Michael Weyman

Ms. Caldwell Thomas

ENG 101- 047

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**The Almost Expulsion of Michael Weyman**

It was a cold winter night; it had been 10 days since I have last gone to school. Suspension was the case and expulsion seemed far too close to not consider an option. Today Campbell County High School was cancelled for a snow day. It was the most snow we have gotten all year. It also was the day I knew if I was getting expelled or not. It was around 6 pm and I found myself outside in my dad’s car going over what will happen during the hearing.

I was very confident about every little detail of what I had to do, and I was confident that they would let me go without any punishment; they didn’t have any proof. The question why am I even here was going through my head constantly, flashing me back to December 3rd, which was the day I was suspended. I held so much anger towards my situation, and I wanted it to be all over.

Finally, it was time to proceed into where my hearing was taking place. I was cocky and ambitious about what dumb things the school would say, because they knew nothing about my situation; they didn’t even have a rule for it. As I walked in my friend Gabe came out; his hearing was right before mine. The look on his face was discomfort, and it made me freeze. I didn’t know what happened to my cockiness, but it was gone. The sense of fear rushed into my blood stream. My other friend Matt nudged me on for we were having our hearing together instead of separately. Matt, our two lawyers, and I sat down and our hearing began.

“Will the principals please introduce why this hearing is taking place,” The superintendent stated. I watched as one of my principals rose and went to the podium, it was Mr. Franzen. He was the principal that interrogated me. It was 7th period on Friday December 3rd, like usual I went to the bathroom before class. On the way back to my class I saw my friend Gabe with one of our principals, Mr. Ritter. I thought nothing about it and entered my classroom

As I entered my class my teacher told me that I was called down to the principal’s office. I still had no thought of why, and I didn’t think it was anything serious. As I entered I was escorted to Mr. Franzen’s room, he was sitting in his desk with the same stupid look on his face that he always had. “Take a seat,” he muttered as I walked into his room. I sat down and Franzen asked, “Do you know why we called you down here?” I replied “I have no idea,” he proceeded to tell me that I do know why and that I needed to cooperate. I honestly had no idea what was going on as Mr. Franzen printed out some papers on his computer. “We found a file containing usernames and passwords on your personal hard drive,” Mr. Franzen asked, “is this true?”, “Yes it is,” I replied “I have had that list since sophomore year and have never used it.”

The hearing continued, before Mr. Franzen was done introducing me he stated, “We have no proof that Michael has done anything wrong.” Once again the question popped into my head, why am I siting here then? If they have no proof what so ever, why was I suspended for 10 days? I looked towards where my parents were seated. My dad looked pissed, and I knew he wanted to throw out a few choice words to the board, but my mom was restraining him, keeping him from making it worse than it already is. As another principal introduced Matt I started to daydream about how I got the list.

It was my sophomore year, 2nd period programming class. The class was taught by my favorite teacher and was the best class of my high school life. Gabe, Matt, and I were all in that class together with our friend Derek. Derek and I became close friends and he taught me a few things we could do with computers. Derek taught me how to hack. Later that year we compiled a list of usernames and passwords so we could bypass our schools firewall to watch YouTube.

Derek went on to go to college after that year, skipping 2 years of high school. Derek was a genius, and he didn’t leave me empty handed. Before Derek left he talked to me about the list we had made towards the beginning of the year. He told me he put the list on my personal hard drive, and to give it to Gabe. I forgot about the list my junior year because I didn’t have a computer class.

I caught back up with the hearing while my lawyer and the schools lawyer were arguing back and forth. “You can’t accuse these students of anything without any proof,” my lawyer stated. “No we are not accusing, we are just stating why this is a high level offence,” the school’s lawyer backfired. “There still is no reason to state anything about changing grades when these students already told you what they used the passwords for!”, Matt’s lawyer replied. “They aren’t bad kids and this punishment is unfair,” Said my lawyer. The school’s lawyer became silent, he was beaten and he knew it.

It came to the closing of the hearing. The school’s lawyer muttered his last words pathetically, and the board dismissed to come up with a decision. While they were figuring out the decision I went to the bathroom and got a drink. It had been 4 hours since I entered the building. The board was laughing in the room talking in a circle. I had no clue what the outcome would be and fear rang throughout my body once again. Finally the board came out of the room and took their seats. “Due to the absence of proof that these students have done anything but possess a list of usernames and passwords, they shall not be expelled!”