I knew immediately as I ran into class, an hour late, that this period was not going to be enjoyable. I hastily sat down, frantically got out a piece of paper and furiously started jotting down bullet points. I barely heard my teacher rambling on about last night’s work and how he had made the instructions very clear on what to do, and that NO ONE should’ve forgotten. At this point I looked up from my terrible notes only to see him glaring down at me. “Ryan,” he snarled. “Why don’t you present what you have.” I swallowed my nervousness, looked him in the eye and said, “I’m sorry, but I didn’t know how to do the homework.” His reply was immediate. “I thought I made it CLEAR on how to do it!” I replied, “I’m sorry Mister-” “I don’t CARE what your excuse is, you are presenting what you have prepared.” he roared with a smirk on his smug face. Taken back by this burst of outrage, I quickly stood up and launched into the meager presentation I had worked on for the best of two minutes. As I concluded my brief performance I sadly sat down and stared at my desk as other people commenced their presentations. Never had I felt so bad in my life.