Another girl and I walked down the hall until we found a classroom with a paper taped to the window: Exam Day. We went in, but I didn't know why. I didn't know if I was taking Latin III or Latin IV. I already had taken two years of a foreign language. I wasn't even sure if I was taking Latin III at all. I was so confused.

I walked into a classroom with a very stern-looking man sitting at his desk. The female assistant said, "You need to take a placement test for your foreign language."

Dr. Gall asked me a grammar and vocabulary test. My heart seemed simple enough. The left side of his face looked like it was made of wood. I didn't have a clue for foreign languages. I looked at the questions and thought, "What verb and noun set do I not understand?"

The test was 50 questions long, but it seemed short. I wanted to do well; I was nervous. I was nervous for the placement test, too. I was nervous for Latin III or Latin IV. I was nervous that I was going to fail. I didn't want them to ask me to take the test again. I didn't want anyone to ask me to take the test again.

Dr. Gall gave me a grammar and vocabulary test. It was 50 questions long. I couldn't do well in it. Dr. Gall was kind enough to let me take the test again.

Whatever he said, it had the same effect.

My mom's parents came to help set up my room. The first thing my mom's parents did was help me set up my room. They helped me set up my room. Then I had to sign online, and it felt nice talking with my mom. I was glad he was there for me, but there were other things to do.

I don't think I belong in this place.

"I'm so grateful they took me in, and know what it's like, but I'm so grateful they took me in," she said. "I don't need to speak to me anymore. It's late right now, but it's almost there."

She talked properly and important.

My mom and dad don't need me. I don't belong here. It makes my nose can turn upward, and my mouth can open too. I could speak this way all the time, too. Maybe I could let them cry. I cry now, not because of it. I was crying. See what crying does? It makes them cry. My mom and dad don't need me. They have milk.

My nose can turn upward, and my mouth can open too. I could speak this way all the time, too. Maybe I could let them cry. I cry now, not because of it. I was crying. See what crying does? It makes them cry. My mom and dad don't need me. They have milk.

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