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7th Grade Language Arts

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Amen!

My knees were shaking, my heart was racing, and my breathing was rapid. Why was I so nervous!?! I have received plenty of awards, why should this one be any different! I looked over to my mom, and gave her a nervous smile. She tried to comfort me by returning my smile. I returned my attention to my English teacher at the podium. How did I get here? I could only think of one reason.

“For your semester project you will have to write a report and make a presentation. The presentations should be unique and original. Good luck”

With that my English teacher finished class. Great, being creative wasn't one of my favorite things in the world. I had to think of a way to present my report on the end of the world in different cultures and I had to think of it quickly. After two days of nothing, I was about to give up. The research wasn't going anywhere either, reading site after site on the Apocalypse made me feel like I was constantly in church. Then it hit me! I could present my report like a gospel minister. The more I thought about it, the more excited I became. I prepared my skit, and borrowed a black robe that I could use for my costume.

Before I knew it, the day had come and I had to present my project. I was one of the last ones up, so I had the opportunity to see the other student's presentations. Their presentations were all the same things! Go up, tell facts, and sit down. What was I thinking!?! No one's project was creative, and I was going to make a fool of myself.

“Christine, your turn!”

NO! I can't do this! I looked around the classroom, noticing every last person's gaze. Then I saw my friend, with a huge grin on his face. He had known about my presentation since the beginning, and he

was looking forward to seeing it. At that point I knew I could do it. I slipped on the black robe and left Christine behind.

“The end of the world is coming, are you ready? Well, when I am done you will be ready. Can I get an amen?! You see...”

I started the presentation with a jolt, making clear the enthusiasm in my voice. Before I knew it the class was laughing and participating in my presentation. The further I got, the better my acting was. When I ended, the whole class cheered and I was able to sit down with my heart swelling with pride. I loved the attention and I loved the acting. After class people were congratulating me, and telling me how good I was. I even had a friend who keep telling me her twins sister was my biggest fan. She said that her sister could not wait for the next English presentation to see what I would do.

As I sat in that chair, listening to my English introduce me for my award, I realized why I was so nervous. All the other times I received awards, it was for something I always do, and isn't that special to me. But this time I was receiving an award for something that I found out I love to do. It was because of that presentation that I became interested in acting. And with my friends beside me to cheer me on, I began to become more interested, even thinking about trying it out professionally. The English award still says today, “To Christine Heim, for your hard work, effort, and of course your dramatic presentations that excited the ‘heck’ out of us all.”