

# Drivers Permit test requires intense studying

**By Breonna Wheatley**

reporter

**N**ervously looking at the questions, second-guessing myself, and thinking about all the things that could go wrong, I pressed submit for my drivers permit test.

Before I nervously stepped into the BMV, I was confident this was the time I was going to pass my test. Previously, I had failed three different times. I had learned the course and the material thoroughly, so I did not know what I was getting stuck on. I was embarrassed when I walked in because the same people were working when I had failed my other tests. I tapped on the machine to print out my ticket and dreadfully went to my seat. I had never seen this many people there, so I knew it was going to take a while.

"Number 183," the receptionist called. I was number 193. This was torture. As I waited, I tried to make use of my time by looking up practice tests. As the numbers were getting closer and closer to mine, my stomach twisted into knots. I wanted to puke. I tried to calm myself down, but it did not work. If I did not pass the test for the fourth time, I did not know what I was going to do. "Number 193," the receptionist with a very odd hairstyle called out. Oh no, this was it.

I took a deep breath and selected my name on the screen. There was a practice question that I had seen three times before. Then, the real questions began. The first part consisted of signs, which stumped me when I took the test the first two times, but I passed the sign portion with perfect answers. I was already doing better than my other attempts. The next portion was my least favorite part. I answered about six questions correctly before I got my first one wrong. After that, more wrong answers came along. By this time, I was becoming anxious and worried that I was going to fail again.

I skipped two questions because I had no clue what the answers were, hoping I would get enough of the other questions right. I had five wrong and 34 correct. With only the two questions that I skipped left, I knew I needed to get them right. But how? I had a vague idea, but it was a one in four chance I was going to select the right answer. I remembered when my dad told me to go with my gut feeling. I got the first question correct. I took a sigh of relief and used the same strategy for the next question. I clicked answer B and then submit. I closed my eyes so I could wait to experience the disappointment on my screen. But to my surprise, "You passed!" popped up. I had just passed my permit test.

I went up to my dad, who had been waiting patiently for me. He looked so proud. We took all the documents I needed to obtain my license and went to the front desk. The receptionist went over all my information and then took me over to take my picture. I smiled, and the light almost blinded me. Then, I had to take an eye test. There was one problem, I was not wearing my contacts. Thankfully, I passed it and was able to go home with my new permit.

A lesson that I learned throughout this process was the idea of never giving up. Most people say it just to make someone feel better, but it actually does mean something. No matter how many times I failed, I studied harder each time and kept trying. Eventually, my hard work paid off, and I was able to pass my test.