

Waiting

I felt as if I had been waiting all my life for this moment. The door beside my cramped seat flew open. The rock-song drumbeat of my heart elevated me off my seat in shock. Out of the door came a petite cleaning lady – not whom I had expected. Hope shattered, I fell back into the small chair, my face glowing red with impatience, as I waited to get my IGCSE results.

Waiting is very tedious; it's like that friend you have who asks blatantly obvious questions. The clock hands seem to mockingly pass a number as slowly as possible. Your mind seeks into the abyss of boredom for what seems to be an eternity. You think thirty minutes have passed and your eyes are on it, only to realise that, at a pace that snails appear like Ferraris, only 120 seconds have passed.

From the time that I had arrived at the school, until the moment the cleaning lady had walked out of the door ten minutes had passed; I felt as if I had waited a thousand years. Each minute strolled away as if it were telling me that it was better than me. My fingers played a drumbeat on my sweaty thighs. My feet tried to reciprocate the beat but they lacked rhythm. Would I be the next Bill Gates, or the next Bill the janitor?

A cruise of memories arrived in the port of my mind. My final exam, Physics. I looked round that cold, white exam room, at the pupils in their prehistoric desks that made fossils look forever twenty-one. All their eyes were focused on their papers, as if they were engraving the answers with their minds. It's what I should have been doing, rather than letting lapses of giggles escape my mouth every time someone swore under his breath. Everyone knows that Physics is as easy as painting a rapidly-moving lion's toenails; you really must pray you survive the ordeal. I gripped my pen, intent on conquering the beast. The atheist that I am said a quick prayer to God, "If you exist, then I'll pass this exam. If you don't, then Charles Darwin was right."

My pen raced across the paper. The answers popped into my head like it was one of those One-minute Popcorn bags. It was a walk in the park, and my pen crossed the finishing line in the best time ever. I had an eye-watering forty minutes to go. At "Pens Down" I gave a sigh of relief that would sound like a bomb to Martians on Mars. Had I slayed the beast? Blood rose into my pale cheeks. The muscles in my cheeks expanded as my teeth seemed to pop out of my widely grinning mouth. I was finally free of the chains of slavery that had bound me for weeks. I was free... I was...

"Come in," said Mr Shark, the Principal, sharply interrupted. "Your results, come and get them."

My feet suddenly turned to bags of cement. My hands shook violently. My forehead was flooded with beads of sweat. My breath was short, weak and feeble. The sweat patches living on my shirt suddenly bought a bigger property along the underarm of my t-shirt.

I opened up the envelope. I took a glance at it. I ran out the door like a mad man, jumping and screaming at the top of my voice.

Whoever said Charles Darwin was right? Definitely not me....

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