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My Worst Struggle

Junior year was my worst year of high school. I began to have senior-itis at the wrong time; I just thought I would fly through the last two years of high school with no problems. I was in for a rude awakening. Dealing with the most difficult class that I had ever taken taught me the definition of perseverance.

Mr. Randels, my English III teacher, was teaching through a college that is based in New York. It was an advanced placement course, which some other kids and I took because we were told that we would receive college credit. No one told us that the class would be an advanced class in which I learned absolutely nothing. That is when my high-school GPA took a turn for the worse.

I had always been a bright girl, so I thought nothing of taking a college-level course in high school. However, I didn't think college was all about throwing writing assignments at the students and not going into detail about what needs to be in the paper. The first week of school made me think that I was going to enjoy the class. We got to know each other and the writing topics were very interesting. The second week, he gave us four articles to read in one night and said to write journals for each reading. He never specified what he wanted to be in those journals. Mr. Randels just said to do a free write. So that is what I did.

Low and behold, I received a 0 on every one of my journals. I was shocked because I took time to read the articles and type the journals. That was a lot for one night. I did not challenge him about my grade, but I wanted to know how to correct my errors for the next time. The only thing he told me was that it was not a good enough journal. For weeks and weeks, I continued to get poor grades, and I eventually told the principal. She talked to him and said that

it was unfair for us not to be given reasons why we were not receiving better grades. It was a problem that the entire class was failing. Something wasn't right. After that, he began to tell us that he was looking for comparison and contrast in the journals. That helped because I was able to incorporate that into my writings.

By the middle of the fall semester, I was at a *C* average, and I could not accept that. I tried my very best to bring that *C* up, but there were not enough graded assignments left to make that happen in nine weeks. For the next semester, I wanted to finish with a *B* average. I turned in everything on time, sometimes earlier than the due date because I needed no reason for him to continuously lower my GPA.

By the end of spring semester, I maintained an *A* average and was very elated. Even though the *C* did a little harm to my GPA, it wasn't too bad. Once my principal saw my final grade from spring, she bought me a Popeye's dinner to celebrate. The class had me up many nights until one and two in the morning. Sometimes, I did not get a chance to sleep at all. I knew that I had a goal to reach, and by all means, I was going to get there.