

Michael  
reporter is  
criticize her

Kathleen, a senior in high school, has just come from AP Bio class.

It's not fair.

My brain was perfect. Perfect. You have no idea . . . the time I spent. I measured everything to scale. I rolled the Playdough, I made the . . . meninges, I mean, wafer thin actual meninges, do you have any idea how hard it is to mold Fruit Roll-ups? I mean, crap, I created an actual, real-to-scale, complete with all the glands in the right place, three-pound model of a human brain.

Nancy Simmer! I mean, Nancy Simmer paints a musical note on one side of her pathetic, plaster-of-Paris fourth-grade-social-studies-project brain, and sticks a mathematical formula on the other and then has the nerve to say "Oh, *my* brain is an interpretation. *My* brain is the *essence* of—"

No one told me to interpret anything. No one told me to be abstract. Mrs. Schwartz never said—I did it the right way, and I lose! More than that, I lose *and* I get a B?

She had slides and . . . she dimmed the lights and played Nine Inch Nails! This creative learning crap is way out of control.

Don't they realize that we'll all get to college, and like, Nancy Simmer won't know anything. I mean, so, great, she'll have . . . ideas . . . about things. Big deal, ideas. But she but she won't *know* anything. She won't know *dick* about a brain even though she got an A in AP Bio! It's not fair! It's not fair to me. It's not fair to Nancy. It's not fair to any of us!

What ever happened to getting it right?

A very slender young mother  
family, who are concerned

They are on a campaign at