“Ugh, not again!” I whined.

I have been studying for the SATs for the past month, and I am yet to get a passing score. My dad peeked his head in to check in on me.

"Are you sure you’re all right?” he speculated.

“Yes, dad. Like I told you ten times before, I just need to get in a couple more practice tests before this weekend, and then I’ll be good.”

I don’t even know if I believe that lie anymore. Then, my dad walked into my room, sat on my bed, and asked what I was struggling with. I showed him my computer screen, showing a big, red 800. He inhaled sharply and said, “Well, that’s not a bad start."

A hollow thud sounded as I banged my head on the desk in frustration.

“I wish you would have taken the chance to work with the tutor I told you about; I asked him last week if he could squeeze you in, and he’s booked for the next two months.”

I remembered that conversation. My dad’s friend has his own tutoring business and works mostly with high schoolers. I didn’t take his offer, but I didn’t realize how difficult this would be then. Now, as I think back, maybe a little help wouldn’t have been so bad.

“You know,” he started, “your old man graduated in the top 20 of his class. Class of ‘99, those were good times. Did I ever tell you about that one time, me and some guys-”.

“Dad, focus.” I interrupted.

“Right, sorry, sweetie.” He said.

He took my computer and placed it on his lap. After he studied the screen for five minutes, it seemed like a switch had clicked that lit up his face. *Maybe he could help me study*, I thought to myself as he continued to scroll through the page.

"Well, you seem to be doing pretty well on the English parts; what’s bringing you down is the math.” He concluded.

“Yeah, I try to go over my notes on the parts I’m struggling with, but that never seems to help.”

“You and I might be more similar than I thought,” he said, smiling at the thought. “I struggled a bit in my math classes, so one day I decided to stay after school and got my favorite teacher to help me through some problems. Surprisingly, his methods really helped me a lot, and I slowly got the hang of it. With a bit more struggling in between, of course.”

Slowly, my hopes rose. “I know you’re busy, dad, but do you think you could help me with some problems?” I asked.

“I would love too, sweetie. And I could never be too busy for you."

He placed a kiss on my head as I scooted closer to him. After a couple hours went by, it felt as if I was getting the hang of it. *These tricks are really working*, I proudly thought to myself. I didn’t realize it, but a small smile crept on my lips.

"See, this isn’t too bad, is it?" my dad questioned, with a smirk on his face.

“Honestly, this isn’t too bad; the way you explain it makes it easier to understand.” I admitted that I was happy that my dad was able to help me understand.

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I’m going to be sick, I said to myself as I was about to enter the testing room for the SAT. Although my dad helped me a ton with studying, I wasn’t sure if that would be enough. *Okay, one step at a time.* My dad said those lines to me all the time when I would start to overthink too much, especially over the past few days of studying.

“You may begin, and good luck," said the testing proctor, although the way she said it wasn’t too encouraging.

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"Alright, open it; the anticipation is killing me!” My dad urged.

I looked at the letter in my hand. My SAT scores came in the mail earlier than anticipated, and I wasn’t able to prepare myself in time. I knew that no matter the score, my dad would still be proud of me, so I wasn’t too nervous. *1200*, was pasted boldly at the top of the page. I froze; that couldn’t have been correct. I showed my dad, and he jumped up and hugged me.

“You did it! You got a 1200!” he practically shouted.

“I did, I really did!” I beamed. “I couldn’t have done this without you, dad!” I hugged him back tightly, thankful for his help and support.