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*Story about a time when I failed an exam*

This story happened to me when I had finished the 9th grade. By that time, I had already been studying at School 239 for two years, the distinctive feature of which had been the difficulty of education due to the focus on physics and mathematics, as well as annual internal exams that had to be passed to move to the next grade. By that point, I had already passed the State Exam, which is taken in all schools in the 9th grade, and the only thing that had been left was to pass the school exam in physics.

On the first attempt, I went in with confidence, thinking I had studied everything and would surely pass with at least a 3. However, when I arrived for the exam and received the paper, I spent 30 minutes trying to recall something from the listed topics, but I couldn’t recall anything. As a result, I failed the first attempt, after which I was sent for a retake. When I arrived for the retake, I was certain that this time I would definitely pass, as I had been preparing for two weeks straight. By that time, I had already learned all the theory and had solved a very large number of tasks. However, I failed again because I ended up with an examiner who had passed only one person with a grade higher than 2. I was prepared for another week, attending preparation classes at my school, and constantly reviewing the material. But I also failed the third attempt, because it was my last chance and I was really nervous. After that, I was expelled from that school.

It was mid-July, and I didn't know what to do. The only thing that came to my mind at that moment was to try to return to my old school. I immediately went to the subway, and all the while I was traveling to my station, I was thinking about how to explain my situation and whom to turn to. When I arrived at my old school, I ran into a teacher I knew. He advised me to approach the algebra teacher who had taught me when I was in the 7th grade. I entered the school and immediately met that teacher, I told him about my situation, after which we were talking for about half an hour. In the end, he said to wait and went to the school principal. For about 20 minutes, I sat and waited for my teacher. I really hoped for a positive outcome because at that time I hadn't told my parents yet that I had been expelled from School 239. When the teacher returned, he said that I could go to the principal and submit my documents. I submitted them and was successfully enrolled in the 10th grade at my old school.

The most interesting thing about this situation was that only some time later did I find out that I had been very lucky to meet my teacher, who had arranged with the principal for my enrollment without exams. Because if I hadn’t had this arrangement to enter that school in the 10th grade, I would have been required to take entrance exams. And by that time, two weeks had already passed since their completion, and those who had taken them were waiting for the results.