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As I hobble along, cautiously avoiding the bloody, lifeless bodies, a horse gallops toward me from the distance at full speed. WHAM! It deftly knocks me to the ground before trotting away, neighing as if to mock me. As I lie there, a fresh wave of blood drenches me as another falls. Heaven help me, I silently pray as my eyes squeeze shut, for I fear that I shall not live through this day, June 27, 1709, the Battle of Poltova.

When they reopen, it is Wednesday, May 14, 2014, and I am sitting in the school auditorium, taking the AP European History Exam. I sigh in relief, only to grimace again. Only twenty minutes into the exam, and already I am stuck on the thirteenth question. What is the significance of the Battle of Poltova? What an overconfident fool I was to ignore my AP review book last night! My brain, completely cooked from having sat through the AP US History Exam a mere half hour ago, feels like scrambled eggs. I should serve it to the CollegeBoard, with a side of ketchup—for extra credit, possibly. Just then, I feel a nudge on my elbow. I have attended school long enough to understand that the nudge isn't accidental; it is a plea for help, an offer of alliance. I glance up, and sure enough, many are whispering amongst themselves quietly, dodging the administrator's less-than-attentive eyes.

The clichéd scene from my childhood TV shows now replays in my head. On my right shoulder, an angel clad in white pleads, "Don't do this, you're so much better." On the opposite shoulder, a demon in black bounces up and down, shrieking, "Would you rather fail?" I flick both of them off of my shoulder—meddlesome little things. I really do, however, want to pass this exam. I don't think I can do it alone; I can't even recall a simple detail from the Battle of Poltova now. I deliberate for a moment, and then clench my fists with resolve. Smiling, I turn to my neighbor, my nudger. "Nudge me once more and I'll report you," I whisper sweetly, before turning back to my exam, never looking up again for the remaining three hours.

My record remains clean, for I did not cheat on my exam that day. I kept myself from deviating from the moral guidelines I had set for myself, and to this day a feeling of intense, fierce pride swells up in my heart for keeping a clean conscience. That is why my joy doubled when July came, for I saw the big "4" on my CollegeBoard account, a measure of my integrity.