their seats the proctor began and without warning said “ begin.

” At first I hesitated, but once I gathered my wits, I began furiously filling in bubble after bubble, pressing as hard as possible to ensure my answers will be read by the scanning machine. Every few minutes I would look at my watch, checking to see how much time I had left. Finally, I finished. I released the pencil from my stiff damp hand and was relieved for it to be over. As I gathered my breath, I looked around and watched who was still furiously bubbling in their remaining answers and who looked like they could care less what they entered on their forms.

My eyes quickly scanned the room for the people I had predicted would score a five, and then I began to feel nervous again followed by the feeling of vomit being drawn from my esophagus. All around me the sounds of pens clicking, eyes wandering, and the soft tapping of the counselor's heels across the lament floors echoed throughout the confined space. Then the counselor announced in her most proper voice, " put down your pencils and stop working". At that moment, the room was filled with a sigh of relief followed by chatter. Soon the temporary relief was over and you could feel the tension in the air once again. The break was over and kids began returning to their seats for the dreaded essay portion of the test.

Once again the proctor's voice cracked over the loud speaker as the word " begin" exited her lips, and everyone in the room began reading the passages and pens began writing. All you could hear was the soft melody of pen to paper, pen to paper. I thrust open the booklet fast this time, having anticipated the speedy start. For endless minutes I sat staring at the essay questions typed in black times new roman font over and over, until finally all my memories rushed through my head. My brain went into overdrive.

Thoughts came so fast that my hand did not have enough time to write everything down. This caused the inexpensive imported indigo ink of my bright yellow pen to smear against the palms of my hands resulting in the words that I just penned to effortlessly droop down into each other. During this section, just as the last, I slyly looked down to check the time and as I watched each second pass by I felt my heart beat come in tune with each passing second. Finally, the one hundred and eighty-five agonizing minutes were over, and once again leaving the freshly glossed lips of the counselor

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were the words “ stop and put down your pencils.” I thrust down the pen dripping with perspiration, and slightly indented with bite marks, onto my desk and felt a wave of accomplishment rush over my body.

At that same moment, I wanted to rip my answer sheet apart because I was worried what the score might look like on midnight July first. Then, I calmed down and continued on with my life only to realize that I had eight more painful exams to take.