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MEMOIR ESSAY

All night I was restless. I was feeling anxious and excited, I kept thinking about all the homework assignments, group projects, and sleepless nights I did not have to endure anymore. It was finally over. In my family, I was the first male to receive my high school diploma with honors. It was a big deal. All my family members were going to be at the graduation event. Everything seemed to be going well, or so I thought.

I woke up to an email from my teacher, Mr. Fletcher. He wanted to schedule a zoom call in two weeks with my high school academic advisor and my mother concerning an alleged discrepancy in my grades from last semester. I was completely distraught! In all my years of being in South Bronx Chapter High School, I never missed a day of school or skipped a class period. I handed in my assignments on time, so I did not understand why this meeting was being called. Little did I know that a decision I made would come back to haunt me.

My mother and I entered the zoom meeting that we were scheduled to be in. Coming into the zoom meeting I was sweating and my heart was beating faster than normal. I just had a gut feeling that it was not going to be a good talk with my advisor, professor, and mother. My

professor greeted my mother and me. We greeted them back as well. My professor got straight to the points he had to make to my mother and me and said, "Dominick had possibly jeopardized his graduation and wouldn't be walking with his fellow classmates, wouldn't be receiving a diploma, and would have to repeat another year of high school." My heart completely dropped and I was befuddled. My mother asked my professor " Why is Dominick possibly not graduating and repeating another year of high school?" My professor respond to my mother by saying " The reason why this is happening to Dominick is that he had given his work to a fellow student that student had plagiarized all his work." In blood was boiling I couldn't believe how idiotic he was to copy my entire work. I was furious. I ask myself why did I give my work to this idiot Kenneth? My advisor ask " What can Dominick do and if there would be any way he could make up the work?" My professor responds "Yes he can." I was given a month of homework and had to complete under a week and a half.

I begin to start all the assignments that I had to complete. I ask myself how could possibly give in a month's worth of homework in less than a week and a half before graduation. I begin to panic and cry in frustration. My mother comes into my room and noticed the distress I was feeling. My mother told me to stop everything I was doing so she could talk to me. She said to me "I know that you put yourself in a bad position but I believe that you can also put yourself into a good position, graduate, and receive your diploma. It may be challenging but it is possible. You will learn from your mistake and I am praying that you do not commit this mistake again but grow from this. My mother's words of encouragement calm me down and all the stress, anxiety, and mental breakdown I was having went away. I sit down and started completing all the work

that need to be handed in and by graduation I had handed in all the work that my professor had asked me to hand in.

I had handed in my month's worth of homework to my professor excited and proud of myself for completing it in under a week and a half. My professor was dumbfounded. "I didn't think you would be able to complete a worth of homework before graduation. Plagiarism is a serious problem that a lot of students go through and need to understand the gravity of this. I did not do this to punish you but to teach you a lesson before you go to college. Your college professor would not treat this situation as lightly as I did. You could have possibly gotten an F on a paper and could not make it up, or failed that class because of plagiarism." I respond "Yes I understand now how much plagiarism could affect a person's grade and college possibly their life and career. I never want to feel what I felt this past week ever again because of plagiarism." "Good" my professor smiled at how much I grew as a young adult during this week and a half.