

Butterfiles

[Business](#)



I swallow hard, and shake in my seat as I wait to be called on. My stomach is filled with butterfiles. Today in english I have present. I hate presenting with a passion. Everybody stares at you, just waiting for you to mess up. They all listen carefully judging your paper.

My face turns red with embarrassment, and my body shakes as I read. I try to talk fast, to get it over with, but it feels like I have been reading this paper for a lifetime. Finally, it's over. I hand my teacher my paper, and sit down keeping my head down. My face is still red. But I extremely glad that it is over.

Every time I present I get anxious and nervous, but at when I finish reading, I always wonder why.