

A Story

That is 1993 summer. APU has one summer class 12/16 students got D grade. The case affects a lot of people. It includes 12 students who got a D Grade, two teachers (That class has two teachers) and include APU close their MS degree of computer science one or two years later. Why I told you that, because I am not one of the 12, but got affect badly and almost give away everything.

That day, I came back from my hometown and go to school. I wanted check where my classroom is. I found some classmates just turn their way to different direction and looked weird. Finally, I grabbed one boy who was good to me, he wanted me to see the grade posted on outside the wall of office. I never really pay attention of my grade at time; I already know how hard this class is. My best girlfriend hanging around wanted to check my graded, too. After I saw my grade, I found a lot of D on the list. My best girlfriend just turned away and say nothing. The boy told me "Everyone said that I told the teacher, they are copy each other. One IT even told his roommate, he saw the email I send to teacher and saw me to tell the teacher "

From that day on almost one month, my roommate checks out me every one or two hours when I was in room, I must answer him even he knows I am crying inside the room, he also told me "Amanda, I am going to sleep, if you need me, just knock my door." ...

Life is too painful, I cannot keep my roommate worried about me, what I did is numb my brain to keep what live needs to stop crying. I don't know how I finish class. For me that diploma does not important anymore.

For the past 29 years, every time when I think about this thing, I still ask myself, "Do I really tell the teacher that?" I know myself, if I really do it, I won't be so upset. But what if?

If I was a little braver, if school give me a little bit help or give me some suggestion to take a time off. My life might change, but there is no "IF".