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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 2 years, the distinctive feature of which had been the difficulty of education and annual exams. By that point, I had already passed my State Exam, and all 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 anything from the listed topics. 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 2 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 the examiner who had passed only 1 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, the reason being my nervousness because it was my last chance to pass the exam. 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 met one of the familiar teachers who advised me to approach the algebra teacher who had taught me when I was in the 7th grade. After I entered the school, I immediately met that teacher, I told him about my situation, after which we was 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 by that time I hadn't told my parents yet that I had been expelled from 239 school. When the teacher returned, he said that I could go to the principal and submit my documents. I submitted my documents 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 I found out that I had been very lucky to meet my teacher, who had arranged with the principal for my enrollment without exams. Because to enter that school in the 10th grade, I had 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.