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First Day Narrative
AP Language Period B3
Mr. Coia
630 Words

“You’re All Going to Fail”
My First Day of 11th Grade

Finally, the supposed monster awaiting us all had arrived. The night before, Facebook statuses revealed quite the spectrum of emotion, ranging from relieved seniors happy to start their last year, to angry sophomores realizing that they're stuck in high school for three more years, to the stereotypical freshmen who, of course, were not sure whether to pee their pants in excitement or hide under the bed and never come out. However, there were few status updates from the juniors, since most of them were busy finishing AP summer work and praying to their deity that they could get through the year without crying in public, failing their classes, passing out from exhaustion, or all three. I was among those juniors.

The day began with AP Biology. I plan to major in biology someday, and the college I want to go to will closely examine my performance in this class in order to make a decision that will affect my whole life, so there's a tiny bit of pressure involved here. The teacher started class by facing us and clearly announcing, "You are all going to fail every test." We all looked around, checking to see if anyone was going to do what we all wanted to do at that moment, which was to promptly get up and leave the room. No one did. The rest of the class was spent being told that we were going to fail often, and then having a huge lab assignment dumped on us. We were all a little apprehensive after A1, as we should have been, because the rest of the day went almost exactly the same.

Next period was AP US History. Based on her name, Nikki Summers, I was expecting a 20-something blonde with a 1970's haircut and a large set of white teeth. Upon arriving to class, I

found that my expectation may have been true back in 1970, but was now completely wrong. Ms. Summers was a middle-aged woman with an average haircut and ordinary teeth. She started class by explaining that there were going to be many essays that we were going to be incapable of writing, as well as thirty chapters of reading that we were going to be incapable of comprehending. After that rousing introduction, we were told to go around the room and look at the documents on the walls and analyze them. During that time, three complete strangers came up to me with a panicked look in their eyes, asking me how in the world we were supposed to do this. Apparently, I looked like I knew what I was doing- I didn't. I made up something about how you had to find key phrases, and watched each person walk away with the same look they had when they approached me.

After lunch, I had Japanese IV. It was exactly like David Sedaris' *Me Talk Pretty One Day*, except that the teacher did not stab anyone in the eye with a pencil, and I was one of about three of the seventeen students who were not fluent in the language. The entire period was spent trying my hardest to comprehend even single words of the torrential outpouring of foreign coming from the teacher's mouth. The only thing I understood out of the whole class was that we were allowed to go to the bathroom sometimes.

The last period, thankfully, was easy. In pre-calculus we simply plotted some points and made a pretty picture on graph paper. This was above many people's ability, but I understood alright. During the twenty minutes of mindless coloring, I realized that I was expected to fail everything. With that in mind, I finished coloring and decided that I was going to go home and update my Facebook status to say that this year was going to be a long one, and watch as all the other AP juniors "liked" it.